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C.A.C. Lookout, Volume 5, Number 7, January 1901

T. F. Downing

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WHY!—The whippings are so numerous and come so often the "Baby" is in such a continual state of unrest and anxiety that he is howling most of the time.

The following is only one instance in many where the "Baby" got it "where the chicken got the axe."

VT. FARM MACHINE CO.,
BELLOWS FALLS, VT.

Gentlemen:

In May I decided to purchase a separator and began to look around for a good machine.

The DeLaval Local and General Agents came to my place and did a great deal of talking for their machine. I told them I understood the U. S. was the best. To this they replied that they would be glad to have a contest with the U. S. at my place. So I agreed to let them set in a No. 2 Alpha and they were to see the U. S. Agent and arrange for a contest, but they never went near him. After waiting a while, I wrote him the facts of the case and he brought a No. 6 Improved U. S. Separator and set it beside the Alpha.

It was decided that I should divide my milk at each milking and run one half through one machine and the other half through the other, and at the end of five days, the representatives of each machine should come to my place and churn the butter. I to buy the machine that made the most butter.

The whole amount of milk run through each machine was 319 1/2 lbs., and from the cream from the DeLaval was made 14 3/4 lbs. of butter, while from that of the U. S. was made 14 1/4 lbs. of butter, or 1 1/4 lbs.—1 1/4 per cent—more.

When the DeLaval Agents saw they were beaten in the amount, then they claimed their butter was enough better quality to make up the difference in weight. A sample of each was given to six men to judge, and each one decided that that U. S. had better grain and better keeping qualities.

This was the last point that the DeLaval people could bring up, so I ordered a U. S., and would advise all buyers to do likewise and have the Best.

The DeLaval Agent tried a trick of putting on a different feed cup from the one regularly sent out with the machines to make their machine run more milk, and, after being fairly beaten, they claimed that the U. S. Agent and myself were not fair but there could not have been any one more fair than the U. S. Agent. He Allowed the DeLaval Agent to name any test he wished and then beat him fairly and openly in them all.

Yours truly,
(Signed) E. G. WILCOX.

If you wish to learn more about the trials and tribulations of the "Baby" send for pamphlets along that line.

REMEMBER! We manufacture everything necessary for a complete Dairy and Creamery Outfit.

VERMONT FARM MACHINE CO., Bellows Falls, Vt.
THE ONLY WAY THE "BABY" IS EVER WHIPPED.

CLIFTON PARK, N. Y., Dec. 20, 1899.

"After a thorough trial with the 'Baby' No. 1 and No. 7 separators, I have decided to keep the 'Baby,' the same making twelve ounces more butter from ninety-eight pounds of milk; the milk was equally divided and separated in four times. My wife says she would rather wash the 'Baby' than the U.S. Machine. It separates at the rate of three hundred and fifty pounds of milk per hour. It is a new 20th Century style, and I am well pleased with it after using it about two months.

HENRY THIEROLF.

Send for 1900 catalogue, giving capacities and prices of the 20th Century DeLaval Separators.

Churns, Butter Workers, Butter Prints, Vats, etc, etc. We carry in stock a full line of Machinery and Apparatus for the manufacture of Butter and Cheese, both in Dairy and Factory.

Send for our No. 79 Catalogue of Creamery Goods; No. 150 of Dairy Appliances, or No. 99 on the Pasturization of Milk and Cream.

MOSLEY & STODDARD MFG. CO.,

RUTLAND, VERMONT.

SHOWING BREEDING PEN OF PEKIN DUCKS.

As we stated in our "ad." last fall that the Poultry Department would be better fixed another year to tend to the wants of its patrons, we now call your attention to the changes made in breeding pens for the coming season. Where there was one pen last year, we have two of each breed; the stock has so improved that we can exhibit it at our State shows.

Don't wait all summer, but get your order in early. Send for circular stating prices. We sell only pure breeds of utility poultry. Address Poultry, Department.

THE CONNECTICUT AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, STORRS, CONN.
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Mouldings, Brackets and Stair Work.

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$3.00

Will buy you as good a shoe as any man need wear. We make a specialty of a shoe at this price, and we have our name stamped on every pair as a guarantee of good value. We have them in tan, lace, with vesting tops, also Black Vlei, with lace tops, and lace and Congress Calf Shoes.

The C. E. LITTLE $3 SHOE Leads them all
THE FAMILY SHOE STORE,
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C. A. C. LOOKOUT

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

JANUARY, 1901.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL NOTES ........................................... PAGE 5
COLLEGE NOTES ............................................... PAGE 6
ALUMNI NOTES ................................................ PAGE 8
THE NEW CENTURY WELCOMED IN .......................... PAGE 10
OUR WATER SUPPLY .......................................... PAGE 12
ROOMS NEEDED FOR THE LITERARY CLUBS ............ PAGE 13
AN EXAMPLE OF RURAL DELIVERY ........................ PAGE 13
OUR SHOW BIRDS ............................................. PAGE 14
THE TRAINING OF THE FELINES ......................... PAGE 15
LYMAN’S VIADUCT ............................................ PAGE 15
A RURAL TELEPHONE SYSTEM ............................. PAGE 16
ONE ON THE CENTRAL VERMONT ......................... PAGE 17
ONE LOOK AT COUNTRY LIFE ............................... PAGE 17
OILING ......................................................... PAGE 18
A MINERALOGICAL NOTE .................................. PAGE 19
BY THE HYPOotenUSE ....................................... PAGE 19
NOTES FROM MY READING ................................ PAGE 20
HAZING AT WEST POINT ................................ PAGE 21
THE DOCTRINE OF WASTE ................................ PAGE 21
ATTENDANCE OF AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES ............ PAGE 22
THE FILIPINO AUTONOMIST PARTY ..................... PAGE 22
From time immemorial the first day of the year has been the period set for forming good resolutions, turning over new leaves, renouncing bad habits, etc. Doubtless this is as it should be.

On the first day of January one is likely to look back over the year that is past, and, of course, his mistakes and short-comings troop before his imagination. Sometimes they are so numerous as to prove almost startling, and the meditator at once resolves on a radical reform and upon maps out a course which he determines to pursue during the subsequent twelve months. He feels confident at the time, being somewhat stricken at heart and proportionately penitent, that he possesses sufficient moral stamina to adhere faithfully to his newly concerted code of rectitude and industry; but how often it is, as the days draw into weeks and the weeks lengthen into months, that the would-be reformer finds himself slipping, step by step, backward to the same moral plane on which he stood when he looked out upon the New Year!

Then he simply floats along until another New Year's Day confronts him, when he renews his protestation to turn over a new leaf, only to have this blown back again by the first gentle zephyr that wafts from the realms of temptation.

Now, would it not be better for us to make every morning the beginning of a New Year's Day? and, every evening to cast up the accounts of that day to see how we stand? The wrongs of twenty-four hours can more easily be corrected than can the mistakes of a whole year. Therefore I say, let us form our good resolutions daily; and with the strength awarded us for each day let me endeavor to live up to them.

With the advent of the new century the young men and women of the United States, and in fact of the entire civilized world, have a heritage unequalled in the
history of the human race. This is a bequest not to be wrapped in a napkin and hidden away; it should be held in trust, added to, enlarged, expanded and in time transmitted to generations yet to come.

The arts, the sciences, and the trades have attained a plane never before reached, but they have by no means touched the zenith of perfection, and soon it will rest with the student and apprentice of the present to take up the burden of the Professor and Master of to-day and carry it sturdily onward.

How necessary is it, then, for the sons and daughters so to prepare themselves that they may fittingly assume the mantle laid aside by the parent; ay, not only assume it but add new lustre and strength to the garment, so that their heirs may not blush to don the habiliments of their fathers!

The cloak must be rich and consequently wealth must be acquired, but not wealth of gold, silver and precious stones; it must be the wealth of knowledge, integrity and patriotism which shall render the garment an ornament to the wearer and a valued heirloom to posterity.

Never before have the citizens of our nation been blessed with so many advantages, but never before has so much been demanded from each individual. The comforts and luxuries of to-day must not be allowed to breed and foster sluggards, else the world will retrograde and the close of another century will find the human race pygmies compared with the intellectual and moral giants of the present.

The catalogue of the Connecticut Agricultural College which appears promptly with the New Year is an honor to all who had a share in its compilation and publication. It is neat and attractive in appearance, comprehensive in its details, replete with information useful and interesting to every citizen of the State; and it would be well worth the while of the Board of Trustees, even though it entailed extra expense, to see that every library and reading room in Connecticut be supplied with this excellent work.

One special feature which this catalogue contains will prove of particular interest to all prospective students of the institution. That is the publication of the questions propounded at the last entrance examination. Many a brilliant young scholar looks forward with fear and trembling to passing the ordeal of examinations, and some who would prove thoroughly capable are deterred altogether from making the attempt through terror of the unknown. The list of questions presented to the candidates for admission in 1900 seems to be very fair and should be readily answered by a graduate of any good grammar or district school.

The illustrations are very fine; having been produced from photographs specially taken for the work, they are of course accurate.

As a whole this is the best catalogue ever sent out by our College.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Examinations for the fall term ended Wednesday, Dec. 19, 1900, at noon. It was a joyful occasion; for it is an acknowledged fact that "exams" are neither for pleasure nor for pastime, but are a necessity and a hard one at that.

Although only two or three students were at the College during the holidays, they certainly did their share in ushering in the new century.

We know that many people have three hands, the third being a little behind hand; but we are glad to report that the students, with one or two exceptions, caused by sickness, were prompt in returning after their winter vacation.
Miss Goodrich, '02, failed to come back at the beginning of the term, and it is presumed that she has had a higher call in life than to while away her time over an education.

Mr. George Hollister, '02, has returned to College. He was prevented from appearing at the beginning of the term by illness.

Mr. Jackson, '02, has left College. He was a prominent figure in his class and no doubt will be greatly missed.

Mr. Harry Shaffer, '03, has also left College and found employment at G. Hall Jr. & Co's. thread factory, South Willington, where he will learn the art of making thread.

Mr. Dimock, '01, has decided to drive to College with his brother and sister, instead of boarding here as he has done formerly.

Miss Laura Wheeler, '02, and Miss Mary Moriarty, '04, are boarding at Grove Cottage this term.

Miss Maud Olin is now living at the Cottage, her place at Mrs. Beach's being filled by Miss Marie Brown, '00.

Miss Florence Rehbein of Brooklyn, N. Y., has been spending a few days with Miss Bertha Dallas at Grove Cottage.

Miss Isabel Monteith has been visiting at President Flint's.

Our annual Military Reception was given Friday evening, January 11.

The students have organized a hockey team, and it is hoped that games can be scheduled which will be interesting enough to promote competition for positions on the team.

Commencing Saturday, January 12th, there will be given a series of twelve dancing lessons. We are glad to say that Miss Rollinson, our former teacher, will take charge as usual.

The part of the Old Dormitory formerly occupied by Professor Wheeler, has been fitted up for the Book-Keeping Department, with fine desks. A good course in accounting with the best facilities for instruction is now given the students of the College,—the equipment is complete and the instruction, of the highest order.

The members of the athletic teams of the past year have been presented with large C's, which they can wear on their sweaters. The gifts were from the athletic association. A "C" is something that every male student of the institution should aspire to.

Young gentlemen, beware! Don't leave your sweaters around where the girls can get them; for it is the desire of every young lady at Grove Cottage to possess one of these tempting articles of clothing and especially one of a bright color.

The students and others have made the most of the fine skating on the lake.

Mail is received once a day at the College now, whereas before rural free delivery began it was received twice a day.

Some of the Juniors have a special class Saturday morning, from 9 until 12 o'clock.

The boys like the idea of having military drill three periods a week of one half-hour each, instead of the old requirements of an hour and a half twice a week.

The Connecticut Agricultural College made an exhibit of poultry at the recent poultry show, held in Wallingford by the Wallingford Poultry Association. From there it went to Waterbury to an exhibit held by the Naugatuck Valley Poultry and Pet Stock Association.

Our College never enters into competition with others; but it could be seen that had it done so the College would have come in for its share of the prizes. There was a large number of entries at both places, nine hundred and seventy-nine at Wallingford and over twelve hundred at Waterbury.
The new Agriculture Hall is nearly completed. It is expected that the interior will be finished and all of the dairy apparatus in place by the end of January. The Junior class christened it the first morning of the new term, Jan. 3, 1901. Governor Lounsbury was present and congratulated the class on the advantages it has over previous classes who have been confined to a smaller and less fully equipped building.

Only a few dairy students have arrived at the present writing; but it is hoped that the young men of Connecticut will not ignore this chance of getting a better knowledge of dairying, such as may be derived from our Short Dairy Course.

The College curriculum as made out for this term is full of business, if the studies are attended to properly by the students. It surely will be starting the new century well to begin with living up to the duties set down in the schedule of studies presented to the student body on its return to College after the Christmas holidays.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'84. Samuel A. Porter of Panora, Iowa, made the College a short visit during the winter vacation.

'86. W. L. Chamberlain of West Brookfield, Mass., visited his father at the College recently.

'90. C. B. Pomeroy Jr., is overseer of the Border Grange in Willimantic.

'95. Farm Superintendent Stocking has been up in Vermont recently to purchase six sheep for the College.

'95. The wedding of Miss Bessie Beatrice Garrigus to Arthur J. Pierpont took place on December 31, 1900. After the wedding the happy couple spent a day and a half in Boston. Their trip will be continued next summer, when they expect to visit the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, N. Y. On their return from Boston they were welcomed at their home in East Farms by their near relatives with a surprise party.

All of the Alumni extend their best wishes and congratulations to their President and his esteemed wife.

The following was taken from The Waterbury American:

"PIERPONT-GARRIGUS."

"Monday evening the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Garrigus, Maplewood, in the southern part of Wolcott, was the scene of the wedding of Bessie Beatrice Garrigus and Arthur Joseph Pierpont. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Davenport. The bridal party stood in a bower of evergreen from which a bell of evergreen and carnations was suspended. Morton E. Pierpont, brother of the groom, was best man, and Jessie A. Garrigus, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid. Little Pauline Garrigus and Paul Manwaring, niece and nephew of the bride were very dainty and sweet as they entered with a basket of flowers and stood by the contracting parties during the ceremony. The ceremony was very interesting and was witnessed by a number of relatives and friends.

The bride was simply and tastefully attired in white, the bridesmaid in blue and the little flower girl in pink. After congratulations were offered refreshments were served and a social time enjoyed by all.

The newly married couple then drove to Meriden and boarded the express for Boston. On their return they will make their home with Mr. Pierpont at Maple Hill, East Farms. About seventy were present and were nearly all relatives or life-long neighbors. Many useful and beautiful presents helped to show the popularity of the happy couple who are well known and highly esteemed."
'97. We learn that J. N. Fitts is building a new house near his old homestead.

'97. G. H. Johnson is an insurance agent at Winsted. He is also interested in a restaurant in that place.

'97. H. L. Garrigus is making feed tests in Vernon for the Storrs Experiment Station.

'98. J. W. Pincus took an active part in the ceremonies at the dedication of the new Agricultural building at the Baron de Hirsch School.

'99. I. E. Gilbert spent a week at the College previous to taking his position as teacher at the Four Corners' school.

Ex.'98. Louis F. Bancroft has purchased a large farm, with house and outbuildings, at East Windsor Hill. He has also taken contracts for building twelve tobacco barns for this coming season.

The following changes appear in the new catalogue:


'84. C. S. Barnes, Liveryman, Bristol, Conn.

'84. J. L. Fenn, Asst. Clerk, Superior Court, Hartford, Conn.

'86. Reed, address not known.

'90. George Neth, Electrician, 50 Seymour St., Hartford, Conn.


'93. F. W. Darnstedt, Electrician, Willow St., Hartford, Conn.


'96. J. H. Evans, Physician and Surgeon, New York City, N. Y.

'96. E. H. Waite, Landscape Gardener, East Litchfield, Conn.

'97. H. E. Atwood, Farmer, Middletown, Conn.

'97. J. N. Fitts, Farmer, East Windsor, Conn.

'97. Erma L. Webb, nee Fuller, Housekeeper, Plymouth, Conn.

'97. A. C. Gilbert, Student, Northfield, Mass.

'98. D. J. Burgess, Stenographer, Storrs, Conn.

'98. C. S. Chapman, Student, New Haven, Conn.

'98. H. L. Garrigus, Assistant, Experiment Station, Storrs, Conn.

'98. H. Kirkpatrick, Farm Superintendent, Plattsburg, N. Y.

'98. H. F. Onthrup, Student, Middletown, Conn.

'98. Max Schaffrath, Student, Amherst Agricultural College.

'98. C. G. Smith, Forestry Department, Washington, D. C.

The total number of graduates is given as one hundred and eighty-one, twenty-two of whom are women.

Total number of deaths recorded,—five.

Number of deaths in 1900,—one.

Storrs is the present address of the following Alumni: W. A. Stocking,'95; H. L. Garrigus,'98; Mrs. H. L. Garrigus,'99; E. C. Welden,'99; Miss Marie Brown '00; Miss Cristie Mason, '00; Miss Bertha Squire, '00; H. D. Emmons, '00; I. C. Karr, '00; A. V. Osmun, '00.

There was an attempt made by the Alumni residing in Hartford County to establish a Hartford County Association. Subsequently a meeting for that purpose was held in the Y. M. C. A., building in Hartford, Friday night, Dec. 28, 1900, but owing to unfavorable weather only six were present. They were President, A. J. Pierpont, '95; Secretary, Chas. R. Green, '95; Henry French, '92; W. J. Frey, '93;
G. R. Hall, '95; O. F. King, '96. After supper they adjourned to the Y. M. C. A., parlor and spent a pleasant and interesting evening, but no business was transacted.

Mr. Pierpont says there will probably be a mid-winter meeting of the whole association, called in Hartford at the time of the Dairymen's meeting, and a large attendance is desired. A pleasant and profitable time is promised to all who attend.

There are many of the Alumni who have never seen a copy of the LOOKOUT, and who do not know that such a paper exists at the College. This, no doubt, is partly due to the management of the paper itself. We will try to place a copy of this number of the LOOKOUT in the hands of every Alumnus, as far as we can find addresses. And we beg to ask every Alumnus to become a regular subscriber for this paper, to help the LOOKOUT financially as well as in other ways, but principally, for the sake of keeping in touch with your changing and growing Alma Mater, that you may know the good work which the College is doing and so become a more faithful supporter of the institution, free to speak a better and more frequent word for it to the young men and women of your community.

THE NEW CENTURY WELCOMED IN.

During my last vacation I had the pleasure of visiting my uncle in Hartford. After supper on New Year's eve we went down to the City Hall where there was to be a big celebration.

The whole front of the City Hall was covered with red, white, blue and green colored incandescent lights. Just above the street entrance there were two shields on each side of the door. On these shields there were incandescent lights so arranged as to form the figures "1900."

At ten minutes of twelve the Naval Reserves paraded up the street dragging behind them two Hotchkiss guns. These they took down State Street where they fired a salute of nine guns. Following the Naval Reserves came the City Guards and the Governor's Foot Guards. After the procession was over a band of Indians marched down the street to the Opera House where they were performing.

At twelve o'clock the last figure "0," in "1900" was taken out and a "1" substituted in its place. The people began cheering, whistles blew and church bells rang to welcome in the new century.

The Hartford Times got out an extra just at midnight, and this, so far as I know, has the honor of being the first paper to be published in the new century.

F. W. Pratt, '01.

THE NEW CENTURY AND THE OLD.

IN GENERAL.

A year ago there was a question in the minds of people regarding the century. Some said that it was the last year of the nineteenth century, while others claimed that it was the first year of the twentieth.

At present it is a well established fact that the nineteenth century passed away, as the clocks pointed their hands at the hour of twelve on the night of the thirty-first day of December in the year of our Lord, 1900.

The new century was ushered in by the ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, dancing, singing, praying and in many other ways.

As the 70,000,000 of our people saw the sun rise on the following day, no apparent change was noticed, yet I think it safe to say that many people wondered where they and our country and the world would be at the beginning of the twenty-first century.

The nineteenth century is one of the three greatest centuries that man ever has lived in.
LOOKOUT.

A glance at it shows that the people have made great progress. The electric car has taken the place of the horse car and stage coach. The railways have been extended, so that traffic between points far distant from each other can be carried on more easily.

The telephone and telegraph have come into widespread use, and man has turned to good account many inventions.

What has the old century bequeathed to the new, is the question on the lips of many. I should say one of the greatest mechanical bequests is electricity. In all probability before the close of the present century electricity will be used even by the farmers as the only means by which the soil will be tilled and the crops harvested.

Wireless telegraphy is one branch of electricity that will be fully developed before the end of this century.

The automobile will be used instead of the family horse; and compressed air will be used to propel such machines.

There will be a great evolution in the science of medicine and surgery. The x-rays already are coming into general use, and trained nurses are better acquainted with their work than ever before.

This century will bring a marvelous musical development. The love for frivolous, will change to that for good music—the people will require it.

Wonderful progress in learning has been made in the past century; and this progress will increase with great rapidity, until the man without an education will find it hard even to get a living.

As we take a forward look at religion we believe that the power of Christ, already so great, is to become a more and more important force. This is one of the subjects upon which the writing of history is much safer than the writing of prophecy, and I will leave prediction regarding the particular form which the development of religion may take during the twentieth century to older men and greater minds.

Finally I believe that this century will see America working consistently not only for God and Americans, but for all.

WALTER F. THORPE, ’01.

IN FREEDOM AND JUSTICE.

Nearly every one admits that more progress has been made in the last century, than in any previous one. We believe that this is true as regards some things, but the same cannot be said of all. Although the nineteenth century has been, on the whole, the most useful of centuries so far to mankind, yet from the point of view of freedom and justice its end is not quite up to expectations. We have almost retrograded a century; for when we consider that at the beginning of the century the cannon was booming in Europe for the cause of liberty, and that to-day it is booming to enslave free people, we must admit that in this respect we are less advanced at the end than were our forefathers at the beginning. The new century must correct and atone for this.

C. FOUBERT.

IN LITERATURE.

The nineteenth century has seen many changes in literature. It being a thing of the past, we are now free to criticise it and to make conjectures as to the future.

If good writing makes as great advances in this century as it did in the one just past we may rest assured that the twenty-first century will see a point of development in literature which would have seemed an impossibility to men of the eighteenth.

Many old ideas dropped out to make way for the new ones. The style of literature in the last part of the century was altogether different from that which our grandparents were wont to read and hear in the earlier part of the century. New words and new modes of writing have come
in and different classes of books have succeeded one another through this long cycle of years.

The novels of the first class written in the nineties were books fit for any one to read and of a very instructive nature. Many of these were historical. Historical novels tend to elevate and cultivate the mind and at the same time give us broader ideas of our fellowmen. These historical novels take us in imagination to times and places where we could never be in person and they fix vividly upon our minds those parts of history with which they deal.

It is well to notice the number of young writers of the present generation in America. The number is large and it is certainly one way of proving the advancement of this nation. We are a progressive people and must hold up our end in the achievements which are to be accomplished in the future, in literature no less than in other fields.

L. F. HARVEY, '02.

AN ASSUMPTION.

The nineteenth century just closed was a period of marvellous advancement. And those who greet the twentieth century have the duty of managing wisely all the intellectual and material wealth inherited from the nineteenth.

The nineteenth century with its accomplishments and wonderful results, deserves to be called the Creative Era of civilization. We sincerely hope that the twentieth century will solve those problems which were left unsolved in the nineteenth and be an era of the Emancipation of Mankind.

With the forces already in operation in the nineteenth, we assume that the twentieth century will meet our expectations.

E. T. KUZIRIAN, '01.

OUR WATER SUPPLY.

People connected with the College, and many who are not, have had the fact impressed upon them, either by use or by what they have heard, that we have excellent water here.

From its very source, coming from deep down in a bed of solid rock, and being brought to the surface through closed pipes, it is evident that there is small chance for pollution from the exterior.

Chemical analysis also shows that the minerals which it contains, as all water does, are not in excess.

From this it might naturally be supposed that we have at all times a supply of water of the best quality.

Formerly, when the institution was much smaller than at present and the demand was much less, a wind-mill was used to pump the water into the large fifteen thousand gallon supply tank.

Gradually the demand became greater and an engine was used to help out the wind-mill when it got behind in its work. Eventually the wind-mill was blown down in a gale and the engine was used exclusively.

When the machinery was put in for pumping with the steam engine, it was designed to be used in connection with the wind-mill and was not expected to do the whole amount of pumping necessary to meet the greatly increased demands for water.

With this machinery, however, by pumping during the night more or less the supply has been kept pretty constantly adequate, except when there has been a break-down.

In every well regulated business, and with the best of equipment, accidents will happen; but where the equipment is poor, and that overworked, there must necessarily be a greater number of accidents. Consequently we are not surprised at any time to hear that the pump has broken down and that there will be no water supply for several days.

This is a great inconvenience to all con-
nected with the College, and does not speak well for the enterprise of a growing institution. It would be possible, by the expenditure of a small sum of money, to put in a pneumatic pump capable of filling in two hours, and this at a smaller running expense per hour, the tank which now at best requires more than a day to fill. It is to be hoped that something will be done in the near future to make our water supply easily adequate and thoroughly reliable. 

EDWIN P. BROWN, ’01.

ROOMS NEEDED FOR THE LITERARY CLUBS.

At present there are three literary Societies in our College. All of these are for the same purpose, namely for the improvement of their members in reading, writing and speaking. The names of these three societies are: The College Shakespearean Club, The Eclectic Literary Society, and The Alethia Society. The first two named were organized by the male portion of the students, while the last was formed by the ladies of our college.

Each club holds its meetings once a week, and has a program made up of debates, essays, biographies, impromptus and other interesting parts. During past years and at the present time, The College Shakespearean Club has held its meetings in Grange Hall, The Eclectic Society holds its weekly meetings in the College Chapel, and The Alethia Society holds its meetings at Grove Cottage. The places mentioned where the meetings are held, especially those of the young men’s clubs, are not suitable.

It would be a great advantage if each of these societies could have a room set apart by the College for its exclusive use. The room could be furnished by the members of the respective clubs and used by them as places to hold their meetings and to spend moments during the week for recreation. By very small dues each month, two or three magazines and a few papers could be had for reading material. Each club has a small library, and these books could be placed there for study.

Our sister College in Massachusetts has set apart rooms for its College Shakespearean Club, and the members have furnished and provided them with a library, daily papers, and games. Anyone who has visited these rooms knows how pleasant and beneficial they are.

At the present time if guests come to College to visit us, we have no place to take them apart from the crowded College reading room and our own rooms. In the December number of the LOOKOUT, our Editor-in-Chief called attention to this need. I hope that those in charge of such matters will soon think well to consider this, and that at an early date our clubs may be provided with the accommodations they so much need.

JOHN S. CARPENTER, ’02.

AN EXAMPLE OF RURAL DELIVERY.

While at home on the Christmas vacation I had an opportunity to see how the mail is now delivered in one of our country towns.

My home is situated about two miles north of Bridgeport and the system of Rural Delivery has just been introduced there.

The mail comes to the Bridgeport Post Office. There it is sorted for the different routes. The routes are numbered; and each letter should have the number of the route on which it is to be forwarded or it will not be certain to reach its destination without delay. The route to my home is number four. Each mail man wears a badge with the number of his route upon it, to prevent confusion at the Post Office
in distributing the mail amongst the carriers.

Each person is required to have some sort of mail box and to place it where the mail man can reach it without leaving his wagon.

There is a regulation box which is made by a firm after a pattern given to it by the Government, and is sold to the people for three dollars. This consists of an iron pole about ten feet long, part to be set in ground, on the top of which is a tin box, eight by fourteen inches, with the cover fixed in such a manner as to force the rain off without penetrating into the box. On the cover is the name of the man to whom the box belongs and the box is furnished with a lock and key. Inside there is a wire frame where the letters are put, below this there is a place for packages and papers. On the back of the box there is a rod with a circular disk which is moveable. The disk part is painted red.

When you deposit mail in the box, you are required to put up the red disk as a signal; otherwise the carrier will not stop.

The Rural Delivery system through our village has been a success so far, and the people are greatly pleased with it. I think it is a decided step in the advancement of civilization.

C. W. FAIRCHILD, '01.

OUR SHOW BIRDS.

As I remained at the College during the Christmas vacation I had the pleasure, some of the time, of working at the Poultry department. Our Poultry instructor, Mr. Dallas, was getting some birds ready for a poultry show that was to be held in Wallingford, Connecticut, on January first, second, third and fourth.

Our cages were soon completed, and then we began to examine the stock and to select the best. The different breeds selected from were: Rose Combed Brown Leghorns, Black Langshans, White Wyandottes, White Plymouth Rocks, Black Minorcas, Barred Plymouth Rocks, (capon,) and White Pekin Ducks.

Great care was taken in selecting the birds and all parts were thoroughly examined to see if they possessed any disqualifications to mark them down. Of course we are not allowed to compete with others. I think this is not right, even if we are a state institution and perhaps possess advantages that common poultry-men do not. But we desired to make a creditable exhibition.

After we had made our selections, which comprised three birds from each breed, we obtained some tubs and washed them. This was great fun. Most of the birds did not enjoy their situation very well; and I cannot blame them, for I do not think I should like to be bathed in warm water and soap suds, and then plunged into a tub of cold water. The object in bathing them in cold water was to prevent them from catching cold.

After they were washed, they were well dried with towels and then were put in a room in which there was a fire and there remained all night.

The next morning we found that two of our cocks had been fighting through the night and had got well marked with blood, also that two of our ducks had in some way got under the stove and were all blacked.

I did not help with them the second time as I had other work, and so Mr. Dallas had all of the fun himself. Those that did not get dirty during the night were put in their cages, fed and watered. The others were similarly treated as soon as they were ready on the following morning.

All of the birds were afterwards given their final touches of preparation: they were examined, their feathers were smoothed and they were fed. And on the following afternoon they left their home to go to Wallingford to be exposed to the criticism.
of the public eye.

A. C. GORTON, '01.

**THE TRAINING OF THE FELINES.**

Not long ago I was much interested in an article upon the training of the felines, which I found in a back number of a magazine. It told more particularly about the manner of teaching the lion, although the process is very like those employed with the other felines.

It is not advisable to take a lion which has been brought up among human beings, as he neither respects nor fears man, and when punished, will spring at his throat. Rather, a young creature just captured is taken.

His trainer comes up and begins to talk with him, throwing him a nice piece of meat. He soon learns the voice. The second or third day a broomstick is thrust between the bars and touches his back. The creature growls savagely and crushes the wood. This operation is repeated and he begins to enjoy the rubbing.

After another day or two, a chair is placed in the cage. The trainer seats himself, begins to read and watches the lion quietly with one eye. He leaves the cage directly and the brute thinks it over. The next day he gets angry and approaches the chair. The trainer rises and confronts him when he springs. He gets furious and his trainer escapes from the cage.

In a very few days, however, he finds the chair harmless, and comes up to his trainer, even allowing him to rub his head. This is very pleasing to the creature and it begins to purr, very much as a cat does when petted.

Now the rest is easy, comparatively, and depends wholly upon the trainer's patience and judgement. Kindness is very essential, as more harm is done from fear on the animal's part, than from his fury. Only animals which prove treacherous need striking.

The trick most difficult to teach is the "see-saw." The shifting foundation terrifies the animals at first. Next to this is trick-riding which is also very tedious to teach. If animals are taught to perform to music, many refuse to do their part without it. A whole performance has been ruined by the orchestra refusing to play.

Ten years is as long as any feline is suitable for stage work. Then, if not in less time, "he goes bad." This term signifies that the creature becomes ferocious and not at all to be trusted. Such an animal is unfit for use, and his stage career is ended immediately.

Vera Freeman, '02.

**LYMAN'S VIADUCT.**

On the Air Line Division of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railway, about midway between New York and Boston there is a viaduct that is an eighth of a mile in length and varies from seventy-five to one hundred and forty feet in height. This is one of the most dangerous places on the road and has been the scene of two or three almost fatal disasters.

One night a few years ago a freight train struck a boulder just as it was coming off the bridge. The engine and a number of the cars were thrown over on their sides, some very near the edge of the bridge. The engineer knew that he was near the edge of the bridge and dared not get out of his engine until a light was brought him. There was no one killed but it was a miraculous escape.

Only a few weeks ago the evening passenger train, running east, struck a door which had been dropped from a passing train. The train rocked as though it would leave the track. This occurred over the highest point, and had the train jumped the track it would have meant death for a large number.
This ravine should be filled in, or the bridge should be properly guarded and inspected to insure the safety of the hundreds that pass over it each day.

In summer it is in a pretty spot, the evergreens and the small brook that runs along under the bridge bespeak quietness; but death lurks in the mass of steel, should a bolt be sprung or a bar be broken.

G. H. Lawson, '02.

A RURAL TELEPHONE SYSTEM.

In this age of rapid transit and telephonic or telegraphic communication it is becoming every year less easy for a person, no matter where he may be situated, to feel himself out of touch with the great world of business and the people in it.

It is not so very long ago when a farmer living in a rural district was almost as entirely shut off from a knowledge of the happenings throughout the nation and the world at large, as if he were on an uninhabited island in mid-ocean.

The infrequent mail he received was brought once or twice a week by a rickety, slow-going old stage-coach, and only by giving the horse a day's rest from the plow, hitching him into the general service wagon and driving down to the city could he realize what other folk were doing, and what strides civilization was making.

Now great changes have come and no one will deny that to-day a successful farmer, as a man of business, should be connected with his neighbors and with the nearest city or business center by a telephone line; for there are many times, especially for a farmer, who would probably live at a distance from the post-office or from the route of the free delivery carrier, when communication or the transaction of business by mail would mean a great and unnecessary loss of time, conveniences, patience and very likely of money also.

Our college expresses as its aim and object the turning out of young men and women who shall make intelligent, prosperous and up-to-date citizens of the commonwealth; and, since this is an agricultural college, it is naturally expected that a considerable number of its graduates shall become farmers, or at least engage in some line of agricultural work. Of course this means that many of us will probably settle in more or less widely scattered, rural communities.

The Southern New England Telephone Company offers special inducements to clubs of six or more individuals living outside the city limits, who would like to be connected with each other and with the central office by a private line.

Such an offer, however, would probably never be taken advantage of by a person whose conception of the uses of a local telephone system was formed from observation of the system which connects our college buildings and the houses of most of our professors. At the present time this system is very badly in need of repairing or of being replaced by a new one. Some of the more remote buildings are as entirely cut off from communication as if they were connected with no line whatever, and throughout the whole line, one person is fortunate if he can succeed in calling up another, to say nothing of carrying on a conversation with him.

Of course we realize that wireless telegraphy is superseding the telephone to some extent, and we also realize that this, the twentieth century bids fair to surpass the nineteenth in the variety and startling nature of its inventions; but as it seems doubtful if wireless telegraphy or any later invention will be likely to be introduced at Storrs in the near future, should not our local system either be put once more into a condition of usefulness or else be removed and not allowed to remain before the eyes of the young agriculturists as an unworthy example of a method of communication which might, and should prove
of great value to them in later life?
In the present writer's opinion, it is of
the utmost importance that the "coming
farmers" receive a good impression of
rural or private telephone lines while here,
because thus they will be much more like-
ly to see the advantage and feel the need
of such a method of communication else-
where.

J. H. BLAKESLY, '01.

ONE ON THE CENTRAL VERMONT.
During my last vacation I had the
pleasure of having a rather long conver-
sation with one or the older residents of my
town. He asked me where I was going to
college. Of course I told him and answer-
ed what few questions he asked me about
the place. He finally asked me how I got
to Storrs from Willimantic. I told him I
generally took the Central Vermont R. R.,
from Willimantic to Eagleville, where Col-
lege teams meet the students and took
them three miles to the College.
"Talking about the Central Vermont," he said, "makes me think of a story I once
heard about that railroad," and he related
the following:
"Two Irishmen boarded the train at
New London, bound for a station some-
where above Willimantic. I don't remem-
ber the name of the place. The train left
New London and crawled up the track to-
ward Willimantic at a snail's pace. Both
Irishmen wondered why it did not go fast-
er and soon got into quite a discussion
over the matter. Mike said he would
never get to his destination at that gait.
This started Pat and he told Mike that
when the conductor came along he would
ask him what the trouble was. The con-
ductor came along taking up the tickets
and Pat called him near and asked, in
a not very pleasant way, why the
train didn't go faster. The conductor
talked with him a while trying to bluff
him, but this didn't work and he saw that
Pat was getting the better of him, so he
said:
"Why don't you get out and walk, if you
are in such an awful hurry?"
"I would," Pat replied in a flash of Irish
wit, 'only I have got some friends up the
road and they don't expect me until the
train comes in.'

JOHN S. CARPENTER, '02.

ONE LOOK AT COUNTRY LIFE.
Situated in the Catskill mountains, Del-
aware County, New York, is the little
village of Hamden; a more beautiful spot
one could not wish to see. The village
has a street running horizontally, and a
one-track railway passing through the
center.
A mountainous range closes it in on
one side, and on the other, the west
branch of the Delaware glides peacefully
along.
Little settlements in this region are
scattered here and there and are divided
into districts, though the nearest neighbor
sometimes is three or four miles distant.
The general store and post office are crowd-
ed within the same walls. The mail box-
es are arranged like little drawers and all
are at liberty to go in and help themselves
without inquiry. The people living some
six or eight miles from the village are to-
tally ignorant of what is going on in the
cities or even in the larger towns near. The
farming is carried on in an awkward fash-
on, but to the best of their ability. They
know nothing of all the wonderful culti-
vating machines by which the labor here
is made so much easier. From four in the
morning they toil until the last ray of the
sun has disappeared beyond the mountain-
tops, and retire as early as eight o'clock.
Dairying is the main occupation of these
people and each farmer keeps from twenty
to thirty cows. Each morning the milk is
taken to the creamery where it is separated,
and the cream made into butter. The
cans are refilled with milk from the separator and this is taken back to the farms and fed the pigs. This same routine is carried on day after day. On Friday evenings the young-people attend the singing-school; and the occasional dance, which takes place in the small hall over Josiah Cornflower’s grocery store, is always well attended by the old as well as by the young.

Sunday is their day of rest, and unless a visitor has come to town, or a new frock is finished, they do not attend morning service, but are ready for the evening service after their rest. Some of these country folk, who know nothing of the ocean, but have possibly read small clippings on the Brooklyn Bridge, have asked if there is a bridge across the ocean; and other similar questions are asked, which point out more clearly the advantages which we enjoy and of which we lack appreciation. While these farmers and their families have few, if any, advantages, still they enjoy true happiness in there humble dwellings and company.

As one saunters along the roadside in meditation, the only sound he can hear is a babbling brook, which leads into the large river farther on, and the singing of the birds.

To me there is no place so pure, lovely and beautiful as the country.

BERTHA DALLAS.

OILING.

In New London on New Year’s day I ran across an old friend of mine, Frank Lester. After we had exchanged greetings, Frank invited me to come down to the engine room of the Central Vermont Line Steamer, “Mohican,” on which he is employed. His duties there consist partly in superintending the minor repairs but mainly in “oiling” or keeping the oil cups on the various bearings full of oil. As he has become much interested in his work, he insisted on showing the engine to me and explaining the uses of its various parts.

The engine is the triple expansion style, with the power of 450 horses. After showing me the engine rooms and the parts of the engine an ordinary observer might notice, Frank asked me to come below with him into the crank-pit.

At first I objected knowing what a greasy, dirty place a crank-pit is, but Frank urged me so hard that I finally followed him down a little iron ladder to a small iron platform. There he showed me the mighty cross-head and explained to me how oil was put into a cup on the front side of this as it came up on the upstroke.

“It is very easy,” said Frank, “to slip on this greasy platform when she is rolling, and if a fellow falls, nine chances out of ten, he will be plunged to a horrible death.

Frank now went down another greasy ladder, and, following him, I found myself beside the crank. This crank is half in a deep compartment, called the crank-pit. Around this pit is a brass rail to prevent any one from falling in and to aid the oiler in his trips. The floor around this is covered with zinc and is generally spattered with oil, melted tallow and other forms of grease; hence it is very slippery and has been the cause of many frightful catastrophes.

Seating himself on a nail keg, after our return to the engine room, Frank filled his pipe and lit it from a lard oil lamp sitting near. I said nothing as I well knew that these signs meant Frank was about to spin some wonderful yarn.

“Say Jack,” he asked, after puffing away for a minute, “you wouldn’t believe a man could go into that pit when she is running full-head and come out whole, would you?”

After making due allowance for the habit all Sound going men have for stretching things, I replied, “no not even if he
were a Turk.'

"No more would I, mate," said Frank, "unless I had done that very identical thing, in that very pit, and in this same old hulk." I was prepared for most anything, but the manner in which he said this, together with a peculiar flash of his large, gray eyes, convinced me he was telling the truth.

"Well, Frank, tell me about it, can't you?—here's a match," said I in one breath as I saw him start for the lantern, knowing that if the absence of a match it would take him five minutes to light-up, and take up the thread of his yarn again.

"You see," said he, "long about the first of September, 1900, we had a sou'-west gale. Blow! why it blew out the electric lights, forward and aft. 'Bout twelve o'clock old Tat came up and pulled me out of my bunk, telling me the crank was hot. Well, thinks I, here's a deuce of a how-de-dow, crank hot! If we go ahead it'll run the babbitting all out and smash things up in general. Blowing great guns, if we stop to cool down we're liable to blow clean out across the ocean, right into Queen Victory's back door yard, if we don't strike a rock first.

"I pulled on my clothes and down I went with a couple of firemen. There was a half-a-barrel of oil down there and we dumped it into the pit, hoping to cool the crank as she came over. Gosh! didn't the oil fly! Every thing was covered and slippery as glass, but it cooled the crank all the same. The chief called up the firemen and told me to sit down there and watch her and he would ease her all he could.

"Well, to cut this yarn short, I laid up against that rail, smoking and watching the oil spatter over the side. I guess I must have been kinder sleepy, for all of a sudden I felt my feet slip out in under me. I yelled and tried to get a grip on the floor, but it was so greasy my hands couldn't hold. Down I sank into the pit until my head lay just between the crank and the side of the pit. I was terribly scared, but I had presence of mind enough to lay quiet. I tell you 'tis an awful feeling to lay in a position where a half-inch move means death.

It seemed to me that I laid there half an hour, but in reality I laid only a few minutes, as the chief had heard my yell and shut down at once, taking the chance of being blown ashore; or, as he said, risking three hundred lives, to pick-up a dead man, for he fully expected to find nothing but my mangled body.

"Well, Jack," said Frank, emptying his pipe as if this accident were a commonplace occurrence, "come up on deck. I want to show you where a crane broke the other night, killed two men and seriously wounded another."

J. H. Vallejt, ’01.

_A MINERALOGICAL NOTE._

The Bement collection of minerals, collected by Mr. Clarence S. Bement, of Philadelphia, and one of the very finest gathered by any private collector, has passed into the possession of the American Museum of Natural History, of New York. Mr. Bement commenced collecting 35 years ago, on the principle that only "the best was good enough." As a result the collection is said to number about 14,000 specimens, including nearly 600 meteorites, gathered from 445 "falls." The collection is valued at $150,000 to $200,000; but the name of the purchaser and doner to the museum is not made public.


Selected by, Edwin P. Brown, ’01.

BY THE HYPOTENUSE.

Two weeks before the fall term ended Morton Pierpont and I decided that, instead of going home on the train, we would walk to our destination,—only about sev-
enty miles distant. The ride on the rush­ing, noisy, tiresome trains on which we had traveled over the same road so often, had become monotonous; so, for the sake of a change, we said we would "hoof it," going by the hypotenuse, as Kuzirian would call it.

When we considered the energy that must be expended if we carried out our hasty decision, we modified it a little by adding electricity to our means of travel; then after a third and sober reconsideration, a thirteen mile walk, as far as Rock­ville seemed a daring enough undertaking for us.

After an examination of our mental abilities, we set out at half-past nine to test our physical. The services of a staff were welcomed to help us over the long, steep hills and to protect us against the tramp's natural enemy, the dog, which we met frequently.

We reached Rockville at just one o'clock. After a hearty dinner we boarded a trolley car for Hartford; then we took the third-rail car for Bristol; then we traveled by train to Waterville. Here we entered another trolley car which took us to Waterbury, where we parted, each taking the train again for home.

When we reached home we were weary, but certainly more wise than weary from our ramble. The walk to Rockville was especially pleasant and interesting. We had a bird's-eye-view of South Willington, a very pretty little village. We passed a very large peach orchard, and several old homesteads, and we sympathized with a pretty young wife who lived in a lonely house, far distant from any neighbors.

We found Tolland an old but pretty town, perched high up on a hill where a healthy breeze always blows. We covered the five miles from Tolland to Rock­ville in just an hour, and found Rockville to be not so rocky a place as its name implied. Manchester looked to be a lively and growing town. It is situated on the level, fertile land which is plentiful from there on to Hartford. Large amounts of toba­cco are raised on this strip of soil.

We knew we were nearing Hartford when we saw speeding ahead of us a horseless carriage, leaving behind it a little stream of exhaust steam which another farmer from a more remote region than ourselves, took for the dust kicked up by the horse. We were admiring the Xmas plumage which Hartford had already put on, when a corner boot-black sarcastically remarked that we were more green ourselves.

The third-rail car from Hartford to Bris­tol ran so smoothly and quietly that one would scarcely believe that he was not going slower than the puffing engine which was left behind.

It was growing dark as we left Bristol, but we were cheerful, for the principal event of the day was fast drawing near.

A. B. CLARK, '02.

NOTES FROM MY READING.

There is no sort of wrong deed of which a man can bear the punishment alone; you can’t isolate yourself and say that the evil which is in you shall not spread. Men’s lives are as thoroughly blended with each other as the air they breathe: evil spreads as necessarily as disease.

George Elliot, Adam Bede, c. xli, p. 438.

Surely all other leisure is hurry compared with a sunny walk through the fields from "afternoon church,"—as such walks used to be in those leisurely times, when the boat, gliding sleepily along the canal, was the newest locomotive wonder: when Sunday books had most of them old brown-leather covers, and opened with remarkable precision always in one place. Leisure is gone—gone where the spinning-wheels are gone and the pack-horses and the slow wagons, and the pedlers, who brought bargains to the door on sunny afternoons.
Ingenious philosophers tell you, perhaps, that the great work of the steam-engine is to create leisure for mankind. Do not believe them: it only creates a vacuum for eager thought to rush in.


HAZING AT WEST POINT.

The death of Cadet Oscar L. Booze at his home in Bristol, Pa., and the belief that his fatal illness was due to hazing at West Point has aroused a demand, voiced by many papers, for an investigation. As the *Detroit Free Press* says: "According to the story the boy reluctantly told his father when his malady had reached such a stage that medical assistance was of no avail, after he had been whipped in a fight a burning mixture, supposed to have contained Tabasco sauce, Worcestershire sauce and red pepper was forced down his throat. The throat was injured, tuberculosis subsequently developed and the boy died." Colonel Mills (the superintendent of the college,) a committee appointed by the Secretary of War and a committee from the house of Representatives are conducting separate inquiries into the affairs and the result is being awaited with wide interest. "The investigation should be so thorough," says the *Philadelphia Ledger*, "as to clear up all doubts in the public mind and it will prove of especial value if it results in dissipating the notion widely prevalent in the army mind, that a stiff course of hazing is required to make an officer courageous and manly. The navy and its officers, as well as its men, are the source of pride to the country. The navy performs its duty as well as the army; its officers have not been found wanting at the severest pinch; and yet hazing was summarily cast out, root and branch, years ago from the Naval Academy at Annapolis." The *New York Sun* declares that "it is as wrong for any one assuming to be a friend of the Military Academy to maintain that something of this sort is needed to make men good soldiers, as it is idle to say that it cannot be suppressed in so large a body of young men," and it seems to the *Philadelphia Press*, that "no man who delights in brutality or terrorism inflicted upon one beneath him in position and his junior in years, particularly so far as the West Point Military Academy is concerned, can lay claim to being an officer and gentleman." — *The Literary Digest*.

December 22, 1900, p. 765.

Selected by, FREDERICK H. PLUMB, ’01.

THE DOCTRINE OF WASTE.

There is an almost universal impression that waste is good for business. In England, for instance, the glaziers’ union requires a workman when replacing a broken pane of glass to destroy the broken pane even though it may be large enough to be used again as a smaller light when cut down. The theory is that the destruction of the glass makes additional work for the glass maker. When fire, flood, wind or some other force has destroyed property, how often do we hear the remark that “it is not such a bad thing after all for it will make work.” The silly extravagances of the rich nabobs are justified on the same ground, namely, that they “make work.” A famous ball which cost some one $100,000 was commended at the time because it made that much work for the poor. And so on.

The theory is wrong, however, from the point of view of civilization. Waste does make work and it is costly to society on that account. So the boy who brings mud into the house and the girl who breaks her mother’s best pitcher make work; and here the falsity of the theory becomes striking, for we see that all needless work is a waste of energy which in the end helps no one. Thus if the cream pitcher is broken a new
one must be bought or the family must go without. If a new one is bought it does make work to that extent for the pottery, and they get a little benefit. But if the pitcher had not been broken then there would have been just that much more money to spend on another pitcher, or on some other product of industry.

Argue as you will it is plain that the destruction of property can only be an injury to society. The fearful loss of property at Galveston makes work for many hands, but it was nevertheless an unmitigated calamity, and society as a whole suffers from every such annihilation of value. If the opposite were true—if waste really helped—then it would be a benefit to burn down every building in the world, on the ground that it would give work to those that need it. The fallacy of such a proposition is self-evident.

Every species of waste is a crime against society. As the world grows older the ruthless destruction of our forests, the prodigal waste of coal, oil, natural gas and a thousand other natural resources, the throwing away of sewage, street sweepings and the like, the thoughtless impoverishment of rich soils—these and a thousand similar things which now pass with hardly a protest will be condemned by public sentiment as wickedly opposed to the laws of our being and development.

We in America are proverbially wasteful. So lavishly has Heaven endowed us with materials ready to our hand that we run through them with hardly a thought of the duty we owe to those that shall come after us. We content ourselves with the thought that when coal is gone there will be something else to take its place, and in the same way we justify extravagance in every direction. A prominent European visiting this country some time ago said it made him miserable to live at a fine American hotel, so recklessly extravagant was the table. A French cook would keep a family on what an average American family wastes. In every line we waste as much as we use. We have not been forced to study economy though unquestionably the time will come when we shall be. As a people we are now in our prodigal youth and are spending recklessly of our patrimony. The chances are we shall enjoy what we possess much more when we have learned to use it more wisely.

Waste is a crime.

_The Pathfinder_, Dec. 1900, p.3.
Selected by President Flint.

### ATTENDANCE AT AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES.

We are indebted to the Harvard Graduates' Magazine for the following statistics of attendance at the leading American universities at the beginning of the academic year 1900-'01.

- Harvard 5,702
- Chicago 2,564
- Columbia 3,723
- Pennsylvania 2,549
- Michigan 3,655
- Yale 2,536
- Minnesota 3,412
- Wisconsin 2,129
- California 3,221
- Stanford 1,262
- Cornell 2,833
- Princeton 1,253
- Johns Hopkins 631

_The Am. Monthly Review of Reviews, Jan. 1901, p. 81._

Selected by E. T. Kuzirian, '01.

### THE FILIPINO AUTONOMIST PARTY.

Cable despatches describe the formation in Manila of the first political party under the American regime; it will be called, we judge from the despatches, the Autonomist party. The principles advocated by its leaders include full recognition of American sovereignty, but also native autonomy in local affairs whenever possible. It is stated that several of the more intelligent Filipino leaders who are disposed to accept something less than independence are interested in this movement. The declaration of principles was adopted at a meeting of Filipinos by a vote of 123 to 6.

_The Outlook_, January 5, 1901, p. 5.

Selected by E. T. Kuzirian, '01.
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