"Hazing Wrong? Not On Your Life"! Says A Sophomore

A FRESH SUBJECT FOR HAZING

THIS FRESHMAN WAS MADE TO PRETEND THAT HE WAS A CRAZY MOTHER

A FAVORITE WAY OF TREATING FRESHMEN

THEY DECORATE THEM QUITE FREQUENTLY

SAY, do you remember the rumpus that was kicked up just before Christmas when some Columbia sophs tried to extend an invitation to that fresh Gould kid to attend their dinner? Well, what do you think? A lot of people who never went to college and all the fond parents of mamma-boys have been going around ever since saying what an awful thing hazing is, and it ought to be stopped, and the authorities are stony-hearted to let it go on, and we sophs are just the cruellest, most impolite boys in the world. So there!

Say, they don't know what they're talking about, and, what's more, they wouldn't be talking now if the sophs had tried to take any other freshie but young Gould. That's right. Just because it was Gould, everybody in the land talked. They wouldn't have heard a word about the rumpus if the freshman had been Jones or Smith or some other unheard-of greenie.

Well, that's on the side. What I want to say is that hazing is all right, and if the solicitous parents of mamma-boys only knew it, hazing, as conducted on the lines laid down by sophomores, has made a man of many a freshman who, when he left home, would have jumped half way out of his skin and yelled "Mamma!" if you had said "Boo!" to him in broad daylight.

Hazing is good for a lot of other things, too, but first let me show you what I mean when I say it's fine for making over mamma-boys into men.

How One Sissy Was Reformed.

There was a kid entered college with me last year who was just about the sweetest little lady you've ever laid eyes on. Why, once when we'd proposed to paint the college fence at night with our class colors and year, he got up in meeting and said, in just the loveliest voice imaginable:

"Mother told me not to break any of the college rules, and I fear I'll be breaking a college rule if I help you paint the fence. So I hope you'll excuse me and let me stay in my room to-night."

Mother said! What does mother know about college rules? Why, if we hadn't painted that fence, we'd have broken a college tradition and disgraced ourselves in the eyes of the whole student body, and the faculty, too. Say, do you know that the "profs," who do an awful lot of talking about hazing for effect, while they wink the other eye at us, are every bit as great sticklers for tradition as we are? That's right. Corner one of 'em with this accusation and see what he'll say. I'll bet he'll say something after the style of Prexie Butler, of Columbia, when he was asked about the Gould rumpus. He said hazing was all right, but the boys ought to keep it from the public, or words to that effect.

But about that mamma-boy. He sealed his fate then and there, did Miss Myers. That night a half-dozen of us, who felt ourselves particularly disgraced for having such a nice little lady among us, and not caring to wait until the sophs went to Miss Myers' room, got through the door by putting our combined weight against it, persuaded the frightened kid to arise from his couch, and then, seating him on the table beside his student's lamp, handed him what the woman we bought it of said was a stamped rose pattern centerpiece, and thread and needle, and told him to get to work like the good little girl he was.

A Lesson in Needlework.

He got to work. It took him ten minutes to hook the thread and needle together—then, heavens, he wasn't so sissy as we had thought—and then he started to do black roses—Lord only knows why the woman gave us black thread. We let him struggle for half an hour, spurring him on when his fingers showed signs of weakening, or spent too long a time sucking his fingers, from which he drew blood every whip-stitch or so. Then one of us took the sewing from Miss Myers' hands and we all examined it critically and made suggestions and so on, but all agreed that he'd done such fine work—it didn't look any more like a rose than my cap—that he ought to finish the piece. So we set him to work again, and he worked and pricked his fingers and sucked 'em and got blood all over the roses until midnight. We left him then, after we'd carried him to bed in our arms and fondly and gently tucked him in and patted his cheeks and said "Sweet dreams, darling," to him.

The next day the class had another meeting to arrange for that fence expedition. We'd no sooner passed up the roll-call and the reading of the minutes and got down to the real business of the day, when up jumps Miss Myers.

"Mr. President," he says, in a voice that was far from ladylike, "I've been thinking matters over over night, and if it's not too late I'd like to have the place on the committee I refused yesterday."

For a minute we all sat paralyzed. We hadn't looked for such quick results. Then those of us who had taken part in the sewing bee got our senses and led in a cheer that made Miss Myers blush with modesty.

Well, he got back on the committee, and he not only carried a pot, but did a big share of the dobbing; and when some one proposed that we paint the old dome, why, wasn't that kid the first to speak up and say he'd do it—and he did, though he had to crawl up the steep sides and hold on by the skin of his teeth as he put "1905" where all the world could see.

We haven't called him Miss Myers since then, and he is one of the honored members of our class, because hazing made him see the error of his ways. If it hadn't been for hazing the world would have been afflicted with another "old woman" later on. See the point?

Eliminating Conceit.

Then there's another good thing that hazing does. More freshmen than you think come to college knowing they're the whole show. They've graduated with honors from High school; they've told their proud fellow-townsmen in their commencement essays how to conquer the world in a minute, and pointed out why the old folks haven't got along better than they have; they've been escorted to the railroad station by their best girl and a band and papa and mamma and hugged and kissed good-bye to the seat of learning on the heights, and so they come to college as chock full of conceit as I was of Christmas turkey and trimmings about a month ago. Now, what's worse than a conceited kid? Nothing much—and we know it, we sophs, as we look back on our own first freshman days and realize what idiots were we, and thank our lucky stars that the juniors, who were sophs then, saved us from the penalties of our conceit. So this year, early, we spotted the youngsters who had cornered all the knowledge of the universe and started out to save 'em. We saved most of them, and this is the way we did it:

Whenever a country kid leaves for college his home paper writes him up for fair, and gives him a typographical send-off that makes him out to be the paragon of all things intellectual. Well, nearly all the conceited freshmen had come from small towns, for some reason or other, and we sent to their home newspapers and got copies containing the encomiums. Then we went after the freshies with cold type. We visited each in turn, induced him to mount to the mantelpiece in his room and, while clinging with his back to the wall, to read over and over again what his paper had to say about him. As he read, we applauded and interpolated—good word, isn't it?—and praised each telling point and vociferously agreed with the writer that the subject would undoubtedly gain all the honors at college and grab off everything else in sight.

I guess we made each freshman read his little piece over 50 times or more, and he had to read it each time as if he relished it, and put in the proper gestures, and explain, when called on, how he attained this virtue or that chunk of knowledge. It was all bitter as gall to every man, but every blessed one of 'em saw the error of his way, and has gone about in all humility ever since, and is now a decent fellow. But what if mamma had seen her precious boy pasted to the wall undergoing the torture of reading what a fine bit of human flesh he is! We'd have been called horrid old things, sure, when all the time we were the precious boy's benefactors. That's right.

Finding Out the "Squealers."

Well, there's another thing that hazing's good for, and that's for the way it reveals you to one another. It shows up the squealers and shows who has nerve and can be depended on in the friendships, the emergencies and the tight corners of the college world. Men find all this out about one another in the inquisition of business; we can't find all this out about one another in the classroom, because the profs rule there; or on the athletic field, because a man can be champion hurdler of the college and the worst sort of a squealer on the side, for all his mates know; or in the social life of the college, because it's ruled by the laws of polite society; so we're forced to discover all this by hazing, to a large extent, and such has been the custom for hundreds of years before us, and will continue to be for hundreds of years after us. That's quite a lot of reasoning for a soph, ain't it? But now let me show you what I mean.

Last year when we had been freshmen about two months, a half-dozen of us were politely asked to meet a like number of sophs in the woods back of the college at 9 o'clock that night. With fear and trembling, as the novel says, we met them and were told that the sophs purposed being our hosts for the next few hours, and would give us some lively entertainment, according to college tradition, and did we want to join the Great Squared Circle of the Knights of the Freezes? We said we did, and then we were blindfolded and led heaven only knows where, and at last were made to stand still and told that we were going to have our feet and arms bound. Well, there was a shindy right away, and I'll bet those sophs got some hard knocks—they looked it next day, anyway—but at last they got us tied up, and before we knew it we were rolling down a bare steep slope and one after another going kerplunk! into the creek at its base.

After we had been considerately fished out and had regained breath, one of the fellows got an awful attack of weak knees. He stormed and protested that he wasn't being treated right, and demanded that he be untied, and swore he wouldn't go any further.

"Very well," said the soph, and untied him and let him go, and neither they nor we have had anything to do with him since that night. You see, he squealed because he was getting a few hard knocks, and the boy who doesn't keep a stiff upper lip in college, come what may, isn't liked any more than the man who weakens every time an ill wind blows his way.

Well, the five of us who were left were put through the paces for fair. We were run a couple of miles so we'd warm up; then when we reached a bridge over the same creek into which we had rolled, we were lowered into it by means of a rope and once more thoroughly soaked. Then more running, this time four miles, with switches to urge us on and a sophomore as a load on your back every once in a while. Eventually, we reached the spot where the feast was spread, and we all sat down and ate and sang college songs and were "jolly good fellows" with one another, and thenceforth have been good friends, because we had been tried out and found out one another. Hazing is at the bottom of many a friendship. Show nerve anywhere and you'll get credit, and everybody likes to have friends with nerve. Then, too, having established a sort of healthy—what do you call it—comaraderie, and such a state is good for one and all and the college, to boot.

Ask the Old College Man.

Just you ask an old college man what he thinks of hazing. No, don't ask it that way—ask if he thinks hazing is a good thing. Ten to one he'll say yes, and maybe he'll add: "If it isn't carried too far." Ask him if he ever knew, personally, of its being carried too far, and he'll say no, more than likely. Well, he'll be telling you the truth in all his replies. Every once in a while you hear of hazing being carried too far, but not often. We're human, just like the rest of the world, and we don't believe in piling it on too hard, and often when you hear that some of us have done so, if you'd take the trouble to investigate you'd find that the tale was the work of some squealer who'd exaggerate, just like the Gould affair was exaggerated by outsiders. Why, those sophs didn't want to harm the child. They just wanted to take him to their dinner—that was all. And he fired a pistol at 'em! Huh! Do you know what he should have done when he saw the sophs bearing down on him? Faced 'em, rolled up his sleeves and said: "Now, come on, one at a time." They'd have done so, and the child would have won their respect. As it is now—well, say, I'm thankful I've taken my knocks with grace and been taught some needed lessons by them, and made some good friends among the hazers in the bargain. And I got all that was coming to me—no more, no less—just what the average freshman gets, that's all. Don't look as if I'd been bunged up for life, do I? Well, I guess not; and I'll tell you, right now, it'd be a darned sight less wearing on me to take a hazing than have to do a page of Horace over again. It'd be more fun, too. You bet!

Want more reasons why hazing's a good thing? Wish I could tell you now, but it's the hour for Philosophy No. 2. But there comes Prexie across the campus. You go down to his office, get him to talking, and I'll bet he'll give you a long string of reasons. One will be that it's a fine thing for keeping the college spirit up to top notch. Prexie ought to know. He's seen sophs hazing freshmen every year since the seventies; and ever since I've been here he's winked at the good old custom, and once I saw him smile when a prof told him what he'd heard had happened to a bunch of freshmen who came back from their trials with beautiful red and blue stripes—the college colors—between their shoulder blades. Prexie's all right, and he's one of the reasons why hazing is not wrong—not on your life!—(Copyright, 1905.)

GUY T. VISKNISKKI.

SOME FAMOUS WOMEN SWINDLERS OF THE PAST, BY BASSETT STAINES

THE methods by which Mrs. Chadwick is alleged to have obtained her money remind one strongly of the clever schemes of Mary A. Hansen, alias Klink, one of the most notorious "crooks" in American police history.

One of the chief of Mary's numerous crimes was committed at the expense of a wealthy New Yorker, Frederick Bohmet, in 1886. With the help of her husband, who was also a criminal, she persuaded him that a mythical uncle had left her $150,000. The money was on deposit in the United States Treasury, and would soon be paid over to her, as the Supreme Court had decided a probate contest in her favor. But she needed money for lawyers' fees, and to pay for a visit to Washington to draw her legacy.

"What security?" Mr. Bohmet asked.

"Oh, we shall be able to pay in a few days, and we will give you a house and lot, besides, to recompense you for your kindness," said Mary. "Look at these documents about the case!"—and she showed him several, which she had concocted.

Mr. Bohmet handed over $2216. Subsequently he became frightened and told the police. While he was talking to the sergeant at the desk, a woman entered the station and complained that she had been swindled out of $2500 by the same person in exactly the same manner.

Mary was arrested and brought to trial, but she was discharged on the ground that the money was loaned and the prosecution had not shown that her story was false. But she was immediately rearrested on charges of committing other swindles. People came forward and declared that she had obtained large sums from them by representing that the "Sheriff of Philadelphia" held $11,000 for her and that she wanted to go to Philadelphia and get the money. She had defrauded others by stating that she owned a number of houses in Philadelphia, and the deeds were in the safe of a well-known lawyer there. In yet another case she got money by pretending that her husband had a legacy of $400,000 left to him at Harrisbug, Pa., and that she had just received a telegram—which she exhibited—to "come on and get the money."

It developed that Mary had defrauded over 30 people by her false representations within a few weeks, and had received over $30,000. The amount was small in comparison with Mrs. Chadwick's alleged operations, but all financial operations, honest or dishonest, were smaller then than they are now.

The remarkable feature of the case was that Mary managed to escape penal servitude. She was committed to a debtors' jail on a judgment in a civil case brought by one of her victims, but she got out in a month or two. Then she was arrested on an old charge, but the grand jury refused to indict her because her husband and accomplice had already served five years in prison for it.

Previous to her great coup, Mary had committed some big frauds of the same character. In 1876 she swindled a number of supposedly hard-headed politicians in Jersey City by representing that Cardinal McCloskey held half a million dollars in trust for her. When she was tried for that offense, the cardinal deposed that he knew nothing about her.

The woman went to jail, but three years later she was arrested for swindling no fewer than 20 big firms in the wool business out of sums aggregating more than $12,000. Like Mrs. Chadwick, she chose for her prey business people who might be supposed to have their wits about them, and she always told a story about large sums of money being held in trust for her.

Mary Hansen died a few years ago, after being at large for a long time. She may have perpetrated other swindles, but it is generally believed that she lived quietly and comfortably on the fortune she had "salted away."

Lena Kleinschmidt.

Mrs. Chadwick's life as a society leader in Cleveland recalls the brief glory of Lena Kleinschmidt, alias "Black Lena," a notorious shoplifter, pickpocket and swindler, who was sent to jail in the late seventies under most dramatic circumstances.

Having made a lot of money at her crooked trade, she decided to shake off her old associates and pose as a society woman. She disappeared from New York and for a long time the police heard nothing of her.

But she had only moved over to Hackensack, N. J., where she built a splendid house and furnished it in the most luxurious style. Costly pictures, statuary and marble fountains were to be seen on every hand by her astonished callers. Her coach was the most magnificent vehicle the gulileless Jerseymen had ever seen; even the horses' harness was mounted in gold.

Naturally "Black Lena" began to cut quite an extensive swath in local society. Some people said she was a wealthy Cuban widow; others that her late husband had been a "forty-niner," who struck it rich; and yet others that she had won a big prize in a lottery.

But "Black Lena" had a more artistic story than any of these. She got hold of the biggest gossip in the place and whispered:

"Don't tell anybody, my dear, but I am the grandchild of a German East Indian merchant who amassed a colossal fortune in the spice trade. Poor grandpa! He died of yellow fever, and left me all his immense wealth. I don't know what to do with it."

When this news spread, Mrs. Kleinschmidt became more popular than ever, and her balls and parties were largely attended. The leading men of the town were her intimates, but the best of the women fought rather shy of her.

The manner of "Black Lena's" exposure sounds like a chapter from a dime novel, but its truth is vouched for by Philip Farley, the New York detective who arrested her.

She had fascinated a certain young married man by her dashing style and good looks, and presently his wife got to know about it. Stung by jealousy, she dressed herself in male attire and watched Mrs. Kleinschmidt's house at dusk.

To her amazement she saw that her husband was watching it also. Night after night they watched, he being ignorant that she was hidden near by him.

They both found out that at dusk it was Mrs. Kleinschmidt's habit secretely to leave the house, unless she was giving, or going to, a party; and that she went to New York.

The husband followed her one night and found that she went to a house in New York belonging to a woman who was apparently a friend of hers. His wife followed behind him and noted the same fact.

Next day the wife told the husband that she was going to New York. Accompanied by an old schoolmate, she shadowed the house to which Mrs. Kleinschmidt had gone, and presently saw her emerge in disguise. They followed her to Broadway and saw her pick a woman's pocket and steal some valuable laces from a store.

The extravagance of the Queen of Hackensack had reduced her fortune. She had been obliged to return to her old ways of making money.

The amateur detectives went to Police Headquarters and reported what they had seen. The wife arranged with the captain that she would try to trap the thief.

"She'll be there again tomorrow, I guess," said the captain. "Walk near her, well dressed, and she will be sure to notice you. When you see that she does, let your friend hand you a roll of bills. Let Lena see them, and then put them in your purse. She'll attend to the rest. But you had better put something else in the purse—something that can be better identified than the bills."

A diamond ring, which had been presented to the woman by a bazaar committee, was put in, and the plot worked admirably. Mrs. Kleinschmidt stole the purse, but the two women let her go, telling the watching detectives that they would have her arrested later.

A few nights afterwards Mrs. Kleinschmidt gave her most ambitious ball. She was at the pinnacle of her glory, because the woman whose husband she had beguiled had announced her intention of being present. She was at the top of local society and had disdained "Black Lena's" previous invitations, so that her capitulation was a great triumph.

When the ball was at its height, the much-desired guest appeared. She was in walking dress, and a detective followed her.

"I'm sorry to interrupt you all," she said, quietly, "but this woman is a thief."

The guests stared in amazement, thinking she had gone crazy, but she continued:

"It's surprising, isn't it? Yet she picked my pocket on Broadway a few days ago. There's my ring on her finger now. You must all remember that one you gave me at the bazaar."

"Black Lena" tried to bluff it out, but she had to give up.

"Well, I've had a bully good time!" she told the detective. "I've shown these silly asses how to spend money. Are we going over to little old New York tonight?"

"Yes. Come along!" said the officer, and that was the end of "Black Lena's" brief career as a society leader.

Ellen S. Peck.

Ellen S. Peck, the "confidence queen," made great sums of money by ingenius frauds in the seventies and eighties. Before 1873 she was a petty sharper, but in that year she swindled B. T. Babbitt, a soap manufacturer, out of $19,000, and rose at a bound to a high place in the hierarchy of thieves.

Mr. Babbitt had been robbed a short while before of more than $500,000 by some of his employees. Ellen went to him and represented that she was a female detective and could get his money back for him at a comparatively small cost. So plausible was her story that he gave her the $19,000 she asked—and that was the end of it. Or, rather, it was not; for six years later her husband had the effrontery to sue Mr. Babbitt for $100,000 damages for his action in trying to recover the money from his wife.

Mrs. Peck was concerned in scores of similar swindles for larger or smaller amounts between the years 1873 and 1885. One of her frauds was very much like that of Madame Humbert's, and it is conceivable that the notorious French woman may have taken a hint from her career.

She hired a compartment in a safe deposit vault and forged upon the rept receipt specifications of diamonds and other valuable securities. Then she pretended that she could not get at the compartment because the articles in it were the subjects of litigation—precisely the Humbert method.

By exhibiting the receipt and telling this story, Mrs. Peck raised many large loans—one of them from a notorious "fence," who was himself an unusually shrewd sharper.

Ellen had, indeed, no idea of "honor among thieves." She would rather swindle a thief than an honest man. As a police inspector who knew her well says, "she delighted in outwitting professional criminals and invariably succeeded in her tricks." She also acted as a "stool pigeon" for the police and brought about the arrest of the notorious Julius Columbani.

Columbani had broken into a house on Staten Island in 1882 and stolen $14,000 in bonds. Two years later he met Mrs. Peck at the Astor House and suggested that she should give him $5000 for $10,000 worth of bonds, which he had not been able to negotiate. They haggled over the price, and then arranged to meet again and conclude the bargain.

In the meantime, Mrs. Peck went to the police and told them all about the matter, offering her aid to entrap Columbani. Detectives were put at her disposal, and she arranged to signal to them as soon as she was sure that Columbani had the bonds on his person.

The man and woman met and entered a saloon, "shadowed" by the detectives.

"It's a damned risky business," Columbani growled, as they haggled again over the price of the bonds. "I don't like it at all! I don't trust you, somehow!"

"I'm taking most of the risk," retorted the woman. "I'm playing my good money against your doubtful bonds."

Columbani looked at her suspiciously, his eyes blazing with anger, and asked abruptly:

"Do you know Inspector Byrnes?"—the very police officer to whom she had betrayed him.

Without the flicker of an eyelid the woman replied that she did not.

"Well," said the man, "if you give me away I'll kill you. I've got a pistol and a knife here now. I've been in state prison, and I'd sooner kill myself than go back there. The keepers are all down on me because I rounded on them when I gave evidence about prison life before the Assembly committee. They'll kill me by inches if I ever get back into their clutches. So, if you give me away, I'll kill you and myself, too."

To emphasize his threat, Columbani took a revolver from his pocket and leveled it at the woman's head.

She was "grit clean through."

"So you've got it out at last, have you?" she sneered. "You coward! I'm a woman, but no man ever frightened me yet. Look here! I carry one of these things myself."

She drew a revolver from the bosom of her dress and pointed it at him. So they stood for a few moments, rigid as statues, each having the other "covered."

The detectives, watching outside, saw the incident, and in their excitement made an incautious noise that betrayed their presence. Columbani darted past them and escaped, throwing away his stolen bonds. He was arrested next day, convicted, mainly on Mrs. Peck's evidence, and sentenced to 12 years in State prison.

Mrs. Peck was even more successful than Mary Hansen in dodging prison. She employed the best counsel out of the proceeds of her numerous swindles and exhausted every legal expedient to defeat justic. She swindled Babbitt out of $19,000 in 1873, but she was not sent to jail until 1885, when she got four and a half years in the penitentiary for defrauding a leading life insurance company out of $3000. There were many other indictments against her at that time; indeed, she had been made the defendant in not fewer than 21 civil and criminal cases.

On the other hand, she and her husband had brought 15 civil actions against her victims, similar to the suit of $100,000 against Babbitt. That was her favorite plan for delaying justice. As soon as she had swindled anybody, she would bring an action against him, either in her own name or her husband's, and pose as the injured party.

Bertha Heyman.

Bertha Heyman, alias "Big Bertha," was another famous "confidence queen" contemporary with Mrs. Peck. Her operations, however, were not so extensive or picturesque, though she is supposed to have made hundreds of thousands of dollars out of the business. Inspector Byrnes, formerly head of the New York Detective Bureau, regarded her as "one of the smartest confidence women in America."

Sophie Levy.

Another woman "crook" who made large sums of money in the seventies and early eighties was Sophie Levy, alias Lyons, a blackmailing adventuress. She was the wife of a notorious bank burglar, and their two sons became thieves. Her own mother was a shoplifter, so that the family affords a good argument for believers in the theory that crime is a hereditary disease.

Mrs. Levy made her debut as a blackmailer by decoying a wealthy Boston merchant to her room at a hotel. She threatened him with exposure if he did not fill out a check for $10,000. He did so, but it happened that his bank account was a bit short of the amount. Questions were asked and the plot exposed, but the merchant refused to prosecute. Sophie was, therefore, able to go on with her nefarious work, until it was estimated that she had extorted over $200,000 from various persons in known cases.

In one case she did not even visit or threaten her selected victim, who was a prominent man in Grand Rapids, Mich. She merely sat down every day, for weeks on end, in front of his house—the inference being, of course, that she had a claim on him and was merely waiting for him to acknowledge it. He didn't. When he could stand it no longer, he turned the hose on her, and then thrashed a man who ran up to take her part. That ended his persecution.

Sophie served several short terms in prison, but never received adequate punishment for the outrageous manner in which she blackmailed scores of business men in all the big cities of the country.

BASSETT STAINES.

Science for the Young.

Thoughtful little Willie Frazer
Carved his name with father's razor;
Father, unaware of trouble,
Used the blade to shave his stubble.
Father cut himself severely,
Which pleased little Willie dearly—
"I have fixed my father's razor
So it cuts!" said Willie Frazer.

Mamie often wondered why
Acids trouble alkali—
Mamie, in a manner placid,
Fed the cat boracic acid.
Whereupon the cat grew frantic,
Executing many an antic.
"Ah!" cried Mamie, overjoyed,
"Pussy is an alkaloid!"

Arthur with a lighted taper
Touched the fire to grandpa's paper.
Grandpa leaped a foot or higher,
Dropped the sheet and shouted "Fire!"
Arthur, wrapped in contemplation,
Viewed this scene of conflagration.
"This," he said, "confirms my notion—
Heat creates both light and motion."

Wee, experimental Nina
Dropped her mother's Dresden china
From a seven-story casement
Smashing, crashing to the basement.
Nina, somewhat apprehensive,
Said: "This china is expensive.
Yet it proves by demonstration
Newton's law of gravitation."

—Saturday Evening Post.