

5-1901

C.A.C. Lookout, Volume 6, Number 1, May 1901

L. F. Harvey

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G. A. C. Lookout



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1901

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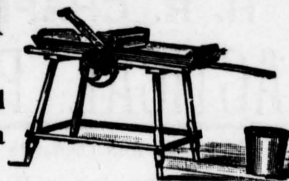
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. . C. A. C. LOOKOUT . .

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

MAY, 1901.

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C. A. C. LOOKOUT.

VOL. 6.

STORRS, CONN., MAY, 1901.

NO. 1.

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 50 cents per year.

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

With this issue of the LOOKOUT the new board of editors take up the work so well done by their predecessors during the past year. Our aim will be to do the best that we can. And to insure a successful year we must have the co-operation of the entire student-body, as well as of the alumni.

It is the purpose of the incoming board to have at least one piece of writing published each month from some member of the alumni. It is hoped that by doing this we may awaken greater interest in the paper among those who are not at present intimately connected with the college.

All members of the lower classes are requested to hand in articles for publication if they wish to compete for a position on the staff. They should write articles pertaining to the special departments of the LOOKOUT in which they are interested.

During the past few years the curriculum here has been greatly improved by the introduction of new studies, by the further

expansion of studies taught to a greater or less extent previously and by the improvement of the apparatus in the different departments.

For some time past the seniors have had elective studies during the spring term. The members of the class were allowed to choose the studies which they wished to take up and the schedule was made out accordingly.

This year the senior class was allowed to choose elective studies during the last two terms of the year. A great deal of satisfaction has been felt at this system of electives.

The one objection to the elective courses at our college at the present time is that they do not come into the curriculum at an earlier part of the college course.

A young man or woman ought to choose a life-work before the end of their junior year at college. It would be better, in some ways, if they took this important step earlier in life, that they might have a long-

er time to prepare themselves for their profession while at college.

If the whole of the senior year were spent in preparing diligently for our life work, it would be too short a time to turn all our energies in that direction; but as long as the standard of examinations for entrance to our college remains where it is, the senior year is perhaps as much time as really ought to be spent in taking up a special course, chosen from among the electives. We need fully three years of preparation at this college before we arrive at that degree of excellence which would justify the discontinuance of the general discipline and instruction afforded by the present college curriculum.

A petition has been presented to the faculty asking for elective courses during the whole senior year. It is hoped that this petition will be granted; as it is the sincere belief of the students, in general, that such a system of elective courses would meet a reasonable want.

One of the essential elements of any educational institution, is a large and well selected library. This fact has been recognized at our college.

Our library is divided into several alcoves, each one of which is devoted to some special line of thought, such as History, Science, including Political and Social Science, Biography, Travel, Literature, Philosophy or Theology.

The professors and instructors in the different departments are expected to recommend from time to time what books they wish for reference in connection with their special subject. These books are procured, as far as possible, and placed in the library where they are free to be used by all. And the number of volumes is growing fast.

The library is situated in the Main Building, in very cramped quarters. It is a difficult question to find room for the

new books. The available space has been over crowded for some time, and something should be done in regard to this matter.

Moreover the building in which the library is now situated is a wooden structure, which contains the ranges of the boarding department and the largest furnaces in college, and which is connected with the engine house of the wood-burning pumping station. It is a reckless and highly unwise thing to do to have such a valuable library exposed to so many risks of destruction by fire. The library contains between eight and nine thousand volumes valued at about twenty thousand dollars.

We need a sizeable and safe library building most imperatively.

The attention of our readers is called to an article in this number of the LOOKOUT, entitled "Domestic Science," written by one of the young ladies at this institution.

The young ladies of our college have admirable opportunities to make themselves capable housekeepers as well as thoroughly versed in the natural sciences, English and Mathematics.

Co-education is an old and hackneyed subject of debate on our campus, and it has been thoroughly proved that it is an essential part of our college education; yet some will claim, and delight in upholding the contention that co-education ought not to have any claim on us whatever.

As long as men and women are to be associated in after life, why should not their association begin at college? What good would a man's education do him if he had no good manners, but were boorish in all his actions? It would only make him the worse off as his nature would be entirely undeveloped on one important side. He would find himself out of place everywhere that he went.

To be thoroughly educated a person must win those traits of character which come through the refinement of manners that distinguishes the polished person from the multitude of his more unfortunate comrades. Co-education here gives the young ladies and young men alike the fullest opportunity to become at once strong and refined.

If the young ladies took their meals in the same boarding hall with the young men and ate at the same tables with them, it would do much to improve the table manners of the young men and it certainly would have no bad effect upon the young ladies. In time we hope to see a single boarding department at this college, which will accommodate all of the students of both sexes and such members of the faculty as would wish to board there.

CAMPUS NOTES.

Ring the bell!

The new editors are aboard and will try hard to hold the helm just surrendered to them by the old staff with a steady hand.

The election for the new board of editors of the LOOKOUT resulted in the following appointments: Editor-in-Chief, L. F. Harvey, '02; Business Manager, A. B. Clark, '02; Assistant Manager, R. J. Averill, '03; Treasurer, H. R. Monteith; Athletics, J. B. Twing, '02; College Notes, J. S. Carpenter, '02; Alumni Notes, M. E. Pierpont, '03; Exchanges, D. K. Shurtleff, '04.

Wanted: A young lady for commencement. Fairchild.

The annual White Duck Hop was given in College Hall, Friday evening, May 3. Many pronounced it the prettiest and pleasantest dance of the season, and a general good time was in evidence.

Mr. Dimock, '01, gave us a five-minute

"Circus" in chapel on the morning of May 6.

Several of the students here have been offered positions at the Pan-American Fair. Some expect to accept.

Principal J. B. McLean, of McLean Seminary, Simsbury, brother of Governor McLean, gave a very interesting lecture in College Hall, April 26, upon "The Wisdom of Little Wits."

Dr. Waters gave an illustrated lecture, for the benefit of the Church, in College Hall, April 24, upon "Maryland Scenery." Ice cream and cake were sold after the lecture.

Mr. G. H. Hollister, '02, was suddenly called home May 4, by the death of his mother. Mr. Hollister has our deepest sympathy in his sad bereavement.

Lawn tennis is fast becoming the most popular game of the season. Perhaps it is because the company is unusually attractive.

Some say that ice cream does not improve with age.

Miss Florence Swift, ex-'00, is sewing for Mrs. C. A. Wheeler at Spring Hill.

Governor McLean has been invited to give an address Commencement Day and also to present the diplomas to the graduating class. This will be a treat for the seniors, for no other graduates have had their diplomas presented to them by the Governor.

Mr. Dimock, '01, is contemplating entering a "vet," college.

This year a new feature has been added to the senior elective course, namely that their examinations will be over a week before baccalaureate Sunday. This vacation of a week after the spring term is probably given them so that they may get rested after being so overworked by our sturdy professors.

The schedule for all the "exams" is now posted on the bulletin board. Many are beginning to shake now, for it is understood that the examinations at the end of this term will be stiffer than ever.

A small fire on the roof of the engine house was timely discovered by M. E. Pierpont, '03, and extinguished. "Red" is pretty good with the hose.

Blakeslee says he won't go back on the razor for a while yet. "Spikes" do an awfully poor job.

Other classes are jealous of the sophomores because they cannot have that refreshing walk every morning after chapel. They are studying Physiology now and practicing what they are learning.

C. What time shall we have to get up in the morning to shake off Curculio?

Professor G. "Oh! about half-past four."

C. "How many mornings shall we have to do it before we know how?"

The "scrub team" plays a practice game with the Varsity nearly every afternoon. This makes practice more interesting for the regulars.

Beebe is building an addition to the south side of his store, which will add not only to its looks, but also to its capacity.

The Committee on Agriculture and others from the Legislature visited college, Wednesday, May 1. They were entertained by President Flint in the afternoon and in the evening they were allowed to express their ideas before the students and faculty in the chapel. They all congratulated us upon our course of study and equipment, and spoke as if we would get the annual appropriation of \$15,000 desired for the next two years. After the exercises in the Chapel, they were invited to Grove Cottage, where they met the faculty and were treated to ice-cream by the young ladies.

Spring Hill socials are fast becoming more and more attractive.

Mr. Philip Mann has returned from a short visit at home.

The County Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union will be held in the Congregational Church of Storrs, May 29. A special address will be given to the young ladies.

Mr. Harry Flint is spending a few days with his parents.

A dozen young men and as many of the gentler sex enjoyed a stroll together to Codfish Falls Sunday afternoon, April 28.

GROVE COTTAGE NOTES

Miss. Laura Averill, sister of R. J. Averill, '03, attended the White Duck Hop and spent Sunday at the Cottage.

Miss L. G. Lincoln spent Sunday, May 5th. at the Cottage as the guest of Miss Anna Conger, '03.

The Cottage is receiving its annual Spring cleaning at the hands of the Freshman girls.

Among the latest songs heard at the Cottage are, "Climbing up the Golden Stairs" and "Good-Night, gentlemen."

The roses planted in front of the Cottage porch are watched carefully and they ought to grow, if watching will help them do it. The Grove Cottage people heartily thank those who put them there.

Miss. Fortulacker had the pleasure of witnessing her first ball game here last week.

Miss. Storrs, '03, and Miss Dimock, '04, are going to petition for benches in the new vault, as it is rather inconvenient to stand while eating lunch.

The young ladies have no longer any desire to take their meals at the "Boy's Dining Hall"

Wanted: Some sofa cushions to put in the parlor at Grove Cottage. They would

not necessarily have to be the very nicest and best ones to be had, but the kind that could be used. These would add brightness and comfort.

Wanted: For the window-seat in the parlor, a strong, durable cushion and some hangings overhead to transform this part of the room into a "cosy corner."

Not wanted: A cement or asphalt walk from the top of the hill to the Cottage, in the place of the present foot-path. The distance is altogether too short at present from the Main Building to the Cottage by the winding walk.

FACULTY AND DEPARTMENT NOTES

Hens are laying "Duck Eggs" at the Valentine Place.

One of Dr. Waters' riddles. "Why is avoirdupois weight not reliable?"

Because it has no scruples."

Instead of going by rail, Chief Clerk Myers varied the monotony of his regular business trip to Hartford this month by driving in.

In the recent absence of Professor Phelps, Professor Stocking had his class in Agriculture.

Professor H. R. Monteith spent Sunday, May 6th. at his home in Unionville.

The colt which Dr. Mayo has so well trained has been returned to its owner, Mr. Stanley of South Coventry.

A new iron railing has been put on the stone work by the horse barn. It improves the appearance of the premises, and is a fine safe-guard for animals.

Dr. Mayo has lectured to the Huntington, Hamburg and Willimantic Granges in the last few weeks.

There has recently been purchased a new case for veterinary specimens to be put in Agricultural Hall.

In the absence of Dr. Davies, President Flint and Professor Stimson conducted the church service Sunday morning, April 28.

Professor and Mrs. Knowles have been entertaining Mrs. Leach of Plymouth for a few days.

Chief Clerk Myers was among the "Rooters" at Pomfret.

Farm Superintendent Stocking, has been suffering from a rather severe cut on his ankle. He was unable to be out for a few days.

Professor C. A. Wheeler will teach mathematics at the Sheffield Scientific School for a few weeks the latter part of the summer.

The experiment station is distributing a considerable quantity of soy bean and alfalfa seed to Connecticut farmers, for trial tests on different soils. It is believed that both these crops can be successfully grown in our state.

The dairy department plans to send an exhibit of butter to Buffalo in connection with the State exhibit of dairy products. Samples will be sent once each month during the summer. It is expected also that during the summer several samples of sanitary milk and cream will be shipped and placed on exhibition.

Our state agricultural exhibit at Buffalo will contain an interesting collection of grasses and clovers consisting of about eighty distinct species, made by the Storrs Experiment Station.

Professors Phelps and Gulley have been to Buffalo for a week in connection with the State Agricultural exhibit of the Pan-American exposition. Professor Phelps has been installing the general field crop exhibit, and Professor Gully the exhibit of nuts. The following article appears in the *Hartford Courant* of May 10, regarding the fruit exhibit:—

"CONNECTICUT AHEAD"

FIRST NATURAL FRUIT DISPLAY AT BUFFALO EXPOSITION

The Connecticut state exhibit in the Horticultural Building attracted considerable attention to day, as it is the first exhibit to display natural fruit. The exhibit was installed yesterday and it was the first one completed from any northern state. The exhibit in the agricultural building will be in place the early part of next week. The exhibit arrived in good condition and it makes a very fine showing."

ATHLETIC NOTES.

So far this season our base-ball team has been very successful and bids fair to be the best team C. A. C. ever put upon the diamond. It has been a deplorable fact in years past that so few students took interest enough in the welfare of the team to come out to practice. This year has brought improvement in this matter. More men have been out to practice and thus have made each man try harder to get a position on the team.

Readers of the LOOKOUT may have noticed that in the accounts of the games, the individual records in batting and fielding have been omitted. This omission has been made upon the request of Captain Downing, and he gives the following reasons for thinking it not advisable to print them: He wants the team to win games not to bring distinction to certain individual players. When a ball is hit, he wants the nearest man to try for it, even though the man may be charged with an error for doing so. When a man comes to bat, he wants him to hit the ball, but not to knock the cover off for the sake of being credited with a "home run" or a "two-bagger"

in the next issue of the LOOKOUT. Players are not allowed to consult the score-book and consequently they do not know who has the highest batting and fielding averages for any player who tries to secure a high average in batting and fielding is sure to be a detriment to the team.

In base-ball cooperation is necessary and it is hoped that the readers of the LOOKOUT will realize the importance of genuine "team work" and deem the omission of the individual records justifiable.

A second team has been organized of which R. J. Averill, '03 is captain and S. M. Crowell, '02, manager. They lost their first game to Eagleville, score 20 to 8.

C. A. C. VS. SODOM STARS.

On April twentieth, in a cold, drizzling rain, the college base-ball team met and defeated the Sodom Stars from Willimantic on the college field. Neither of the teams were able to score in the first inning. Each side managed to get a run in the second. In the third and fourth innings the college failed to score, but the Sodom Stars made one run in each. Then C. A. C. made two runs, and sent the Willimantics, to the field without a run. They returned the compliment by shutting out C. A. C. and making two runs. This made the score five to three in favor of the Sodom Stars at the end of the sixth inning. Awakened to the fact that they must hustle or meet defeat, the college boys began to play like tigers and made eight runs before the end of the first half of the seventh inning, but their opponents made three runs and closed the inning leaving the score eleven for C. A. C. and eight runs for Willimantic. Here both teams were equally determined to win and as a result neither team scored in the eighth inning. C. A. C. added two more runs to their score, but allowed the Sodom Stars to make two more also. Considering the

disadvantages of a wet ball, both pitchers did remarkably well. Mc Lean had excellent control and pitched with unusual speed.

Score by innings:

| | | |
|-------------|---------------------------|-----|
| C. A. C. | 0, 1, 0, 0, 2, 0, 8, 0, 2 | 13. |
| Sodom Stars | 0, 1, 1, 1, 0, 2, 3, 0, 2 | 10. |

C. A. C., Runs, 13; Hits, 11; Errors, 7.
S. S., Runs, 10; Hits, 9; Errors, 11.

C. A. C. VS. POMFRET SCHOOL.

On April thirtieth our team crossed bats with the Pomfret School at Pomfret. The game was a "pitchers battle" and gave our fielders little work. In the second inning, our catcher dropped the third strike and threw wild to first base, then the next man up got his base on balls, two stolen bases put a man on second and one on third, the next man to bat made a hit and brought in two runs. During the other seven innings, not a single Pomfret man got to first base while our men piled up fourteen runs. Mc Lean pitched seven innings and struck out eighteen men. Moriarity pitched the last two, striking out three men successively in each.

Score by innings:

| | | |
|----------|---------------------------|-----|
| C. A. C. | 0, 0, 8, 0, 0, 0, 4, 2, 0 | 14. |
| Pomfret | 0, 2, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0 | 2. |

C. A. C. Runs, 14; Hits, 14; Errors, 1.
Pomfret, Runs, 2; Hits, 4; Errors, 5.

C. A. C. VS. AMHERST.

Our boys did not prove a match for Amherst on May 4. The Amherst "Aggies" play a fast game. Their diamond is one of the best and they are after the ball the instant it is hit. Our boys not being used to a hard level field, were deceived by fast grounders and this was fatal to the success of the team.

Amherst changed pitchers in the second inning, substituting Bodfish for Boulter. One striking feature of the game was a batted ball which struck inside the diamond, rolled by the center fielder and also by the right and allowed the batter to make a home run. Our boys meet them

again this season; the game will be played at Storrs and we may expect a different score owing to the intense rivalry existing between the two colleges.

Score by innings:

| | | |
|----------|---------------------------|-----|
| C. A. C. | 1, 2, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 2, 0 | 5. |
| M. A. C. | 0, 0, 3, 2, 1, 4, 0, 1, - | 11. |

C. A. C. Runs, 5; Hits, 10; Errors, 5.
M. A. C. Runs, 11; Hits, 8; Errors, 6.

Moriarity is doing excellent work, both in the pitcher's box and on third base. He and Mc Lean are holding those two positions alternately. Moriarity's ability and his steady nerve make him indispensable. Mc Lean is also doing good work. He shows great improvement in "head" work, that most essential element in pitching.

Harvey is a new man behind the bat, but shows great ability and is doing good work.

Blakeslee is playing 2nd base and, with Captain Downing at short stop, keeps the runners guessing while between 1st and 3rd bases.

Yes, "Fargo" Karr is playing left field and if you want to see what he can do, just drop a ball anywhere in his district and watch him "gobble" it.

Lamson is our center fielder and is doing good work.

Pratt is doing well in right field, usually getting there just in time.

J. W. Clark is holding 1st base and sees many a crestfallen countenance as the base runners turn and walk slowly and silently toward the bench.

Last, but not least, comes A. N. Clark. He did not practice at the beginning of the season but those desirous of retaining their positions will now need to do their best or they may be superseded. How this team compares with last season's may be seen in the averages of the first three games of each season. The 1900 batting average was 282 compared with 307 for this year. Last season's fielding average

was 828, while this year it stands at 890. Therefore we may see that we have a team this year which we may well be proud of and feel willing to support.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'86. Mr. Wilbur L. Chamberlain is building an extension on the cottage of Professor Peebles.

'93. Mr. W. A. Warren has recently purchased a new carriage with solid rubber tires.

'95. We were very much pleased to have the secretary of the Alumni Association spend Sunday April the 28th, at the College. Mr. Green is now acting as assistant to the state librarian at Hartford.

'95. Mr. Frisbie made another short visit to the college the first of the month.

'97. We take pleasure in announcing the engagement of Mr. Harry E. Atwood to Miss R. Fenn of Washington.

'97. '98. Mr. R. D. Gilbert and Max Schraffrath witnessed the defeat of our base-ball team at Amherst May 4th.

'98. Mr. C. G. Smith joined one of the field parties of Division of Forestry at Ducktown, Tenn., May 1. His work will probably keep him in the country around the Great Smoky Mountains all Summer. His address will be, Division of Forestry, Washington, D. C.

'98. Mr. H. F. Onthrop is studying at Wesleyan University.

'99. Mr. Elmer C. Welden has left his work at the college creamery and has secured a position at the Pan-American Exhibition in the model dairy. His duties will be Babcocking, ripening and churning cream. He is well fitted for this work and we all wish him success at Buffalo.

'99. Miss Katherine R. Yale has left the Y. W. C. A. at Boston and returned

to her home.

'00. Miss Christie Mason is expecting to take a short course at Morse Business College in Hartford, next fall.

The class of 1900 will hold a reunion, in the Valentine orchard, Commencement day at noon. Refreshments will be served, followed by an important business meeting. All members are requested to be present.

'00. Mr. F. W. Baldwin is surveying on the Branch, Watertown, for Mr. Eddy.

Mr. Edwin Jones of the 1901 Dairy Class has been given the position at the college dairy made vacant by Mr. Welden. Mr. Jones is from Lebanon.

The Eclectic Literary Society's Annual Banquet will be held June 17, and not the 7th as stated in the last number of the LOOKOUT.

The treasurer of the Alumni Association wishes to call the attention of the alumni to the matter of their taking out a Life Membership ticket. The cards are ready for issue, and we think every alumnus will find it advantageous to join the association as a life member. If you wish to get your certificates before Commencement or to ask any questions, the treasurer will be glad to hear from you, and to see you all in June. Address A. C. Gilbert, Gilead, Conn.

LIBRARY NOTES

The attendance at the library has diminished a great deal since the arrival of these balmy days of spring.

Upon Professor Wheeler's recommendation, the history alcove has received a large addition of new books.

Since the New York and Boston daily papers come the same day they are issued, they receive much more attention.

"Eben Holden" has not remained in the library over night since it was catalogued.

Mr. William Flint took charge of the library during Miss. Whitney's absence.

EXCHANGES

The Premier, Fall River, Mass., is ahead of all our other exchanges in its arrangement.

The M. H. Areolith of Franklin; Wis., contains a fine picture of the College Band.

"Mr. Gonah's Iron Man" in *The Nugget*, Helena, Montana, is a very good article.

The Tahoma from Tacoma, Wash., contains some good reading matter, but the cover could be greatly improved;

"A Trip To Europe" in *The Comet*, West Pittston, Pa., gives us a glimpse of Europe from the traveler's point of view.

The High School Voice from Sunbury, Pa., contains an interesting article entitled "All's Well That Ends Well."

The Freshman Edition of *The High-School Sentiment*, Parsons, Kan., is very creditable to that class.

"Trouble" in the *Wa Wa*, Port Townsend, Wash., is an interesting article and illustrates the trials of a bicycle rider.

The Exchanges in *The Aegis*, Bloomington, Ill., are about the best that we have received.

ending quite differently from what one would expect. Of the longer works, "Prudence Palfrey" is the most interesting.

The Bookman for May has a good article on "Bret Harte's County" and in connection with this it has some fine photographs, giving views of the country described in his works. Because of the success attained by "Eben Holden" and "David Harum," many books have been published recently written in a similar style. From reviews read, it would seem as if they fell far short of the standard set by the style of the books imitated. They bear such titles as "Your Uncle Lew," "Quincy Adams' Lawyer," and "Uncle Terry."

One is attracted at the present time by the advertisements appearing in the magazines of books to be sold on the installment plan. For instance, Harper and Brothers advertise "The English Men of Letters" series and the "Waverly Novels" and Houton, Mifflin & Co., advertise sets of "Emerson," "Lowell" and other standard authors. These books may be obtained by sending a small sum of money, usually one or two dollars and by agreeing to pay a certain sum each month until the price is entirely paid. The prices are such as to place the books within the reach of all.

This system cannot but result in an increased sale of the best English authors and consequently increase the interest in good literature, especially among the poorer classes. HARRY D. EMMONDS, '00.

THE BOOK-LOVER'S CORNER.

The Book-lover has read the works of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, recently added to the library, and they have proved very fascinating, especially the short stories. They are often very amusing, the climaxes are highly original and surprise one by

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

Under the head of Domestic Science are several branches which are taken up at our college.

Sewing is begun immediately by the freshman class. Their work is to complete a series of samples, which are preserved

with necessary directions, in a note-book. In the sophomore year such articles as shoe-bags, aprons, and plain skirts or shirt-waists are made. Underclothing is begun the next year, and light dresses are made in the spring. This work is carried into the senior year, when each young lady completes her course by making her graduation gown.

Cooking embraces plainpastry, canning, preserving and all kinds of fancy cookery. This course covers the last three years.

One hour a week is given in the spring term of the junior year to practical lessons in laundry. This teaches the proper method of laundering all fabrics, from plain cottons to the finest laces.

Lectures are given to the juniors in the fall term on the care of the sick; and to the sophomores, in the spring term, on chemistry of foods.

During the spring term, one afternoon a week is devoted to house cleaning by the freshman class. This consists of practical sweeping and scrubbing, such as would be necessary in one's own home at cleaning time.

Everything considered, a young woman may become very proficient in all branches pertaining to the care of a home, if she will attend faithfully to the course in Domestic Science at C. A. C.

VERA FREEMAN, '02.

STUDENTS AND GRADUATES

By A. V. OSMUN, '00,

Assistant at Storrs Experiment Station.

We are all proud of our athletes, of our athletic teams, of their achievements. As a rule the athletic student stands high in the favor of the faculty and is popular among his fellow students. Our teams have done much to advance the reputation of the College during the few years just past, and had all departments done equally

well along their several lines, the standing and the reputation of the Connecticut Agricultural College would be much higher than it now is. We all rejoice that thus far our athletes have done well.

But, although they have undoubtedly done their best as athletes, there has always been great opportunity for improvement in conduct and general appearance, when the various teams have visited other places.

In recent years a custom has sprung up among our students, a custom which has no proper place outside of nurseries and insane asylums. Where this custom, this childish fad, we may better call it, originated, or by whom, the writer is unprepared to say. But it is a deplorable fact that it has taken a decided hold upon some of our students, especially some of the athletes. It seems to be the childish delight of certain ones to go about wearing ridiculously forlorn looking costumes — hats promiscuously trimmed with old ribbons, chicken feathers, squirrel tails, and with various appendages, perhaps the crown itself missing. Other garments of a like description are frequently worn; and it is not uncommon to see sweeping caps and tam-o-shanters upon the heads of our male students.

That our students should allow themselves to appear thus upon their own campus, is bad enough; but to visit other institutions, where critical eyes are ever turned toward us, among which we are, or should be, striving to stand as equal contemporaries, in such outlandishly disfiguring decorations, is a great mistake to say the least. After a recent visit of one of our teams to a neighboring institution, remarks of a most uncomplimentary nature and these from members of the faculty of that institution, came to us. Should we allow any chance for such remarks to be made? Can it be that our students are reverting to a state of semi-barbarism?

Or are they developing parts of that weakness, a desire for frivolous ribbons, feathers and the like, which belongs only to woman, and then only in a respectable way? Surely these things have no place in a civilized community, among students who have reached the age of young manhood. It certainly seems to indicate a lack of self-respect. And if we have no respect for ourselves, we can demand none from others.

Students, the reputation of our college is at stake. Much depends upon you. If our students are not held in high esteem, then our college will not be. Without a fair standing among other institutions of the same nature, our College cannot live. Although the students cannot do all, they can do much. If they do well their part, and the institution fails to advance, then it will be easier to locate the trouble.

We all want to see the institution which is educating us push forward to the head of the line. Our success as athletes is helping it to do this, but our success as self respecting, respect demanding, gentlemanly students would do more toward raising our College in the estimation of her contemporaries.

Every university, college and school is judged, largely, by its students and graduates. Let ours be of the highest type.

DUTCHY ON "DOT PUTTY VITE CADT"

Vell I vas got my ownself indo all kinds of troubles de odder day ven I vas lookin for eggs vot dot vooman of mine all der time tell me vot our-speckled hen uas laid under de barn.

Vell I got onquisitive ond I crawled mit myself under de barn on my stimmick so I vos got dot eggs. Bimeby I got me under de barn ond et vas so dark as neffer vas ond I could see no putty goot ven I shpy omeding vite vot I vas tink vas dot hens.

Vell I crawled me oop putty close ven I make von grap fo to kotch dot hens ond I vos got de puttiest leetle vite cadt as neffer vas. I dry to get me out qwick ond give et to my frow, "Matilda," but ow such a shmell, vorse den von-tons and barells limburger. He shmell so no goot ond scratch mit his paws so dot I vas let him go ond he vas homward fly, yust like a dunder-bolt.

Den Matilda hold her nose ond told me I vas got to bury my clothes. So I called "Amel," my poy, ond he digs a hole ond covers me all but my head. He goe away ond de misketoes come ond lite on my nose, vell I could brush dem off nixie, ond so I vas holler on de naybors come to see ef I vas kilt. Vell naybor Brown laffed ond pull me out ond den he tell me bury my clothes but not my body.

Den I say to Matilda, "I neffer pefore crawls me under dot barn again ond I vas keep putty shy of 'Dot leetle vite cadt.'"

JAMES B. TWING, '02.

FROM ARMENIA TO AMERICA,

(continued)

In two hours we reached the top of the mountain. There we found a stone post about four feet high and eight inches in diameter. On one side of this was written 1878, and on the other in Turkish figures 1296, the corresponding date in the Mohammedan era. We at once understood that the numbers indicated the year when the post was set, and that the post marked the boundary line. We were now exceedingly glad and happy.

A road passed the post and we thought it must lead to the village we wanted to reach. We did not know which direction to take but finally started toward the west. We had gone only a few rods when suddenly we came in sight of the tents of some Turkish soldiers encamped in the valley

before us. Instantly we dropped to the ground, for the soldiers were standing before the tents, and crept back. Once out of sight we ran with all our might. Then we took the eastern direction along the road.

This led us into a small forest on the breast of a mountain. There we found a spring of cold, clear water, in a pretty open spot. Shadows from the trees covered the grass. And we caught a few glimpses through the scattered woods of picturesque scenery. Tired and hungry we decided to take a little rest. We drank at the spring again and again, till we were no longer thirsty. A familiar plant, which at home we used sometimes to eat, grew there; of this we ate, but it did not satisfy our hunger.

After an hour's rest we continued our journey. We had not gone far when we met a boy of sixteen or seventeen, on a donkey, apparently going to his father's farm. We guessed from his visage that he was an Armenian. The first thing we asked him was whether we were in Turkey or in Russia. "In Russia," he said. Our satisfaction was measureless. We further asked him how far the village was, whether there were Russian soldiers in the village, and if so, whether they would do or say anything to us, if they saw us, and what was the safest thing we could do. By this time, our hunger again having asserted itself, we asked for some bread.

After giving us two loaves, he answered that the village was about three miles away, that there were many Russian soldiers in the village, that they would arrest and cause us great trouble if they were to see us and that, therefore, the safest thing we could do, he thought, was to wait in the woods till night. He said that when he returned home at sunset he would tell the Armenians in the village. He thought that they would bring some clothes so that we could dress in their

fashion and that then we could go with them to the village in safety.

We were exceedingly hungry already and did not want to wait any longer if we could help it. After the good boy had gone on his way, therefore, to save time and trouble, we decided that we would try to make our own way into the village.

As we went along we came upon a group of Armenian women and girls, washing clothes in a brook, and stopped to talk with them. Here three Russian *soldats* (soldiers) caught sight of us. We did not understand the questions they asked, but the Armenian women explained that they wanted to know where we came from, where we intended to go, and whether we had passports.

When they found out that we had come from Turkey, were bound for Caucasasia, and were without passports, they motioned to us to follow them and went into the village. Upon meeting several other *soldats* and two officers, they began to talk, I suppose about our case. Suddenly a group of *soldats*, about twenty-five in number, appeared from the corner of a crooked street, and without any reason or question attacked us with the fierceness of a pack of savage country dogs that jump on strangers. We tried to run away. I had been watching keenly every movement, and had jumped before the *soldats* could seize me. But all my companions were caught, and as I ran I could hear their pitiful cries under the cruel blows of those wild and barbarous *soldats*.

After running back about two miles, I stopped and waited to see what the outcome would be.

My companions finally came and found me. The Russian *soldats* had practiced their usual barbarity—lashing their defenceless victims as long as they pleased, and when they found the poor boys nearly exhausted, had let them go showing them the way to Turkey. The blood was run-

ning down from the head of one, and all of them were so weak and suffered so intensely that they fell near me. They had already stopped or fallen down several times.

I was then the only one who did not suffer physically, but my moral suffering was as intense as, or intenser than, that of my companions. I repeatedly asked them what I could do for them or what they proposed to do. They finally answered in a few broken words, mixed with sobs, that they were unable to do anything for the present and that I could do as I pleased.

My duty was grave—to try to get something to eat, and, if possible, to find some way of crossing the boundary.

I thought that the *soldats* would not come in our direction any further, supposing that we had gone back into Turkey; and hoping I could meet the Armenian women again by the same brook, I decided that I would go to the village and do all I could toward the relief of our party.

Not having suffered from the brutal blows of the Russian soldiers. I felt myself strong enough, physically and in heart, to push ahead. And having manifested my intentions to my unfortunate companions, I left them.

When within a few rods of the brook, and just as I was turning a corner, I faced three *soldats*, armed and waiting. I tried to make my escape, but it was too late. I had scarcely taken two jumps when six mighty hands got hold of me.

Several questions were asked me, but I could not understand them. At last the word "passport" struck my ears, several times, and I shook my head as I did not have one. They pointed to my fez (Turkish cap) and called "Turko Turko." Again I shook my head and tried to say that I was an Armenian not a Turk. But they kept saying "Turko, Turko." Upon my inquiry if they could speak Turkish. They shook their heads. I asked for

French, they shook their heads again, I asked for English and they made another negative sign. "Ruski, Ruski," they repeated several times. They meant that they could talk and understand nothing but Russian, and I could not talk that.

Seeing that there was not very much that could be got out of me, they then began to push, pull and hit me; they tried to knock me down and do whatever they pleased.

I was one against three. Besides, to lift hands against them would be unwise and might cost me dear. I was only a lad of eighteen then, but they could not knock me down. I kept dodging here and there, the best thing I could do was to avoid the blows or parry them with my arms. At last they gave me such a hard time that it seemed as I could no longer resist or endure. My fez got knocked off and the heavy blows were falling on my head. I became angry, my eyes turned red-hot. Exerting all my strength I shook and pulled myself out of their clutches, pushed one, then the other away, grabbed my fez, and began to run. They followed me for about a hundred feet but I was running with such extreme efforts as I had never made in my life before, and I hope I shall never have the occasion to make again. They could not catch me at the start, and afterwards they ceased to follow me, probably thinking that I had had my deserts, and contenting themselves chiefly with yelling after me in anger and derision. One of them sat down and aimed at me with his rifle. I had just time enough to catch a glimpse of it and seeing that they were far from me I immediately lay down to avoid the bullet. When he stood up, I got up too and continued my run. They began to laugh more loudly, occasionally shouting, "Turko, Turko." My strength was sadly spent and I dragged myself toward my companions. They were still lying on the ground. I dropped down as soon as I

reached them, possibly more exhausted than they. Amazed at my condition they wanted to know what had happened to me. My appearance and actions already had revealed my case, and I told them in a few broken words that I had had the same fate as they.

All of us were highly aroused at our condition and we became full of anger and indignation toward Russia. We gave many unpleasant names to the nation which was, for the first time, known to us closely through the acts of its soldiers. We gnashed our teeth and shook our fists at the "barbarous Christian nation" of Europe. Ridiculous as our threats were, however, we decided that we would not go back into Turkey as we were not anxious to see the faces of the Turks of the Sultan, already having walked twenty days to get rid of the oppressions of the Turkish government. And accordingly we finally determined that we would make another attempt to cross the Russian boundary.

(to be continued.)

E. T. KUZIRIAN, '01.

THE JOLLY OLD ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

The following is a little instance that I read a while ago.

King John was told that the abbot of Canterbury kept a hundred servants and dha things greater than the king had. The king said that he would put a stop to this, so he went to see him.

He told the abbot that he would give him three questions to answer and if he couldn't answer them in a certain time he would be killed.

After the king had gone, the abbot went to several doctors to see if they could answer them, but in vain; and he returned home with a heavy mind. Upon his arrival he was greeted by one of his helpers

who asked what troubled him. The abbot told him that he had three questions to answer the king within three days or he must die.

The helper asked what they were, and the abbot told him that the first was as to how much the king was worth; the second, as to how long it would take him to ride round the world; and the third as to what he, the king, was thinking of.

The hired man said, "Let me answer them in disguise. With this the abbot was pleased. On the appointed day the king appeared and met the supposed abbot.

"Well," said the king, "How much am I worth?"

"As Judas betrayed the Lord for thirty pence," the man replied, "you must be worth one penny less; for you betray the church. Twenty-nine pence then."

"How long would it take me to ride around the world?"

"Begin when the sun rises, travel with it, and it will take you just twenty-four hours."

"Well, what am I thinking?" asked the king, thinking this question surely would be too hard for the abbot.

"You are thinking that I am the abbot and I am nothing but his helper and want to beg pardon for him and me."

The king laughed and forgave them."

LAURA WHEELER, '02.

THE PAN-AMERICAN

Some of the students contemplate attending the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo this summer. This ought to be an education of itself if taken up properly.

Art, science, and money have been lavished upon this as upon other similar expositions; and there is no reason why this should not be one of the crowning achievements of American civilization.

The city itself is certainly one of the best that could have been selected for anything of this sort. It must be remembered that Buffalo is a large railroad center, and the cleanest and best lighted city in the United States.

For a year a successful organization has been making preparations, and each part has been so closely worked out that it is safe to say that the whole undertaking will move as smoothly as clockwork.

The reduced rates that accompany the plans will enable large numbers who could not think of attending the exposition at Paris to wend their way to Buffalo.

Where there are so many points of interest and when one's time is limited, it will be hard to get more than a small idea of what is seen; but if one mapped out a course that he thought would be most interesting, I should judge he would gain more than though he tried at haphazard to take in the whole exposition in a few days.

G. H. LAMSON, '02.

WHO GOES THERE.

"Good-by, Nellie."

"Good-by, Robert."

A few strokes of the piston, a few turns of the wheels and Robert Kipling is separated from the only girl he ever loved.

Judge Henry Robinson and his daughter, Nellie, who had been spending the summer of 1860 at the home of Robert Kipling among the beautiful Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts, are returning to their home in Beverly, Virginia.

Robert watched with longing eyes the departing train until it was hid from view, then turned and walked slowly homeward thinking only of her he loved and of his unhappy life to follow.

His friends noticed the change which came over him. His light-brown eyes had

a sadness in them which expressed his feelings though his lips were silent, and his nature seemed to have been bereaved of the open joyfulness it once possessed.

The government was in a state of uncertainty and had use for all such examples of fine physique as Robert Kipling. It was not surprising, then, that he should enlist and link his fortunes with the Federal cause.

* * * * *

Slowly and silently the sentinel paced to and fro in the drizzling rain, through the long hours of the night. Behind him in camp his comrades were sleeping. Now he stopped and stirred the smouldering embers, now turned and gazed, as if trying to penetrate the darkness to see, across the river, the home of the one he loved. But the town of Beverly was asleep and he turned his attention to the long line of tents, some of which might be empty before another sun should set. General Lee had been repulsed at Cheat Mountain and General Rosecrans expected an attack by him at any moment. With a vivid apprehension of the responsibility resting upon him, Robert Kipling continued his march. But, hark! a footstep.

"Who goes there?"—no answer.

"Who goes there?"—this time his rifle spoke also and a man fell to the ground.

Robert rushed forward and asked him his name, but the man in gray did not answer. Bending down he caught a glimpse of the prostrate man's face.

"Great God!" he cried, "Is it possible?"

Only faces of brother and sister could have such a resemblance, yes, it must be. Drawing a paper from the dead man's pocket, Robert read—

"TO GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE, COMMANDANT.

I shall strike the left wing of General Rosecrans' army at day-break. Surround the left wing if possible and we will drive them into the river.

Yours Respectfully,

GENERAL FLOYD."

Suddenly he staggered towards the fire like a drunken man, for there upon an envelope was a form of hand-writing he recognized. The letter was addressed to Donald Robinson and the identification was complete.

* * * * *

Across the river Nellie Robinson is getting breakfast when there is a knock at the door. She hastens eagerly to open it expecting to find a neighbor with a letter from either Donald or Robert. But, alas, the sight confronting her chills her very blood, for there, in the arms of two men is the body of her dead brother.

* * * * *

"What, another man killed, boys?" said General Rosecrans, "that sharpshooter must die. Several men have been killed there. Are we to go without water because of that gray-coated devil? No! Boys, I say you must do him up. Let some one hide in the bushes and when the sharpshooter shows himself, drop him. Yes, you may as well settle who shall go for the water by lot. What! Kipling, have you drawn the fatal ticket? Well, your only hope of life rests in the hands of Meade. He will try to shoot first; if he succeeds, you are safe, if not,—well good-bye." Meade could not help feeling nervous, while he concealed himself in a position to get a good shot, for he knew he was playing a desperate game.

Kipling walked down to the bank, with a bold, fearless step, and reached down to dip his pail in the water. *Crack, Crack*—two reports were heard at almost the same instant. Kipling fell: so did his adversary.

While being brought across the river, the hat dropped from the the head of the sharpshooter and a mass of golden hair fell about a beautiful neck. As the body was laid down beside him. Robert rose on his elbow and looked, but only for an instant, then fell back. There beside him lay the body of his sweetheart, Nellie Robinson.

To revenge the death of her brother she had killed the one she loved. Placing her hand upon his breast, she said:

"Tell me when he goes."

His heart-beats grew weaker and weaker. She herself lost consciousness and two souls left their mortal bodies almost the same instant, perhaps only to be united in a world where "war" and "death" are unknown. JAMES B. TWING, '02.

THE COMING OF SPRING

By C. E. WATERS. Ph. D.,
Professor of Chemistry and Physics

In the minds of different persons, different ideas are associated with the coming of spring. To many it is heralded by the return of the blue-birds and robins which have spent the winter months in the south, and now come back to us to seek their old haunts and rear their young. The wild geese flying overhead may stir the pulses, but it takes the song of the little blue-bird, or the "cheerily, cheerily" of the robin to convince us that winter is over.

Others, like the writer, rejoice to hear the shrill cries of the "peepers" in the pools and marshes. These elusive creatures that are so hard to see, no matter how much care we exercise in creeping up to them, are justly cheerful after the long months spent in the mud. A little later, the bull-frogs will take their places, and afford sport for the traditional wicked boy who delights to stone them. But frogs are good to eat, and maybe the boy is no worse than the gunner and fisherman, and, at any rate, he does not often hit the frogs. It is fun to see them jump. Perhaps they deserve the punishment, for fable tells us that they are descended from a crowd of rude peasants who derided a goddess in misfortune, and muddied the spring from which she wished to drink.

The botanist, or any true lover of nature visits the woods long before common folk think of looking for blossoms, and he, too, finds evidence of the coming of spring. The lowly skunk-cabbage, really a handsome flower and one not to be despised, is the earliest to appear. It is visited by the bees long before clover and buckwheat are dreamed of. The "sparkling hepatica," the dainty anemone, by no means as delicate as its name "wind-flower" would imply, the cowslip and the bloodroot follow it closely. It is always a source of wonder that the latter with its intensely colored sap should produce such white blossoms. We would expect scarlet poppies rather than driven snow. Is it stranger still that the scarlet poppy, a member of the same family, has milk-white sap. That blaze in the low woods is the red maple whose flowers are rivalled in brilliancy by the succeeding fruit, and by the autumn leaves in the dying of the year, when—

"There's an undertone of sighing,
There's a hush in all the air,
And the face of nature dying,
Wears a glow divinely fair.
If you listen, listen, listen,
In the quiet woodland ways
You will hear the forest singing,
You will catch the breath of praise."

Now is the time of the new birth. Who can count the flowers now? The sugar-maple yesterday gave us its sweet sap and to-day the bees carry home a rich harvest from its blossoms. Other trees are in bloom, the elms and oaks, sassafras and spice-bush, and willows, while all the lowly plants in the forest leap from the moist earth into the warm sunshine.

Wake-robins, saxifrages, spring beauties and columbines, the unrolling ferns and all tell us that spring is here. Violets dot the ground, and with them the dainty bluets, "babies' eyes," and early buttercups. Best of all, the human heart grows young, and he is to be pitied who does not feel a new thrill of life with each returning spring.

THE ART OF GARDENING.

By Prof. L. P. CHAMBERLAIN. Steward.

In all the round of out-of-door employment none is more attractive, and when conducted with experience and skill, no other is more remunerative than that of gardening. This applies to both the home or kitchen garden and the more extensive area, the products of which are grown for the market. In broad parlance the term-garden-signifies fruitfulness, and so, by inference, it stands for plenty. From a few rods of soil, it sometimes includes an entire state or a province, as, for instance, "Lombardy is the garden of Italy." A recent traveler tells us, "All Europe presents no more attractive scene than that which spread out before us to the very limit of vision, as we descended the Alps." There the art of gardening attains its highest perfection.

From seed time to the end of growth the garden affords constant pleasure, and this, because in his selection of varieties to be grown, the gardener, if he is sufficiently intelligent, may choose only the best, and as these begin to mature with early summer, he finds daily remuneration for all of his labor and thought. The garden may well be the pet spot of the home. A farm in miniature, it should combine the best in method and arrangement, for these help to make it a "thing of beauty," as well as of greatest utility.

Among the essentials of the ideal home garden are convenience of location, fertility of soil, and ample area for needful production, choice bits of time, intelligent selection, and the culture and protection of a skillful hand and a watchful eye are also requisites. Thus it is that the garden affords recreation for both mind and body, and contributes generously to the enjoyment of the household, from its wealth of vegetables, fruits, and flowers.

MOUNT TOM.

Mount Tom near Holyoke, Massachusetts, is the highest mountain in the Holyoke range, it being one thousand two hundred and seventy-eight feet above the sea level.

On the top of this mountain is a large hotel, four stories high. On the fourth floor are kept the telescopes and other instruments for seeing objects far distant. On a clear day one can see Long Island Sound and also the capitol at Hartford. Looking south, north, south-east or west one can see two or three states, and in the second instance, four states.

On the third floor are two large register books in which all visitors are requested to put their names and addresses, and it is very interesting to glance over these names. People come there from all parts of the United States.

To reach the top of Mount Tom, one may go up by the foot-path, carriage-road or cable-road.

The cars are two in number on the cable-road, fastened together by a two-inch cable. They also have an air brake and the trolley and electric attachments, so if one part should break, the others would be at hand. The seats in the cars are fixed in such a manner that you do not tip backward but sit easily in an upright position while ascending the mountain. As you near the top you feel dizzy and there is a ringing in the ears, but it is nothing serious. The lightness of the air causes this and it passes away in a very few moments.

At the foot of the mountain is a park named Mountain Park. It is very large and beautiful. There are flower-beds of every size and description and almost everywhere there are little and big rustic houses and seats. The park runs to the Connecticut River, and from it one can get a most delightful view of that grand river at its widest point. But to appreciate this view, one has to see it, rather than to read a description of it.

A few wealthy Holyoke and Springfield people have summer homes in or near this park and so this makes it more popular.

On every fine summer day, there are hundreds of people who visit Mount Tom and this park, and, I am sure, are amply repaid for their journey.

MAUD OLIN, '02.

BITS OF FUN

On Board Ship.—“Can I bring you up some luncheon, sir?” “What! Lunch already? Why, it doesn't seem more than fifteen minutes since breakfast came up!”

Life—

A fall.—Fred: “I had a fall last night which rendered me unconscious for several hours.”

Ed: You don't mean it? Where did you fall?”

Fred: “I fell asleep.” —*Tit-Bits.*

Limitations.—“Why can't a man's nose be longer than eleven inches?” “Oh, if it was over twelve it would be a foot.”

—*Yale Record.*

Conference in Philosophy.—Instructor: “Yes, you seem to understand all that. Now, let us pass on to Immortality, the life of the Hereafter.”

Bill: “Not prepared, sir.”

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

All at the Same Time.—Mr Sharpe: “Whatever Vice-President Roosevelt may have to suffer in his office, he is spared a torture that he underwent during the campaign.”

Mrs. Sharpe: “Torture! Isn't that a pretty strong word?”

Mr. Sharpe: “Wouldn't you think it torture to have your teeth drawn every day?”

—*Harpers Bazar.*

Unnecessary Question.—“Whatcher doin', Chimmie, fishin'?”

“Naw, yer chump, drownin, worms!”

—*Brooklyn Life.*

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