HIGHEST AWARD
— AT THE —
PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

The United States Cream Separator

Has Won the Gold Medal or the Highest Award

at Every International Exposition at which it has been exhibited since its invention.

Our "would be competitors" are advertising as follows:
"The supremacy of the De Laval machines at Buffalo is a continuation of their triumphant record at all previous great expositions."

Yes, this supremacy (?) is a continuation of their triumphant (?) record and that record shows the "triumphant supremacy" was

In Wind Rather Than in Work

Mr. Edward Van Alstyne, Supt. of Model Dairy at the Pan-American, states under date of November 1st: "I find since the receipt of your letter, after carefully going over the figures of the seventy-one runs of their (the De Laval) machine that I mis-called the figures and the reading should be .0172 instead of .0161."

Now Read What the United States Separator Did in the Model Dairy

Mr. Van Alstyne states in reference to the work done by the United States Separator in the Model Dairy at the Pan-American Exposition from Sept. 29th to Oct. 30th inclusive that in the fifty separate runs made by that separator during these days, with the milk of the ten different herds in the dairy test, the average per cent of fat left in the skim milk was .0158:

De Laval average test of skim milk .0172
United States average test of skim milk .0158
Difference in favor of the United States .0034

This shows that the De Laval Separator left 25 per cent more butter fat in the skim milk than the United States. An immense waste that amounts to a very large sum of money upon the dairy products of the world. Enough to pay for a United States Separator to replace every De Laval Separator now in use. Perhaps our chagrined and disgruntled "would be competitors" "with characteristic advertising honesty" will undertake to bluff this statement off, but it remains true and is a matter of record that cannot be successfully denied.

On the practical every day work

The United States Separator Stands Without a Peer.

The Most Thorough Separator in the World.

Vermont Farm Machine Co.,
BELLOWS FALLS, VT.
A DAIRY FARM
PLUS
A Green Mounta in Silo, a De Laval Separator,
a Stoddard Churn, and a Waters
Butter Worker.
EQUALS
PROSPERITY.
WHY? BECAUSE:—
The Green Mountain Silo will produce the most milk at the least expense, and
with it 20 cows can be kept on the same land that could keep but ten without it.
The DeLaval Separator will skim the milk cleaner and is guaranteed to make
more butter than any other.
The Stoddard Churn is best made and easiest to operate and clean.
The Waters Butter Worker is the best device ever offered the public.

TRY ONE OR ALL OF THEM.
Catalogues and Circulars
Sent free on application.
MOSELEY & STODDARD MANUFACTURING CO.,
RUTLAND, VERMONT.

WHEN

You come to the College,
Visit the

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‘Class Officers.’
Seniors, 1902—President, J. B. Twing.
Juniors, 1903—President, R. J. Averill.
Sophomores, 1904—President, R. T. Dewell.
Freshmen, 1905—President, W. Koenig.
1902.

Father Time has completed another swath in his everlasting harvest.

The year just passed has witnessed many new inventions and improvements which assist in the great stride of civilization. It remains for us to prophesy and conjecture as to what this year will bring forth in the way of advancement.

We may safely presume that the wireless telegraphy will be perfected; that the problem of flying machines will be advanced toward solution, or laid aside as impracticable; no one may foretell how many new projects may be presented for consideration.

Each year seems but a short period when looking back through its history; but every day and every year has its significance, and its importance in the world's history can not be estimated.

"We know not what a day may bring forth." This quotation is just as applicable to the year as to the day. We in our time seem to be reaping with unexampled rapidity the harvest whose seed was the patient investigation of the student in all the ages past. We may conjecture, but the accomplished fact outruns the anticipation.

It is stupendous to think of the amount of labor and energy expended on this earth in the forward movement of the race. How many and how far-reaching are the events and changes brought about even in a single year. The world moves ever on, and the complexity of life and its constituents increases daily while man has to educate and raise himself to meet the occasion.

In one direction the coming year will differentiate itself from all those that have gone before. Doubtless in material progress it will mark time in step with the splendid accomplishments of the nineteenth century, but in great
public foundations for the people, institutions to foster the growth of liberal ideas, education, art, and science, established by private munificence, it bids fair to outstrip all the past.

It is with pleasure that we note the tendency of the New England Homestead to treat favorably our college and its courses. An article in the Homestead of Dec. 28, 1901, gives an account of the meeting of the Connecticut Board of Agriculture as well as the main points in President Stimson's address before that meeting. From the same issue we copy the following editorial, which seems worthy of our attention.

THE FARMER OF THE FUTURE.

Shall the boys stick to the farm, is a question which nearly every farmer must ask himself at one time or another. Unfortunately it has been too frequently answered in the negative, and the boy has been trained to view farm life as drudgery and to look upon the girt and tinsel of the city as something to be greatly desired. For generations the best blood of the country has been given to the city, and the farming community deprived of its strongest, brainiest boys. The small farm and limited capital have not offered opportunities for the ambitious boy who is destined to handle a large business and thousands of dollars annually. But the great majority of boys, boys who have good sense and moderate ambitions, who would find a modern farm as great as is their capacity to manage, have also left the country to seek work in the cities, where they can earn only meager salaries and lay nothing aside for a rainy day or old age.

With the methods which our fathers and grandfathers pursued, the farm does not yield a fair return of profit for capital and labor invested. In every other line of business the most successful men are not those who follow in the footsteps of their predecessors and competitors, but those who blaze a new path, who adopt new and improved methods and devices, in short, those who make the greatest use of brains and common sense. Yet in few lines of business is the per cent of profit so great as in modern, advanced farming—it is the small profit on a vast output that brings such large amounts of gain. Were the same energy, push and brains put into the management of a farm, a good income and comfortable living could be obtained. The successful farmer of the future must needs be an educated one. The future farmer will find that the best investment he can make is to secure a good education and training in advanced agriculture.

We wish to call attention to the changes made in the Library. The book stacks have been moved to the room nearest the office. The room formerly occupied by the book stacks has been converted into a spacious reading room.

This change tends to make the reading more orderly as the frequenters of it are under the immediate surveillance of the librarian. Before, the reading room was secluded and used more for a conference room than for the perusal of the papers and magazines kept there. This state of affairs has been severely censured many times and at last these difficulties have been brought to a happy issue.

It is a sad fact that so few students make use of the opportunities offered them through the medium of a good library. Appearances point to the fact however that this state of affairs is gradually improving. The sooner that this state of affairs is entirely remedied
the better it will be for the educational development of the students as a body.

The printing establishment in the Main Building has fallen into a bad state of neglect. It seems a pity that it could not be sold and turned to good account now that type-writers have superseded it.

At the present time there are no students in College able to set or throw type, therefore of what use can this establishment be to the College?

The time was when the LOOKOUT was printed here but all talent along those lines has fled from our campus.

If any student has an inclination that way or a natural bent for printing, here is an opportunity to develop it and gain material as well as intellectual wealth by printing programs etc. to supply the wants of the College.

It is a peculiar coincidence that the beautiful Connecticut river which offered charms enough to our forefathers so that they settled there, should at the present time be such a distinct dividing line between the Eastern and Western portions of our little "Nutmeg" commonwealth. It is as if it were the boundary between two foreign countries. The inhabitants in close proximity to the river may be intermingled in their social life but the people of one end of the state are in a large part ignorant of the proceedings at the other end of the state.

This fact may be true of all other states but the division is not so marked.

It is in a large part due to this fact that the people of Western Connecticut have not heard more of their state college. Now that more extensive advertising is being done there is no excuse for people to plead ignorance as to the position and standing of the college.

We hope that the time is close at hand when the proportion of students from Western Connecticut will equal the delegation from the Eastern portion of the state; and that the sum of both delegations will far exceed the present number of students.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'85. A. C. Ford of Grant's Pass, Oregon, is the proud father of a daughter, born last summer. He has a son also, about three years old, whose birth was not announced in the LOOKOUT. Mr. Ford is a successful fruit grower and farmer. Although he is somewhat removed from his eastern friends, his best wishes are always with them wherever they may be.

'86. '97. Wilbur F. Chamberlain is taking a course in electricity, and John Fitts a short course of plumbing at the Y. M. C. A. building, Hartford, Conn.

'86. Selden W. Hayes, formerly of Granby and now assistant superintendent at the Watkinson Farm School, and Miss Clara A. Whiton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Whiton of No. 68 Bellevue street, were married at Christ Church at 6 o'clock last evening by Rev. James P. Faucon. The church was well filled, and looked very pretty at the Christmas decorations had not been taken down. The bridal march from "Lohengrin" was played as the bridal party walked up the aisle. James Loomis of Granby was best man, and the maid of honor was Miss Mary F. Whiton, sister of the bride. The ushers were Reginald M. Frith, H. D.
Hemenway, John N. Lobdell, and Charles R. Green. About twenty boys from the Watkinson Farm School witnessed the ceremony. A reception followed at the home of the bride on Bellevue street. Mr. and Mrs. Hayes will be at home in Bloomfield after February 1.—*Hartford Courant.*

'93. Walter M. Donovan was married in Brooklyn, N. Y., on November 1, 1901.

'95. George R. Hall is still on the road. He has recently purchased a bicycle store in Vermont, and through two brothers who take actual charge of the business, he is expecting a very large trade this coming summer. Mr. Hall has taken the first degree of the "Masons;" it is thought that a little school teacher will be the last degree. He has our best wishes for success in this venture. He is to be congratulated on the satisfactory disposition of his property in Wolcott.

'97. F. N. Bushnell has been appointed demonstrator in Anatomy at the Cornell Veterinary College, with a very fair salary.

'97. Chas. S. Foskett has been appointed stenographer and assistant shipping clerk at the Gilbert Clock Co., Winsted, Ct. Mr. Foskett was also best man at H. E. Atwood's wedding. It is reported that a desirable acquaintance was formed at that time, and who can tell but Foskett and Atwood may be brothers-in-law some time as well as former classmates.

'98. B. H. Walden made a visit to the College during vacation. It is strange that Benjamin should make his appearance during the holidays, and thus take advantage of the absence of one of the Juniors.

'99. C. Way has accepted a very lucrative position with Dr. Moore of Cornell.

'99. W. M. Nettleton is successfully running his father's farm at Washington, Conn. He sells farm produce in Waterbury, some twenty miles from his base of supplies.

'00. H. G. Williams won first prize and fourth time prize in a five mile handicap race in Ithaca, recently. He received a gold medal for the first prize and a Cornell monogram for the time prize.

'00. F. J. Baldwin is assisting his father about the farm at home, as well as doing some surveying for local parties.

'01. Mr. J. H. Blakeslee is a very successful insurance agent in Naugatuck. He won a fountain pen for doing the most business in Derby district in one week. There are about twenty agents in the district.

'01. It is with pleasure that we announce the partnership of Charles W. Fairchild and his father. It is a good start for a young man, and we wish Mr. Fairchild all success in this his new venture. The firm is known as E. S. Fairchild & Son, Nichols, Conn.

'01 Ex. '03. Messrs. Dimock and Hale have changed their abode once more. Their address at the present time is 121 Huestre street, Ithaca, N. Y. Mr. Hale made two short visits at the College during the last vacation.

Ex. '03. Mr. C. P. Clark is attending Mount Hermon school.

'01. Mr. F. H. Plumb has been appointed first lieutenant of the military
company as the Massachusetts Agricultural College. He has charge of the target practice.

Ex. '01. Mr. G. D. Warner has at last been located. He is employed in the Rubber works at Beacon Falls.

Ex. '01. Mr. B. Galpin is working for the Seth Thomas Watch Co., at Thomaston, and living at his home.

'00. H. P. D. Emmons had a little trouble in the Thomaston Brass mill and was about to leave when they promoted him with a larger salary.

'99. We are very sorry to say that Mr. I. E. Gilbert's eyes have given out. He was compelled to give up his work at the Waterbury Lumber Co., Dec. 19, and return to his home in Deep River. He has not returned yet.

On Christmas Day Dr. N. S. Mayo was made happy by receiving a beautiful solid gold pendant for a watch chain. One side is set with a solitaire diamond and on it is engraved, "Dr. N. S. Mayo, from Connecticut Friends." On the reverse is engraved the seal of Connecticut. The presentation was made by President Nichols of the Kansas Agricultural College.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The naughty-one has passed away and we welcome the new year, or at least we o-2.

All our old students returned, together with a number of specials and new regular course students. All appear happy and we wish they may continue so throughout the year.

A number of students spent the Christmas vacation at the College, mailing circulars. May the result of their labor increase our number many fold.

Some say solid gold cuff buttons come very easy. It is hard for most of us to see this in the same way the receiver did. A three mile walk, three times a week, for three months ought to be worth a pair of gold cuff buttons.

"Perhaps there is not enough salt in the LOOKOUT," says one, "but there is surely enough vinegar." This unhappy state of affairs brings forth the following notes.

John S. Carpenter went home for vacation clad in full uniform. He struck the small boys dumb with awe and admiration, in fact the whole neighborhood looks forward to the time when "Johnny comes marching home again."

Captain Harvey in his endeavor to win his "boots and spurs," received the former in a rather unceremonious way while visiting at Gurleyville, a few nights ago, and was informed that the latter could not be conferred upon "spring chickens."

This year's graduates of high schools, colleges, and universities, have the advantage over their immediate predecessors in one respect at least. They will not go down to posterity as the "Naughty-Ones," and will distinguish themselves by their fidelity to duty, at least they o-2.

George H. Lamson, true to the science learned a few weeks ago in our scouting work, left his home in Chatham, clad not in the uniform of the raw recruit, but in that of the seasoned veteran, and came back to college as advance guard, the Saturday before the winter term opened. The main division of the Chatham Heavy Artillery followed on Monday.
Miss Kendall of Saranac Lake, N. Y., has been spending the holidays with her sister, Mrs. O. E. Smith.

Miss Thomas is now filling the position of Domestic Science teacher. She is well liked by all, and we hope her new duties will prove pleasant to her.

Dewell says he is either growing large, or his belt is growing small.

The winter at Valley Forge can be felt as a stern reality to a certain degree, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays during drill hours.

Fire! Fire! This unpleasant word was again forcibly impressed upon the minds of the students residing in the Old Dormitory, on Thursday morning, about 3 o’clock. Mr. Twing, our noted fireman, was awakened by the smell of smoke, and located the blaze in Messrs. Clark and Bushnell’s room. In a very few minutes the entire dormitory was awakened and the fire extinguished. The incendiary proved to be a large rat who ignited a box of matches in the bureau drawer. He suffered his just deserts by suffocation, and later by cremation. Mr. Clark inventories his loss at about five dollars, and Bushnell one dollar.

A number of social gatherings were enjoyed by the students remaining here during the vacation. Surprise parties, minute military balls, and dancing was indulged in, by the amateur office clerks and friends.

The Annual Military ball was held in College Hall, Jan. 17. The grand march which was started promptly at 7 o’clock, was led by Commandant C. A. Meserve and Miss Weston of Boston. The affair was enjoyed by all and was pronounced a grand social success.

The farm department has commenced harvesting ice to fill the large ice-house. Most anyone can cut ice this weather.

Mr. Austin, the new instructor in butter-making, commenced his duties the first of the winter term.

Mr. Stoneburn, a graduate of the short course in poultry at the Rhode Island State College, has been engaged to teach poultry industry this winter.

Mr. Pattison ’04, has been granted a furlough of four weeks.

“Bush” is expected to accept a position as baggage master on the “Danielson limited.” As a trunk thrower he cannot be excelled.

Mr. Rice of New York, a successful poultry keeper, delivered a very interesting lecture in the College Hall, January 15.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Brown, who have been our cooks for the past year, have left for the sunny south. Sophronia has also departed.

Prof. to Soph. — “Umph! Mr. D., you’re late?”

Soph. to Prof. — “Yes, sir. I went to the dormitory for my books.”

Prof. — “Um! Yes! don’t you think you were a long time about it?”

Soph. — “No, sir; the walks are slippery and its hard work to stand up.”

Prof. — “Did you manage to stand up?”

Soph. — “Yes, sir.”

Prof. — “Mr. D., only the wicked stand in slippery places.”

Sophomore definition in Algebra is unfortunately incomplete, the question is passed to Mr. S. who talks a good while without reaching much result.

Prof. (as Mr. S. sits down) — “Very good, very good, Mr. S.; don’t you think that was a very feeble bleat?”
Prof. to Soph.—“What is the gender of the noun ‘Angels’?”

“Masculine,” replies the Soph.

Prof.—“Are there any feminine angels?”

(Moriarty’s voice from the back seat)

“Not on earth.”

“The Junior table in the dining room is kept in a state of order and cleanliness that compares favorably with the best—”

So sayeth Sophronia.

Prof. in English class—“Perhaps, young ladies and gentlemen, because the Roycrofters spell the word through, thru, you think yourselves justified in spelling tongue, tung.”

Mr. Moriarity (from back seat)—“Not a woman’s tongue, sir.”

Prof. (in a very mild voice) “Indeed! Why?”

Mr. Moriarity—“It wouldn’t be long enough, sir.”

Prof.—“We will resume the recitation.”

Professor in Latin to student who is conjugating a Latin verb:

“Umph! Yes! Mr. C., your accent would make a Roman ass bray.”

ATHLETIC NOTES.

Our base ball season will soon be here and it is time for us to begin to agitate the base ball spirit at C. A. C.

Base ball has been our most popular sport in years past, especially among our Faculty. We hope to see an increase of interest in our team the coming season.

Remember we have two excellent pitchers and base ball material enough to organize a good team. What we most need is new suits that our team may make a good appearance upon the field. We are endeavoring to get money for this purpose through the agency of our basket ball team. Therefore, come to the games and bring your friends.

BASKET BALL.

C. A. C. VS. W. B. C.

Saturday evening, Jan. 11, C. A. C. easily defeated the team representing the Willimantic Business College.

The C. A. C. boys out-classed the W. B. C. boys in weight, and they were far superior in the art of the game as well. The line up for C. A. C., was as follows; McLean, right forward; Moriarity, left; Crowell (captain), right guard; Pierpont, left; Twing, center. Referee, O. E. Smith; umpire, T. F. Downing. Fouls by C. A. C., 2; by W. B. C., 2; goals from field, C. A. C., 23; W. B. C., 3; on fouls, C. A. C., 2; W. B. C., 1. Final score 70 to 11.

ALMA MATER.

From the standpoint of the under-graduate, how enticing the world looks; what possibilities nerve one to prepare for the struggle toward success, which fortunately appears so easy of attainment. None realize this more strongly than those whose school days are over, and who are obliged to face the stern realities of life whether they will or not. These realities seemed to us as they do to you, only slightly harder than a little extra grind in physics or geometry. How short those three years as we look back upon them now. The rough edges are rubbed away, and we are disposed to look back with more or less regret toward the familiar college walls (and stone walls).

It is said experience is the best teacher, often the only teacher, and
being young in years and different in policy from the classical institutions, it is but natural that our college should at times encounter obstacles requiring the keenest adaptability to overcome. Yet we realize it is no longer an experiment. The people of the state should be convinced that its usefulness is of a character that will broaden and enrich the powers of the commonwealth, because it aims at the very root of progress—production.

We are watching your (the students') attainments as well as the college. We have followed with increasing interest the continuation of the C. A. C. LOOKOUT, and trust that its support may be such that it, too, will hereafter be considered one of the essential features of the student organization.

In closing I hope the beginning year of this century of progress will mark an era of prosperity for our Alma Mater.

F. R. Comber, '97.

AN EVENING'S STUDY.

My supper finished, I return to my room determined on accomplishing something in the way of study: preparations made, I sit down in the pleasant glow of the lamplight and the fervor of virtuous resolutions, and am barely at work, when— "Good evening; what are you doing?" or words to that effect, bring me to a realizing sense of my own folly in expecting to secure an uninterupted evening without the inhospitable but essential preliminary of turning the key in the door. So having been careless, I must face the consequences, and I hope that this unwelcome guest will take himself off before another one comes in, therefore I do not even yet lock the door. But the man in the next room, hearing the strange voice, comes trotting in to ascertain the source and cause of the visit. Men in more distant rooms, notified by the slam of the door that there is "something doing" in Number X, hasten to the scene of the supposed festivity regardless of my aspirations for a quiet evening; and alas, equally regardless of furniture, decorations, or souvenirs, as they seat themselves and make ready for the evening's pleasure. I turn to my room-mate, who up to this time has been sitting at his desk writing an editorial on the value of time, the necessity for using it rightly and wisely, and the impossibility of recovering the lost moments—a sort of "wheel will never turn again with the water that is passed" affair, in fact. I had a faint idea that a little help might be got from him in the way of clearing the atmosphere—and incidentally the room—for my room-mate is much respected for his gigantic intellect, and likewise for his mighty biceps. But from him there is no help. He, too, lays aside his manuscript; the light of inspiration fades from his eyes, and on his usually smiling countenance settles a look of commingled disgust and indignation that would drive any sensible man from the room.

The conversation varies in strict accord with the groups in the different corners of the room. From the lounge, whose springs threaten complete collapse under the weight of solid humanity, comes the echo of congratulatory computation of how many "hours I have off to-morrow." The hospitable hollow of the Morris chair, confides to the auditors perched on either arm, and to him hanging over the back, comprehensive views on the ever fruitful sub-
ject of Grove Cottage, and woman's "inhumanity to man," as exemplified in the unsympathetic attitude of the matron and her staff of chaperons. There is no need of attention on the part of the hosts; my room-mate and I sit silent and stare gloomily at the door, but no one goes. On the other hand, in rushes the captain of the basket ball team, out of breath and visibly perspiring from his exercise, and, seeing no other place to sit, squats on a choice sofa pillow. His pleasure it is to relate the incidents of the evening's practice, his woes arising from inept or recalcitrant players, and the triumphs of his own skill and powers. Then, as it is set down in the programmes of conventions, follow the discussions.

Thus passes my evening; the morrow's work looms accusingly through the smoke wreaths arising from our own private stock of tobacco, which our frank and hearty visitor use, and using revile, until weariness compels a reluctant withdrawal, or "the setting stars invite to sleep," and we silently prepare for our night's rest, an unprepared lesson, an unfinished editorial, and a general feeling of dissatisfaction being the net result. *Quid muta.*

J. S. C., 1902,

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

To the student of politics the gallery of the House of Representatives at Washington undoubtedly affords many opportunities for the study of our political system in one of its most important branches—legislation. As one gazes down on that immense hall, with its rows upon rows of desks, and the moving, speaking, struggling mass of members, his attention is drawn at once to the spectacular features rather than to the real functions of the House, and he wonders how, out of such babel and seeming chaos, are safely brought the vast interests entrusted to the care of these representatives of the people. Undoubtedly the usual conception of Congress is that of an orderly and quiet assembly, intent upon the business of the country. It may indeed, be so at times; but ordinarily it is a scene of "confusion worse confounded." The writer has seen the House in an uproar caused by two members who at home and among their own constituents are, doubtless, dignified and orderly citizens, but who, in the excitement of debate, so far forgot themselves as to shake their fists in each others faces. Speaker Reed was powerless; he pounded continuously and thunderously with his gavel, but it only added to the noise. He then shouted, "For God's sake gentlemen! You are in the House of Representatives." In an instant the House came to itself and a fitting apology was made.

Even when business is proceeding in an orderly manner, the scene is sufficiently animated; here is a member earnestly speaking and apparently unheard; there a group in eager conversation, others lounging in their seats in various attitudes more or less ungraceful, while some are reading newspapers and still others are consulting books of authority. Above all the hurry and noise is heard the loud clapping of hands which to practiced ears means the call of some member for a page. These are numerous, and do all the fetching and carrying for the members, and their swift constant movement
about the hall is one of the characteristic features of Congress.

But the most interesting personage is the speaker. He is something of an autocrat. He it is who appoints all committees. He has the power to make or unmake the fortunes of any measure. Whoever wishes to speak must "catch the speaker's eye." In fact his power is so great in matters of legislation that he has to be deferred to even by the President.

The election of the speaker is of course by the dominant party, and is always after a hot fight. Here are laid the foundations for lifelong political quarrels that sometimes leave their mark on the politics of a generation. When elected the new speaker is escorted up the aisle to the chair on the arm of the man who has stood for the opposite political party amid the applause of the whole House. This party courtesy is rudely shattered by the announcement of the committees, and does not again show itself until the close of Congress.

The speaker needs to be the possessor of a strong voice, backed up by a pair of extraordinarily good lungs, so long as the House continues to have a hall which is a third larger than it ought to be.

The task laid upon the speaker of controlling and guiding such a body would seem to be one from which men would shrink. Yet the place has its compensations. There is no single man who can do so much to prosper or to endanger the policy of the man who occupies the White House as can the man in the speaker's chair. The power of the vice-president is small compared to that of the speaker. The swearing in of new members which occurs after the Speaker is chosen, is a solemn constitutional function, usually devoid of all excitement.

The members take the oath in groups in the alphabetical order of the states, thirty or forty, as many as can stand together at the bar of the House, being sworn together.

When the writer was familiar with the doings of Congress, the speaker's chair was filled with the bulky form of Thomas B. Reed of Maine. It would seem a little strange not to meet that jovial, kindly, bald-headed man in the aisles and lobbies, for it is really only a small portion of his time that a speaker spends in the chair. Then, too, must be missed the familiar drawl, the pointed shafts of wit, and the laugh of the Speaker, which threatened to shake the dome of the Capitol. A portrait of the ex-Speaker, which hangs in the lobby of the House is a great trial to the friends and admirers of Mr. Reed. The artist has simply produced a caricature.

All men who have occupied the speaker's chair have been marked men in their time. The writer is sure that no one who ever served in that capacity was more loved and admired by his associates than Speaker Reed.

M. A. RUST.

FIRE! AND RATS.

Any person doubting the fact that rats can start fires, should have been in the room occupied by Messrs. A. B. Clark and H. L. Bushnell on the morning of January 9th, to view the ghastly ruins left by a fire started by a rat and also to view the remains of the incendiary himself.

At 2.45 A. M. I was awakened by, or,
became aware of the presence of, smoke in the room in which were reposing the following members of the Senior class: Bushnell, Crowell, Clark and Twing. I said not a word but sprang out of bed and opened the door into Clark and Bushnell's study. The room was a mass of flame. Closing the door I turned toward the beds and yelled "Fire!" just once. The three forms still remaining in bed assumed an upright position without a moment's hesitation. One member of the party reopened the door I had just closed but closed it again at once. This particular person then became inspired with the feeling that the window was the only means of escape. He therefore ran to a window and would surely have transgressed the law of gravity to his own sorrow, had he not been told to be still. He then turned and yelled, "Tie your clothes boys," and set the example by taking the sheets from his bed. Meanwhile the remainder of the masculine part of the Senior Class had made their presence known by pounding on the door opening into the hall which was the only other means of exit from the room except through the fire or through the open window. This door, being locked and the key deposited in the pocket of a pair of burning trousers, was quickly but completely demolished, and the inmates came out. Soon water from our excellent "fire extinguisher" system, consisting of three round-bottom pails filled to the brim, conquered the conflagration but gave the room the appearance of a little flower on a summer's morning, rather dewy. The firemen's suits were of a substantial kind and are warranted to be water-proof unless attacked with soap as well as water.

Later a large rat was found in the drawer of a partly consumed bureau. It is supposed that he died with an unuttered "tail" for he paid the penalty without a trial.

The damage to the room was slight and with the loss of one rat and a few collars we consider ourselves fortunate.

One unexplainable fact is that a trunk the size of a small house, containing a pair of shoes and an old shirt, marked H. L. B. was found directly under the window of the sleeping room on the following morning.

JAMES B. TWING '02.

FONG TOY, CONVERT.

He was only a boy and a Chinese boy at that. In New England, he might perhaps have been an object of curiosity but, you see, he lived in China where Chinese boys are quite frequent. So when little Fong Toy was befriended by an American and accepted into the Methodist Church, the loss to the followers of Confucius was not great. Indeed, to the missionaries he was only a troublesome assistant of the assistant garbage collector and they took no notice of him except to inquire once why he had not given any "cash" to the church instead of spending his money for a finely colored fish kite.

But now it would be different, he argued to himself. Now that he had volunteered to carry a message to the allied army from the besieged in Pekin, had been accepted, had delivered the letter and was now returning, he said to himself "The American lady will call me a good boy and give me some American sweetmeats." His highest
hope in life was to be praised by the wife of the missionary, and to eat unlimited boxes of American chocolates. Although this little Chinese boy’s wants and wishes were few, he had the fortitude of a man of his race. Since setting out from Pekin he had met with many adventures and trials.

When he first left the city he wore the habit of a beggar, and the boiled rice in his begging bowl concealed the message; but he afterward broke the bowl and was obliged to hide the piece of paper in the hem of his garment. At one place he was stopped and made to work in the fields for a week; at another place where the Boxers were numerous, he had to enlist; but he escaped and at length reached the town where the allies had encamped, delivered his message, and received a communication in return. Now he was on his way back; around his neck was a cord from which hung a bit of bamboo carved in the form of one of the thousands of tutelary gods of the Celestial Empire. Inside this idol was a message, on fine rice paper, of encouragement from the English general in command of the relief forces, to the foreign ministers.

Not until he got within sight of Pekin was Fong Toy troubled again for the reason that the Chinese troops and Boxers had received word that the “Foreign Devils” were approaching with a victorious army.

It was night; and Fong Toy hoped to be in his native city before morning, but in his haste he ran into an unpatrolled camp of Boxers, and before he recognized his peril, had stepped on a sleeping man’s hand and alarmed the camp. Lights were brought and he was examined. As they took him for a convert, he showed them the small idol and rattled off a lot about despising the foreign devils who had killed his parents, and declared that he himself had come to join the honorable and always patriotic Boxers. All this would have been well and good if one of the soldiers present had not recognized the boy as one who had deserted his regiment several weeks ago.

He was guarded until morning, when he was set to work grooming some horses which had been captured from a company of Russian cavalry. Our little hero, seeing his chance, mounted one of the horses and before his guard recovered, was off. Half the whole camp turned out on foot to chase the boy. He reached the wall patrolled by the American marines and called to the sentinel in the few English words he knew.

By this time the Boxers were close upon him. A rope was hastily passed down and Fong Toy made himself fast to it. At the call of the American marine, an Austrian, a Japanese, and three Italian soldiers appeared and opened fire on the horde below. This caused the Chinese to return the fire, but they all shot at the boy dangling half way up the wall. Almost simultaneously Fong Toy experienced a sharp pain in the left shoulder where an arrow from the bow of a mountain archer had lodged, and felt himself falling, the rope being cut by a strong bullet. His shoulder burned so that he hardly felt the shock of falling. Leaning his back against the wall, he tore the image from his neck, and calmly facing the crowd of bloodthirsty savages, gave it an upward and backward toss into the compound. In an instant the Boxers, men of his own color, were upon him and the rifles of a regiment could not have torn them from their prey. Fong Toy had faithfully delivered the English general’s message.

Within a few days the triumphant allies entered the city. Rajputs of the Ind and Cossacks of the Urals, Likhs, Bengal Lancers, and English Tommies, together with their cousins from America, and French, Austrian, Italian, and Japanese soldiers. All were received with joy and exaltation: happiness was everywhere within the sorely beleaguered
compound; and without the city wall a little mutilated body showed where one mote of humanity had laid down its life for Christianity. Who shall say the kingdom of Heaven shall not be his?

E. W. Baxter, '03.

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