

4-1900

## C.A.C. Lookout, Volume 4, Number 10, April 1900

H. P. D. Emmons

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# G. A. C. Lookout



APRIL,

1900.



# WHAT A BABY CAN DO.



Baby No. 3.

and runs 800 pounds milk per hour. I think any dairyman who keeps five cows cannot afford to make butter without the Laval Separator. It runs still, without friction, easy to handle and, last but not least, the easiest to clean, I think.

F. L. DAVIS, Secretary Vt. Dairymen's Association.

We manufacture or handle everything pertaining to the manufacture of butter in both Dairy and Creamery. Send for catalogue.

**MOSELEY & STODDARD MFG. CO.,**  
RUTLAND, VERMONT.

Would Pay Any Farmer to Throw Away the Other Machine and Get a "Baby."

LUDLOW, Mass., Dec. 28, 1897.

Going into the cream business in June, 1897, I bought a United States machine, but was very much dissatisfied with the same. After looking the market over and giving several a thorough test, I found the De Laval was the best to be had, so bought one December 1, 1897, and like it very much. The extra cream alone will pay for the machine in a little while. I consider it would pay any farmer who happens to have a United States machine to lay it aside, as I did, and buy a De Laval.

F. L. RYDER.

What One of Vermont's Prominent Dairymen Says.

No. POMFRET, Vt.

Gentlemen—The improved De Laval Separator No. 3 I recently purchased of you is doing all and even more than you claimed. In just one week's time, with 400 pounds milk daily, I gained 21 pounds butter over the Cooley system, all conditions the same as the Cooley trial. It is easily turned by hand power the same as the Cooley trial. It is easily turned by hand power the same as the Cooley trial. It is easily turned by hand power the same as the Cooley trial.

## Same Old Story, THE "U. S." WHIPS THE BABY.

SHADY GROVE, IOWA, Jan. 4, 1900.

This is to certify that I was desirous of purchasing a farm cream separator and what I thought was the best. I tried the Springer, I soon learned I had no use for it. I investigated and found that the De Laval Alpha and the United States were both good standard machines. The De Laval Alpha agent was very positive that they had the only machine, also to prove it, was exceedingly anxious to have a contest with the United States. He was so anxious for a contest that I went with him to see the U. S. agent, and it was then and there all arrangements were made, rules governing the contest agreed to and signed in my presence by both parties. The rules were that each machine shall be operated under the rules sent out to the trade for operating each machine; capacity and efficiency in working determined by the Babcock test, and each contestant shall choose a judge, and these two shall choose a third, and not one of the three judges own a separator or are interested in one.

On date set for the contest all arrangements were completed, judges chosen, etc.

At the last minute, the ALPHA AGENT BACKED OUT, positively refusing to operate as per articles signed and agreed to, but insisted upon conditions that were out of reason and that could not be found in their book of instructions. It looked to me like a big game of bluff. The Alpha man did not run a pound of milk.

The United States proceeded to run through all the milk that was brought for the contest, at varying temperatures, making the run in a creditable manner. The results were as follows:

Temperature of whole milk	80 degrees,	skim milk test, trace,
" " " " 72 "	" " " "	.025
" " " " 70 "	" " " "	.03
" " " " very cold	" " " "	.08

The United States was a No. 6, rated capacity 400 pounds, price \$100.00. I will state in conclusion, I took the United States and recommend it to the trade.

BERT HAM.

The above is correct,

BERT HAM, Judge.

J. S. KING, Judge.

The third judge, the one picked by the Alpha agent, is a buttermaker in a creamery and refused to sign the above statement on the ground that he was "working for a co-operative creamery and did not want to mix up." To which someone remarked, "If you did not want to mix up why did the Alpha man bring you out? Why did you not refuse to act as judge?"

He knew the contents of the paper and said it was all true, every word.

He took a sample of the skim milk at temperature of 72 degrees and his test was .025.

**VERMONT FARM MACHINE CO.,** Bellows Falls, Vt.



## EGGS FOR HATCHING.

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In a previous number of LOOKOUT appeared our announcement that we could supply eggs for hatching from selected, pure bred stock. We are now ready to fill orders, and all who wish eggs, either for immediate shipment or later should send in their orders at once. We shall be obliged to fill orders in rotation, so "first come first served."

Our stock is pure and profitable, and it will be profitable for you to replace your mongrels or crosses. Study your market and try to meet the demand. From the following breeds you may make your selections that will meet your need :

<b>Light Brahmas,</b>	<b>White Wyandottes,</b>
<b>Black Langshans,</b>	<b>Barred Plymouth Rocks,</b>
<b>White Plymouth Rocks,</b>	<b>Rose Comb Brown Leghorns,</b>
<b>Rose Comb Black Minorcas,</b>	<b>White Pekin Ducks.</b>

Our prices are low for residents of the State, as it is our aim to enable the farmers to produce profitably eggs and poultry in place of that imported into our State.

You are cordially invited to come and look over our stock, or send for circulars stating prices.

Address, POULTRY DEPARTMENT,

THE CONNECTICUT AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

STORRS, CONN.







# C. A. C. LOOKOUT.

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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APRIL, 1900.

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# C. A. C. LOOKOUT.

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VOL. 4.

STORRS, CONN., APRIL, 1900.

NO. 10

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Published monthly during the college year, by the students of Connecticut Agricultural College  
The students and alumni are requested to contribute articles.

Subscribers upon changing their address or upon failure to receive their paper regularly are  
requested to notify the Business Manager.

The LOOKOUT will be sent to all subscribers until its discontinuance is ordered and arrears are  
paid.

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## BOARD OF EDITORS.

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F. J. BALDWIN, '00, Alumni Notes.

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*Entered as second class mail matter at the Storrs Post Office, May 11, 1896*

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WITH this issue of the LOOKOUT the present board of editors pass their duties to others. Our work has been, for the most part, congenial, notwithstanding that we have had many difficulties to battle against and overcome.

We trust that we shall leave the LOOKOUT in better circumstances than we found it, financially and otherwise. We have increased the size greatly, and we are sure that the English and the quality of the articles have been improved.

We have had a purpose in everything that we have printed. The editor-in-chief had a purpose in writing the editorials—that of raising the standard of the college and of the students. We think that the

LOOKOUT should be a power in our college life, and we have endeavored, as far as possible, to make it so. The editorials have not been written for spite, as has been intimated in regard to a few of them. We have suggested certain things where we thought that improvements could be made and where other things could be introduced. We have worked for the students in order that our college life may be made fuller and richer; and though we have not done what we would have wished, we are satisfied that our labors have not been altogether in vain.

Perhaps the charge may be made against the LOOKOUT that the same thing has been treated in the editorial columns many



times. Those familiar with newspaper work will remember that when the editor is trying to bring about some end, he does not write all his ideas on a subject for one issue, but that he treats the thing in question in a little different way for several issues. He keeps "hitting the nail on the head," until he has succeeded in interesting the people in what he wishes to bring about. So if any one thinks that some one subject has been written about a good deal, he would do well to remember the principle.

The students have responded to our appeals, but not as much as they should, and not as much as we hope will be the case in future years.

The LOOKOUT owes much to Professor Stimson, who has corrected the English and who has advised the editor in regard to many things. He has also recommended to the editor articles written by his classes in English.

We wish the succeeding board of editors all possible success, and we hope that their labors will not be without reward and will be as congenial as ours have been.

**C**O-EDUCATION has its good side as well as its bad. There is one way in which the young ladies could be of more service to the college, that of bettering the conduct in the dining room. We see no reason why the young ladies

and young men could not use one dining room, as is done in other educational institutions.

No doubt if this were done, the general conduct and table manners both of young ladies and young men would be improved. We hope that by another year the authorities will see fit to have this brought about.

**T**HE college catalogue, which has just been issued, is on the whole a creditable one. However, some mistakes have been made. We have noticed that a graduate of the college has been credited with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. We think this a mistake either on the part of the compiler or the printer, as the degree should be Bachelor of Agriculture.

The picture of the greenhouse is not up to date, but rather as the greenhouse was four years ago. Also the picture of cottage No. 2 would cause anyone not familiar with the college grounds as they are now to infer that it is in the midst of a young forest.

We have noticed also that the announcements of the occupations of many of the graduates are in error. This is undoubtedly the fault of the alumni. They should take enough interest in the college to notify the president if any mistakes are made, or if they change their occupation.

## COLLEGE NOTES.

Relief is in sight at last. The new board of editors is "girding for the fray."

Clarence N. Case, 1901, has left college. He expects to enter Cornell in the fall.

The second entertainment for the benefit of the Athletic Association was held in the college hall March 16. There were several novel and interesting contests, in which a team of four from each class took part. The 1900 team scored the highest

number of points and was presented with an oak shield.

The base ball field is again a scene of great activity; but when the regular team is not able to beat the faculty we had better not say much about it.

On March 13 the musical members of the Storrs Sunday school rendered the cantata, "The Pillar of Fire," in the Congregational church at Willington. The



audience was very patient and forbearing and all were pleased that everything went so smoothly. After the concert the singers were served with refreshments.

On account of a "bean supper" at South Coventry, Saturday evening, April 9, which evidently cleared the market, we were unable to get our usual Saturday night ration.

Prof. C. S. Phelps was unable to meet his classes from April 1 to April 8 on account of illness.

At last the automobile has come to Storrs. It was rather overworked on the night of its arrival, however, and lay down for its long sleep against the wall north of Grove cottage. Although ill treatment has lost us this one we hope another will come back with the birds next spring.

Six juniors and seniors are trying for the Hicks prizes. The number ought to have been greater than this.

Mr. G. Dana Warner, ex-'01, visited college during the vacation, and Bennet Almond Galpin, ex-'01, also spent a few

days with us from March 12 to March 19.

Chief Clerk C. E. Myers has moved from Mansfield Center to the Valentine farm house at Storrs.

A new animal of a species never before found here was seen eating tinware near the oil house one night last month. Although he did not see the animal, yet, from accurate description, Mr. Plumb has been able to identify it as a magathamolofrodtenterhookdaws.

F. S. G. McLean spent Sunday, April 8, at his home in South Glastonbury.

Several conscience-stricken students tried the guilt-cleansing powers of the Fenton River water on March 8.

We are pleased to announce that the following are to compose the next board of editors: T. F. Downing, '01, Editor-in-Chief, F. H. Plumb, '01, Business Manager; L. F. Harvey, '02, Assistant Business Manager; J. H. Blakeslee, '01, Editor of College Notes; A. B. Clark, '02, Editor of Alumni Notes; F. H. Pratt, '01, Editor of Athletic Notes; M. E. Pierpont, '03, Exchange Editor; H. A. Ballou, Treasurer.

## ATHLETIC NOTES.

With this issue the present editor of athletics lays down his pen and ceases from his labors on the staff of the LOOKOUT.

The past year has been one of advance in college athletics, especially in football. The recording of the victories of our football team was most gratifying. To record its defeats was not so pleasant; but we had the satisfaction of knowing that our only successful rivals had the advantage of us at all points—in age, weight and experience.

There has been very little done in athletics outside of baseball, football and polo, owing to the lack of a suitable place for indoor work.

The only indoor athletics was a class meet. In this each class had a team of four, who took part in a potato race, an Indian-club race, a "team" race and an obstacle race.

The class receiving the highest number of points received a shield suitably inscribed, and each member of the winning team secured a badge.

Besides the contests for the shield there was a contest in the running high-dive in which Lyman, Blakeslee and Downing secured respectively first, second and third places.

Two exhibitions of "blind-man's-biff," in which the boxers were blind-folded, were



given by Crowell and Walters, and Bishop and Beardsley.

The following are the scores of the teams in the contest for the shield:

	1900	1901	1902	1803
Relay, potato race . . .	5	1	3	0
Indian-club race . . .	5	3	3	0
Team race . . . . .	5	3	1	0
Obstacle race . . . . .	1	3	5	0
	<u>16</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>12</u>	<u>0</u>

The record in the high diving is as follows:

Lyman, 5 feet 5 inches.  
Blakeslee, 5 feet 3 inches.  
Downing, 5 feet 1 inch.

This meet was held to secure funds for the baseball team. From the entrance and admission fees a considerable sum of money was realized.

Baseball practice is progressing favorably under the coaching of Professor Knowles. It is expected that we shall put a strong team in the field this season.

Every man in college who can play ball

at all should turn out and try for a place on the team. Make the men who are on the team work hard to keep their positions. Only by playing can a person learn to play; therefore, turn out, and if you don't get on the team this year you will stand a better chance next year.

We should urge the managers of the team to be ready constantly to encourage a new player to do his best. It may be thought that we shall have a good enough team this year in last year's players; but this is not certain, and, besides, we must be on the lookout for next season's team.

The following is a schedule of games, so far as arranged, for the season:

April 14—Rockville High School at C. A. C.  
21—Norwich Y. M. C. A. at C. A. C.  
28—Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham.  
May 5—Pomfret School at Pomfret.  
12—Childs' Business College of Springfield at C. A. C.  
16—Holyoke High School at C. A. C.  
26—Amherst Aggie at C. A. C.  
June 2—R. I. C. at New London.  
9—Open.  
13—Alumni at C. A. C.

## UNIVERSITY NOTES.

A gift of \$150,000 has been made to the Yale School of Forestry. The donors are Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Pinchot and their sons, Mr. Gifford Pinchot, '80, and Mr. Amos R. Pinchot, '97. The donors also authorized the use of a large tract of land in Pike county, Pa., for a summer school. Mr. Henry S. Graves, '92, has been appointed professor of forestry. Mr. Graves is assistant in the Division of Forestry, Department of Agriculture, of which Mr. Gifford Pinchot is chief.

Mr. Ezra Warner of Chicago has given \$50,000 to Middlebury College for a science building, the erection of which will be begun at once. Mr. Warner graduated from Middlebury College in 1861.

The Alumni of Haverford College have subscribed \$40,000 for a gymnasium.

It has been decided that the new laboratory for physiology and anatomy at Cornell University, for which \$80,000 was recently given, will be situated in the quadrangle east of Boardman Hall.

The corporation of Yale University has made alterations in the curriculum, enlarging the range of elective studies. The requirement of philosophy in the senior year is abandoned, and the range of electives in the sophomore year is enlarged. In the sophomore year ten subjects are offered, of which five must be taken, and one of which, in addition, may be taken if wished. The subjects are Greek, Latin, French, German, English, history, mathematics (two courses), chemistry and physics.

Arrangements have been made for a



course on fish culture in connection with the Cornell University College of Forestry. It will be given during two weeks, beginning May 7, at Axton in the college forest in the Adirondacks, and will be under the direction of Professor Burton W. Gorman of the United States Fish Commission. The course will consist of a series of daily lectures, with laboratory work, field excursions to the ponds, lakes and rivers and

visits to the State hatchery at Clear Water, within a few miles of Axton.

Courses in commercial education will next year be offered in the University of Michigan. (1) Diplomatic and consular education, (2) higher commercial education, (3) preparation for newspaper work, (4) preparation for pastoral work and public philanthropy, (5) instruction in public administration.

## SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

A consignment of vegetables grown on the farms of the Cuban Industrial Relief Commission have arrived and they have met with high favor. The potatoes are said to be superior to the best Bermudas, as they have not the insipid sweetness of the Bermudas and are more mealy.—*Scientific American*, April 7, 1900, p. 215.

The way in which the Indians made soapstone dishes is said to be as follows: With a hard implement, probably a flint, they cut a circle on the stone which was to become a dish and then chipped away and down on the circumference of this. They then fashioned the outside to the shape they desired, while it was still attached to the rock itself. Finally they split it off at the bottom and hollowed it out and the dish was completed.—*Scientific American*, April 1, 1900, p. 215.

An ingenious arrangement to prevent over-crowding of both elevators and stairways is in use in the offices of the International Correspondence School, Scranton, Pa. The time of entering and leaving the building is regulated by clocks on each of the five floors. On the lower floors the clocks are set correctly, but on the upper floors they are a few minutes slow, so that the employees on the lower floors are at their work before those on the upper floors are due, and of course those on the upper floors do not leave their desks until several minutes later, thus avoiding confu-

sion.—*Scientific American*, April 7, 1900, p. 215.

Unvulcanized India rubber is by no means waterproof. Rolled plates of rubber were found to be capable of taking up in two hours from eight to thirty-five per cent. of water at 60° centigrade, the absorption increasing with the degree of compression, and a piece of Para rubber kept under the water at 50° was nothing but a mass of slime in two months.—*Scientific American*, April 7, 1900, p. 215.

The New York *Times* will publish an American newspaper on the grounds of the Paris Exposition. It will appear in its usual form and will be printed on a large, latest improved web-perfecting press, and a complete printing office, including a battery of type-setting machines, will be installed in the center of the American annex to the Building of Liberal Art and Mechanical Industries. It will be gratuitously distributed at the place of production and it will be the only paper published on the Exposition grounds.—*Scientific American*, April 7, 1900, p. 225.

The German army authorities are now experimenting on a cotton stuff as a material for balloons. It is treated with rubber before being used. The fabric is said to have great strength and is better than silk, which is apt to generate electricity.—*Scientific American*, April 7, 1900, p. 215

Selected by WALTER THORP, '01.



## THE BOOK LOVER'S CORNER.

Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, and also the author of "Great Books as Life-Teachers" and other books on religion and ethics, has recently incurred the displeasure of the Chicago Presbytery on account of his views on the doctrine of predestination. "Great Books as Life Teachers" is one of the books recently added to the college library.

"Fisherman's Luck," by Dr. Henry Van Dyke, is a very charming book. Dr. Van Dyke's style is unlike that of any other author. From the title one would infer that the thought was not very deep, but beneath the incidents that Dr. Van Dyke relates there is an earnest undertone.

Those who have read James Lane Allen's beautiful work of fiction, "The Choir Invisible," will be glad to hear that he will soon publish a new book entitled, "The Reign of Law, Or a Story of the Kentucky Hempfields." *The Bookman* for April, p. 115, says of it: "The trend of the book and the religious crisis through which David, its hero, passes are indicated in the title, but David has a passionate love story as well, which plays an important part in the development of his character. One critic who has read the story declares it to contain by far the finest and noblest work Mr. Allen has yet done, and no whit deficient in that beauty of human passion and interest which characterizes his former work and which has given him an accredited place with the foremost living writers."

Nearly every one pronounces "Janice" in his own way. *The Bookman* has been informed by Mr. Ford that the correct pronunciation is Jāneece.

David Harum in Figures—"David Harum" is now selling in its 425,000. "To print that number of copies," says the *Boston Post*, "5,000 pounds of ink

have been consumed, about 1,000 miles of thread have been used in the binding, and 5,865 reams of paper, weighing 87 pounds a ream, have been used. The 425,000 copies of the book represent 2,932,500 paper-maker's sheets, each measuring 30½ by 40 inches. If placed end to end the books would extend over a horizontal route for about fifty miles. If placed one upon the other they would make a tower seven miles high. \* \* \* But perhaps the greatest achievement is the part played by the plates from which the book is being printed. Only one set has been used to print the 425,000 copies. Over a year ago, when certain signs indicated that 'David Harum' was fast winning an extraordinary popularity, a second set of electrotypes plates was cast, to be used in case of emergency; but so well has the printer done his work that the set has not as yet been pressed into service."—*The Literary News*, April, p. 111.

"In an editorial entitled 'Mr. Choate Becomes Fantastic,' the New York *Evening Sun* of March 5 had considerable to say concerning an address which our ambassador at the Court of St. James delivered at the dinner of the Authors' club. The editorial characterized as interesting and surprising many of Mr. Choate's remarks about authors and the reading public, but, above all, it found curious his selection of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," DeFoe's "Robinson Crusoe," Cervantes's "Don Quixote," and Izaak Walton's "The Compleat Angler," as being 'the most famous books' handed down to the present generation. What did Mr. Choate mean by 'the most famous books'? queried the *Evening Sun*, and then supplied its own definition, that a famous book is one which everybody is supposed to have read, which most persons have not read and few have read twice."—*The Bookman*, April, p. 116.



## SOME CHARACTERS IN GRECIAN MYTHOLOGY.

There are many beautiful stories connected with Grecian mythology which tell of the fabled characters of the ancient Grecians. Among these were the Grecian gods, who were supposed to live on Mount Olympus in Thessaly.

Zeus, or Jupiter, was the chief god of the Grecian mythology. He had a magnificent palace on Mount Olympus, and there, when summoned, the other gods gathered to eat and drink ambrosia and nectar, the fabled food of the gods.

After Zeus, the greatest god was Apollo, the god of music. He delighted the gods when they assembled at the palace of Zeus, with the tones of his magic lyre. Orpheus, the son of Apollo, inherited his father's genius. When Jason was about to depart on his quest for the Golden Fleece, and his companions were quarreling because Argo, the boat in which they were to depart, would not move, it was Orpheus that "hushed the angry tumult into silence" with music that "at first seemed to imitate the whisper of a coming breeze, then it twinkled like a brook upon a pebbly bed; anon the warble of a thousand singing birds appeared to blend in one melodious song, that next was drowned beneath the roar of surges and the dash of waves. ("Jason's Quest"—D. O. S. Lowell, p. 83). Vulcan was the blacksmith of the Olympian gods. He built of brass the

houses of the gods and made the golden shoes with which the gods trod the air or the water. He also was able to bestow on his workmanship the power of self-motion so that chairs and other articles could move of themselves.

Hercules, though not a god, is a very interesting mythological character. He was a very strong young man and performed many seemingly impossible tasks. When a baby lying in his cradle, he killed two immense serpents which threatened to devour him. He gripped one of the snakes in each fist and held them until they strangled to death. He also fought the hydra, a terrible monster with nine heads. Each time that a head was cut off two appeared in its place, so that at last, being unable to kill it, he was compelled to bury it under a large rock. Another of his feats was to clean out a stable. This may not, at first, seem wonderful, but it was not an ordinary stable. Hercules finally cleaned it by turning the channel of a river through its doors.

There are many other stories connected with the early mythical history of Greece which are very instructive as well as interesting. Those wishing to read more of these stories will find Hawthorn's "Tanglewood Tales" and Scott's edition of Bulfinch's "Age of Fable" excellent books.

"PATRICK," '00.

## CIGARETTE SMOKING.

As so much on the question of "cigarette smoking" has been said at this institution, I thought it would not be out of place to relate a little story that I heard an old, gray-haired drummer tell in the smoking car of a train on the Central Vermont railway.

"Speaking about cigarettes," he said,

"I have got a son in Middletown to-day on account of those accursed little things. I noticed some five years ago that Charlie (his son's name) acted queerly, couldn't sleep nights, saw imaginary ghosts.

"As time went on and he grew worse, I took him to a doctor up here in Hartford. The first thing the doctor asked was,



'You've been smoking a large number of cigarettes, haven't you?' Charlie replied, 'Yes.'

"Well, after a thorough examination, the doctor said to me, 'If your son does not stop smoking cigarettes, his mind will be ruined.'

"I took Charlie home with me and told him the doctor's decision and received his promise to stop smoking cigarettes.

"Six months later I stepped off the train at my native town and was met by a friend, who kindly said, 'Brace up, old boy, I've some sad news for you.' I replied, 'Out with it.' My friend then said, 'Last night your son became a raving maniac, he knocked his mother down and attempted to murder his sister? He was stopped by a policeman whom the maid called.'

"Yes, it was true, Charlie had stopped

smoking for a few days and then had yielded again to the habit. And we carried him, a gibbering, raving maniac, to Middletown.

"The blow that sent him to the insane ward killed my wife; but, dear as she was to me, her death is not to be compared with my son's living death.

'To-day I have been to see him. His first question at our meeting was, 'Aren't you my father?' I replied, 'Yes.' 'Then why am I here behind these grates, and these cold walls?' But when I tried to explain the cause, he went off into a raving fit; and, worst of all, the doctor says there is no hope for him.

"Now, gentlemen, I have warned you; profit by my son's terrible example before you kill your mothers, ruin your own minds and send sorrow upon the remaining days of your old fathers."

J. H. VALLETT, '01.

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## TIME-PIECES.

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We are all familiar with clocks and watches, but perhaps not all of us have thought about the methods of telling time before these were invented. A few weeks ago I saw some old time-pieces, and it is about ancient and curious time-keepers that I wish to speak this morning.

In early ages any device for the purpose of measuring time received the general name of horologium. And the most ancient of all was probably the sun-dial. The first form of this was simply a column which cast a shadow of varying length and position. Later ones were made of two parts, the dial plane, on which were the figures, and the style, or little standing rod on a peg in the middle. The figures marked the hours of the day, like the figures on a clock face, but they were arranged differently. The time was told by the shadow of the style, which the sun cast

on the dial plane. Of course this dial would not show the time in a cloudy day. There were also moon-dials to tell the time at night. At Rome the first sun-dial is said to have been erected in 292 B. C. In the early times in New England, sun-dials were often set in the street in front of houses; and noon-marks on the threshold of the front door or on the window-sill helped to show the hour of the day.

The first form of horologium which measured time by mechanical means was the clepsydra or water clock. And it is believed that this timekeeper was used before the sun-dial in China, Chaldea and Egypt. The simplest kind of clepsydra consisted of a transparent, graduated vase with a small opening in its bottom. This was filled with water. As the liquid gradually escaped, its height in the vase marked the hour. About 235 A.D., a great improve-



ment was made in clepsydras. The water was made to drop upon wheels; these were thereby turned, and the motion was communicated to a small statue, which gradually rose and pointed with a rod toward the hours marked on a diagram. Their use was abandoned after the invention of pendulum clocks.

Sand or hour glasses took the place of clepsydras in the early part of the Christian era, but the date of their earliest use is uncertain.

The time of the introduction of wheel clocks moved by weights is not known, but, however much their earlier history may be involved in doubt, it is certain that they were in use in the monasteries of Europe in the eleventh century.

Many wonderful clocks have been made. There is one of these at Lyons, in France. When the time comes for the striking of the hour, two horsemen meet and beat the time on each other. A door then opens and the Virgin Mary comes out with Christ in her arms; and the Magi, or Wise Men of the East, march by with their followers in procession and present gifts. But the

most wonderful clock is that in Strassburg cathedral, which shows the proper motions of the sun and all the planets, and marks not only the hours and minutes, but the years and months, and all of the feast days and other important days of the year. There are also many figures which are moved by its machinery. In the upper part of the clock are the statues of four men who strike the quarter-hours. Death comes out each quarter to strike, but Christ, with a spear in his hand, drives him back; when the last quarter, comes Christ goes inside and Death comes out and strikes the hours with a bone in his hand, and the chime sounds.

These are some of the instruments that have been used for measuring time in the past; but who knows what will be used several hundred years from now? Perhaps, and let us hope so, it will be something as much more wonderful than the clock at Strassburg cathedral, as that is than the hour-glass, the water-clock, or the sun-dial.

CHRISTIE JENNIE MASON, '00.

## THE GIRL'S LIFE AT CONNECTICUT AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

Being, as I am, a girl at Connecticut Agricultural College, I know what the girl's college life is, and as some of you, are not, perhaps, so familiar with it, I will give you a few facts about it.

When we girls leave home for college the first time, we experience something we have never known before, we feel ourselves away from home and mother. Our cottage, with all its attractions and comforts, and with our kind chaperon, is as home-like as possible; but it does not take the place of home or mother. It is true we have our particular girl friend or our

chaperon in whom to confide, and from whom to receive comfort, encouragement or advice; yet mother still remains first in our minds and we feel that our life is different without her.

We find next that our new life is one of rigorous discipline. Every hour has its duty. The day is ordered in by the rising bell, and thus we are summoned to prepare for breakfast. What little house-work there is to do must be done directly after breakfast. At the stroke of the bell we attend chapel exercises, where a few minutes are spent in religious worship.



Then our classes begin and continue usually until 4 o'clock, with a break of an hour at noon. The time from 4 until 6 we have as our own to do what we please in. At half-past 7 begins our study period, which lasts for an hour and a half, then at 10 every light must be extinguished. Thus our day is chiefly a day of work; and, if at home we have been accustomed to taking all the time we wished about our tasks, we find that here, in order to get the day's work done, we have first to learn promptness and ready obedience.

But we soon find that our life here is a happy one. Do not for one moment think we have no fun. We have a gymnasium and our physical culture is not a trial, but a pleasure to us. Then what else need we do from 4 o'clock until supper time but go for a walk, take a book from the library and read, have a song, or go into one of the other girls' rooms and have a good chat? Besides, we have lectures, receptions, entertainments, recitals, and our literary club. One cannot find her work dreary and her life altogether unhappy with all these pleasures to brighten it up.

Discipline and pleasure, however, do not occupy all of a girl's time and thought here; she has an earnest side of life which is peculiarly her own. Our influence does a great deal either for the good or for the

bad. Temptations do come to us, sometimes too strong for us to meet alone. And nothing helps a girl so much as to have a good, honest room-mate, one whom she can depend upon to help her. The Young Women's Christian Associations have done much to help the girl students of America. And, although we have only just started one here, we find that we have been benefited by our association, and the future looks promising.

In looking over my own life here I find the trials and pleasures, temptations and victories, sorrows and joys, all entwined together. But on the whole I feel that it has been a good, strong and happy life. The end of college days has to come. Margaret E. Sangster says: "From the college the girls must step into journalism, into medicine, into teaching, into the legal profession, into business, and most of all and most blessedly, into the home life, which is far better for a woman than any other career she may enter. Wherever she goes, she will carry with her the impression her college as 'the wax retains the seal.'" And whatever the life may be into which, upon graduation, the Connecticut Agricultural College girl may step, if she has been faithful, I think she may go forward happily and with confidence.

LENA ELIZA LATIMER, '00.

## THE BARTHOLDI STATUE.

Bedloe's Island, in the harbor of New York, is the site of Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty. The statue thus has a fine situation, and it would be hard to find a place from which better views could be had.

From its base, even, one can see the entire harbor of New York, the incoming and outgoing ocean steamers, the Palisades on the banks of the Hudson River and the great Brooklyn bridge, besides the boroughs of New York and Brooklyn and the fort

and batteries on Governor's Island. Magnificent old trees and Fort Wood, mounted with many guns that are veterans of the Civil war, surround its base.

The view from its base, however, is not to be compared to that from its top. From the latter one can see the waters of the Hudson stretching to the north many miles. Along the west bank of the river can be seen the beautiful Riverside Park, and at the upper end of this, General



Grant's tomb. To the west of the statue rise the high buildings of New York and Brooklyn, and to the east lies the great Atlantic Ocean.

In the early morning, as one looks from the little square casements at the top of Liberty's head, the sun lights the great bridge, the apparently little ferry and tug-boats, and makes the gilded domes of many great buildings in the city beyond shine brighter than ever.

The Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World was designed by Frédéric Auguste Bartholdi. It was built and presented to the United States by the French people in 1885, and was unveiled in the presence of its designer, October 26, 1886.

The statue is the largest in the world. From the pedestal, up it is 151 feet and 1 inch in height. The pedestal is 43 feet and 6 inches high, and was built by popular subscriptions from American people. The lamp is thus 305 feet and 11 inches above the sea-level. It is fed by electricity and is very powerful. Although I have never seen it, it is said that at night the light can be seen from West Point and the Highlands near.

The top of the statue is reached by a stairway wound around a great iron pole.

About every twenty feet there is a little landing with a very poor lantern hung on its outer rails. This is intended for light; but, as one cannot see the next one until he is within five feet of it, the lower lantern only serves to make the intermediate darkness more intense. As one nears the top, he can look over the railing and see the earth, nearly 200 feet below him, without a single object between; and if he is alone, this does not tend to make him feel any safer up there in the darkness.

Very soon, however, the visitor crawls up through a little hole and is in the head of Liberty. Even now, to see the outside world, he must climb up on little ladders to get to the casements just under the crown of the great statue.

To the right, as he comes out of the stairway, one sees a dark, copper-bound hole about two feet in diameter. This is the entrance to the arm. Visitors, who dared, used to be allowed to go up to the lamp; but the arm is not safe now. Moreover, there seemed to be a tendency for people to throw themselves into the sea, over 300 feet below. The last year that the arm was open to visitors six suicides occurred there.

FREDERICK H. PLUMB, '01.

## WHITE WINGED CROSSBILLS.

If there is one privilege beyond another which the country resident enjoys over his city brother it is the pleasure found in the annual return of the birds, bringing to the field and orchard life and joy and beauty. Who can listen to the chorus of their spring-time song without being cheered by the inspiration?

For the most part beauty and life and joy flee before the blasts of winter. The summer birds follow the receding sun and the leafless bows bend before the gale, beauty yields to desolation and the sweet

songs of birds to the sighing of the wind.

But there are birds that brave the rigors of winter, that sing amid the storm, and their cheering presence is doubly welcome to the haunts whence our summer visitors like the lights and shadows have fled.

The season just past has brought us of this class a visitation of a very interesting and unusual character, viz., a great flight of the species of birds known as the white-winged crossbill, in distinction from the red or common crossbill.

Their first appearance here was on the



6th day of November last, when a small flock of about twenty individuals came with great chattering into the yard and addressed themselves to an examination of the cones among the spruces and firs. They seemed exceedingly restless and shy, easily disturbed, and they speedily departed.

Either these birds returned augmented in numbers, or other and larger arrivals took their places; for the presence of more numerous flocks became a matter of daily observation for many succeeding weeks. And they were observed elsewhere over a large extent of eastern America.

The first report came from Capt. H. D. Spinnery on an island off the coast of Maine. They made their first appearance there on the 27th of August last. A number were observed feeding on the fir trees scattered over the island.

From that date they appeared nearly every day in small flocks, gradually increasing in numbers till November 3. After that every day favorable for migration they were seen passing continually in flocks of from 50 to 100 individuals, thousands in a day. They all approached the island from a southeasterly direction, turned westward and seldom stopped on the island. Large flocks with hundreds of birds made their appearance on the island November 16 in a severe snow storm and passed on to the west, when the snowing ceased.

It is reported that the birds reached Boston about the first week in November and thence rapidly spread over southern New England and the states of the Atlantic coast as far south as Washington.

Large flocks of crossbills, in which both species were about equally represented, appeared among the spruces here often during December. The two species were readily distinguished by the prominent white patches on the wings of one, these patches being equally prominent on both the males and females.

The name "crossbill" seems to have been chosen because of an apparent deformity of the beak, the upper mandible of which, instead of shutting squarely down upon the lower as in other birds, turns down in a hooked form at one side. In the white-winged species it turns down their left side, and in the American crossbill toward their right. It has the appearance of a deformity, but really proves a very practical mechanism for securing their food, which seems to be the seeds from cones of the spruce and allied trees.

According to authorities these crossbills have their homes in the far north countries. They are said to breed in the Hudson Bay regions in February, and while the earth is buried in snow. But these birds wandering around our yard the 28th day of February must have taken a pretty lively flight to accomplish much in that line before the opening of spring. True it was before breakfast that they were seen and they had the greater part of the day before them, but they did not seem to be in any hurry.

There were seven of the birds in the flock, but only one with bright red plumage, the others being females or immature males. The white wing-patch was a distinct mark on all the birds, but did not appear as prominent as in the early winter. I interested myself for an hour watching their movements. They were actively moving around but with no apparent motive. I did not see them pick up or attempt to eat anything, they seemed to be simply looking around.

There was a song sparrow who had spent the winter here guarding his old plant, that seemed jealous of their intrusion. He followed the flock around the yard, and whenever a bird got a little away from the flock, the sparrow, who seemed itching for a fight, would pitch into him. The crossbills were very peaceable and displayed no resentment, but made



haste to get beyond reach as fast as possible without attempting any defence.

It seems a characteristic of this species to indulge in such an occasional and irregular migration as this, the last previous flight having been recorded in the winters of

1888-9. The pretty birds have been a pleasant feature of the winter just past, and it is to be hoped their next visit will not be so long delayed.

A. N. CLARK, Saybrook, Conn.

## LOST AND FOUND.

My mother read me a poem some years ago, the story of which I still remember. Perhaps it may be interesting, if told again in prose.

"Yes, Judge, I am guilty. I took the bread; 'stole it' you say. Well, I was starving and the temptation was too great. 'Only thirty days in the workhouse'? no, that is not long; but it will be the rest of my life, for I am 72 years old to-day. I do not plead for mercy, your Honor, do your duty; but maybe you will listen to an old woman's story.

"I was not always old. I can remember when I was a happy child playing among the flowers away out in the west toward the golden gates of the setting sun.

"I can remember a vine-covered cottage where four rosy, bright-eyed boys played around the door.

"Oh, those were happy days! But one day our Harold was taken away; not to a grave where I could go to weep and plant flowers and feel that my darling was at rest. He was stolen and carried off, perhaps to grow up in the midst of sin. It made my heart ache to think of it. I watched closely my other sons; but the robber did not return and the boys grew up brave, honest and noble men.

"Then the war broke out and each of my boys rushed to defend the cause which he thought was right.

"My youngest son went first. I can see him now in his uniform of blue, as he kissed me farewell and said, 'My country

calls me, mother, I cannot let her call in vain.'

"Then my other two went, one to the ranks of the gray, the other with the boys in blue. But this was not enough, I had one more sacrifice to make for my country. When the call came and my husband wished to go, I would not detain him, but bade him go to the defence of our flag.

"Long and dark were the days which followed. I had given my country all that I had, and now I could only pray God that he would uphold the right.

"In vain did I search the papers for news of my beloved ones. At the close of the war my husband returned, but he had lost his right arm. Our brave sons were asleep in unknown graves under the sunny, southern sky.

"The war had taken all our money. We were forced to sell our pleasant home, and, in our declining years, to seek work in the bustle and stir of New York. We found that work was plentiful, but money scarce; and in less than a month my husband died. I was left alone without a friend or relative in the world, unless my son Harold was still alive. For some time I cherished the vain fancy that I might some day find him. As I walked along the street I would look into the crowd with the hope of seeing his face, but it was all a crazy idea.

"And now, Judge, I will go. I have but a few more days to live and I might as



well die working out my time in the work-house as to starve in the street. No, Judge, I don't blame you, it is your duty."

A silence filled the court room, while the woman, on whose face one could still trace the lines of former beauty in spite of the haggard expression which denoted long suffering, was telling her story. She was clad in garments which showed the marks of long service, but were neatly patched and clean.

Her voice still retained its sweetness

and it rang through the room with a pathetic sadness. She was about to leave the room when the judge sprang up from his seat and cried, "Mother, don't you know me?"

"What is it he says? It can't—it is my son, my Harold!"

In a second the old woman was clasped in the arms of her son.

Then she was heard to murmur, "Now I can begin to live again, to live at 72."

JESSIE R. BARNES, '01.

## THE WHIP.

Slowly he turned and viewed the house of his father, and then resumed his walk across the fields. His heart swelled as he thought of the loved ones he had left behind, but it was too late to change his mind. He had decided to leave the place forever, for he could not longer endure the harshness of his father.

Two hours before, his father being displeased with him, had sent him out to get a horsewhip. The boy's spirit rose in rebellion and he decided to run away. For a time he lurked in the neighborhood of his home, but soon he had started on his journey.

Twenty years later a stranger stood on the deck of an incoming steamer. He was bronzed from exposure in a foreign country. He excited the curiosity of the passengers. Some said that he had seen service in the Soudanese campaign, others said that he was a returned miner from the African gold fields, and still others said that he had seen service in India; but no one knew his history. He landed and was lost sight of in the great crowds of the city.

Again we look upon the place of the first scene of our story. A stranger is slowly walking across the fields toward a house in the distance. There is something about the man to suggest our acquaintance of twenty years ago.

As he nears the house, he is apparently overcome with emotion. He sits down upon the wall by the roadside. We try to guess his thoughts. Is he thinking of his father and mother, he left so many years before? Perhaps he is sorry that he left home. Did his sudden disappearance cause his mother suffering? Will he find his father and mother? Perhaps they are gone and some one else is living in his old home.

The man rises and passes from sight into an out-building. He soon emerges and going toward the house he peers in at the highest window. With what feelings of dread he does this no one knows. Yes, there they are. His father sits by the fire with a Bible on his knee. His mother is sitting at a table occupied with some mending. She lays the work aside and sits looking sadly toward the place which he used to occupy at the family hearth. She is thinking of him. How old and worn they look. He feels a lump rise in his throat. How could he be so dull as to leave a kind mother? He chokes down the lump and enters the room and then we see that he has a whip in his hand. He lays his hand on his father's shoulder and simply says: "Father, I have brought the whip."

H. D. EDMOND, '00.



## ALBERT'S SCAR.

While visiting my uncle George, who lived in Bridgewater, Mass., I became acquainted with Albert Rockwell of New Hampshire, who was visiting relatives of his near my uncle's. Albert and I soon became fast friends, and many were the pleasant times we had riding and hunting together.

On the inside of Albert's left wrist there was a large scar extending towards his elbow for a distance of about two inches. The scar would indicate that the wound had been caused by some blunt or dull object. As my attention was called to it one day, I asked him how it happened to be there; and he related to me the following story.

He lived on a farm in New Hampshire; and down back of the barn was a long hill, at the foot of which there was a pretty little lake. In the summer the lake afforded a fine place for rowing, fishing and swimming, and in winter a good place to skate.

In the winter Albert with two or three companions used to have great sport sliding down the hill and out on the ice. The lot from the barn to the pond was comparatively clear, so it was quite an easy matter to coast there. This was their favorite sport. They used an old sleigh and a hand-sled for coasting. The hand-sled was placed between the shafts of the sleigh and was fixed so that one of the boys by riding on this could steer the sleigh.

One afternoon Albert with his companions determined to go coasting. They had not been for several days, but supposed

that their usual coasting course was the same as the last time that they had used it. Albert took his place on the hand-sled, his three companions got into the sleigh, and away they went. Down the long pasture they sped and soon came near the shore of the lake.

There to Albert's surprise he saw that some men were cutting ice out on the lake directly in front of him. He tried to turn out before reaching the lake, but was unable to do so; so all he could do was to yell, and this he did to the best of his ability, his companions joining in with him.

The men at work heard them, and one of them quickly comprehending their situation started towards them with an old boat-hook in his hand that he had used for pushing the ice. As the sled and sleigh quickly approached, he stopped and waited for them just a little out of their path. When the hand-sled came abreast of him he made a grab for it with the boat-hook. The hook caught the front part of the sled and he gave a sharp pull. The hook slipped and buried itself Albert's wrist. The man, on seeing what had happened, quickly let go of the hook.

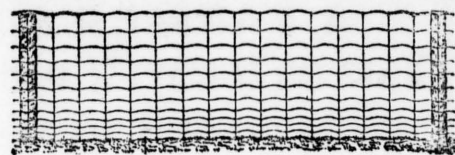
The pull the man gave was sufficient to deflect the sled so that it passed to one side of the hole safely. Albert took out the hook, bound up his wrist, and went to the doctor's, where the cut received proper treatment. After this they took the precaution to see that the course was safe before starting.

J. B. LYMAN, '00.





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After a few years Mr. Bradley had a enough business to pay him for running a team. He purchased a horse and wagon and carried larger things for sale; and, as years went by, he accumulated, little by little, a large sum of money. This he gave to the town of North Haven for a library that was to bear his name.

Mr. Bradley's portrait now hangs in the library that he founded; and, on the wall facing the door, it seems to say to everyone that enters, "Make the most of your opportunities."

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I was very much frightened, for I had often heard that in such a case the snake generally clings to the rear wheel and revolves with it. I turned around, looked down at my wheel first and then back in in the road. The snake lay coiled up in the sand. I rode on in peace, but with my eyes wide open for fear of a similar adventure with a less happy ending.

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