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## C.A.C. Lookout, Volume 5, Number 9, March 1901

T. F. Downing

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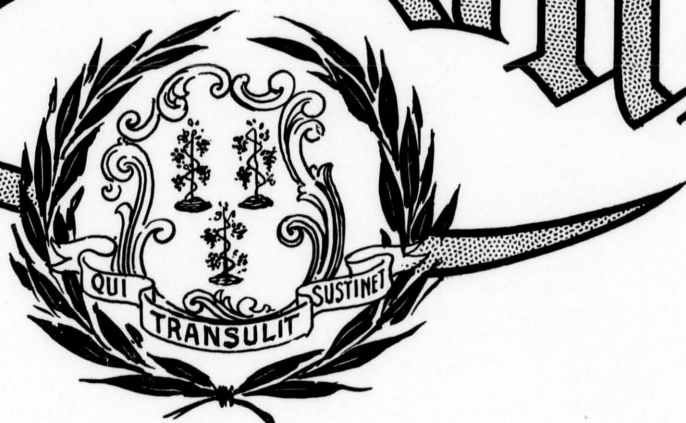
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G. A. C.

Lookout



.. MARCH ..

1901

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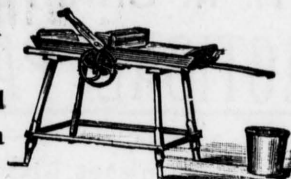
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# . . C. A. C. LOOKOUT . .

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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MARCH, 1901.

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# C. A. C. LOOKOUT.

VOL 5.

STORRS, CONN., MARCH, 1901.

No. 9.

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 addresses, or upon failure to receive their papers 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. Price 75 cents per year.

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

There is probably not a person who frequents the main building and chemical laboratory who will not say that the electric clock and bell system is a good thing, one that it would be almost impossible to get along without. If the system is of so much benefit in the main building that eight clocks and two bells are required, is it not fair to think that the dormitories and Grove Cottage need at least a bell apiece? This question has been agitated in the LOOKOUT once before, but as yet the step in the desired direction we do not think has even been contemplated.

With an occasional blank hour in the schedule when students are expected to be in their rooms studying they are very likely to be seen not a little of the time loitering in the halls, for without any warning bell in their rooms or dormitory corridors to rely upon, some of the students are just as likely to find themselves in front of the class-room door fifteen minutes ahead of time, as others who are

busy in their rooms are to see marks recorded against them for tardiness.

With bells in the dormitories there would be no excuse for being late under ordinary circumstances, the halls could be kept much quieter, and less of a student's valuable time would be wasted.

On the whole, we think that we need the bells far more in the dormitories than out in the main building and chemical laboratory.

In the LOOKOUT for last November there was an article on "The Reading Room." Its author, after mentioning the disturbances that were very annoying at the time, the matter of cutting articles out of the papers and the need of more and larger dailies, in his closing paragraph said: "If any one of the above defects is remedied, all ought to be. A dozen daily papers would be of no use while the conversation in the room was loud enough to prevent reading; and absolute stillness

would benefit nobody if there were nothing but mutilated papers, or if there were no papers at all at hand to read."

The needed dailies are now to be found in the library, and the disturbances in a large measure have ceased, but the meanest and most annoying of all these faults is still present, the mutilation of even the latest papers by cutting out of them any choice tid-bit of news, comment or verse to which the man with the scissors or the knife may take a fancy.

It is known that this practice is not confined to the students. No member of the faculty is implicated in this matter; but it has been seen among others of those to whom the courtesy of frequenting the reading room has not been denied.

The papers and magazines are for all readers, not for some one reader; they are the property of the college, and not of any individual, and where there is such violation of the rights of others, and such felonious purloining of property, patience has ceased to be a virtue and the fault must stand as openly denounced and condemned.

The light in which this is regarded away from our college is shown by the following: As most of you know, the large daily papers have on file in their reporters room all of the other prominent papers. In the office of the *Boston Herald* several years ago this habit, for it is mainly habit, was prevalent, and the paper clipped was nearly always copies of the *Herald*. Finally this became so annoying that it was decided by those in control to make a rule covering this offense. Considering the fact that any employee on the paper could get all the *Heralds* he wanted simply for the asking, the penalty of immediate discharge in case of guilt was thought none too severe, and notices to this effect were posted throughout the offices and in other conspicuous places.

The remedy was complete, but not until one of the best men on the staff tempted the city editor got caught and consequently was discharged. As no other paper in the city would take a cast-off from a contemporary journal the offender was obliged to leave Boston and try his luck elsewhere.

The fault here ought to be as peremptorily checked. A person guilty of mutilating a magazine or paper ought to be excluded once for all from the reading room. Perhaps a regulation to this effect printed, conspicuously posted and rigidly enforced, would be effective in eradicating this evil.

Although the long distance telephone in the main building is for the use of us all, we do not think it necessary to have it so situated that every one in the building must almost of necessity hear what is being said. Besides, even if a man is willing to publish his business, it is often very difficult to use the telephone on account of the noise in the halls. A closet could be constructed for the telephone at a trivial expense to the college, even if its location had to be changed. The editor thinks that the benefit derived by the college would warrant such an improvement, and that those whose messages are largely of a private nature surely would feel grateful if they thought the only listener was at the other end of the line.

It is commonly admitted that there is a large percentage of the citizens of Connecticut who do not know that there is such a college as C. A. C. in existence; many more who do not know the advantages that are to be gained from a liberal education, such as can be had here; and still another large number who always seem most desirous of discovering and making a great ado over the disadvantages under which our college is laboring. Now



it seems to the Editor that something more ought to be done to correct all of these conditions than is being done at present, in order that our college may become more widely and adequately known and thus be enabled to distribute its benefits more fully and justly.

By some means the name of our college ought to become as familiar to the people of Connecticut as are the names of older scientific and academic institutions.

During the past year much has been done. C. A. C. has been advertised in the *Hartford Courant*, *New England Homestead*, *Connecticut Magazine* and *New England Farmer*. Also President Flint has had 800 reports, 1,200 catalogues and 10,000 circulars printed, the greatest part of which has been distributed. Every high school student of the upper class has had a circular mailed to his or her address; the members of the legislature have all received reports; the Granger, newspaper offices and the public libraries and other public institutions also have been supplied. In general, the plan has been to reach the individual rather than the school or community. All this must have the effect of giving correct information and of prompting intelligent inquiry.

There is still further means to this end which the Editor wishes to suggest, the suggestion being based on the fact that an "inch in the editorial column equals a half column advertisement any where else in the paper."

The consensus of opinion in most educational movements may be in favor first of patronizing the advertising columns of the big dailies, and of securing whatever editorial comment might naturally follow, but your Editor thinks that the class of people we wish to reach can best be got at through the papers representing the smaller towns so numerous over the State. The advertising rates are much smaller in these local papers, and from the financial point

of view this would in great measure offset the larger number of advertisements which would be necessary to reach an equal number of readers.

In a small town the advertisers come more immediately in sight of the editor-in-chief than in the case of a large paper, and thus our college would be the more certain to receive in the editorial columns the attention it deserves. Besides, the editorial writer on a hustling, business-like paper that is located in a small town, is more closely connected with his readers than is the one on the more prominent but more distant journal; and as he is nearer the people, the people are more likely to follow the direction indicated by his judgment. And we must add to all of these considerations the fact that a journal of peculiarly local interest in many cases is the only paper regularly read by those who ought to know most about us here.

Here, therefore, is a wide field of small but growing publications which should seem to furnish an additional means, taken with those already adopted, for making our college and its work commonly and thoroughly known among the citizens of Connecticut.

Mr. Barnum, of circus fame, is accredited with saying that "Money can be made with a piece of brown paper if it is properly advertised." If a piece of paper and advertising will travel together to a fortune, surely so valuable an institution as our college with its due share of proper advertisement may expect to achieve steadily increasing success, for we take the ground that our college needs but to be known to be more justly appreciated and more widely patronized.

#### COLLEGE NOTES

The manager of our basket-ball team is trying to arrange a series of games to be played in different parts of the State during the vacation.

Base-ball enthusiasts may be seen daily tossing the ball up the sides of the neighboring snow drifts and catching it as it rolls.

More of the fellows than in recent years are attending the receptions given at Grove Cottage.

The situation of Agricultural Hall is such that students having classes there are fully awake when they reach it after breasting the winds of winter and early spring.

Everyone is hoping for spring. Is there a prettier spot in Connecticut during the spring months than our college campus?

Our new free rural delivery mail system is now fully established, and with it a sub-postal station at the Chief Clerk's office in the main building.

The Sophmores have just finished hatching their first brood of incubator chickens. The upper-classmen admit that the chickens hatched out very well in spite of the fact that the '03's hatched them.

The scholars at the dancing school report fine times now that they have a program each afternoon.

Several football games have been arranged for next season.

The Juniors have taken up the study of Bacteriology along with their Dairy course.

To the disappointment of many, Washington's Birthday was observed, as usual, by regular recitations and class excercises.

Some of the Sophmores are very greatly interested in Poultry Culture. For souvenirs examine their hats.

Miss Anna M. Conger, '03, has been visiting her relatives in New York.

The Freshman Rhetoricals took place in College Hall on Wednesday evening, February 27. They were an honor to both class and instructor. The four best speakers chosen to compete in the prize contest

next June, are Mr. Pattison, Miss Dimock, Miss Coleman and Miss Moriarty.

Ten young ladies of Grove Cottage are enjoying the novelty of a class in wood work.

Professor Stimson occupied the pulpit of the Congregational Church in Williamantic, February 17.

Miss Dora Harding, '04, spent Sunday, March 3, at Spring Hill as the guest of Miss Vera Freeman, '02.

There have recently been placed at the back entrance of the dining hall some new steps. They are a great improvement.

Mrs. Harding, of Lyme, recently visited her daughter at the college.

Mrs. C. L. Beach is away on a visit among her friends in Wisconsin.

We have commenced our base ball practice, principally batting. There are many new candidates and we hope to organize a team which will be so strong as to surpass all previous ones sent out by C. A. C.

Mr. J. B. Twing is back after a stay of a week in New York.

At the meeting of the State Veterinary Association, held in Hartford a short time ago, Dr. Mayo, of the Connecticut Agricultural College, was elected a Vice-President.

Professor L. P. Chamberlain, of C. A. C., read an essay upon "Increased Interest in Agriculture" at a meeting of the West Brookfield Farmers' Club.

S. H. Buell, who graduated at C. A. C. in '94, at Oberlin '00, and who will, if nothing happens to prevent, graduate from Yale Divinity School in '03, addressed the Y. M. C. A. Sunday, February 24, on general topics in regard to Y. M. C. A. work. While here he was the guest of Professor and Mrs. Phelps.

Professor and Mrs. Ballou have lately been entertaining visitors at their home.

The young ladies of Grove Cottage have heard and are spreading the report that the Seniors are subscribing for a matrimonial paper. They all wish the class good luck. Also they congratulate the Board of Editors on the last issue of the LOOKOUT, and say that it is a credit to the institution.

Miss Cox has returned from a short visit at her home in Hartford.

Mr. Osmun recently spent a few days at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dr. Mayo addressed the Mutual Refinement League, February 26.

Professor C. L. Beach lectured at a farmer's institute in Middlebury the latter part of February.

Professor W. A. Stocking recently went to Middlebury to inspect some sheep with a view to purchasing.

A sanitary milk pail is now used at the farm barn. The top of the pail is all covered, except a space four inches in diameter, through which the milk enters and is strained. It is supposed to keep the milk very much cleaner than the common milk pail and strainer.

The College Shakespearean Club held, if not its first, yet its most interesting meeting of the year March 2. An excellent program was rendered, after which ice cream and other refreshments were served.

Mr. A. B. Clark, '02, and W. F. Stocking, '03, attended the Y. M. C. A. convention, held in Waterbury, March 7-10, as delegates from our college.

Mrs. C. S. Phelps is doing considerable lecture work about the State this winter. She will lecture at Woodbridge, March 20; at Prospect, March 21; and at Sandy Hook, March 22.

The Mansfield Grange entertained Coventry Grange, Monday evening, March 11, the latter furnishing the literary program.

As the competition for the Hicks prize is limited to the two upper classes, why should not the competition for the prize offered by the college be limited to the two lower classes? This is what some of the Juniors are asking.

Professor Beach, speaking of fermentation in milk, "Can you give me an example?" Student, "Cider."

Miss Marie Brown, '00, who was called home by the illness of her sister, has returned and taken up her duties at Professor Beach's.

Professor Stimson addressed the four o'clock afternoon men's meeting of the Middletown Y. M. C. A., March 10.

Mr. Woodward recently visited his son at the college.

Miss Jessie Holt lately retired from her position at Mr. Myers. Miss Moriarity, '04, has taken her place.

The Senior's have commenced to speak extemporaneously in class. So far the addresses have gone well and every one has responded without hesitation.

While Mr. J. H. Vallet was in charge of the furnaces a water pipe burst and let the water out of the boiler in the main building. As Mr. Vallet was near at the time he rapidly pulled out the fire, thus saving the college the loss of the entire furnace.

Miss Nora Fortulacker, of Hartford, has been spending a few days at Grove Cottage as the guest of Miss Cox.

Miss Bertha Dallas joined the Second Congregational Church of Mansfield, Sunday, March 3, on confession of her faith.

Professor Monteith is one of the six men whose names have been accepted as a group from whom the three judges are to be chosen for the coming joint debate between the high schools of Springfield and Hartford. The subject of the debate will be: "Resolved, that the interests of civi-



lization demand the partition of China."

A course of lectures is being given in the college hall on various subjects for the benefit of the students and all connected with the college. The first was given February 22, by Dr. William A. Mowry, of Hyde Park, Mass., on "Great Migrations, their Effects on Civilization." March 8, Professor J. C. Tracy, of Yale, gave an illustrated lecture on "The Forth Bridge." Mr. Paul R. Bullard, of Boston, Mass., lectured here March 15, on "Agriculture in Central America," and on April 18, Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, of Massachusetts Institute of Theology, Boston, is expected to lecture on "Home and Family Life, Ideals and Standards."

The men of the Second Congregational Church of Mansfield, gave a turkey supper on March 1, in the new annex of the church. It was a decided success, netting them about twenty-seven dollars. After the supper there was a lecture on "Why Failures in Poultry Keeping?" given by John H. Robinson, editor of *Farm and Poultry*, Boston, Mass.

Mr. J. B. Lyman spent a few days at his home in Easthampton, after his stay in New York, before returning to his duties at the college. Mr. H. D. Emmons took Mr. Lyman's place at the horse-barn during his absence.

The address before the M. R. L., Tuesday evening, March 12, was given by Professor Stocking.

At the competitive Sophomore Rhetoricals, held March 13, the following were the four speakers chosen for the June prize speaking: Mr. McLean, Miss Conger, Mr. Pierpont and Mr. Averill.

Mrs. Stimson is spending a few weeks in Boston.

The library has just received a lot of new books.

"Judge," a well known member of the Senior class, was struck by an up-town

"Car" the other morning, but escaped serious injury by the timely arrival of Mrs. Fenn.

"Pete," the boy orator of the Junior class, arranged and delivered a series of lectures on his experience in New York life. Mr. "Pete" was in New York about a week, but he is a close observer and was able to give us a very full and interesting account.

The Special Dairy Class made a trip to Willington to inspect and judge a herd of Holsteins, owned by G. Hall, J. & Co.

Mrs. Myers has been very sick with pneumonia, but is able to be out again at the date of this morning.

Much fun has been had by the Junior class this term in the Horticultural Laboratory making grafting wax. This wax looks, and has to be pulled like molasses candy. It is great sport to pull it, only you can't eat it.

Dr. Mayo: Mr.—, this is the humerus. Now can you tell me where this bone is located?

Mr.—, it is situated in the elbow and is commonly known as the "funny-bone."

The term is nearing its close and the conscience-stricken are beginning to worry over exams.

#### ALUMNI NOTES.

'90. The address of Mr. Merrill E. Brown is changed to 295 Columbus Ave., New Haven. Mr. Brown is connected with railroad Y. M. C. A. work.

'92. Mr. S. H. Buell, who graduated at Oberlin last June, and who is now a student at Yale Divinity School, gave a very helpful address at the meeting of the Y. M. C. A. in College Hall, February 24.

'94. Miss Louise Rosebrooks has been visiting friends in Plymouth, recently. She attended the Chapman-Galpin wedding.

'95. Mr. M. M. Frisbie has not been in good health since last Thanksgiving.

'95. Mr. C. H. Savage is taking the special dairy course.

'97. Mr. H. B. Luce has been visiting in Willington recently.

'97. Mr. A. C. Gilbert was a victim of the measles that were raging at Mt. Hermon, recently.

'98. At present Mr. H. L. Garrigus is making dairy herd tests in Turnerville.

'98. Mr. C. G. Smith and Mr. G. E. Smith attended the inauguration exercises at Washington.

'98. We copy from the *Thomaston Express* a few lines by a graduate of this institution which express the feeling of many a shop laborer with higher ambitions:

The booming gong proclaims the hour of noon,  
The pale-faced laborer hies him to his humble cot.

His dinner's slackly swallowed all too soon,  
And back he goes to grumble at his lot.

This lease of life is weary to the soul.  
Whence comes the earned rest?

Where doth the toil end?  
Is all sacrifice to reach the goal?  
Does labor nought but discontent attend?

NORMAN J. WEBB.

'99. Miss Selma Carlson is teaching school at the Village Hill School in Willington.

'99. Mr. I. E. Gilbert is boarding at the house of C. H. Savage, '88.

'99. Miss E. S. Leach has been acting as substitute teacher in Thomaston during the illness of the regular teacher.

'99. Mr. B. H. Walden also attended the inaugural exercises at Washington.

'99. Mr. F. Green was one of the men who spoke at the excellent institute which was held in Middlebury recently.

'00. Miss Gertrude E. Grant has been obliged to give up her school for a time on account of illness.

'00. Mr. A. V. Osmus spent two days at home recently.

'00. Mr. H. D. Edmond, wishing to devote himself to agriculture, does not expect to teach school much longer.

'00. Mr. J. B. Lyman has been spending a little time in New York.

A committee of three of the Alumni was appointed. Mr. C. G. Allen, Mr. A. J. Pierpont and Mr. C. R. Green to meet the Senate committee on appointments on March 5, to oppose the re-election of the Hon. W. E. Simonds to our Board of Trustees. Mr. Pierpont and Mr. Green were not present.

### IN REMINISCENT VEIN.

#### MY FIRST SCHOOL-DAY.

One bright September morning about thirteen years ago, two little boys, aged six and eight, were dancing joyfully on a pile of sweet-smelling chestnut lumber north of the younger one's home. It was a gala day for this little fellow because he was going to school for the first time. He had been kept back a year already, so that his sister, who was a year younger, might "start even with him," I suppose, and he was very anxious to start for the school house, about a half mile away. I might say that to a certain extent he got over this anxiety in the years to come.

The other little fellow was a near neighbor of mine, for I was the first one, and had already been attending school for three years, so that he was looked up to with a certain amount of awe by me because of having passed through the varied experiences of three years of school life.

The time to go finally arrived, and we started on what was to my sister and myself, at least up to that time, the most momentous journey for our lives. After what was to us a long walk, we arrived at the great school building. I well remember how I clinked my little red-topped, copper-



toed boots against the stone steps as I climbed over them, and how the teacher, a rather tall lady with very black hair and eyes, nearly scared me out of my wits by coming to the door with a great black ruler in her hand.

My sister and I were given a seat very nearly in the center of the school house, and my friend, who is commonly known as "The Spider" at Storrs, took a seat across the aisle from us. I am sure that his seat was very near to ours, because once when the teacher came down to box his ears for whispering, I thought sure that she was coming for me.

We had very little work given us the first day, and so all that we had to do was to watch the older scholars receive various punishments, such as standing in the corner, whipping, and being made to sit with girls. This last may not seem to be so severe a punishment as it really was to some of the bashful students.

At last, however, the long day was over, and we started for home tired, but happy because we had got through our first day at school without a whipping, for you know we had been promised another when we got home if we received one at school.

F. H. PLUMB, '01.

#### OUT OF DOORS.

On looking back to my childhood days those things which come to my mind most plainly are the pleasures I had when out of doors.

I was born and brought up on a large farm. It had its share of stone, and these friends I got better acquainted with as I grew older.

When I first began to walk, as I vaguely remember it, I was allowed to go outside a short period every day, always when there was some one near to watch me to see that I did not walk off an embankment or into a well.

In the spring and summer I was always

on hand when the horses were hitched up to go to the field, for there was nothing I liked so well as to ride horse back. I presume that the men wished me out of their way many times, nevertheless, I was always there.

One winter my father bought some turkeys. Among these was what is generally termed a Tom. They were dark colored birds, very large and handsome. They took my eye, and it was hard work for me to keep quiet till the time should come when I could go out.

At last that glorious moment came and I was telling my father and mother what pets I would make out of them while my mother was putting on my coat.

All my "duds" on, out I went. After looking from a distance I thought I would get a closer view, and drew nearer. I did not advance far before the old gobbler (which was as large if not larger than myself) spread his wings, stuck all his feathers on end and started for me.

I stood there a second; then becoming suddenly aware of something, I don't know what, I started double quick for the house, my father just coming to the rescue and laughing most heartily, soon met me. I couldn't see any thing funny about it, but every one was laughing as if his sides would split. At last they said that it was too bad, and that I would get along all right next time, etc.

Well, the turkey bothered me a long time. I couldn't go out without some one attending me.

At last, one day when there was no one near, and my mother being in the back part of the house, the notion came into my head that I would rig up and go out. The old Tom was in the driveway near the house. I spied a whip in the team wagon and took it and started for the turkey, not really knowing what I was at.

I hadn't got more than half way, he saved my coming further. when with both

hands on the whip I gave it a swing, caught him around the neck, gave one good pull, and — we had turkey for dinner next day.

HOWARD L. BUSHNELL, '02.

#### THE TROUBLESOME LOCKS.

To what age in years my memory reaches back I cannot say, but figuratively speaking it was to that end of the growth of one crop of hair. I was, therefore, of tender years, and my mother considered me of too timid a nature to be taken to the city to be barbered.

It was getting to be hot weather, and I had long white curls hanging all about my neck, and because I was the source of a great deal of trouble and unwelcome music at the dressing hour, it was thought best to have the troublesome locks removed. My grandmother had agreed to perform the operation, and when the appointed hour arrived I was sent for.

My brother looked high and low, but I was not to be found. I had heard of their project, and it nearly broke my small heart. I determined to run away and immediately set out. I started through a corn-field, but had hardly done so before I became lost in the tall grain. There I wandered all day, but could not find my way out.

My parents and half the neighborhood turned out and searched the town in earnest. Toward night I was found lying on the ground fast asleep within a few rods of the house. As soon as I awoke I began to cry, because I thought that they were surely going to cut my hair on the spot. My feelings were so pathetically expressed that they did not cut it then, and I am sure I do not know when it was done after all.

EDWIN P. BROWN, '01.

#### I HAD EMPTIED THE DISH.

One day, in my early childhood, I went with my father and mother to visit my uncle, who lived in the country. It was

on this visit that I first got my great desire for potatoes.

After we had been there a while my folk missed me and began to hunt for me everywhere. They hunted high and low, and finally found me in the pantry with a dish of cold potatoes in my lap. I was eating them as fast as I could. In a very short time I had emptied the dish. Then I was ready for the whipping which lay in store for me, but I think my desire for potatoes is just as great now as it was then.

F. W. PRATT, '01.

#### MY LAUGHTER.

The first thing of note in my early childhood which I call to mind was an action which might have caused the death of my little sister.

The baby carriage was on the front veranda, and in it my little sister was asleep. I, just large enough to run about well, thought it would be great sport to see the carriage roll, so I gave it a shove. A carpenter who was working near heard my laughter, saw the carriage very near the edge of the veranda and started as quickly as possible to catch it. He succeeded in doing so, a lucky thing for me.

S. M. CROWELL, '02.

#### WHEN I WAS ABOUT THREE.

One of the first things I can remember happened when I was about three years old. I used to like to take sulphur matches into a dark room and rub them against the moist surfaces of my hands. One night I had quietly abducted some matches into a dark room and was creating friction by rubbing the matches against the wall. All at once some combustible material caught on fire and I got scared. When I left the room I closed the door quickly, but it was too late to make an escape. My sister saw the flame and called my father, who extinguished it, and then caught up an unfriendly strap. At this point my memory fails me.

JOHN J. FARRELL, '01.

## THE ONLY INSTANCE.

The cause of my first and only whipping was a simple glass jam-pot.

When I was young I had a great amount of curiosity for one so small, and it got me into trouble not a few times. One day, when I was four years old, I went into the China closet, and there I saw this jam-pot. I don't remember what kind of jam there was in it, but I know that it looked very interesting, and that was enough for me.

Fortunately, and yet unfortunately for me, I could reach it. I sat down in the middle of the floor and in a very short time I was smeared with jam; dress, hands and face.

I was not giving a thought to the results of this curiosity of mine when I heard a slight noise. On turning my head, I saw my mother standing in the doorway.

The next thing that I vividly remember was seeing and feeling a little birch switch descending as fast as a pair of motherly hands could make it. I was almost heartbroken to think that I had received a whipping, for the pain was very little in comparison with that; but I can say that it was the only instance of my ever receiving a punishment.

MAUDE OLIN, '02.

## MY FIRST WHIPPING.

Among my reminiscences of early childhood is the recollection of my first whipping. My brother, who is eighteen months older than I, one day persuaded me to get some matches with which to light a pile of brush near our barn. Father and mother both had tried to impress upon our young minds the danger of playing with matches, but as we believed it would improve the looks of our yard to remove that pile of brush, we decided to transgress their law. However, we had no sooner lighted the brush than we heard mother calling us. When she learned what mischief we had done, she straightway set us the irksome

and tiresome task of extinguishing the flames with water from our well, which, to our young legs and aching backs, seemed a long distance away. The brush pile covered a large stump which burned for a long time. At last, having subdued the flames, we were taken to the old cherry-tree near the house and there we spent a few minutes in sprightly dance with mother. My brother was punished first, but to watch him hurt me more than did the blows which fell upon my own legs.

I am sure mother did not want to punish us, but did so to save us a more severe ordeal at the hand of our father.

JAMES B. THWING, '02.

"PAPA, COME DOWN!"

This reminiscence of my boyhood occurred in the summer of 1886, while my father was building him a new house. Like small boys, I was interested in almost everything, and especially in what was going to be my new home. As I was very young, I was not allowed to be very near the building, for I might fall, or something might fall on me and injure my anatomy in some way.

One day, when the carpenters were shingling the house, I happened to notice my father up on the roof with the men. This new sight troubled me very much, and I began to cry and exclaim, "Papa, come down!" This made all the men laugh, as well as my father, and from that day to this if I happen to meet any of the carpenters, and if they recognize me, they always greet me with, "Papa, come down!" So this reminiscence of my boyhood is so well rooted in my mind, and as it is so often recalled to me by those who heard it, that I am not likely soon to forget it.

I also remember very distinctly going all over the house with my father when the building was nearly completed.

A. C. GORTON, '02.



## ONE DAY, ANOTHER, AND A THIRD.

Among my first reminiscences is running away from home to go to school, rather the reverse from the part I acted two or three years later. When very young I had a good deal of curiosity as to how school work was carried on, so I struck out through the field (not daring to take the road) in search of the hall of knowledge.

As with many other children, the steam engine had its effect upon my mind. One day I took an imaginary ride in the cars by whirling on a revolving organ stool. When I reached the highest ring I suddenly fell with considerable force and broke the bone of my right wrist.

Another time I met some one giving away samples of quinine. Taking it for candy I devoured it eagerly. The quinine produced an effect, although not the desired one. The bitter taste I remember still, and probably shall do so for some time to come.

G. H. LAMSON, '02.

## JUST AFTER THE BLIZZARD.

There are things that I can remember before the blizzard, but they are too small to mention.

One incident of the blizzard I can well remember. It happened when I was five years old. There was a large snow drift several feet high in my back yard, which, after a while, formed a crust on top. One of my playmates and I were wading in the snow and up on that drift. We walked bravely along the top and were trying to get over a fence to the other side. But our efforts were in vain, for just as we got to the fence we both sank down into snow as far as we could go. This did not discourage us, but as soon as we got out we began again, and at last succeeded in making our way safely along the high drift and across the top of the fence.

LAURA WHEELER, '02.

## THE QUEER PART OF IT AND SOME OTHER MEMORIES.

As far back as I can remember I was always getting into mischief. Being a very delicate infant, I was petted by my mother and father and given everything I could wish for. I was taken to the seashore for my health, but to no avail, and then to the mountains, which proved as unsuccessful, I still refused to become strong. A trip through Canada, which I haven't a doubt I enjoyed, although but four years of age, failed to make any change in my frail physique.

But one day an odd occurrence took place, to which I have always given the credit of a change for the better in my health. While "playing house" in the garret my attention was attracted to a bottle which was standing on a shelf. I drank its contents, and in less than a year I had grown so plump and healthy that I was nicknamed "Pudding." The queer part of this little narrative is, that the bottle was labeled "Arsenic."

Having a tendency to tease, I one day took advantage of an opportunity which I espied by looking out of the window. Seeing my dear brother right under it, I quickly filled a three quart can with water and emptied the contents on the innocent little fellow. I felt a little sorry when I saw how wet he was.

The next victim was an aunt, who was visiting us, and in whose wardrobe was a dress lately prepared for a masquerade ball. Unfortunately for her, it was left within reach of two of my young friends and me. The flounces on the dress were edged with nice fresh peanuts. These looked very tempting to us, so we proceeded to try them, though to do so we were obliged to creep into a very small space. In about five minutes we left the dress a forlorn looking object, with only a few shells hanging here and there.

Poor aunt! this was not to be the last of our mischievous pranks with her. A week or so later, while she was busily entertaining friends in the parlor, we discovered a saucer of quince seed which was used in those days to keep the hair in curl. We began to experiment, and before very long we were besmeared with it, but thinking we were much improved in looks, we were anxious to show ourselves off, and although we were never allowed to enter the parlor unless asked for, and then followed the good rule our dear mother had taught us that "Little children should be seen and not heard," we quietly made our appearance so that we were visible by all who were in the room. There was one gentleman whom we thought very nice, as he gave us attention. When he inquired if we were fond of jelly we quickly informed him that we had not been eating jelly, but had been using the stuff Aunt J. used to make her hair curl.

Another time there was visiting my parents a gentleman who had a very prominent nose, and who was very sensitive regarding it, so we children had been warned not to mention anything about noses. In my eagerness to avoid this, however, I could think of nothing else, and before I knew it, to the mortification of my parents, as well as the gentleman, I had asked, "Please pass me a nose."

BERTHA DALLAS.

#### A DISAPPOINTMENT.

I was disappointed once in my childhood, and have always remembered it. I was about to take a trip across the Atlantic in company with my mother and brother. Being a mere child, and having a very lively imagination, I pictured the voyage to myself as a thing of tremendous importance and as a source of unlimited joy. I longed for the time when we were to depart, and each day increased elaboration of the picture in my imagination.

I had often been told by older persons that I was to travel in a very, very large ship. These persons gave me such descriptions as they thought were likely to make an impression on a child's mind. Perhaps with these descriptions another child would have had his mind in a state of readiness for what he was to see. But for me who, as I have already stated, had a lively imagination, they entirely overshot the mark.

I had kept on enlarging on what had been told me till I was able to picture to myself a steamship, beside which the Great Eastern would have looked like a steam launch. The result of all this was, that when I arrived at the pier in New York city and saw an ocean liner of nine or ten thousand tons, I was greatly disappointed. My first impression was that the ship was rather small for so long a voyage, and I thought it a rather risky thing to take passage in her.

Since that day I have always been on my guard against exaggeration, and have always made liberal deductions from what I have been told to avoid being disappointed, and I may add that I have never been disappointed since.

CHARLES L. FOUBERT.

#### MY SPOT.

The earliest incident which I remember occurred when I was three years old.

A lady living a short distance from us had promised me a kitten, and my aunt and I went to get it one afternoon. Of course I insisted upon carrying the creature in my arms coming home, and I distinctly remember her struggles for liberty, which she gained more than once, only to be recaptured. Her claws were very sharp, and I was glad enough to put down my burden at home.

She was white with large gray spots, and "Spot" she was called the rest of her life. In a few days we were splendid



friends, and many a time I have rocked her to sleep in my doll's cradle, tucked in like a baby. There she would sleep for hours. I kept "Spot" ten years. At last she was taken ill and I had to part with her, but I certainly never shall forget her.

VERA FREEMAN, '02.

#### THE OLD BLUE PUMP AND A FEW OTHER THINGS.

I was born in Medina, Ohio, in 1882. It was not until I was about two and one half years old that the first things happened which I remember.

One of the first things that I remember distinctly was the old, blue, wooden pump that was used to pump water out of the cistern. When the pump was not in use (it was not used all of the time as we had another cistern and a well), it lay on the bench in the woodshed.

I very well remember, too, how the water used to come in under the woodshed door when it rained.

I have a faint recollection that I sat on top of the boiler and watched my father and cousin getting ready to thresh wheat.

I remember that one day when I was at my cousin's to dinner his little boy held his knife and fork as if he were going to stab some one.

One of the darkest nights I ever knew was the night my father drew me in my little express wagon home from my cousins.

While on our way to Connecticut I remember being led by my mother in front of a locomotive while we were changing cars in Buffalo. I also remember seeing boats frozen in the ice in the Hudson as we crossed. From that time until we were settled in a house in the town in which I now live I have no remembrance. At this time I was about three years old, and the first thing I remember of seeing in Connecticut was some lilies in blossom under the window on the south side of the house.

I have no remembrance of having had a brother and sister until I was nearly four years old. At that time my father was working at my grandfather's and used to take dinner with them, so when he came home we three used to gather round him to find out what he had for dinner.

Oh, how well I remember when I first began to wear trousers, and how proud I felt. When my brother and I were small the toes of our shoes used to wear out, and I remember of being told by some one, I do not know who, that the chickens made the holes by picking them.

The first day I went to school I fell asleep, but was wakened by my sister.

The things which have happened since the time I was nearly five years old I remember quite distinctly.

G. W. HOLLISTER, '02.

#### MY FIRST TROUSERS AND MY SECOND.

The first thing I can remember is, that most important event of a boy's life, the change from dresses to trousers. The day of this change was perhaps the happiest day of my childhood. I strutted about showing all the neighbors my new belongings, and feeling as big as the president of the United States. This change caused me a great amount of worry, however, because whenever I got into any mischief my mother would tell me that she would put me back into dresses if I did this or that again. I was in constant fear that she would keep her word, and it kept me out of mischief for a long time.

The second suit of clothes I had was bought in Bridgeport. My father and mother and I were visiting friends there at the time. I always thought a great deal of my first suit, but when this new one was bought I immediately wanted to put it on. This my "folks" would not consent to, of course, and it made me very angry, especially when my father told me he would take me for a trip about the city.

I told them through the sobs that I did not look fit to go, and did not want go unless I could wear that new suit. My father told me that he would go alone if I did not want to go with the clothes I had on.

Rather than stay at home, I accepted his offer. My mother seated me in a chair and began to black my shoes with liquid blacking. I held the bottle in my hand, which was resting on one leg. My mother lifted this leg up, and as I was looking some where else at the moment, I forgot all about the bottle of blacking and it was turned over in my lap. This, of course, completely spoiled the "pants" I had on, and they had to put me into my new suit. Thanks to that bottle of blacking.

JOHN S. CARPENTER, '02.

#### IN BY-GONE DAYS.

It makes me feel as if I were growing old to talk of by-gone days, but there is a sense of pleasure that always comes over me when I look back to the younger days of my life spent so delightfully, though perhaps idly, on my father's farm.

When I was a small child I found much sport in the little brook that runs near the house. I spent many an hour building dams across it to float a boat I had made, or to furnish power for the water wheels which I delighted so much to construct. Fishing and flying kites were also favorite sports. There was always on the farm plenty of fruit, my favorite diet. The peach orchard, raspberry patch and walnut trees were favorite resorts.

Not far from the house there is a rather small but steep, rocky mountain, on top of which my favorite flower, the trailing arbutus, and wintergreen berries grow very abundantly. Nothing pleased me more than to find myself in a garden of these large, pink and very fragrant flowers, or to be in a bed of wintergreen berries.

A. B. CLARK, '02.

#### AN INCIDENT OF CHILDHOOD.

Our past is like the future. By the past I mean especially the period when we were extremely young, and when the things just began to happen which we remember. Both the past and the future are shrouded in the clouds of obscurity which are wrought by time.

Well do I remember the trials and tribulations which overtook me when I had my first pair of trousers. When they were being made and were almost ready for occupancy, I was asked to try them on, but impelled by some childish fancy I would not do so. As I was set in this purpose it took some little time to get a switch and turn my ideas into the proper course. After I had put them on I cried because I had to take them off again to be finished. Many were the moments of worry afterwards, when after some misdemeanor I was threatened with the banishment of those trousers! But such are the days of childhood, and it is with pleasure that we look upon their incidents.

LESTER F. HARVEY, '02.

#### MY FIRST EXPERIENCE WITH KALSOMINE.

Having been asked to write the first printable thing I could remember, I sat down and thought for a long time. Finally it dawned upon me that the first thing I can remember is this:

When I was very young I had a strong taste for various preserves, a taste which, I may say, I have not yet fully overcome. One day I watched my mother carefully put away several cans of pears. Now canned pears are my favorite preserves, and I kept my eyes on that particular closet for a long time, waiting for a chance to taste of that delicious fruit. Well, that chance came one day, when my mother left me alone for a few moments to mail a letter at the nearest corner. It took me several minutes to get into the closet, because it was so high up that I

had to stand on a chair. At last I had the chair in place and climbed on it, never noticing a small pail partly full of kalsomine sitting near. I had a hard time opening the can, and just as I got it open and was preparing to swallow one big luscious fellow, I heard some one calling "Johnny, John-nee, John-e-ee-ee." I knew that my mother was coming, and I didn't doubt but what she had a birch rod some where near saved up for just such an occasion. Now I was in a hurry to get that can back into the closet and close the door, for after that was done I meant to move the chair over into a corner, sit down in it and be fast asleep when my mother came in. Then instead of the birch rod I knew she would tell me some charming little fairy tale as only a mother can. But our best laid plans go wrong, and so it was with me. In my hurry I caught my toe, lost my balance, and plunged head-first into the pail of kalsomine.

If none of my gentle readers ever had this experience I hope he never will, for I assure you it is most disagreeable. The pail luckily tipped over, but when I got up it wouldn't come off, and as I was scared I ran all around, now running into the wall, now over a chair, and at last I poked the pail through a window, yelling in the meantime at the top of my voice. For all I know, I might have been yelling and running yet, but my mother came in and quickly perceiving my disaster, took the pail off my head.

How does any one know how much patience a mother can have? I am sure if I had been my mother, and my mother had been I on that particular occasion, I should have done more than carefully wash little Johnny, telling him in the meanwhile the story of "Jack the Giant Killer." But that is exactly what my mother did, and for my supper that evening I had preserved pears, only for some reason I couldn't eat them until I had told her all

about the way I had tried to steal them. But like all mothers, she just kissed me, and bade me never to do it again.

J. H. VALLETT, '01.

#### WHEN THE TEACHER LIFTED ME.

Perhaps the first thing I remember that can readily be put on paper is my first visit to a school room.

About one fourth of a mile from where I was born and still live, there is an old school house that has not been used for at least seventeen years. I should say that the inside dimensions were fifteen by twenty feet, and out of that was an entry just large enough for a door to swing in. In the room that was left there was a stove directly in the center, and all around, fastened to the wall, was a plain board bench with desks in front of it. There were also some low benches in front of the desks for the smaller children.

I being a visitor, was allowed, or rather made, to sit between my sister and another young lady, whose name I never knew. This was a great displeasure to me, and it caused some disturbance, as they were continually correcting me for my actions and trying to persuade me not to talk. But I was in the talking mood and continued.

When the teacher came up and lifted me by one ear I delivered a lecture then and there, but this with such a detrimental result to my ability as a speaker that I have not been able to overcome it to this day.

W. W. DIMOCK, '01.

#### WHY I DO NOT BELIEVE IN DEPRIVING WILD CREATURES OF THEIR FREEDOM.

While I was yet of a very tender age I acquired a great and ruling passion for the life of a trapper. Accordingly, one day when I had the whole afternoon to myself, I decided to make a beginning, and before sun down to have the pelts of my first victims ready for exhibition in proof of my prowess.



My field of operations was limited to the confines of our door yard, and the only game that roamed there at this time was an occasional cat, about twenty young roosters who had arrived at the awkward age of three months, and a large flock of very tame English sparrows.

I decided to begin operations against them all at once, so I baited several fish-hooks with earth worms and tied them to the top of the fence by lines about a foot long. Then I laid together a small heap of stones just right for throwing in a spot where they would be handy if a cat appeared.

These preparations completed, I commenced an active campaign against the young roosters. I found that the most successful way of taking them was to make a large running noose in a stout string, spread it out on the ground and call the roosters into it by scattering corn therein. When they were eating so unsuspectingly it was a simple matter to jerk one end of the string and pull in one or more squacking roosters with their feet ensnared in the noose. So successful was this method that I soon had two-thirds of them captured and tied to the fence.

Beginning to tire of this sport, and thinking that I would not be able to get so close to real wild game, I tried a new method. This consisted in taking some of the largest kernels of corn, cutting small grooves around them and tying around them pieces of strong thread three or four feet long. To the other end of the thread were attached sticks, small stones, tins, and any thing that would serve as a light drag. These were scattered around the yard and I retired to a corner to await developments.

Soon several of the chickens began to act strangely, continually looking behind them, and shaking and clawing at their heads in an unheard-of manner. As I approached them they tried to run, and as

they heard the drags rustling through the grass after them they tried to put on more speed, till soon they were forced to drop from exhaustion. My scheme had worked splendidly, and after the corn was swallowed the drag allowed movement, but prevented eventual escape, just as the large log which is chained to a bear-trap prevents bruin from wandering far when once he has "put his foot in it."

Just as I was enjoying myself most intensely I heard my father's well-known whistle down the street. Acting on the dictations of a guilty conscience I hastened into the barn, from which place of refuge I watched through a knot hole to see how he would be impressed with these proofs of his son's skill as a trapper.

My high spirits began to drop toward the freezing point as I saw the looks of displeasure with which he took in the situation and set about the relief of the captive fowls. And when he saw, what I had failed to notice before, that the finest rooster of all was hanging, limply suspended from the top rail of the fence, where he had jumped and swallowed the hook and worm which I had intended for sparrows, my spirits and enthusiasm, already rather cool, dropped below zero, and there remained until the vigorous, but to my father's mind, necessary application of corrective stimulants which are usually externally applied to the legs, sent them bounding and coursing upward again.

Since that day I have been content to follow more quiet paths of life and let the lower creatures enjoy the liberty heaven has given them. J. H. BLAKESLEE, '01.

#### AS THE TIDE OF LIFE EBBED SLOWLY AWAY.

"Say, Jack, tell me what the chances are."

Dr. Denison looked gravely at his friend and former class mate. A close observer

might have noticed a shadow of pain flit across his usually stolid face. "Well, Hopkins, you wish to know the truth?"

"Yes, everything, Jack; I won't faint," replied Hopkins.

"Plainly, then, you must be operated on. The chances are only one in a thousand and that you will recover, but without the operation that one chance is lost."

"Well, Jack, when can the affair come off? I am anxious to have it done and get my liver back into shape. I am sick of carrying tumors around."

The next day Hopkins walked down into the operating room and seated himself at the operating table, where Dr. Denison and the hospital staff were waiting for him. Before the chloroform was applied, however, Hopkins called Jack Dennison to his side. "Good-bye, old man; tell Sue and mother my last words were of them," he said, and shook hands without a tremor.

Dr. Denison brought the chloroform. Then came oblivion and the surgeon's knife.

\* \* \* \* \*

The operation was successful, and to Hopkins it seemed only a few days after the removal of the tumor before health came back.

Once again he is able to be in court defending his brother the charge of forgery. The days pass like seconds; now he makes a point, and at last at the end of the trial he has the glory of the acquittal of his brother. But what is this cloudiness stealing upon him? He feels his love for home and mother slip gradually away from him. Instead of the glory he had expected to feel, he dreads to think of returning home to his mother and to Sue. At last it can be put off no longer, he must go home, so he takes the next train.

As he steps out at the little country station his mother greets him with kisses and tears; but he passes them off with a

few commonplace remarks. Finally his mother notices his cool manner and asks him to explain it to her. Hopkins settles back in the carriage and leans his head on his mother's shoulder.

"I don't know why it is, mother," he replied, "but ever since that operation I seem to be a different being. I love and reverence you as of old, but oh dear! I am so tired—let me sleep—it will all come clear now," and he falls asleep with a smile on his face.

\* \* \* \* \*

"A quick operation, Denison," said the head doctor, "and he stands it well; notice the smile on his face. But what ails you, man, you look like a ghost? Here, have a drink of this," (pouring out some liquor in a glass.)

But Denison only nodded his head and gasped, "Poor old Hopkins is dead."

J. H. VALLETT, '01.

## CARNATIONS.

Carnations are among the most popular winter flowers. They are easily grown and taken care of; embrace a number of colors, such as yellow, red, pink, white, and any two of these mixed together, and have a delightful fragrance.

The propagation of carnations is accomplished by means of cuttings.

During the summer the young plants are set out in the ground so as to be strong and healthy when they are put into the green house. If any buds start in the warm weather they are picked off so that the plants shall become strong and bushy.

In September the plants are put in beds in the green house. They are set about ten inches apart each way. Care has to be taken in watering the plants not to wet the foliage much, as this, like that of the violet, is easily spotted. The rust which sometimes attacks the plants may be stopped, to some extent, by spraying with



bisulphuret of carbon. The aphid also attacks the plants.

The carnations of to-day must have long stems to sell well. Short stemmed flowers will bring only half as much as flowers with long stems. In order to produce long stems with a large blossom on the end, all of the buds except the terminal one and some of the side branches, must be taken off.

Carnations will last readily for two weeks if the stems are cut off a little each day so that the pores in the stems will keep open. Wire supports are used to keep the flowers in an upright position. Whole green houses are devoted to carnations growing in many places.

Large prices are paid for the best of new varieties. At a recent carnation show in Baltimore, one carnation sold for \$30,000.

G. H. HOLLISTER, '02.

### NOTES FROM MY READING.

#### A CORONATION AT VASSAR.

Vassar girls had what might be called a royal time a few evenings ago when they crowned Albert Edward king of England, Scotland, Ireland, emperor of India and High Mucky Muck of 1902. A description of the coronation ceremony runs as follows: "The class of '02 had decorated Phil Hall to represent Westminster Abbey and had invited there royal and noted personages from all parts of the earth. The king and queen regent of Spain hobnobbed with the American ambassador; the Queen of Holland held court amid a crowd of German nobles, and the kaiser went about casting anxious glances at a formidable band of Boxers until a band of kilted Highlanders entered, preceded by the herald. Then came the archbishop of Canterbury and other church dignitaries, followed by four pages bearing each a crown. After these the king and queen

advanced, resplendent in royal robes. The ceremony was beautiful and impressive, there being hardly a dry eye in the abbey as the king swore to preserve the rights of the English people, to attend no races nor theatre parties without the consent of the lady principal, and to make no noise in the palace after ten o'clock. The four crowns were then placed on his head, the largest and most costly being that of 1902. At this the assembled crowd cheered loudly and loyally. The ceremonies concluded, the Boxers resumed their outrages, to the great annoyance of Alfred Austin, as he sat in a corner busy upon an 'Ode in Memory of the Coronation.' "

*Boston Evening Transcript, Feb. '01, p. 9.*

Selected by A FRIEND.

There is scarce any thoughtful man or woman, I suppose, but can look back upon his course of past life and remember some point, trifling as it may have seemed at the time of occurrence, which has nevertheless turned and altered his whole career. 'Tis with almost all of us, as in M. Massillori's magnificent image regarding King William, a *grain de sable* that perverts or perhaps overthrows us; and so it was but a light word flung in the air, a mere freak of a perverse child's temper that brought down a whole heap of crushing woes upon that family, whereof Harry Esmond formed a part.

W. M. THACKERAY.

*Henry Esmond, vol. 1, p. 178,*

Selected by WALTER F. THORPE '01.

### DAIRY NOTE.

In a Mississippi experiment 'Station calves that received ten pounds of separator milk, made as much gain as those that received eight pounds of whole milk.

Those dairymen who consider separator milk to be worth but ten cents per hundred would do well to consider the above. *Hoard's Dairyman, Nov. 16, 1900, p. 800.*

Selected by S. M. CROWELL, '02.

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