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Lookout, Volume 7, Number 8, February 1903

A. W. Manchester

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Class Officers.
Seniors, 1903—President, A. W. Manchester.
Juniors, 1904—President, H. S. Comstock.
Sophomores, 1905—President, S. P. Hollister.
Freshmen, 1906—President, I. W. Fuller.
As the graduates of a college grow older and experience the real work of life they begin to learn that there is no brotherhood, no companionship quite like that of their college days. They find a real pleasure in getting together once in a while to talk over the past. Mr. J. H. Atkins, '86, in a recent letter to the college editor, in speaking of agitating the matter of class reunions at Commencement, says: “You who are there now can form no idea of the loneliness of one coming back there, after an absence of years, notwithstanding what you and all connected with the institution may do to entertain him.” “I certainly have nothing to complain of on that score, but the absence of many of those faces which I used to see at Commencements and of all my class, '86, made it seem as if it were not the same place.”

“In the years just succeeding those when I graduated, to go back to Storrs was just like going home.” “If we could have a class reunion once in a while, or if a number of the older classes could agree to have one at the same time and place, preferably at Commencement, it would add much pleasure to our visit.”

We commend Mr. Atkins’ words to others who love old Storrs, but feel like strangers in a strange land among us.

Postal cards have been sent out by the college announcing the 1903 Summer School for Teachers. The term begins July 6 and ends July 28. Arrangements have been made whereby prominent educators will supplement the work of the college faculty. The course is entirely elective, the teacher resting or working as she prefers. The success of last year’s term augurs well for this year’s work. In all probability the charm of the singing of the
birds in the dewy morning hours, or of hay-making in the warm afternoon sunshine, has not decreased. We trust that many new, as well as old friends will come to the hill where the sun rises early and the senior rises late.

Many people have the impression that because we are far from centers of population, because we are not in the midst of fashionable city society; because we have no play-houses or gambling dens, because the bell of the trolley car and the whistle of the locomotive are not ever in our ears; because when we trade we can stand in but one spot and have an entire line of dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, furnishings, etc., within reach of our hands; because the hand-organ man, the scissors grinder, the umbrella mender, and the mendicant receptacle for beer and food are unknown among us—there is nothing doing at Storrs. But these people know nothing about the thrilling adventures, the hairbreadth escapes and the gruesome accidents which continually keep us in a state of excitement.

For all these things we are indebted to that potentate before whose will, king and beggar are helpless; who has destroyed armies and fed nations—the weather. This ruler may go elsewhere once in a while to change the atmospheric conditions, but he makes his headquarters at Storrs and keeps in trim by practicing on us, by using us for his punching bag. He is ever in the qui vive, giving us no rest night or day. One day we are all nearly breaking our necks on the ice, the next we are trying to extricate ourselves from the mud. We go to bed at night in the moonlight and leave the window open for ventilation. We wake up under a few inches of snow.

He seems somehow connected with the Experiment Station and keeps one man busy raising and changing his signal flags. Many times a day an athletic looking individual may be seen hustling toward the flagpole. Up goes the signal fair and colder. Within fifteen minutes a northeast wind is piling up clouds and within an hour the same flagman, drenched to the skin by the torrents of rain, is noticed pulling down his signal and setting the stormy weather one. But soon the sun shines out and once more the signaler's task is repeated.

It would seem best to petition the legislature to establish a home for the weather in some place where human foot never treads, and to request him to stay there most of the time. Or, with a poet, who, in a recent magazine, publishes a prayer to Apollo, we might petition Olympian Jove to resume his sway and to restore Aeolus to his command over the "winds and the struggling tempests."

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**College Notes.**

The military ball was held Friday evening, January 16, at the College Hall. About one hundred and twenty-five people were present; while this does not seem a large number, yet the limited accommodations of the floor were sufficiently taxed. The display of pretty gowns was unusually brilliant. The hall was tastefully decorated under the direction of Mr. Manchester. Light refreshments were served. Miss Taft, well known to all the students of recent years, furnished the music. While we were pleased to see so many of our alumnae present, our kindly heart was
wrung with pity for our girls of the cottage, for the law of supply and demand rules in the ball-room as inevitably as in the market.

New England is the ideal place for coasting, and Storrs is the spot in New England where coasting is an essential at some seasons of the year. Sometimes the coasting is involuntary and provocative of language. But there has been a fair opportunity for real coasting—genuine old-fashioned sliding down hill. The senior double ripper has been in good demand, and has served a noble purpose, especially on moonlight nights. There have been no accidents, and no danger except perhaps to Dr. Lehnert’s mail box.

The juniors recently decided to have a class table—they had it for just one meal. The young ladies sat in alternate order with their masculine friends. ’Twas a pretty sight. Mr. Dewell, the largest man in the class, presided with his usual grace and dignity. When the early morning bell called to breakfast, every junior sat in his place, a thing that has not been seen for many a long day. But they were there in vain. The relentless authorities had interfered, and the young ladies did not show up for their matutinal meal. We presume they were holding an indignation meeting at the cottage. The hard-hearted officers must have shaken in their shoes.

And while on the subject of tables, Miss Conger, Messrs. Averill and Pierpont are in a quandary. The senior table has, in the past, been an important institution; to its exalted dignity none but seniors might aspire. But this year, the fates have been indeed untoward. The dining room is crowded; all the members of the class are, at meal times, engaged in the service of the college, with the exception of the three named above. They are buffeted about from place to place, and were there room, they would apply for seats at the faculty table. As it is, they seriously think of eating their meals at the mantel piece, there securing the dignity of isolation which naturally belongs to the senior class.

A new reading room has been opened at No. 12, N. D. The most important literature to be found there at present consists of The Waterbury American, The Newtown Bee, and Munsey’s Magazine. Various pictures of more or less artistic value may be found there. Likewise stationery.

President Stimson took the sixth degree at the meeting of the State Grange in Hartford, January 14.

The “Shakes” have recently appeared, adorned with the pretty pin which symbolizes their order. These, fortunately, are secured by means of safety catches; thus they are preserved from the girls.

The college pins which have appeared in large numbers of late, are unusually attractive. They can be secured from Mr. Averill, and their purchase benefits the “LOOKOUT.”

It is announced that Prof. Mulford will give a series of lectures on “Forestry” to the senior class this winter.

Prof. Phelps’ recent lecture on the “Modern Novel,” was thoroughly enjoyed by the entire college community. The lecturer was happy, both in matter and in manner.

President Stimson and Prof. Clinton represented the college at the meeting, in Hartford, of the Dairymen. President Stimson
made a brief and effective address, setting forth the condition and needs of the college. Prof. Clinton was unfortunately prevented by illness from speaking. The members of the senior class have usually attended these meetings. This year the class was represented—how worthily, modesty prevents us from saying—by Messrs. Averill and Pierpont.

Many of the students have been suffering from colds recently; so many, in fact, that the recitations have been thinly attended. We have noted, however, that the dining hall has not suffered seriously in the matter of either promptness or attendance. It has also occurred to us to note that the disease, whatever it may be, reaches an acute stage on Sunday morning.

Basket ball is occupying the attention of the athletic section of the college. A new feature is the hour of practice—9 p.m. It is not always agreeable to hear the warning whistle of the captain at 8.45. One hates to turn out at that hour. By the way, there seems to be a fashion in athletics. For the last two years basket ball seems to have displaced polo, and this notwithstanding the fact that both winters have given excellent opportunity for practice in the latter game. The cottage basket ball team seems to have become permanency, and enjoys the unique distinction of being the only athletic team that has never met defeat. This is due perhaps to the excellence of the management and of the coaching.

Net result of Prof. Phelp’s lecture on novelists—particularly, William Black—on the editor.

Now I surmise the youth that’s wise,
Will carefully shun “A pair o’ blue eyes.”

Perhaps it were well to extend the advice to some of our number whose thoughts seem to stray cottageward overmuch.

There has always been a question as to the proper amount of protein that should be used, to secure the best results, in feeding cattle. No satisfactory conclusions have been reached from the experiments hither-to made along this line. The matter of determining the question by actual trial has been taken up by Prof. Beach. Under his direction the senior class are making the following test. The cows are weighed twice a week; the water drunk is estimated as carefully as possible; grain, ensilage, hay and corn stover weighed daily. The weight of the milk is carefully ascertained daily. Sixteen cows have been selected for the experiment, divided into two equal groups. Averill and Pierpont are in charge of one group receiving 2½ pounds of protein to 1,000 pounds weight of cow. Manchester, Hauck and Stocking are in charge of the other group, and this group receives two pounds to 1,000. At the end of a month they will change and note the results. As the work comes under the charge of the experiment station, the results will be published as an Experiment Station bulletin.

Professors Abroad.

Monday, February 2, and Tuesday, February 3, Prof. Stoneburn spoke at institutes near Hartford and Bridgeport, on subjects connected with the poultry industry.

Wednesday morning at the annual meeting of the Connecticut Pomological Society, February 4, Mr. E. R. Bennett spoke on “Orchard Management and Inspection in Michigan.”

Wednesday evening, February 4, at the
annual meeting of the Connecticut Pomological Society, Prof. L. A. Clinton spoke on "Tillage, Cover Crops, and Soil Conditions in Orchards."

Thursday afternoon, February 5, at the annual meeting of the Connecticut Pomological Society, Prof. A. G. Gulley spoke on "Practical Results from Spraying and Thinning."

Alumni Notes.

'85. A son was born November 28, 1902, to Mr. and Mrs. Archer C. Ford, of Grant's Pass, Oregon.

85. Mr. F. E. Fenner, of 88 South Main Street, Waterbury, Conn., has recently reopened his hardware store. His new store is larger and better equipped than the one he formerly occupied. Mr. Fenner was one of those who suffered by the large fire which devastated Waterbury last February.

85. H. R. Hayden, whose place of residence was given by the last catalogue as Northampton, Mass., is now living in East Hartford, Conn. He has secured a position as salesman for an insurance supply company. Mr. Hayden was the Democratic candidate for judge of probate for his district at the November election.

'86. "Ned" Blair, who according to the catalogue has been lost for some time, is living in Hartford where he holds a position with the Hartford Lumber Co.

'86. John H. Atkins was the Republican candidate for the position of assessor at the last town election, but somehow the voters of Middletown didn't appreciate their opportunity. He will not work the road "on rainy days" next year, as he has done in the past.

'95. George R. Hall has been in New York at the automobile show in Madison Square Garden, in charge of the exhibits of the Veeder Cyclometer Co., and of the Hartford Cycle Supply Co.

'97. Mr. Frederick W. Buell is now at Sharon, Pa., engaged in constructing a bridge. He is employed by the iron bridge company located at Toledo, Ohio.

'98. Mr. Walter S. Gillette is employed as stenographer at the main office of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Co., New Haven, Conn.

'98. Mr. Norman Webb has moved from Plymouth to Terryville, Conn., where he is employed. He was elected Justice of the Peace of the town of Plymouth at the recent election.

'99. Mr. George M. Greene's present address is 415 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

'00. Miss Christie J. Mason is employed at the college by the Experiment Station.

'01. Mr. J. H. Vallet is employed at his home in Uncasville.

'01. Mr. F. H. Plumb spent part of his Christmas vacation here at the college with his friend, Mr. J. H. Blakslee, '01.

'02. Mr. J. B. Twing is now employed in the shipping department of the Linen Company at Willimantic, Conn.

'02. Mr. H. L. Bushnell recently gave a whistling solo at the Mill Plain Chapel. He was accompanied by Mrs. A. J. Pierpont.

Ex. '03. Miss Annie Garrigus has been visiting her brother, H. L. Garrigus, '98.
Ex. '03. Mr. F. S. G. McLean spent part of his vacation here at the college. He was present at the military ball.

We were glad to see so many of the alumni at the military ball. Among those present were C. R. Green, '95; J. N. Fitts, '97; J. B. Lyman, '00; T. F. Downing and E. P. Brown, '01; J. S. Carpenter, '02; G. H. Lamson, '02; L. F. Harvey, '02; J. B. Twing, '02; G. H. Hollister, '02; A. B. Clark, '02; Miss E. E. Goodrich, '02; Miss L. J. Wheeler, '02; Miss V. E. Freeman, '02, and Miss G. L. Thorpe, Ex., '04.

The evening of January 21st found nearly a score of our alumni who were present at the meeting of the Connecticut Dairyman's Association at supper in Merrill's Hotel, Hartford, Conn. The following were present: C. H. Savage, '88; C. B. Pomeroy, Jr., '90; H. G. Manchester and A. R. Yale, '91; H. E. French, '92; M. M. Frisbie, '95; C. R. Green, '95; A. J. Pierpont, '95, and Mrs. Pierpont, O. F. King, '96; Francis Comber, '97; J. N. Fitts, '97; H. B. Luce, '97; H. L. Garrigus, '98; F. D. Clapp, '99; Miss Elsie Leach, '99, and R. J. Averill and M. E. Pierpont, class of '03. The general sentiment of those present as expressed afterward was that more of such gatherings would be desirable and profitable to all.

Basket Ball.

C. A. C., 19. MIDDLETOWN HIGH SCHOOL, 8.

On Saturday, January 17, the game was called in College Hall at 11 a. m. The game was exciting, but not particularly interesting. Although our team was more active as a whole and shot more baskets it was evident that the visitors were seriously handicapped by lack of room, their throws for the basket overshooting in a good many instances. Most of their heavy work was done in the first half as they made no baskets in the second. The score at the end of the first half was 10 to 7; at the end of the game, 19 to 8. This shows that our team played as well in the last as in the first half. The line up was as follows:

C. A. C.

MIDDLETOWN.

Comstock, Rosenfeld r. g. Mylchreest, Lowell Crowell..............l. g. ........Northrop Averill.................c...........Smith Manchester.............r. f........(Capt.) Cole Pierpont (Capt)....l. f..............Fourette Basket Ball.

Baskets, C. A. C., Averill 2, Manchester 3, Rosenfield 2, Pierpont 2; M. H. S., Fourette 2, Cole 1.

Fouls shot, C. A. C., Averill 1; M. H. S., Cole 1, Fourette 1.

Time—Two twenty-minute halves.

Time-keepers—Ford, Lowell, Mylchreest.

Referee—L. F. Harvey (M. A. C.)

Umpires—T. Smith and G. H. Lamson (M. A. C.)

Scorekeeper—E W. Baxter.

Girls' Basket Ball.

C. A. C., 12. PUTNAM HIGH SCHOOL, 4.

The return game with Putnam was played in the armory there on Saturday afternoon, January 10. It had been well advertised and something like two hundred people turned out to see it.

On account of a misunderstanding as to the rules to be followed, a compromise was made by which the teams agreed to play
one-half ladies’ rules and the other half Y. M. C. A. The choice fell to our team and Coach Crowell decided to start in with ladies’ rules.

Those of you who have never seen the straight ladies’ basket ball played can form no idea of the way our girls were handicapped. A chalk line cut the floor in two and certain of the players were not allowed to cross it; the guards were not permitted to shoot for the basket. Putnam’s practice was plainly evident. To our girls the game was practically a brand new one. Under these conditions and on home ground Putnam was defeated in the first half, 6 to 2.

In the last half the game was swifter and more interesting. Both teams played well, everybody realizing, I think, that Putnam got the better end of the bargain in the arrangement as to rules. There was some superb passing by Connecticut and some pretty plucky blocking by Putnam, all of which was impartially applauded and cheered by the Putnam people. In this half Connecticut shot three baskets and Putnam one, and the score stood 12 to 4 in favor of C. A. C.

Twenty-minute halves were played. Mr. Whitney was referee, and the umpires were Mr. Babington and Mr. Crowell.

Before the game the girls were given a luncheon at the home of Mrs. Harrison Fay, wife of the principal of the Putnam High School. Later the scrub team entertained them at the armory.

The best part of the trip, however, was the warm welcome given them by the Grove Cottage girls, and the fine feast spread out for the team on their return. They appreciated it all, and extend their hearty thanks for the generous kindness shown them.

PUTNAM HIGH SCHOOL. LINE UP. C. A. C.
Miss Rowe...right forward...Miss Conger
Miss Leary...left forward...Miss Dimock
Miss Wright...center...Miss Monteith
Miss Tibbits...right guard...Miss Donovan
Miss Judd...left guard...Miss Waters
Substitute, Miss Clark.

THE GAME WITH WOODSTOCK.

On Saturday afternoon, January 24, the girls played Woodstock Academy and gave us one of the pleasantest games of the season. The teams were pretty evenly matched, and though Woodstock was defeated 25 to 5, the game was much more interesting than the score might indicate. Our girls had to work to win.

Connecticut chose the lucky basket and shot ten times in the first half; Woodstock failed to score. The second half was full of play and our girls were kept down to a tie score, each team making five points.

Both the home and the visiting team showed a fine spirit throughout the game and Woodstock took its defeat in a most commendable manner.

The halves were fifteen minutes long. Mr. Crowell refereed. The umpires were Mr. Perrin and Mr. Rosenfeld, and Mr. Comstock was time-keeper.

After the game the Woodstock team was given a reception at Grove Cottage. Refreshments were served, and there was time for a little dancing. Miss Geer played.

Miss Bates, teacher of English at Woodstock Academy, accompanied the team and acted as chaperone.

WOODSTOCK. LINE UP. C. A. C.
Miss Steere...right forward...Miss Conger
Miss Nelson...left forward...Miss Dimock
Miss Church...center...Miss Monteith
Miss Alton...right guard...Miss Donovan
Miss Chandler...left guard...Miss Waters
The Farm.

Last month I pointed out some of the opportunities open to young men in the Department of Agriculture under Civil Service Rules and the season why one should study with the purpose of entering that department. This month I want to speak of the possibilities of happiness for those who follow farming for a living—

I will not say to accumulate wealth.

Many of the early impressions of farm life are unpleasant for the farm boy. He has never known the time when he did not have to work. On a biting winter morning he has to get up in a cold room, dress, and pull on his cowhide boots stiffened with the cold and for several hours before daylight “do chores.”

If he has any thought and ambition for the future, agriculture becomes repulsive to him because of the farmers he sees; men dressed in rough clothes with unkempt hair and beards, men who hang around in the village store, whose only pleasure in life seems to be in spitting tobacco juice at a box of sawdust placed in a convenient position, but which by the way seldom catches what is intended for it. The boy attends school where the teachers are often mere girls working to get a little money before they marry or go away to complete their education. Because of the lack of proper teaching and educational atmosphere, the country boy is often far behind his city cousin in his studies.

Under these discouraging conditions it is no wonder that the boy eagerly awaits the time when he can get away from the farm and its seemingly endless drive of work.

Perhaps the greatest barrier to a young man who wants to be a farmer, is the cost of a convenient and desirable farm. It is often not so much the boy’s dislike for farming, as it is the cost of a farm that drives him into other lines of work; where he forms associations and habits that unfit him for farm work when he at last secures sufficient capital to procure a farm.

To the young man who has a good farm or the means of securing one, there is an unlimited opportunity for success in its largest sense. The opportunity for self-improvement during the long winter evenings and, stormy days, the quiet and contentment, that come to the tired body when the labors of the day are over and the farmer sits down by a cheerful fire with his family about him, are unsurpassed in any calling.

The opportunities for making beautiful home grounds are unlimited in the country; a tree planted here, a vine there, and a well kept lawn, these things of beauty, which I am sorry to say are often so sadly lacking, would add much to the joy of rural life.

With modern improvements the isolation of the farmer is a thing of the past. The rural free delivery of mail brings the daily paper and the choicest monthlies to his door, the rural telephone puts him in communication with his neighbors and these, together with the electric car service, bring his home really within the suburbs of the city.

The farm, holding locked up its wealth of hay and grain, defies the unskilful to take from it its riches; but yields up its bounty in abundance to the master hand.

It is often said that any bumpkin can run a farm and so perhaps he can—run it out. He who can make nature yield up her riches without robbing her and who i-
creases the fertility of his farm while making it produce to the limit of its ability is the true farmer.

Many men, who might have been useful men in their own country towns, simply lose themselves in the city; where competition is more keen, where the stress of life is greater and where only the brightest succeed. Where there has been one success in cities there have been hundreds of failures.

In the country the successful farmer is the successful man. His neighbors look up to him for advice and help. He becomes an influential man in his town, and if a man is influential in his own town, he is very apt to be well known in the state.

The man who knows how to work his land, what crops to raise, and how to market them, can obtain more profit for the money and labor invested than in any other business.

Above all other considerations there is the feeling of independence. The farmer does not have to depend upon anyone for his living. Hard times will not throw him out of employment. The feeling of contentment that comes to one who owns the roof over his head and the fertile acres about his home, the joy in flocks, herds, crops, and in the sights and sounds of the country, present many inducements to the young men of our land.

H. D. Edmond,
Fifth year B. S.

"A Day's Outing."

Some delight to roam through the woods and others to take trips to the sea-shore. If a person here at Storrs wishes to spend a day by the water, the first thing that he must do is to get to Eagleville, either on foot or in one of the conveyances furnished by the college—seasickness is not uncommon in this part of the journey—and catch the eight-thirty train for New London via the Central Vermont, otherwise known as the "Piko." He may arrive in New London at nine-thirty and take the steamer Block Island to either Watch Hill or Block Island.

If one prefers Watch Hill, he may spend the day in bathing in the surf or visiting the different hotels and places of interest, such as Westerly, R. I., which is a very lively place in the summer, or he may get a carriage and go to the fort at Napatree Point and visit our country's defenders.

If, on the other hand, a person prefers Block Island, he may have the pleasure of being seasick and seeing the ocean. Arriving at Block Island at 12:30 o'clock, he can hire a carriage and go to a hotel and get a dinner or he may resort to a shore dinner house where a clambake may be obtained. Perhaps he will go to see the old Wind Mill which is a memorial of olden times to all Block Islanders. On his trip to the mill he will pass many dwelling houses and if he asks who lives there the answer will be, "I'm not very familiar with Block Island, but either Milken, Dodge or Ball lives there." The Islanders are usually members of one of these three families.

A peculiar feature will be noticed, that is, the scarcity of trees and stones upon the island. Farming is not carried on very extensively there on account of the poor quality of the soil.

Fishing is their chief industry. Bluefish and weak-fish are the principal kinds of fish, although sword-fish are caught to
quite an extent. If a person wishes a souvenir of the last named fish—or even if he does not want one—he will always find a fisherman with one for sale.

The tourist has only about two hours at Block Island and does not have time to see a quarter of it. The island itself is seven miles long and three miles wide.

If time permits, it is very pleasant to go to Beacon Hill, the highest point on Block Island. A toll of twenty-five cents must be paid before one can go up into the tower.

Before one can see all these places of interest he will hear the steamer’s whistle; then comes the excitement of catching the boat.

While you are trying to recover your breath after getting safely on board, you are faced by a boy who tries to sell you a souvenir view of Block Island or a history of the island itself.

Your trip home may not have many lively events, although you may enjoy the common trouble of being seasick.

Arriving in New London at five o’clock, just in time to catch the Piko R. R., you reach Eagleville about six-thirty o’clock, and have the pleasure of walking back to Storrs.

CHAS. N. PATTISON, B. C., ’03.

The Student.

It is an authentic and generally admitted fact that no two persons in this world are exactly alike. While some may resemble one another in particular respects, still they are essentially different. This statement loses none of its truthfulness when applied to students. It is instructive and somewhat interesting to note the various types and characteristics of students in any school or college.

Some are intelligent, others are less inclined that way; sometimes one can hardly notice this quality at all. The intelligent fellow is wide awake and ready for any emergency. He is the one that is in demand in all perplexities and affairs of importance. To him are intrusted matters that it would not be wise to confide to the less intelligent student.

The dull student might be compared to the oft mentioned “bad penny”—always turning up. He is not in harmony with the times. He takes but little interest in college affairs and it is generally immaterial to him which way a thing goes, or which side wins.

This kind of a student accepts circumstances as he finds them and is content to let existing conditions remain as they are. Of course there are exceptions to all rules, nevertheless the dull student is generally entitled to the above characterization.

We have the student who takes pride in having things in order and looking neat. He has his room clean and orderly, ready for inspection, and when the dignified commandant comes a “rapping and a tapping at the chamber door,” on a Sunday morn, this student can stand without fear of hearing the fatal command: “Sergeant P., note general dustiness and disorder of room. Only two hours’ extra drill this time.”

Some appear to be fond of the extra drill prescribed for them. It is not an unusual sight to see a line of pickets, stationed at various points about the campus, carrying their cumbersome guns and marching their posts in a penitent and woe begone spirit.

Grove cottage especially is well guarded.
at these times, for what reasons we know not. Our first sergeant, the worthy scribe alone knows. In fact some few have been heard to assert that they gained entrance to the cottage with considerable difficulty, while these ever watchful guards were patrolling their posts.

The studious and the otherwise should be considered as two distinct classes. There are those who devote their evenings to the pursuit of their lessons and employ their time to good advantage.

There are the students who are not particularly pleased with the idea of studying, and as they like company (misery always likes company), they endeavor to see that no one else is permitted to study. But, fortunately, we have strong locks on our doors and, if necessary, strength with which to resist the enemy's hostile attack.

St., '04.

The Angora Goat.

During the administration of President Polk, the Sultan of Turkey asked him to point out some reliable man to experiment in cotton culture in Turkey. Dr. James B. Davis, of Columbia, S. C., was the man chosen by the President. He accordingly went to Turkey and carried on these experiments. The work that he did there was of such excellence and proved of so much value that upon his return home in 1849 the Sultan presented him with nine Angora goats. This is the way in which these animals made their first appearance in the United States.

From that time until this they have been taken to the agricultural fairs and have been admired by everyone who has chanced to see them. They have increased and spread over the United States until at present it is safe to say that they may be found in every state in the Union. They were introduced into Connecticut about twenty-five years ago by James A. Bill of this state. The chief purpose for which they are kept is to clear up brush-land.

Most people consider them worthless, but investigations have proven that the goat is one of the most useful of the domestic animals. This usefulness is manifested in a variety of ways. First, the fleece which is known as "Mohair," furnishes some of the finest of fabrics used in making ladies' dresses, and is employed in the manufacture of nearly all the plush used in the Pullman cars. Second, the clearing up of brush-land as already stated. Their flesh too is very nutritious, and is commonly sold as venison. Besides these they make excellent pets for children; their skins can be made into some of the neatest of robes and rugs, while if a few of them are kept with a flock of sheep they serve as a protection against dogs.

One of the first problems that presents itself to the farmer, after he has secured a flock of Angoras, is where he shall keep them. The best and practically the only way is to purchase some of the woven wire fencing now upon the market and enclose the pasture where he intends them to stay; this is the only way in which, when he takes his friends to see them, he can be sure of finding them at home. The building of this fence will be about the only expense, for their winter food consists of coarse hay
and cornstalks which are always available at a small cost.

These goats can be purchased for about $10 each; thus it appears that they are a cheap yet profitable animal to keep.

What better can a farmer do than to purchase a few of these snow white animals and let them clear up his brush-land while he uses his time to a better advantage.

F. J. Ford, '04.

Opportunities.

The student who improves all the opportunities of his college life is rare. He comes to college not alone for study, but because it offers him opportunities which cannot be found elsewhere. As the student enters college he may look about him for these opportunities, but too often after he has seen them he imagines himself shut off from them for what reason no one seems to know. It is true that he should not force himself into the different circles. He knows this, perhaps, but this is not the consideration which holds him back. There are two reasons of which one is as important as the other. One is he is afraid of defeat and the other is the indifferent spirit of simply don’t care.

The principal opportunities of the student, barring out his studies as a duty, may be classed under two headings, social and athletic.

The man who knows not how to meet his fellow men is a sort of hermit and perhaps worse than this even, because the hermit rarely troubles anyone, while the man who is a social bore cannot be secluded.

Some of my readers may recall the statement, recently made by President Stimson, that “the test of culture is living alone.” To be able to stand this test of culture, however, one must first know how to live with his fellow men. Social life develops one part of a man. Athletics tend to develop another.

The elements of the man which athletics tend to improve have often been pointed out and treated on these pages, and need no further discussion. If one fails to develop his physique he slights that part upon which his being as a whole is dependent. To be convinced of the above statements one needs only to look about and pick out the man that is getting the most out of his college course. He is not the man with round shoulders and thin chest who shuns his social and athletic opportunities, but he is the direct opposite.

We can not all shine as athletes, we can not all be social lions, but there is not one of us who if he seizes these opportunities will not be benefited by them.

Only by striving in this way can we approach the standard of education described by Huxley: “That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will and does with ease and pleasure all the work that as a mechanism he is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order, ready like a steam engine to be turned to any kind of work and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature and of the laws of her operations; one who no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire; but whose passions are trained to come to heel.
to a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness and to respect others as himself.”

S. M. CROWELL,
Fifth year B. S.

The Picket Guard.

All quiet along the campus they say,
Except, now and then, a stray picket.
He thinks as he walks on his beat to and fro
How the discipline committee said, “Take it.”
'Tis nothing, a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the college’s talk.
Not an officer out, only one of the men
Wearing out all his shoes on the walk.

Naught quiet along the campus to-night,
Where the students are melodiously screaming.
Their eyes in the rays of the clear autumn moon
Or the light of the street lamps are gleaming.
A terrible night, too, for a forty-knot wind
Keeps the dormitory’s rafters a-quiverin’.
And the students above, with their chattering teeth
“Turn in,” their bodies a-shivering.

There’s only the sound of the lone sentry’s tread,
As he travels from cottage to farm,
And he thinks of the place in his little iron bed;
How he longs to experience its charm!
His musket falls slack, he slips to the bank
Soon dreaming of drills never ending
As he utters a snore, for the soldier’s asleep,
The first sergeant is over him bending.
He passes the cottage and Beebe’s old store,
His footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes through the mud to his knees,
Toward Eagleville’s hamlet so dreary.

Hark! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves—
Was it moonlight so wondrously flash-ing?
It looked like a head-light, “Ha, college, good-by.”

On the C. V. he’s bumping and dashing.
All quiet along the campus to-night.
No sound save the echoing rill,
While bright shine the stars, on the famous old beat,
But the picket is off from the hill.

M. E. P.

King Philip’s Cave.

Many years ago when the country was new and the Indian was at war with the white man, King Philip after carrying fire and destruction through the outlying settlements of Massachusetts led his warriors against the weak settlements on the Farmington River. Tradition tells us that from the highest point of Talcott Mountain, whence his eye could follow the windings of the Tunxis River, he watched his painted warriors as they burned the village of Simsbury. This was the utmost they could do since the inhabitants forewarned had escaped. But this is not the only connection of the famous Indian warrior with the mountain which might better have borne his name than that of an earlier settler. No one knows how long Philip remained there.
on his first visit, but he must have explored the mountain pretty thoroughly. On its northern side it is but a sheer rock rising from the plain. In the face of the cliff are several caves not easy of access. When Philip’s apparently triumphant career was drawing to a close, when, deserted by his followers, he found the avenging white man hot on his trail, he remembered the lonely mountain by the Farmington River. Retracing his steps to the mountain from which he had watched the destruction of the new settlement, he abode by himself, using the larger of these caves as a place of refuge. Here he might have staid indefinitely; for the wilderness furnished all that was necessary to supply his simple wants and the loneliness of the forest contained no terror to the Indian chief. At length, however, he left his mountain refuge drawn to his own beautiful Mount Hope, either by homesickness or possibly nursing new schemes of destruction against the hated white man. Betrayed by one of his own followers he was tracked to his refuge in a lonely swamp and slain.

King Philip’s cave is not easy of access and resolutely defended could not have been stormed by any means to be brought against it by the early settlers. It is a cavern extending back from a shelf on the cliff, about thirty feet from the top and the same distance from the bottom. The cavern extends backward about eighteen feet into the solid rock and is high enough in places for a man to stand upright. What must have been Philip’s feelings as he stood at the entrance of his lonely dwelling and looked over the broad valleys for years the home of his ancestors.

King Philip’s Cave, almost forgotten by our busy generation, has doubtless wit-nessed many incidents and adventures. A suicide accomplished during the last summer recalled attention to this half forgotten spot. Perhaps with a notion of self-burial, a half-demented man from the neighborhood slew himself within its gloomy recess, thus adding another gruesome tradition to the dim romantic tale of other days.

RUTH ANGELINE HOLCOMB.

“Nick-Names.”

A youth, especially the college youth, does not consider his existence complete until he has gained a nick-name, either by some habit, act or peculiarity in character. Take for instance the handles applied to men on our own campus; it would be hard to find a list of names varying more in form and meaning.

Why some should be named according to appearance is easily seen by looking at them, but on the other hand why a muscular, athletic student should have the feminine name of Mabel applied to him is beyond my powers of reasoning unless he himself can explain the mystery.

It seems as if some names are just the reverse of what they ought to be. Take for instance our mild and gentle editor-in-chief, who bears the startling name of Captain Kidd. Certainly no one would take him for a blood-thirsty pirate any more than they would our social lion for a farmer, but still the latter is spoken of as “Si.”

Most of the nick-names mentioned so far are due more to the imagination of the giver than to any characteristic of the receiver; perhaps it might interest my readers to hear of another class of names if they are not bored to much by my first part.

We quite often hear of “Fox” and com-
mence to wonder who he is, but when he is pointed out to us, we cannot believe he bears an appropriate name, because a fox is supposed to be a small quadruped.

Deacon and Red explains themselves to the observer on first sight, but with Trix it is different, as it would take the hearer some time to figure out any resemblance between the name and the promising specimen of young manhood that bears it.

More than one effort to explain this mystery of nick-names has been made, but all have been failures. Anyone that can explain this strange system of naming will be a public benefactor.

R. T. DEWELL, 1904.

The College Campus.

Of the many attractive features about an educational institution, by no means the least is the beauty of the campus. A school or college may have magnificent buildings but unless these are surrounded by a harmonious grouping of trees and shrubs, shady walks and drives, their charm is lost. As a precious stone needs the delicate setting to bring out its full beauty, so the dormitories, lecture halls and other college buildings need the beauties of nature surrounding them to set forth their full grandeur.

Even in our northern states where Nature has given so many of her choice attractions—hills, valleys, lakes, shady streams and rocky ledges—to surround the buildings of educational institutions, the highest skill of the landscape gardener is demanded that there may be added to these natural beauties ornamental flower-beds, artistic drives and secluded walks where the student can forget for a time the tediousness of class-room work, and find the needed rest of mind which only Nature by her quieting influence can give.

The governing powers of many institutions have recognized the beneficial influence exerted on the student's mind by a beautiful campus, and thousands of dollars have been expended on campus improvements. Nearly every American college has attractive spots about which cluster the most pleasing associations; Amherst has her beautiful "Lover's Lane" through the deep woodland; Smith, her "Paradise" by the lake shore; Mt. Holyoke, the "Pepperbox" on the hill-top, with pleasant walks leading up the hill-side; Harvard, the charming walks through the Botanic Gardens, where lily ponds, fountains, flowers, shrubs and trees, lead one away from the tiresome rush of daily life. All these in the mind of the alumni are filled with pleasing reminiscences, and throughout their lives they look back to the happy hours spent in these secluded spots, in confidential chats with college chums, in reading or in silent meditation. Truly the college campus plays an important part in every undergraduate's life, and does much to mould and build up character. Natural beauties have a tendency to turn the student's mind from earth towards nature's God.

A time-honored custom, which has done much towards improving the appearance of the grounds of many institutions, is the planting of a class grove by the junior class during the spring-time. Each man consults the person in charge of the grounds regarding the selection of the species of tree and its proper location. He plants his tree and cares for it during his senior year. Frequently the whole class plants a tree
with ceremonies suited to the occasion, and at the base of it places a stone with the class numbers chiseled thereon, thus making a lasting memorial of the class. At commencement the senior class plants an ivy on the walls of the chapel, or other college building, as a symbol of abiding love and devotion to their Alma Mater. These are small matters in themselves and take but little of the student’s time, but they do much to improve the campus, and add to the pleasing reminiscences of the returning alumni.

It would be hardly possible to overestimate the value of good walks and drives. In this respect our college has, as yet, little to boast of, yet a gradual improvement is going forward, and with a little liberality on the part of the State Legislature much may be accomplished.

Perhaps the student-body merits a word of criticism for the unsightly appearance of parts of the lawns. Paths are made indiscriminately across certain areas, because the student would rather sacrifice the appearance of the campus than to expend the energy a few extra steps would necessitate. This little exhibition of thoughtlessness does much to detract from the beauty of the campus and to discourage those interested in its improvement. Constant trampling or ball playing is especially injurious to lawns at this season of the year, when the ground is soft and constantly freezing and thawing. The grass roots are dug up during a mild period and thus exposed later to the action of the frost with disastrous effect.

Every improvement on the campus is an object lesson to all students; and every graduate, be his course strictly agricultural or general, should carry away from the Connecticut Agricultural College some ideas regarding the beautifying of his own home grounds by attractive lawns with trees, shrubs, and flowers artistically grouped. Our graduates thus might add materially to the attractive appearance of the towns and villages of the State and rob them of much of the barren dreariness so frequently seen especially in the rural districts.

E. A. White.

In 2348 A. D.

Tramp, tramp, tramp.

An indefinite murmur, above which sounded the rhythm of marching feet, came to my ear from the street.

I read on in my book, “The multitude was beating time with their feet—marking time, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. The green weapons waved, flashed, and slanted. Then he saw those nearest to him on a level space before the stage were marching in front of him, passing toward a great archway, shouting, ‘To the Council!’ Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp.”

I threw down the book and listened to the martial sounds outside. Well had H. G. Wells prophesied. Looking out of the window I saw, not a mob of crazy anarchists, but an organized army of laborers, marching, marching, marching. Putting the receiver of the 'phone to my ear, I heard the sounds of footsteps in other cities—Boston, St. Louis, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Albany. What will be done at Washington? Will the green-coated soldiers of the capitalists be able to resist the millions of armed and determined men? Will this great nation be delivered forever from the clutches of the money-kings? Time will tell. And still tramp, tramp, tramp, march the many.

Athos.
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