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Lookout, Volume 9, Number 5, November 1904

I. W. Patterson

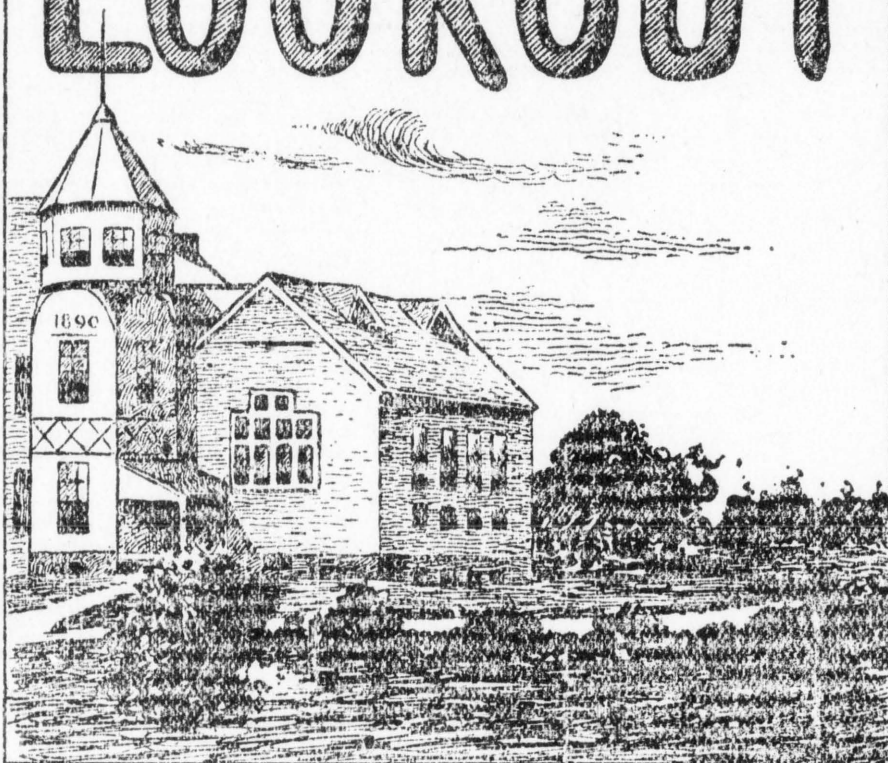
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THE

LOOKOUT



NOVEMBER NUMBER, 1904

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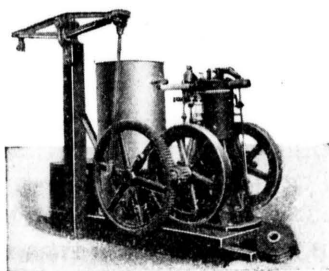
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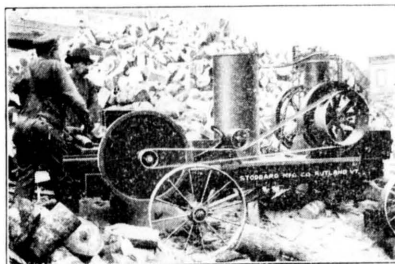
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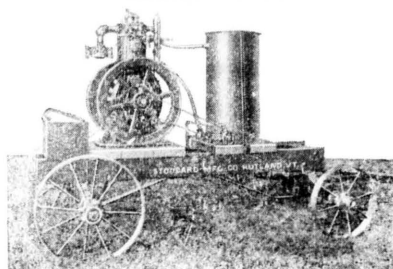
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VOL. 9.

STORRS, CONN., NOVEMBER, 1904.

No. 5.

Published monthly during the college year, by the Students of Connecticut Agricultural College.

The students and alumni are requested to contribute articles.

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Entered as second class mail matter at the Eagleville Post Office.

Editorials.

We dislike to head this column with an explanation, but circumstances seem to demand such a procedure.

The September number was behind the times through no fault of ours. The corrected proof was returned to the printers the first day of this term. After a lapse of three weeks the superintendent of the job office called up the manager of the LOOKOUT by telephone and inquired what had become of the proof. He replied he had sent it, and it seemed apparent that it had been lost in the mails. Another proof was immediately forwarded and the corrections made at once. The proof was returned immediately to the printers and the magazine was forwarded speedily. These irregularities in the mail service are not common, and such a delay is not likely to soon occur again.

The editorial board has recently been forced to give up the comfortable little office in the Old Dormitory. This is the fourth time in its history that the board has changed headquarters. When the LOOKOUT was first published, the room which is now the chief clerk's office was given up solely to the interests of the new College paper. Later this office was turned into a class room, and the LOOKOUT took up its headquarters in what is now the alcove of the library. After about a two years' sojourn in this commodious room, the growth of the library demanded more space; so, as a matter of course, the adjoining room had to be vacated. This time the editors made up their minds to find a place where they might remain in peace. Their search having been unsuccessful, a small section was partitioned off in the attic of the main building. The heavy printing press was carried with difficulty up the two flights of stairs, and the LOOKOUT once

more settled down in new quarters. After a time, however, it was decided to hire the printing done outside the College, so this crude office was abandoned for the cosy little room in the Old Dormitory. Three weeks ago we were forced to move again. Shelves on which we keep on file the back numbers are arranged in room 6 of the main building, and our furniture is scattered about in various places. We have not yet decided whether we shall call the shelves in room 6 or the table in room 7 our headquarters.

Prof. White expects to have his report on the mushrooms of Connecticut ready for publication before long. This report bids fair to be very interesting and instructive. Prof. White gave up his entire summer to the study of mushrooms; and, besides writing the report, supervised the collecting and naming of about four hundred species of the mushroom family. Having obtained six weeks' leave of absence from his College duties at the first of the term, he spent this time studying with F. G. Atkinson, of Cornell University, a noted specialist on cryptogamic botany.

Thus far the football season has fulfilled all expectations. To be sure, Springfield Training School and Williston Seminary gave us a drubbing, but defeat by these teams is no disgrace. The injuries have been slight, the games well played, and the interest taken by the team, and entire student body greater than for several years previous. The second team has shown a new spirit. The members have worked conscientiously for the betterment of the first team, and have taken the hard bumps

in practice without a murmur. At the time of going to press, the prospects for victory in the game with R. I. C. are favorable.

The recent vacancy in the editorial board has been filled. Mr. M. P. Laubscher, '06, was elected editor of alumni notes about a month ago. We trust that the alumni will receive the best of attention at his hands.

Since the beginning of the Russo-Japanese war, Americans and Europeans seem to have been desirous of knowing upon what the Japs are fed that they have become so great. Newspapers and magazines occasionally print articles on the mode of eating in Japan. Investigation shows that if the success of the Japs is in any measure due to their eating it must necessarily be the quantity rather than the quality of their food. Abstemious eating is a national trait of the Japanese. From childhood they become accustomed to consuming an amount of food which to our over-indulgent taste seems barely sufficient to keep body and soul together. As a result of this abstention, however, they are seldom afflicted with indigestion—the source of most of our troubles. The unsurpassed endurance of the Japanese soldier is doubtless attributable largely to his temperate eating.

The following is a clipping from the *Industrialist*, a weekly periodical published by the Kansas State Agricultural College:

Dr. N. S. Mayo, professor of veterinary science at this College and State veterinarian, resigned a few days ago in order to

accept a position with the Cuban government at the experiment station at Santiago de la Vegas, near Havana. His new position, we understand, corresponds to that of chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry, in Washington. He is making preparations to remove his family to Cuba, and is putting his work in shape for his successor, who has not yet been found. Doctor Mayo has been connected with this College, and with the responsible position of State veterinarian since 1890, excepting the period from 1897 to 1901 (the time during which he was professor of veterinary science at Storrs), and has been a highly efficient teacher, a practical scientist, and a prominent educator. The Agricultural College must have a strong man in this responsible chair, and it fully realizes that it will be difficult to find a man who can do the work in a satisfactory manner.

At Camp Manassas.

After a long and tiresome ride in the train, we arrived at Manassas. It was lacking just an hour of sunrise on a Sunday morning when our regiment left the cars. But as it was too dark to move into camp, we were allowed to lie down in the open lot beside the track and wait for daylight.

At break of day we started for camp, or, in other words, for the field where our camp was to be erected. It was a good two-mile tramp from the railroad. The fourth brigade occupied this camp, and consisted of the first, second and third regiments of Connecticut National Guard, also a part of the Fifth U S. Infantry.

This brigade made up a part of the Blue Army under General Grant.

Most of our first morning was spent in pitching tents, after which mess was served. We were then required to fall in for police duty. This consisted of forming in line, and starting at one end of the Company street and picking up all the rubbish through the length of the street. The rest of the day was spent as the men thought best, most of us making up lost sleep. The second and third regiments arrived during the morning, and pitched their tents; so that by afternoon the open field of the early morning resembled a miniature city. Guard mount at four o'clock was attended by most of the unoccupied men in camp, and the first guards were posted. Supper was served at five o'clock and was as poor and scarce as usual. The men went to bed early as they were too tired to raise any deviltry, and this was the case throughout the week.

The next day was Monday, and being Labor Day little work was done. We had two hours of regimental drill in the morning, and brigade drill in the afternoon. Guard mount was held at four as usual, and the old guards were relieved and new guards were posted. That night was spent in sleep, and it was the last full night's sleep we got.

We broke camp the next morning at six o'clock. Each man was in heavy marching order, the equipment weighing about thirty-five pounds. He also carried one day's rations, consisting of a loaf of bread and a few slices of bacon, besides twenty-five rounds of ammunition, which last was increased to fifty rounds next day. Our march was short that day. We spent most of it from eight in the morning till

four o'clock in the afternoon on a side hill about three miles from camp. At four o'clock we pitched shelter tents and prepared for the night, which was short. It did not seem any time after going to sleep before the first sergeant was around pulling us out.

It was one o'clock in the morning when we rolled up our blanket rolls and stood around shivering until half-past two, when we started off without any food or water. Our line of march led through the woods, which were so dark that you could not see the man next to you. We had to double time it most of the way. A man would stub his toe or run into a stump of a tree, and over he would go. Gradually daylight began to appear, but still we kept going forward without any rest, expecting every moment to meet the enemy.

About eight o'clock, after a fifteen-mile march and no rest, we went on to the firing line, deployed as skirmishers. Our company managed to get the enemy range twice during the battle, and a little excitement followed, until the judges stopped our fire, and made us raise the butts of our guns, while they decided the points won or lost. At twelve o'clock the battle was called off, the judges deciding in favor of the Blue Army. We were ordered to march fifteen miles back to camp before night. This was the hardest part of the march. All the men were ready to drop from fatigue, they had had no food except the loaf of bread and bacon given out the day before, and their canteens were empty, and had been so since morning.

The march lay along the main road from Thoroughfare Gap to Manassas. This road was covered with about five inches of fine, red dust, which made one think of walk-

ing in flour. It filled the air so you could not see or breathe. We had not gone far, before the companies began to break up. Men dropped right in the middle of the road, and had to be carried to the roadside to wait for the ambulance. It was an awful sight to see the exhausted expression on some of the men's faces; others lay beside the road unconscious.

Fifteen thousand men were marching back to camp. The road was filled with stragglers all that night. Our company consisted of the captain and one other man when it reached camp at five o'clock, and the rest of us came straggling in all the evening.

The next morning we were ordered out again, but half the men were on the sick list. I happened to be able to start out with what remained of the company. Our march was short that day. We acted as guard for the baggage train, and camped that night about three miles from our main camp. The Brown Army were to attack our camp, and we were to check them at Bull Run Creek, but General Bell flanked General Grant that night, and the Blue Army was defeated without firing a single shot. We then marched back to camp and prepared for the general review at Wellington, Va., the next day. Thirty thousand men took part in the review. It was a grand sight.

The review over, we started for the railroad track, arriving there about four o'clock. Here we had to wait until eleven o'clock at night before our train came in. Some regiments had the pleasure of standing around all night waiting for their trains. It was a tired and hungry crowd that entered the cars, and none were sorry that they were leaving for home. R., '06.

College Notes.

Have you got wise to the new bugler? You ought to hear him play mess!

On October 9th, Rev. H. E. Starr gave the history of the Storrs church as the 160th anniversary sermon. The church was founded in 1744, the one now standing being the third one that has stood on the same site. In the sermon he contrasted the past with the present. We wonder what difference Mr. Starr sees in the mode of travel in Storrs to-day and that of 1744.

Razor swapping is the fashion in the New Dorm this season. One young man is said to have bought a razor for one dollar and a half and then exchanged the same for a razor that had been used as a corn cutter all winter.

A position which has long been vacant on the football field is now filled by the new tackling dummy. Patent on same is held by Messrs. Smith and Lehnert.

Cheese making will soon begin. A room in the basement of Prof. Clinton's house has been fitted up for the curing of cheeses. Mr. Issajeff, a Russian, has been engaged to superintend the cheese manufacture.

Officers of the two college clubs were elected as follows:

Shakespearian: President, S. P. Hollister; vice, H. P. Risley; secretary, G. M. Chapman; corresponding secretary, A. E. Moss; treasurer, P. W. Graff; first director, C. H. Welton; second director, D. J. Minor; third director, C. A. Watts.

Eclectic Society: President, F. A. Miller; vice, M. P. Laubscher; secretary, H. E. Chapman; corresponding secretary and treasurer, P. C. Dunham; marshal, W. P. Smith.

Why does Mr. Starr walk so often on his heels?

Prof. Lehnert in class: "Why is the funny bone so-called?" Answer: "Because it borders on the humerus."

Freddie, coming into the Dorm, after a football game: "Where is he? I want to punch that fellow."

It isn't every team that can have a kid glove coach!

Inspection brings up many amusing incidents. The inspector: "Moss, I see that you keep your radiator going full blast, and your window wide open." "Well, yes," said Moss, "but if I shut off the radiator its too cold, and if I shut the window its too hot, so I have to keep them both going." Operates like the shower bath.

Two of the dignified Seniors, inhabitants of the cottage, were observed taking a moonlight ride in a wheelbarrow.

Dr. Thom's Sunday night lecture on "How a Student Should Spend Sunday," was good, but he might have told us whether Sunday night laboratory work came under the shoulds or shouldn'ts.

According to the *Morning Telegram-Union*, of Bridgeport, one young lady, at present a student at Storrs, is contemplating running a farm. She doesn't intend, so the paper says, to hold the plow, etc., but is rather looking forward to raising chickens and eggs, and maybe a few bees. We should like to give our readers the name of this young lady, but at the present time she is unknown to us. At any rate, if she is a Storrs' girl, and finally enters upon this strange field for a young lady, she may rest assured that the C. A. C. students and alumni wish her the very best of success.

Kaimo has taken up a mechanical course with Prof. Putnam this year, but we are all inclined to think that horticulture will be his future profession. At least he has carried out one delicate piece of nursery business for Prof. Putnam.

Please slip up and get my mail.

Nash quoted scripture and Mr. Starr replied, "The devil sometimes quotes scripture."

Julius is said to have replied to an inquiry in regard to the size of the carpenter shop, "I vas crowded mit room."

If you want to know the quickest time for a hundred yard dash, hurdle jump, and a blind leap, inquire of Moss.

Members of the cadet company, who are fairly good shots with the rifle, are trying for the team to be formed at this place. Mr. Bennett is desirous of getting six or seven men who are sure of a score of twenty or more, to form a team, to shoot in competition with the State Militia teams in the spring. Many good scores have already been made, and the prospects for a winning team from the C. A. C. are bright and promising.

The monthly reception for October was held at the cottage. The music furnished by Messrs. Nash, H. E. Chapman and F. O. Vinton was probably the best music at a reception for a long time. We hope the same team may satisfy our longings in the future.

Hard luck for poor old Levi is now the cry of the LOOKOUT editors. That we have no place to lay our heads is now literally true. In other words, the LOOKOUT is without a home. The little four-cornered room in the Old Dorm, that has sheltered

the desks, chairs, and files of by-gone LOOKOUTS is no more. The dust and dirt which accumulated from month to month in that dismal room, has been cleaned up for the last time, and given place to the reign of woman. What could we do? Our belongings are scattered to the four winds. The manager's desk is consigned to his room, the chairs and tables we know not whither, and all the papers that for years have lain in profusion around the old editor's office are now piled in orderly heaps in a small closet in the Hort. lab. Such is life, but let us hope that the future will see some more modern home for our college paper than it has enjoyed in the past.

Lockers have been fitted up in Agr. Hall for the students who are temporarily encamped there. The place looks more like a barracks now than a dormitory.

Did you say that the New Dorm was on the decline? Well, maybe it is, but at any rate we are trying to keep up our reputation. Three greasy daubs and two holes in the hall on the stair landing are all we have against us. The latter, however, are charged up to Foxy Grandpa. The odors of the pipe are hardly noticed this year, while last year smoke was more common than sunlight. Has everyone sworn off?

Prof. Clinton in class: "Mr. Yalkoot, what do we mean by green soiling."

Yalkoot: "Growing a green crop, and feeding it to cows on the inside."

Miss Thomas and the young ladies, 7.30—9.40. Please notice the time.

Many of the students are being asked for contributions with which to buy an alarm clock for Dr. Lehnert.

Buttinski has arrived at Storrs!

The following made its appearance on the bulletin board as a contribution of Cottage wit:

Notice Please:—

You are asked to join in a frolic
bright

To be held at Grove Cottage next
Friday night,

To wear a mask and a costume
rare

Is requested of all who enter there.
Please come if you can—every-
one—

And help along our Hallowe'en
fun.

Department Notes.

Mr. Theodore Issajeff has recently been appointed as practical cheesemaker for the Storrs Experiment Station. Mr. Issajeff has had experience in making varieties of soft cheese similar to the Brie, Camembert, Isigny, etc., in Russia, and will be given a chance to try his hand at making these same varieties here. A cheese curing room has been fitted up in the cellar of Professor Clinton's house, and the experiments in cheese making will now be pushed vigorously. This work is being conducted in co-operation with the Dairy Division of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Three men are furnished by the department to co-operate with the station.

Professor C. L. Beach attended the meeting of the Association of American Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations held at Des Moines, Iowa, November 1st, 2d and 3d, as a delegate of the Experiment Station.

On October 18th, 19th and 20th, there

was held at St. Louis, Mo., a convention of the American Association of Farmers' Institute Workers. Professor L. A. Clinton attended this meeting as a delegate of the Connecticut State Board of Agriculture, and read a paper on the "Relation of the Experiment Station to Farmers' Institute Work." The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, J. C. Hardy, of Wisconsin; vice-president, E. A. Burnett, of Nebraska; secretary and treasurer, G. C. Creelman, of Ontario; executive committee, Major Lee, of Louisiana; W. G. Hall, of Missouri; L. A. Clinton, of Connecticut. The next meeting of the Association will be held at Baton Rouge, La.

The potatoes on the College farm are being harvested, and it is found that they have suffered severely from various diseases. Spraying seems to have been of little effect as to preventing blight. The yield is good, but a large per cent. has been destroyed by the rot. An active line of experiment work, which will be taken up by the Station, will be to determine the best means of preventing these diseases. The indications are at the present time that the best plan will be to grow varieties of potatoes which will mature from the first to the middle of August, thus escaping the late blight.

The Horticultural Department has just finished picking and harvesting between three and four hundred barrels of marketable apples. The grade of apples this year is not good, the second grade predominating.

Over seventy-five varieties of apples from the trial orchard have been placed in the cold storage at the creamery. It is expected that these apples will be used for ex-

hibition and study during the coming winter. Many varieties will also be exchanged for different varieties from other Experiment Stations and colleges.

An extensive experiment is being conducted by the Horticultural students, in regard to the germination of seeds under different temperature, special attention being given to the effect of frosts on seeds. The curing of the seeds is conducted by the students.

The greenhouse chrysanthemums are now in full bloom. A full variety of these flowers has been shown for a number of years in the greenhouse, and when one looks at the array presented to view this year he sees that it is still up to the standard.

Improvements upon the interior of the horse barn are still under way. It is now proposed to keep all vehicles upon the second floor of the barn, and to facilitate this plan an elevator is to be installed.

This year the drawing class is in the same room with the wood-working class. Many new tools have been provided, and with stools made by W. R. Nash, a class of twenty-two can be accommodated at one time.

The mechanical department has been presented with a sample board of tools by Mack & Co., of Rochester, N. Y., and has just received a valuable set of bulletins from the Northern Electrical Mfg. Co., of Madison, Wisconsin, also a full set of circulars from the General Electric Co. A large number of photographs of wood-working machinery have been loaned the department by the Hobb's Mfg. Co., of Worcester, Mass., and the American Wood-Working Machinery Company, of New York. The circulars and photographs will be used

for reference by the students in the mechanical course.

A forty-light dynamo has recently been installed in the pumping station. It is hoped that students in the mechanical course will have a chance for practical experimental work with this machine.

A Fish Hatchery.

A fish hatchery is one of the numerous public benefits which a state has to support. Although not a great deal of thought is given to these institutions, if they may so be called, quite a large sum of money must be expended annually for their support. The design in writing this article is to get people interested enough to pay one of these hatcheries a visit. All may not know that the Connecticut State Hatchery is situated at Windsor Locks. The spring is the best time of the year in which to make a visit to one, as it is then that the fish are spawning.

The hatchery building is what we ought to look over first as it is here that the eggs are hatched. The inside of the building is fitted up with a sort of iron table, divided into small sections about a foot square. These square sections are filled with water and the eggs are placed in them where they are then hatched.

After the eggs have hatched, the little fish are put into large tubs of water. These tubs are usually arranged on a side hill, or in such a manner as to let a constant supply of fresh water flow from one to the other. The smallest fish are in the first tub. As soon as they have attained a certain size they are moved into the second tub, this shifting from one tub to another,

going on until the last tub is reached. By this time the fish are large enough to be taken out of the tubs and placed in a stream that is running into a pond close by. Besides the tub arrangement, there is another and perhaps better arrangement. The hatchery, as I have said before, is generally situated near a stream. This stream is widened out in places and divided into sections by wire nettings. Into these sections the various sizes of fish are placed, the smallest coming first, as in the other case, and the second smallest next, and so on. The water of course is continually flowing; if it were not, the fish would soon die as they cannot live in stagnant water.

When the fish have become too large to stay in the sections in the stream they are let into the pond, or are shipped to persons applying for them. The keeper has a pretty good idea of the number of fish on the place, as they are counted from time to time. This counting is done when the fish are changed from one tub to another, or from one section to another.

The fish are fed mostly on lights and liver. To see the fish dive after these lights is a sight worth seeing. They fairly make the water foam by their vigorous splashing and diving.

As I have said before, the fish are called for from time to time by parties wishing to stock brooks or ponds. These parties have a permit from some state official. Thousands and thousands of fish are given out to people in this way yearly.

Although these hatcheries cost the government a considerable amount of money, it is not spent in vain, for if it were not for something of this kind, the fresh water fish of this country would long ago have been exterminated.

F. A. MILLER.

Athletic Notes.

CONNECTICUT, 11. ROCKVILLE, O.

Saturday, October 8th, Connecticut won its second victory from Rockville at Storrs.

Rockville kicked off and Cornwall advanced the ball for twenty yards. The teams lined up and before Rockville had fairly settled in their tracks, Patterson was through their line running 60 yards for a touchdown. Chapman kicked the goal.

C. A. C. kicked off to Rockville's 7-yard line, and Miller was downed in his tracks. Rockville soon fumbled and Connecticut got the ball. Again Patterson breaks their line, and running 45 yards secures another touchdown. No goal.

Score—C. A. C., 11; Rockville, 0.

Hollister kicked off to 5-yard line, and Evans down on 15-yard line. Evans replaced by Anderson on account of injury. Rockville was making slow gains when time was called.

The second half showed that Connecticut was very weak on the defensive. Rockville was steadily gaining ground when time was called.

Line-up:

CONNECTICUT.

ROCKVILLE

A. Millerr. e.Frinley
Pattersonr. t.Frese
F. Millerr. g.May
Smithc.Schull
Hollisterl. g.Miller
Shurtleffl. t.Math
C. Millerl. e.Kellar
Welton (Capt.)q. b.Murphy
Chapmanf. b.Heath
Cornwallr. h. b.Jackson
Laubscherl. h. b.Evans

Twenty and fifteen minute halves.

Touchdowns, Patterson, 2; goals, Chapman, 1.

C. A. C., 11. CUSHING, 0.

Cushing Academy from Ashburnham, Mass., was defeated on our field October 15th, by a score of 11 to 0. Last year the Academy team was not scored upon during the season, and they came down here this year with victory before their eyes, but the picture suddenly vanished when the team lined up against the Connecticut Aggies.

Connecticut kicked off to Cushing, and they advanced but a short distance when they lost the ball on downs. With steady plunges through guard and tackle, Laubscher was pushed over for a touchdown. Chapman kicked the goal.

Hollister kicked off and Cushing held the ball for a touchback. They punted from the 25-yard line. C. A. C. made some nice gains, but were soon held for downs. Time called.

Score—C. A. C., 6; Cushing, 0.

In the second half Cushing made a poor kick to 50-yard line, and the ball was downed on the 60-yard line. By long end runs, and good line bucking the ball was carried over again by Laubscher. Cornwall failed at a difficult goal.

Score—C. A. C., 11; Cushing, 0.

Connecticut kicked off and Hosmer made a long gain. The Academy was forced to punt; C. A. C. lost the ball on a fumble, but soon regained it, and carried it to Cushing's 1-yard line where they were held. C. A. C. penalized for holding. Connecticut tried a place kick from the field, but failed. Cushing kicked out from 25-yard line. Time called.

The game from the spectators' standpoint

was the best one put up by our team in a good while. The defensive as well as offensive was much better than the week before, showing what practice with the scrubs did.

Several of the Academy men were obliged to drop out on account of injuries.

Line-up:

C. A. C.	CUSHING ACADEMY.
C. Miller r. e.	Larry
Patterson r. t.	Houlihan
F. Miller r. g.	O'Connor, Bartlett
Smith c.	Wright
Hollister l. g.	Avery
Risley l. t.	Green, Densmor
Shurtleff l. e.	Ross
Chapman f. b.	Hilton, Paquet
Cornwall, Tryon, . . . r. h. b.	Adams
Laubscher l. h. b.	Balcom
Welton (Capt.) . . . q. b.	Chancy, Hosmer

Touchdowns, Laubscher, 2; goals, Chapman, 1.

Twenty and fifteen minute halves.

CONNECTICUT, 6. WILLISTON, 36.

October 26th, Connecticut received their second defeat on the home grounds by Williston Seminary, a heavier and stronger team. They must have outweighed us by at least ten pounds per man.

The game was called at 3 p. m. C. A. C. kicked off to Williston. By heavy plunges they carried the ball over for a touchdown. The goal was kicked.

In the same way Williston secured two more touchdowns in the first half, the second being secured by "open holding" in the line.

Connecticut held them, and they were obliged to punt. Chapman caught the ball, and by a fine punt put it over their line,

Hollister fell on it for a touchdown. Goal kicked by Chapman.

During the rest of the half C. A. C. steadily gained ground, finding the weak places in Williston's line. Time called.

Score—C. A. C., 6; Williston, 18.

The second half was much like the first, Williston made three more touchdowns. There was much disputing on both sides; as one writer put it, fighting was a prominent feature.

Chapman and Patterson made some nice gains, and Tryon showed himself by good tackling behind Williston's line.

Line-up:

C. A. C.	WILLISTON.
C. Millerr. e. . .	Dennie, Davenport
Pattersonr. t. . .	O'Neil, Donovan
F. Millerr. g. . .	Hersey, Harter
Smithc.	Crowell
Hollisterl. g. . .	Keiber, Neuman
Risleyl. t. . . .	Brides, Preston
Shurtleff, A. Miller . .l. e.	Siskind
Welton (Capt.) . . .q. b. . . .	Barret (Capt.)
Chapmanf. b.	Day
Laubscher, Shurtleff l. h. b.	Hills, Weston
Cornwall, Tryon r. h. b.	Dawson, Knight

Officials—Smith and Colland; Linesmen, Purple and Sargent.

Touchdowns—C. A. C., 1; Williston, 6.
Two twenty minute halves.

A Lucky Bugle Call.

For the inhabitant of breezy New England, the day which I devoted to the Philippine Exposition at the World's Fair was an exceedingly uncomfortable one.

The hot sun and humid atmosphere so affected me that by four o'clock in the afternoon I was in no mood for deriving further pleasure or knowledge from the main exhibits. Reluctant to leave the grounds for the day and yet realizing the uselessness of continuing in the manner I had adopted, I consulted my programme of daily events, hoping to find some special feature which I might see with as little exertion as possible on my part. A drill of Philippine scouts seemed to answer the requirements, so I started for the parade grounds.

I had no sooner comfortably reposed myself on a shady seat overlooking the entire field, than assembly sounded, and a battalion of finely trained U. S. regular native Filipino soldiers appeared from behind a row of tents. Their excellent manoeuvres so engrossed me that I became oblivious to my surroundings. When, however, the command "rest" caused a lull in the drill, I glanced about me, and was surprised to see a Filipino, whose dress showed him to be a member of the battalion, quietly observing his countrymen from the seat next mine.

As the troops were inactive, there was little to attract my attention; so I decided that I would endeavor to make the acquaintance of my tropical neighbor. Not knowing what else to say, I asked him if he belonged in the battalion. He seemed somewhat surprised that I should address him, but replied, with reasonably intelligible English, in the affirmative. Now that the ice was broken, he became very talkative, telling me about his family, his experiences since coming to America, and the history of his company. After several

minutes of this kind of conversation, he seemed to consider our acquaintance sufficiently advanced to warrant a friendly smoke, so he handed me his inevitable cigarette package. Here were serious complications. I was not a partaker of the weed; but, as I had heard that Filipinos considered it almost an insult to refuse tobacco, I did not like to run the risk of offending him by not complying with his offer. With this charitable feeling for an excuse, and thinking that I could put off smoking it, I drew forth a cigarette. The Filipino also took one, and immediately lit it, while I tried to appear as if absent-mindedly searching for a match. The situation was exceedingly uncomfortable, but my newly made friend, doubtless seeing a distressed look on my face, though mistaking its origin, helped matters out as best he might by handing me his match box. I took a match as coolly as possible, and killed a little more time by showing him my map of the Philippine Exposition. The situation was becoming critical. I imagined that he looked on me with a feeling of disgust, while I was certain some of the people near by were smiling up their sleeves. As I was seriously debating in my mind whether I should light the object which was causing me so much trouble, or get up and leave, retreat suddenly sounded. My friend from the Philippines immediately dropped his cigarette and bared his head as the stars and stripes were lowered. This time I did not hesitate to follow his example.

The drill was now ended, and I took leave of my dark complexioned friend with a sigh which sprang from a feeling hardly of regret.

Hubbard Park and the Hanging Hills.

Running nearly north and south through the central part of Connecticut is a range of hills which mark part of the southern limit of trap rock formation in this state. These are known as the Hanging Hills, and contain the highest elevation in the state, familiarly known as West Peak, rising to the height of one thousand feet or more above sea level.

These hills are rather heavily wooded where the rocky bluffs are not too steep, and in the wilder portions rattlesnakes and copper heads still abound. The most noted of these rattlesnake dens is known as Cat Hole Pass on the Kensington road, from the fact of its having been once the habitation of wild cats, where specimens of rattlers are still found measuring four or five feet in length.

On the bluffs in this pass is a rocky projection known as Washington's face, so-called from a fancied resemblance to the features of the father of his country. These hills are, in a way, important for it is on them that the city of Meriden depends for her water supply, having several reservoirs in the vicinity of West Peak, the largest of which extends for a mile or more along a beautiful stretch of mountain road.

Just within the borders of Meriden, covering the lower slopes and including one of the peaks is a beautiful woodland park, which has sprung into being through the public spiritedness of Mr. Walter Hubbard, after whom the park has been named. He will be long remembered, not only by his benefactions to the city of Meriden, but also through his connection with

the Bradley & Hubbard Manufacturing Co., he being still an active member of that firm.

This park with its mirror-like lakes, its bright, sparkling fountains, its patches of velvety green, and its gay flowers has been pronounced one of the best specimens of landscape gardening in New England.

As we enter by the lower entrance, almost the first object to catch the eye is one of war's grim reminders in the shape of an old thirteen-inch mortar, placed there by Merriam Post, G. A. R., and resting on the summit of a hill which plainly overlooks the city lying so peacefully in the valley below. Excellent carriage roads wind through the park, and footpaths innumerable abound, while open pavilions built in the simpler Grecian style are to be found occasionally. On the summit of one of the peaks has been built a tower of rough masonry some forty or fifty feet high, and known as Castle Craig, from which on a clear day an excellent view may be had of the State House at Hartford, with its gilded dome glittering in the sunlight, while a fair view may also be had of Long Island Sound and of the soldiers' monument at East Rock Park, New Haven.

Storrs' Men In Politics.

Realizing more than ever that History is past Politics and Politics present History, it is with a great deal of pleasure that we notice an increasing presence of our graduates among the political organizations of the state. At the Republican State Convention held in Hartford last September, two graduates, C. H. Savage, '88, and H. G. Barber, '96, both ex-representatives, were delegates from their respective towns. And

at the Republican Convention for the First Congressional District, two other graduates, Charles G. Allyn, '92, and Martin M. Frisbie, '95, acted for their townspeople in re-nominating Mr. E. Stevens Henry for another term in Congress. Mr. Frisbie declined re-nomination as one of the selectmen of Southington, but accepted the nomination to a place on the board of relief.

It is hoped that more of the graduates will be able to take part in the history-making epoch, which begins the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November. Especially in the coming Legislature does the College need the assistance of all those sent out from her classrooms. It is to be desired that every one at all interested in the future welfare of the Connecticut Agricultural College will make himself known to his representative in the Legislature, and so impress that legislator with the merits and urgent needs of the College that he will feel it his duty to do all in his power for Storrs.

A Visit to the State Camp at Niantic.

One Friday morning last fall found me travelling towards Niantic on the Shore Line Railroad. The State Militia had been encamped there for over a week and this particular Friday (Governor's Day), was the last day of their stay.

On reaching Niantic I walked through the shady streets of the place to the encampment which is on the left bank of the Niantic River. I found my cousin, who is a corporal in Battery C, and he took me all over the camp. It was laid out with a

wide street running down the middle with short rows of privates' tents on one side and a line of officers' tents on the other.

Back of the officers' tents were the sheds for the cavalry and battery horses and also long pavilions where the soldiers ate. I spent most of the morning looking round, and at twelve my cousin got an extra mess kit for me and we went with the rest to get our grub.

The kit consisted of a canvas bag, knife and fork, large spoon, tin cup and folding handle plate. Four of the privates brought in the dinner. The menu was quite elaborate; pickles and beans, coffee and bread. After dinner each went out and in his turn washed his dishes by simply rinsing them in a kettle of hot water. He then slapped them into the bag.

In the afternoon there were cavalry charges, battery manoeuvres and infantry drill before the governor. In the evening came the best part, for on the last night in camp the soldiers could have as much fun as they had a mind to. There were quite a number of visitors, who like myself, were going to stay over night, and we had to keep pretty quiet.

About nine o'clock when three or four of us were watching a man being tossed in a blanket, a dozen fellows of the next company surrounded us before we knew it and dragged us to a faucet in the street and held our heads under it. I happened, while struggling, to give some one a kick in the jaw and got a second and third ducking. You can imagine how I felt with a quart of water down my back and my collar as limp as a dishcloth.

We did not get to bed till about eleven o'clock that night and at twelve woke up

to find a lot of flapping canvas about our heads and three or four mattresses on top. Some one had pulled up the tent-pins and it took us an hour to put the tent up again and get to sleep a second time.

Next morning I had another meal of beans and at ten o'clock started home with the boys in a box car along with the baggage. This ended about the most exciting time I've ever had.

Alumni Notes.

'95. Geo. R. Hall's address is 311 Garden Street, Hartford.

'89. S. H. Deming's address is 17 Warner Street, Hartford. He is now a machinist.

'92. W. F. Schults is engaged as a forester at Keney Park, Hartford.

'96. Olive N. Clark is teaching at Westbrook, Conn., and living in Saybrook.

'95. Mr. Arthur Pierpont visited the college recently on a business trip.

'99. Mr. E. C. Weldon is at present located at El Oro Estado de Mexico, Mexico, in the employ of the Esperanza Mining Co. In a letter recently written to Prof. Wheeler he describes Mexico as "A rich and fertile country offering many opportunities to the man with capital." The Esperanza Mining Co. is the largest in the Republic of Mexico. He is employed in the cyanide department.

'02. Mr. L. M. Crowell visited the college October 22d to see the Williston game.

'04. Miss R. W. Dimock visited the college over the Williston game.

Ex. '04. Mr. E. B. Sill and friend passed through the college recently on a hunting

trip. Mr. Sill is at present employed by an electrical firm in Schenectady, N. Y. He expects to enter the employ of the Havana Electric Co., of Havana, Cuba, in the winter.

'04. Mr. R. T. Dewell is attending Child's Business College, New Haven, Conn. He expects to enter the firm of J. D. Dewell & Co., in the near future.

Ex. '06. Mr. L. Steckel has entered the veterinary department of the Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.

'02. Geo. Lamson is taking post-graduate work in Zoology at Yale. Address, No. 64 Lake Place, New Haven, Conn.

Exchanges.

We are told that we have ascended from the ape, but some of us are using round trip tickets.

Son—"What is the Board of Education?"

Father—"When I went to school it was a pine shingle."—Ex.

Teacher—"What is a rudder?"

School Idiot—"A stern necessity."

"What's the row over on the next street?"

"Only a wooden wedding."

"Wooden wedding?"

"Yes, a couple of poles getting married."

—Ex.

Savage—"What are you working there for?"

Miss Murphy—"Eight dollars a wake."

The *Observer* of Central Falls, R. I., proved very interesting last month.

Among our new exchanges are *The El Gabilan*, Salinas, California; *The Rocky Mountain Collegian*, Denver, Colorado; *The*

Observer, Ansonia, Conn; *M. A. C. Record*, Lansing, Mich.; *Signal M. A. C.*, Amherst, Mass.; *The Industrialist*, Manhattan, Kan.

An Old Masonic Apron.

Late in the eighteenth century, Abel Gould, who was then a young man, moved from Trumbull, Conn., into New York State where he started a small tannery. Soon after he had become settled in this place he joined the Masons and had an apron made to order. The apron was made of white silk, with pale blue lining and blue ribbons. At the top of this apron, painted in gold letters, were the words, "Master Masons," and above this was the great all-seeing eye looking in every direction. Directly below the eye were the different Masonic emblems painted in colors. Among these emblems were the moon and stars, the Bible, the pick and shovel and the coffin, with its cross-bones and skeleton.

In 1830 Abel Gould returned to Trumbull, Conn., where he lived with his married sister. In 1836 he died, and having no wife or children his private papers and belongings were left in the care of his sister, and among these belongings was the Masonic apron.

A few years afterwards his sister's little girl wanting some ribbon, ripped it from the apron and used it to trim her hat. The apron was then tossed into a box of rags where it stayed for over fifty years. About 1885 a lady, while picking over some rags, noticed the apron and recognized it as the one she had cut the ribbon from, years before. By this time she realized the value of the apron and determined to save it for the oldest male relative in the family.

The apron is now very near a hundred years old, possibly older, and is still as it was left after the ribbon was taken off nearly seventy years ago.

The Growth of the Florence Milling Company.

As I was reading a magazine the other day I noticed an advertisement setting forth the quality of paper and envelopes made by the United States Envelope Company. This advertisement interested me at once as there is a branch of the firm situated in my home town. It is known as the Florence Mill, or The White, Corbin and Company Envelope Shop.

About seventy-five years ago this company was founded under the name of the Florence Milling Company, of Rockville, Connecticut, manufacturers of paper, envelopes and boxes. It continued under this name until the shop was destroyed by fire in 1878.

The firm at first employed about fifty hands in the shop part and three men in the office. After the fire a new mill was erected, and in about three years was in working order. It was then run under its present name. The new mill employed nearly three hundred hands and was the only shop in the town that kept full hands the year round.

In 1898 the firm was bought out by the United States Envelope Works under whose name it now continues. Since its purchase by the trust there has been very steady work, and at present there are three hundred and fifty hands employed with fourteen people in the office.

Pan-handling.

Among some of the many ways by which hoboos obtain their living is by "pan-handling." Pan-handling is considered an art among those of the weary class, and can be worked with success by few.

There are many different methods of pan-handling. One is by working a hard-luck story on some good-hearted person; another by exhibiting a sore arm, that has been painted with iodine and sand papered. The last, and most common, is the plain, outright, begging act.

We read in books of "Honor among thieves," but there is no honor among pan-handlers.

Take, for instance, the following:

A hobo is seen walking up the street, and, being dressed like a common laborer, he would be taken by people that did not know the characteristics of a tramp, to be one of the working class.

Another tramp comes shuffling down the street and noticing but the clothes of the former, he steps up and taps the first on the shoulder, at the same time saying, "Say, Bill, gimme a dime, will yer?" The first, without looking at the one addressing him, answers, "Wot do you tink yere up against, git on de odder side, I'm doin' dis side."

This is only one of many devices of the wary hobo, and we will all be glad when "Weary Willie" is no more.

M. P. LAUBSCHER.



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Instruction is provided for young women in General Science and Literature; in Domestic Science, including Cooking and Sewing of all kinds; in Physical Culture with a furnished Gymnasium, and in Instrumental and Vocal Music.

A Business Course is open to applicants, at all times during the College year, and gives instruction in Spelling, Penmanship, Commercial Arithmetic, Commercial Geography, Bookkeeping, Shorthand and Typewriting and Commercial Law and Practice.

Mechanical Drawing and work in Iron and Wood familiarize the students with the use of tools, and make a beginning of a Course in the Mechanic Arts.

Short courses in Dairying, Horticulture, Poultry Culture, Business and other Studies are provided in the winter term.

A Practical Education at a minimum cost is offered, and one in the acquisition of which a few students can help themselves financially by working about the College farm, campus or buildings.

For particulars write

THE CONNECTICUT AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE,
STORRS, CONN.