APRIL, 1903.

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Football Team.

Captain, C. H. Welton.
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Seniors, 1903—President, A. W. Manchester.
Juniors, 1904—President, H. S. Comstock.
Sophomores, 1905—President, S. P. Hollister.
Freshmen, 1906—President F. A. Miller.
The college community was recently surprised and pained to learn that Professor Lucius Phelps Chamberlain had severed his connection with the college and intended soon to move away.

For the past nineteen years Professor Chamberlain has been identified with this institution. He has seen it grow from the school for boys where they might be given some instruction in agriculture and might learn more by carrying on the ordinary farm operations, until it has reached its present proportions, with a course that may be continued for six years, and a system of agricultural training that is excelled by few of its sister colleges. And, through all this time of growth he has been one of the persistent, steady builders. Perhaps his part in the upraising of the college has been the indirect result of his work with the boys, giving them the training in practical, applied agriculture, and incidentally, the lessons in honest dealing, upright living and good citizenship that have fitted them to be honorable and useful men, and the effect of his general acquaintance among the farmers of the state and the respect which these men entertain for his wide experience and thorough knowledge, even more than it has been the consequence of actual canvassing, but it has been none the less real and productive.

For many of the alumni the pleasure of a visit to Storrs will be mingled with pain, when there is no Professor Chamberlain here to meet, when they no longer receive the hearty handshake, no longer listen to the words of welcome, encouragement and advice, and no longer feel the inspiration of the glance of the undimmed eye, expressing the entire confidence and trust of him whom they love. Many a student will miss the impulse he has received to develop the best that is in him that has come from the association with a confirmed optimist.

It is to be regretted that there is no way
provided by which the college may retain the advantage of connection with such men and may utilize the rich harvest of their long study and experience after the time comes when increasing years cause them to lay down some of the burdens of active life. Surely, there can be nothing more valuable to the farmers of the state than advice from such a source and nothing more inspiring to those who are just entering upon their real work, than the contemplation of a rich life well spent.

An organization of the alumni, which would be able to keep in closer touch with the affairs of the college and to act more quickly and to speak with more authority than is at present possible, would sometimes be extremely valuable to the institution as well as to the alumni. Occasionally events occur which seem to call more properly for action by the alumni than by anyone else. As the association is now organized it is extremely difficult to obtain an expression from the greater part of the graduates and impossible to do so with sufficient quickness to be of any avail. Of course, the alumni are represented by one member of the board of trustees, but in many cases action could more naturally and effectively be taken from without the board than from within. An executive committee of the association which could easily be gotten together and should have full power to act as representatives of the alumni would, we believe, be of great value. True it is that there are already too many persons in the state who, because this is a public institution, feel at perfect liberty to meddle with its affairs and to criticize unsparingly whatever action or policy seems to their casual glance to be objectionable, but such a committee as we have suggested, if wisely directed, might easily avoid interposing in matters which do not concern them or which they might more prudently leave alone and could act quickly and with force when action is called for.

Another board of editors of the Lookout lays down its pen with the completion of this number, and perhaps it is well; for the pen, being of the variety called a fountain, is ever in danger of running dry. What we have done you know as well as we although you may not estimate its value the same as do we. We admit that we have by no means attained our ideals, but if, as we have recently been told, the test of a man is the object at which he aims you may regard us as highly as you please.

It is unnecessary for us to say that we have full confidence in our successors; were it not so we would not have elected them. We leave you, kind reader, to their tender mercies. Farewell.

The Use of Oxygen Gas in Milk-Fever.

The senior class, under the direction of Dr. Lehnert, has recently put into practice a new, remarkable and apparently successful treatment for the extremely fatal disease, milk-fever (Parturient apoplexy).

An exchange note in one of our farmers' papers first called the attention of our veterinarian, to the probability that oxygen injected into the udder of animals suffering from this disease, might prove to be an efficient remedy.

The veterinary department has sent out circulars to all post-offices within a radius of ten miles, offering to treat, free of charge, all cases brought to the college. If we can secure a sufficient number of
cases to establish firmly the results of the experiments so far carried on, a bulletin will be published by the Experiment Station. This will be of great interest and value to the farmers of the state, as the disease is noted for selecting the very best animals of a herd.

In describing the method of treatment, I will refer to the first case ever treated in this manner in this country, so far as we are informed.

Responding to a call about two miles from the college, Dr. Lehnert and one member of the senior class, found a well developed case of the disease. On returning the other members of the class were secured, and these, with a farm wagon, moved the animal to the college, all this distance in a cold, driving rain—the cow at this time was apparently moribund. Oxygen gas was at once injected into the udder, and rubbed well into all four quarters. Inside of thirty minutes the eyes were tightly closed, and on stimulation showed marked reflex movement—whereas at the time of her arrival the eyes were open, set and devoid of reflex—this was an evidence of returning consciousness.

At midnight (four hours later), she was lying in a natural position, with head up and eyes bright; the injection of the gas was repeated at this time. In the morning she was up on her feet and apparently feeling about normal, evincing a considerable desire for food. The gas was administered twice more, making four treatments in all, and from this time on, the temperature and pulse were normal, and to-day, she is as well as ever and giving a fair quantity of good milk.

If we can have several more cases to treat, we feel confident that at least 95 per cent. can be cured by this novel treatment, and should it prove as successful as we hope, it will assure to the farmer a cheap, simple and effective method of disposing of milk-fever.

M. E. P.

Alumni Notes.

'93. Mr. Edward B. Fitts was re-elected Master of New Lebanon Grange at the last annual meeting.

'95. Mr. W. A. Stocking has just issued a bulletin on "The Covered Milk Pail as a Factor in the Sanitary Production of Milk."

'97. John Fitts has just recovered from a severe illness.

'98. Mr. J. W. Pincus has been elected Secretary of the Woodbine Civic Club, a large organization formed for the study of Civics.

'99. Messrs. E. F. Manchester and B. H. Walden attended the basketball game at Bristol between the girls from C. A. C. and the girls of Bristol High School.

'01. Mr. F. D. Clapp has changed his office from Hartford to Providence. He made a short visit at the college recently.

'02. Mr. T. F. Downing has purchased a dog.

'02. Carpenter is recovering from a severe cold.

'02. G. H. Hollister is now assistant in the horticultural department. We wish Aaron success in his new position.

'02. The Connecticut Agricultural College should be proud of the nerve of one of
its graduates. Mr. Howard Linden Bushnell, who is employed by A. J. Pierpont peddling milk, was ordered by the strikers in Waterbury not to deliver any milk to those people who rode on the trolleys, but in spite of repeated warning this young Hercules faithfully delivered his milk.

Ex. '03. Miss Bertha Dresser attended the game at Bristol.

Ex. '03. Miss Annie Garrigus has returned home. She has been visiting her brother at the college.

Ex. '03. Hale is home from Cornell because of the epidemic of typhoid there.

Ex. '03. F. S. G. McLean made a short visit at the college recently. He will pitch for the Norwich B. B. C. the coming season.

Ex. '03. We are pleased to announce the engagement of Mr. McLean and Miss Lena Gardiner of Norwich.

Ex. '04. Miss Grace E. Koons is home from Northfield.

Ex. '04. Robert K. Taylor has been elected captain of the baseball nine at Stearns School in Hartford, Conn.

Ex. '04. Mr. E. H. Morarity has been at the college, assisting Prof. Smith to get the baseball team into shape. He will twirl the sphere for Newark, N. J., the coming season.

The White Duck Hop will be held on Friday evening, May the first. All the alumni are cordially invited to be present.

Dan Cupid is a marksman poor,
Despite his love and kisses,
For while he always hits the marks,
He's always making Mrs.

—Ex.
youths the other night. Several of the faculty had gathered at Prof. Beach's house, and the small dog in question seemed to be uneasy at his exclusion. As the students could not presume to call the attention of the faculty in thus excluding the canine, and there was great danger that the latter might disappear, it was decided to attach him to the front door knob, so that he could not possibly be overlooked on the departure of the guests. Somehow the performers of even the most carefully concealed plans usually leave traces that serve to disclose their identity. In this particular case, to guard the pup from injury, and to make him comfortable in his state of suspension, he was carefully done up in a wrapper, and when the indignant family, whose guest the dog was, removed this covering, it was found to bear the initials R. T. D., which seemed to point straight at our friend Dewell.

All our readers are cordially invited to be present at the annual White Duck Hop, to be held on Friday evening, May 1. Helmold's orchestra from Willimantic will furnish the music. The day following--Saturday—the college team will play the nine of the Middletown High School. Pierpont, Shurtleff, Hollister, Committee.

An interesting, and we hope profitable part of our senior year in veterinary science, comes in the many trips taken by the class with Dr. Lehnert. Much may be learned in this way, both of the diseases of cattle, and the proper treatment. It is, indeed, the only substitute available at present for the free clinic which we hope our successors may see established at the college.

Messrs. Moriarty of McGill University, and McLean of the Baltimore Dental College, having finished their work for the year, recently paid us a visit. We understand that Moriarity is to pitch for the Newarks, and McLean for the Norwich club. It would, perhaps, have amazed our forefathers, of not so many generations ago, to have been told that men could earn money enough in the summer by playing ball to maintain them at costly professional schools during the academic year. They had, in ye olden time, to make their way by literally sawing wood. We prefer the ball playing end.

The young ladies of Grove Cottage prepared an elegant repast for the girls' basketball team on its return from the game at Bristol. We do not want to appear envious, but in our double capacity of editor of College Notes and forward on the college team, we feel it no more than right to suggest that an excellent opportunity is provided for the exercise of their hospitality by the frequently belated return of the college teams from their hard fought fields. Too oft, alas, the college dining hall is cold and dark and unresponsive to the most ardent wooing on such occasions.

A new road is building along the southern side of the lake. This will not only add another to the pleasant drives about the campus, but it will serve to make the poultry plant more accessible—or more easily accessible—a thing altogether desirable, considering the growing importance of that very interesting and valuable department.

The new term opened, with a revolution in the dining room; this was accompanied by a revolution in the subterranean regions of the kitchen. Disturbances in the latter have not been infrequent in the past, neither have they led to any noticeable alterations
in the quality of the customary diet set before the hard working farmers of the C. A. C.

The recent upheaval, however, has had results—results visible to the most careless observer, in the general cheerfulness of the habitues of the dining room. This admirable spirit is possible only in the presence of well-cooked, well-served viands. The change from the former ghastly performances, miscalled meals, has been a source of amazement; its continuance is beheld with satisfaction, and its passing into a permanency is hailed with confidence.

The writer, in behalf of his fellow-diners, thanks the powers that be for this demonstration of the science of Domestic Economy.

Among the changes in the department, spoken of above, may be noted the removal of the partitions heretofore separating the front and rear dining rooms. The change makes the room much more pleasant, gives more room, and brings the freshmen in view. This will, no doubt, prove beneficial to the manners and behavior of these well intending but somewhat crude young people.

Professors Clinton and Beach attended a Grange meeting at Waterbury, March 25. In the evening of the same day Prof. Clinton was at Cheshire, going to North Haven the 27th.

President Stimson has accepted the invitation of the senior class to conduct the services on Baccalaureate Sunday.

It has been my pleasant duty to serve the LOOKOUT during three consecutive years. To my lot have fallen, in turn, the Exchanges, the Alumni, and College Notes. It is with satisfaction that I lay my pen aside, and become merely a reader of our beloved magazine. I gladly give way to my successor and wish him and his fellow editors all success. M. E. Pierpont.

Teacher—“Johnny, can you tell me how iron was discovered?”

Johnny—“Yes, sir, I heard pa say that they smelt it.”—Ex.

Athletics.

C. A. C., II. South Windham, 9.

The first game of baseball for the season was played on the home diamond, Saturday, April 11, 1903. The game was quite close and interesting. C. A. C.'s battery and in-field were in pretty good form and did most of the work. This game promises well for the success of the team.

Connecticut.

A.B.R. I.B. T.B. P.O. A. E.
Pattison, c 5 1 2 2 9 3 1
Averill, p., 3 b. 5 2 3 5 3 12 0
Hollister, 1 b. 4 0 0 1 10 0 0
Crowell, 2 b 4 2 3 7 3 2 1
Laubscher, 3 b., p. 5 1 2 2 1 1 1
Tryon, l. f 4 1 1 2 0 0 0
Shurtleff, l. f 4 1 0 1 1 2 0
Comstock, c. f 4 2 2 4 0 0 2
Welton, s. s 5 1 3 4 0 3 0

40 11 16 28 27 23 5

South Windham.

A.B.R. I.B. T.B. P.O. A. E.
Jones, 3 b. 5 1 1 2 0 0 0
Poulitz, 2 b., s. s. 5 2 4 6 4 1 0
Watts, c 4 1 2 2 11 3 2
Asheton, s. s., 2 b. 4 0 1 1 0 0 0
Bradshaw, 1 b. 4 2 2 3 10 0 1
Card, p. 5 1 1 2 0 14 0
Avery, l. f. 5 0 1 1 1 0 0
Smith, c. f. 3 1 2 3 1 0 0
Coulton l. f. 3 1 0 0 0 1 0

38 9 14 20 27 19 2

Two Base Hits—Crowell, Comstock. Jones, Bradshaw.
Base on Balls—Comstock, Crowell, Shurtleff, Watts, Ashton, Bradshaw, Smith, 2.

Base on Errors—South Windham, 1; C. A. C., 2.

Hit by Pitched Ball—Hollister, Tryon, Coulton.

Passed Ball—Pattison, 3; Card, 3.

Struck Out—By Averill, 8. By Card, 10.

Double Plays—Welton, Crowell, Hollister; Averill, Crowell; Tryon, Hollister.

Earned Runs—C. A. C., 1; South Windham, 1.

Left on Bases—C. A. C., 7; South Windham, 8.

C. A. C. vs. Bristol High.

On March 21st the young ladies played their last basket ball game of the season. The game began a little after three o'clock at the Armory in Bristol, with Mr. Casey as umpire and Mr. Manchester as referee.

The contest was fast from the first but C. A. C. was not able to score because their opponents held so constantly. Many fouls were called on C. A. C. by Mr. Casey, of which Bristol threw two. Near the close of the half, Bristol also shot a basket from the field. Score at the end of the first half: C. A. C., 0; Bristol, 4.

The second half opened more fairly for the officials had changed places. Enough fouls were called on Bristol to make them stop somewhat their persistent holding. The number of fouls called on each side was the same. In these few minutes, C. A. C. showed their superiority well by keeping their opponents from scoring and at the same time running up six points on their own side. The ball was constantly in their hands.

Miss Dimock threw the first basket for C. A. C., and soon afterward added two more points on fouls, throwing two out of four. This tied the score and made the contest more intensely interesting. During the last minute of play, Miss Conger threw a very difficult basket thus making the final and winning score.

C. A. C. Line up. Bristol.

Miss Dimock...forwards Miss Goodenough Miss Conger...forwards....Miss Harper Miss Montieth, (Capt.) c....Miss Tolan Miss Waters....guards....Miss Richards Miss Donovan....guards....Miss Hyland

Time, 15 minute halves.

S. M. Crowell.

Athletic Support.

Some of our students have been complaining about the enormous sums of money they have to give to the support of the athletic teams each year. But when we come to see that we are only asked for a little over three dollars, while the students at M. A. C. have an annual tax of seven dollars and a half, and other colleges even higher rates, we see that we get off cheaply enough. But the difference has to be made up by the scrimping of the managers, and having the girls wash and sew our torn and muddy garments. And besides one receives at least fifty cents worth of benefit by getting out in the open air and exercising one’s lungs over a lively contest; and this ought to be reckoned on the other side, when grumbling about the tax.

Our largest support comes from the Faculty who give us five dollars each year, and receive free admittance to all football and baseball games. Many have already expressed their willingness to help us farther if we need it before the end of the season. And there are also of course many little catches which the managers...
alone see by which several dollars may be saved for the association during the year.

Last fall, as you all know, there were only two games of football played at home and consequently there was much fault finding. So to avoid trouble this spring we have arranged to play nearly all our games at home; but these will be cancelled unless we have the hearty support of every student at all the games.

It is very seldom that it proves absolutely necessary for any one to be absent, for the games will be announced in time so that one may plan his work so as to be at liberty at the time of the game.

All the Faculty are cordially invited.

I take great pleasure in presenting to you the following schedule:

April 11—South Windham at Storrs.
April 18—Willimantic High School at Storrs.
April 25—Morse Business College at Storrs.
May 2—Middletown High School at Storrs.
May 9—Holyoke Church Hill Club at Storrs.
May 16—Killingly High School at Storrs.
May 23—Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham.
May 29—Norwich Free Academy or New London High School (?) at Norwich or New London.
May 30—R. I. A. C. at Kingston.
June 6—Torrington High School at Storrs.

Note.—This schedule is of course subject to change without notice. If for any reason you are unable to attend any of these games, donations will be cheerfully received by M. E. Pierpont, Manager.

The Necessity of a National Militia.

One of the results of the charge up San Juan Hill, in the late war with Spain, was to prove to the authorities at Washington that, although the volunteer without training may be valiant, the regular must bear the brunt of war.

Realizing the necessity of always having in reserve a large force of trained militia outside of the maximum regular force of 100,000 men, Congress has utilized a power given it by the constitution and provided for national training, on government ground, of the state militia.

In case of war, the present training of the state militia would not permit that body to be used as a separate army division. But in the event of war with a European nation it would be of prime importance to the United States, to have a large and well-trained state and national militia, the nucleus of a large volunteer army. Then, with efficient officers, the volunteer army would be of more usefulness than it has been in the past.

How are these results to be reached?

The thirty-one square miles of varied land at Fort Riley, Kansas, set apart as a national training ground, is the beginning of a policy which will entirely revolutionize the army and militia of the United States.

The recent passage of the Dick Militia Bill has enabled the Government to transport to and from Fort Riley, the entire militia of any state and provide for its maintenance while there. Actual warfare without the shedding of blood, but with all the tactics, is participated in by the militiaman. At Fort Riley are quartered infantry, artillery, cavalry, engineers and everything that goes to make up an army. When a mock battle is contemplated, everything is
done to make the conditions as much as possible like those of a real battle. From the uniforms, one side is designated “the blues” and the other “the browns.” The contending armies occupy strong positions and are either driven from them or seek stronger. In place of the rifle ball, the projectile, and the sword, there are umpires who decide to which side the victory belongs. Many valuable lessons are learned which are not to be found in the books of tactics.

Let us hope that the coming year may see many states take advantage of the Dick’s Militia Bill and secure a practical military education for their national guardsmen at the American Aldershot.

Ernest W. Baxter,
Fourth year, B. S.

Our College Bell.

Our college bell! Dear college bell,
How many a tale thy tongue doth tell,
Of college days and joyous times,
When oft we hear thy merry chimes.

And through the day, I often hear
Thy tones fall on my listening ear,
And in thy strain of varied swell
I hear a call, dear college bell.

Thy tones fall on the evening air,
Calling, each day, to praise and prayer;
And voices that we know so well
Answer responsive to thy swell.

We heed thy early morning call,
And gladly hasten one and all,
Across the campus, bright and fair,
To fill us up with viands rare.

Our college days will soon be o’er;
Thy pleasant chime we’ll hear no more;
Forever may thy tongue still tell
Thy call to duty, faithful bell.

A. M. C.

The Scientific Farmer.

There is a tendency in some quarters to scoff at the so-called scientific farmer. The man who to-day makes a success of farming practices scientific methods. Although he may be illiterate, he has learned from his own experience or that of others, the correct methods of farm management.

To be a successful farmer one does not necessarily need to know the principles underlying plant growth, and soil physics, any more than the hod carrier needs to know the chemical reaction of the hod of mortar he carries. But it is also true that the man who has mastered the science of agriculture, who understands plant-growth and proper soil conditions for crops, will be able to apply his knowledge under all conditions and avoid costly mistakes in getting a start under new conditions or in an emergency. Nowhere is this more true than on the border line between the humid and arid region of the west where the problem is, not how to increase the rainfall, but to get along with what falls. The farmer, where this condition prevails, must plow and harrow thoroughly at the right time and know why, as well as know how to do it.

Science is doing much to solve agricultural problems. Boussingault and others in the latter part of the 19th century demonstrated the fact that leguminous plants are capable of making use of the vast store of nitrogen in the air by means of bacteria that live on their roots. This discovery, the value of which is slowly becoming recognized, ranks first in importance in the century just past. The farmer who takes advantage of this discovery by raising clover or alfalfa is enriching his farm with nitrogen at practically no cost to himself.
There is no danger that the world will starve from lack of nitrogen now that we have discovered this easy means of securing it in plant growth.

Another method of farming and one that makes the raising of crops in semi-arid regions possible is due to scientific methods. By the new method of farming the land is plowed deeply to absorb the water during the rainy season. The surface is kept perfectly dry by cultivation; this forms a dry layer that prevents the loss of moisture. The western farmers who are practicing this system of agriculture are gradually reducing the desert area of the United States. It has been found that the planting of trees and cultivation of this region are reducing the velocity of the wind and increasing the rainfall.

What to-day is the practice of every farmer was formerly regarded as senseless theory. Tull labored to introduce horsehoeing and thorough tillage into England but failed; yet farmers afterward took up the idea, and to-day it is the common practice. We no longer use the old wooden plow of which the team has the long end of the lever but we use plows constructed on scientific principles. Farmers have learned that the best plow to use is one that not only inverts the furrow slice but at the same time breaks and pulverizes it. There is something more to plowing than merely making straight furrows. When the land is properly plowed it requires but little harrowing.

Besides the improved tools and methods of tillage new crops for special purposes and conditions are originated and grown. The farmer of the semi-arid regions raises kaffir corn, sorghum, and alfalfa, the farmer of the Connecticut Valley raises Sumatra tobacco, and the Dakota farmer raises macaroni wheat. New varieties of corn for starch, oil or protein are produced.

The Department of Agriculture at Washington and the experiment stations disseminate valuable information among the farmers of the country, so that many farmers are unconsciously practicing scientific methods. There is no excuse for the prejudice of many farmers towards the men who are putting brains into their work and who do not depend entirely upon brute force to achieve results.

H. D. Edmond.

Agricultural Education.

In a recent chapel address, Mr. Pierpont said, in effect, that a father has, except in unusual cases no right to require the services of his son at home after the latter has reached an age when he has the ability and desire to improve himself by working his way through college or by some other similar means. I wish that the truth of this statement might be impressed upon every farmer and upon every farmer's son in the state of Connecticut.

No boy will aspire to be a farmer unless he believes that he can be a successful farmer. Without training this is impossible. In this country alone between ten and fifteen millions of dollars of public money are spent annually in the interests of agricultural research. Many are studying at colleges under specialists of thorough training and are reaping the harvests of centuries of agricultural experience and investigation. The boy who must work hard at home during the day will find it a difficult task to qualify himself to compete with such men.

The law of the survival of the fittest is unvarying. An Agricultural College may
be unnecessary but fitness for one's life work is absolutely demanded and there seems to be no other means of preparing the farmer so quickly and so well as does this institution.

Historical, literary, mathematical, scientific, military and social training, the use of a library, participation in athletics and similar pursuits add to a man's breadth and working ability and consequently to his influence and happiness.

Since education and training are necessary to the successful man, can a farmer with a clear conscience permit his son to feel called upon to help in the support of the family? Moreover cannot the son with honor insist upon satisfying his craving for these privileges, especially when he by his own industry provides the means?

A. B. C., '02.

**Chess.**

It is probable that there is no other game in the world so well known, so old, and so instructive as the game of chess. The origin of the game is unknown. Some authorities say that it came from China, some say India and still others that Persia was the birthplace of this game, the plays of which have so many novel characteristics and so many variations that it has been called another science.

Only a few men have become pastmasters in chess. To be a perfect chess player a person must be able to place his men in positions where they are secure, to play an offensive game against his opponent and at the same time be able to block any attack of his opponent. Every move made must count and none can be wasted with impunity. But while the Napoleons of the chess board are few, nearly every educated man knows the rudiments of the game and they who are wise cultivate the chess habit that it may be of value to themselves. No other board game is in existence that can compare with this one in developing the brain and sharpening the perception, and probably we shall never find another game equal to chess until some one invents an amusement based on the principles of Calculus.

We believe it to be our duty to advise every student or person employed in the active use of the brain to play chess as an exerciser and as a stimulant.

**Athios,**

Fourth year, B. S.

**Dwellers in the Open Air.**

Are the inhabitants of the student dwelling on the crown of the hill crazy? Are they doing penance for some sin by sleeping without pillows or mattresses, or are they Puritans cleansing their places of abode of all ornaments?

We can hardly believe that this is true. On the other hand they appear to be enthusiasts for out-door living and this continuous stream of household goods is simply a result of their migration from their place of winter hibernation to the field of their summer activities.

We are confirmed in this belief by the fact that not long since we awoke to find a bed belonging to a student living in the "New Dorm," standing on the campus, but without its occupant who had arisen early to attend to the strenuous labors of the day.

It seems as if, after the college officers had so kindly placed a miniature grove at their very door, they might have availed themselves of the opportunity and used the grove for a resting place instead of occupa-
ing the open campus. Perhaps the shelter of the trees was not taken advantage of because of a fear that the sleeper might be injured by outcoming furniture. We suggest that a net stretched across the grove would furnish protection from this danger.

If these New Dormites must live outdoors we suggest that they carry on this moving processes during the day time so that others may gain knowledge of their rapid and silent method of transporting furniture.

R. T. D., '04.

Resolutions.

WHEREAS, Professor Lucius Phelps Chamberlain has resigned his position in the Connecticut Agricultural College because of the approach of age, and

WHEREAS, Professor Chamberlain has given forty years of service to this state and nineteen years of service to this institution, and

WHEREAS, Professor Chamberlain has taken a notable part in the upbuilding of the college and in establishing its position among the agricultural classes of the state, and

WHEREAS, Professor Chamberlain has won the affection, the respect, and the esteem of every student with whom he has come in contact during his entire experience here, be it

Resolved, That the College Shakespearean Club expresses its regret at the withdrawal of a man so influential for the good of the college, and so potent in promoting uprightness and integrity among the students, and be it furthermore

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Professor Chamberlain, that they be printed in the C. A. C. Look-out, and that they be spread upon the records of the college Shakespearean Club.

(Signed),

ALLEN W. MANCHESTER,
MORTON E. PIERPONT,
Committee.

Procrastination.

Most of us can readily believe the oft repeated and familiar quotation, “procrastination is the thief of time.” Often, to our sorrow, do we awake to the fact that this is true. Who that has had any experience with this little abstract word can deny its truth and significance.

Many times the fate of a nation has depended upon the presence or absence of this one quality. Battles have been won or lost; cities overthrown and devastated; this or that event has happened because of procrastination.

Had Hannibal, the great Carthagian general, after inflicting a most overwhelming defeat upon the Romans at Cannae, promptly advanced upon the city of Rome, the fate of the Roman nation probably would have been different.

There are many other events and occurrences that might be cited in speaking of procrastination, but they will not particularly appeal to the readers of this little magazine.

Then let us pass on to circumstances that are more interesting to us; that are brought before our eyes from day to day.

Do we not procrastinate when we lay aside our books and say that we will have time enough to study later? There is no hurry; there is time enough. Th’s state of affairs might be well enough if it went no further, but that is where the difficulty arises. We do not stop there, but keep
putting off the work to some indefinite time. Then in the morning do we fully realize the folly of giving way to our petty desires, when we come into the presence of the professor. Some put on a bold front and if they are shrewd enough (by the way very few are) they can possibly keep from the professor the fact that they haven’t prepared their lessons. Examinations are always dreaded by those who have shirked their work by putting it off. Then it is too late to do what they ought to have done before.

But there is some consolation in the proverb, “Better late than never.” There is a chance to “brace up” in the future. The question is, will the proffered opportunity be taken? It all depends upon the decision of the people concerned.

The young literary aspirant who expects to succeed in this world of strenuous grind cannot be one of those who are always delaying; who can do something to-morrow instead of to-day, just as well as not. Then he who aspires to be on the staff of editors of this magazine, for instance, will not be greatly disappointed when the election of the new board takes place, if he has done his duty and done it faithfully.

H. S. COMSTOCK.

Butcher—“Come, John, be lively now; break the bones in Mr. Sampson’s chops and put Mr. Smith’s ribs in your basket.”

“All right, sir; just as soon as I’ve sawed off Mrs. Murphy’s leg.”—Ex.

Three’s a crowd—
There were three—
He, the parlor lamp, and she.
Two’s company—
That, no doubt,
Is why the parlor lamp went out.

—Ex.

God’s Acre.

One of the brightest of our recent contributors remarked that “To the immigrant, freshly landed from elsewhere, Storrs seems composed chiefly of romantic scenery.” And the writer might have added that it is scenery of such rare attractiveness that the visitor invariably acknowledges its charm, and expresses his intention of returning to the renewed contemplation of the delightful landscape here unrolled—at some future time when, perhaps, the means of conveyance shall have been improved. Among the features that at once strike the mind of the newly arrived is the extraordinarily large proportion of grave-yard—or, in modern parlance—cemetery allotted to the hamlet. For there are two; one, modern, well-walled, margined with sightly trees, sloping easily and evenly from its trim modern iron gates up to the rounded summit, crowned by the stately shaft marking the burial place of the family that gave to the hamlet and the college their distinctive name.

The other, the older one, the grave-yard that marks the lengthening history of the hamlet, whose stones record the passing of a generation born far back in the seventeenth century, is more frequently pressed upon our attention; for we pass it daily on our way to and from our work at Agricultural Hall. “Here, the “wall conveniently low,” the quiet of the spot, and, in the summer, the pleasant shade of the trees invite to frequent rest and meditation—if students ever meditate. The country grave-yard is always an attractive theme; the sentimental is readily on tap and a gentle flow of that sort of thing is not unpleasing. Nay, our best and most preferred of hymn writers in sounding numbers exhorts us to this sort of meditation. Hear his persuasive voice: “Ye living men, come view the ground where you must shortly lie.” And Wolfe
was so moved by the "linked sweetness, long drawn out," of Gray's Elegy, that as with muffled oar his boats passed to their destination, he said: "Gentlemen, I would rather have written those lines than to take Quebec to-morrow." We know how he took Quebec on that famous "to-morrow," and that thereby he got Westminster Abbey, and a wondrous tomb of Georgian splendor. But the poet, too, in fullness of time got to Westminster and likewise rejoiced in a tomb of extraordinary structure. These be sound authorities, hymn writer, general, and poet, and may well encourage us in our musing as we sit on the wall of this old grave-yard at Storrs. And this is a spot indeed apt and inviting for reflection. A cruel edict of the heartless and unsympathetic college authorities has, by some wondrous interpretation of language, stretched the magic word "campus" over even this spot, and so, alas, though leisure and occasion combine, that other incentive to profitable reflection—need I say I mean the nymph Nicotia, whom doubtless the ancients lamented under the figure of the lost pleiad—is necessarily absent, and is sincerely mourned.

How thickly planted with graves is this little God's Acre where all the "forefathers of the hamlet sleep." That is all of them that didn't get away; out into the somewhere that lies invitingly just beyond the distant rim of encircling hills. But many of them did get away, and some of these played their parts manfully on the larger stage of that outer world that was astir with great events in that busy time of the conquest of a continent. And of those that remained some even here "played well their part"; for here and there a stone bears a name known beyond the narrow limits of the town. Even for those who stayed at home and piled the stone walls that men heaped up in such bewildering prolixity without apparent purpose save the joy of piling stones, who built the roads that pursue their undeviating course undeterred by hill or mountain, nay, who rather rejoiced in the opportunity to build straight heavenward, even for these there was excitement; and doubtless many a heart here long stilled and passionless stirred at the great doings in Hartford, when Wadsworth rescued their beloved charter, and confided it to the friendly hollow of the famous oak, or, perhaps, trembled in awe of judgment at the dread obscurity of the Dark Day. Perchance here rests some one who followed Wolfe on the bloody plain and thus was witness to the winning of a continent. For here, in the family of a preacher who long ago held forth in the pulpit just across the way—the name was Meacham, I think—there was a queer and romantic connection with far away Canada. For the Meachams were descended from a daughter of a sturdy old prophet of Israel that dwelt at Deerfield; and he has left a doleful account of the onfall of the St. Francis Indians; the massacre at Deerfield; the gathering of the survivors; the winter march of the captive band up the Connecticut River to Canada—whether by Memphremagog or Champlain I have forgotten; their captivity at Trois Rivières; their ransom and the happy restoration of the godly minister and his family save one who refused ransom or return, for she, a child at her capture grew to maidenhood among the kindly habitants, and, looking with favor upon an Indian youth, and embracing the faith of Rome, and the speech of the habitant, remained to be the wife of the youthful brave, and thus to become the mother of warriors. Or was it that her husband was not a full blood Indian; but perchance a free, joyous courrier de bois, gay with hunting apparel of deer skin beaded and fringed, full of poetry and song, with laughing eyes that might appeal
to the demure daughter of the Puritans even more powerfully than could the silent and austere but godly son of Massachusetts, whose virtues, great as they doubtless were, expressed themselves not in song and dance and bravery of attire. Certainly Dorothy—I do not know that Dorothy was her name, but I’m sure that if it were not it should have been—once trod this very ground; perhaps sat on this very stone wall, for she, with her gay courrier de bois, visited her relatives at least once and listened to a sermon by her sister’s husband in the church that then occupied the place over the way; and with all due respect to the worthy clergyman who officiated on that occasion, I am sure that if I had been compelled to listen to the sermon of the period—1730 to ’40—I should have been glad to rest and enjoy the relatively cheerful atmosphere of the grave-yard; and I feel certain that Dorothy was of the same opinion. I’m sorry to know no more of her and of her life; but surely her husband and perchance her sons were of that band that stemmed the tide, or tried to, when Languedoc and Roussillon, dismayed by the fall of Montcalm, broke and fled, and who held their ground until swept away by the charge of the Highlanders. And here, too, sleep those who saw, nay, participated in the Revolution; perhaps some of them were in the company led by Stephen Knowlton, of Ashford the lately discredited; the headstones bearing the fateful dates of 1775 to ’90 are many, and doubtless the men who grew up on these hillsides were of the same sturdy mould as were their brethren in other towns of this proud old commonwealth. To distinguish them is not a task for the stranger who knows not the local history or traditions.

And the quaint old headstones; rare is the marble—its whiteness, long since turned by time, to a dirty and dismal gray; commoner and more in keeping is the slate of the home country, hard and holding well the queer old inscriptions; or the sandstone of the region, dark red, soft, friable; easily wrought into sculpture of wondrous form, but easily worn by the elements. For time is indeed “wearin” to these ancient headstones, and some of them are broken, and some of them are deeply sunken in the earth, and some of them are quite illegible, and all of them are weather beaten and incline as though, weary of the burden of virtues they record, they would fain lie down and rest. Did I say all? But no, one, at least remains upright and erect, bearing proudly the record of the eleven children, the sixty-three grand-children and the twenty great-grand-children that followed, doubtless, in grand procession, this mother in Israel to her last resting place. As she saw her tribe increase did she, I wonder, exclaim with Leah, the astonished wife of the patriarch, “Gad! A troop cometh!” Verily her tombstone needs no record save her honored name, and the brief record cited above.

Here, too, are the nobly carved, and surprisingly clear-cut slabs that, nearest the church, tell the names of the pastors, father and son, who through the stormy period of the revolution and the early days of the 19th century broke the bread of life to the congregation still gathered around them—no longer noting the slow fall of the sands in the hour-glass. Doubtless these were of the sturdy type of the pastor of that time who taught their flocks “Having done all, to stand;” from whose counsels, however strange their theology, men went forth clear as to their duty, and strong to perform it. For these men saw the birth and the upbuilding of a nation; their words and their counsels were a part of the structure. And their tombstones, especially that of the elder Welch and his “Worthy Consort,” have a distinction all their own.
Noble are the proportions, clear the lettering, full the record of service performed. And the two chief stones have all the glory of sculptured top, and carved border, impressive, and evidently a chef d'oeuvre of the artist, yet strictly within the second commandment; since in all the wealth of ornament, no part can be said to resemble anything that is in the heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the waters under the earth.

But besides these grander stones, there is little distinction of form or ornament or material, save where the zeal of a descendant of one of the families has, with praiseworthy piety, replaced the crumbling stones of his ancestor's graves with solid granite—massive and well proportioned, strongly set, renewing the ancient inscription, and modestly assigning to each the exact degree of responsibility for his own existence. From one of these we learn that Harvard College contributed of her graduates toward the building of this town and church—the date of birth of the Harvard man is given as 1633; so near to the beginning of New England does our old grave-yard carry us.

Every Puritan was, when necessary, a preacher, and the inscriptions show that in death they were not divided from their amiable habit of pointing a moral. They break out in poetry—and such poetry—doubtless they believed in the glories of the hereafter; but they show a sort of envy of the living—the spirit of the passé—the has been. Here, for example, a young matron remarks to us:

“You Loving friends, as you pass by,
On my cold grave, but cast an eye.
Your sun, like mine, may set at noon;
Your soul be called; for very soon
In this dark place you soon must be.
Prepare for death, and follow me.”

Another stone seems to fail of the usual directness of "preachment," apparently because of sheer astonishment at a discovery, the value of which to the speaker does not appear.

Oh my friend, it is a truth
Death can find the blooming youth.

Another one, afar in this rude New England of the earlier days, curiously and pathetically appeals for human sympathy in words that remind one of the classical "Siste Viator."

“Stay, hasty traveller, cast an eye
Upon this mortal's mouldering tomb;
And as you pass, ah, heave a sigh
That he was nipt in early bloom.”

The eternal tragedy of death is here, and the grief that speaks in these rude lines wrung human hearts as keenly as the parent's heart is stricken to-day.

A more cheerful and philosophical view of the whole matter is given by one who by means of his headstone still speaks to us with assurance and certainty that whatever may be the truth, he is master of one piece of valuable information. He does not hesitate to impart it with a certain terseness and directness that are effective.

“Death is a debt to nature due,
Which I have paid—and so must you.”

One of our departed citizens would have been a boon to Athens and would have been highly welcomed by Diogenes, who spent so many years hunting for him with a lantern, and then, of course, died without finding him. Let us hope that Karma will be kinder to the Athenian in some future reincarnation. Listen to the simple tale of his virtues:

"Here lies a man of sobriety,
From vicious actions ever free.”

But the bell calls from this interesting spot, and with a sigh I turn away from my musings to the prosaic duties of the classroom.
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