Lookout, Volume 8, Number 1, May 1903

H. S. Comstock

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President, M. E. Pierpont.
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Recording Secretary, F. J. Ford.
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First Director, A. W. Manchester.
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Third Director, F. S. Koons.

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Vice-President, H. B. Chandler.
Recording Secretary, R. T. Dewell.
Corresponding Secretary, H. D. Edmond.
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Marshal, E. L. Barnes.

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President, M. E. Pierpont.
Vice-President, D. K. Shurtleff.
Secretary and Treasurer, S. P. Hollister.

Baseball Team.
Captain, S. M. Crowell.
Manager, M. E. Pierpont.

Football Team.
Captain, C. H. Welton.
Manager, S. M. Crowell.

Students' Organization.
President, R. J. Averill.
First Vice-President, M. E. Pierpont.
Second Vice-President, H. S. Comstock.
Secretary, D. H. Rosenfeld.
Treasurer, F. S. Koons.

Class Officers.
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 Lookout again passes into the hands of a new board of editors and begins a new year of its existence. It seems to us that our magazine, unimportant as it may appear in the eyes of the outside world, is more and more becoming an essential part of college life; it is the hope of the new board that the year upon which we have entered may see it even more firmly established in the affections of the students and alumni. We are fully aware that hard work on our part is necessary; the very fact that we accepted the responsibility of management is an assurance that we are willing to put into that management all the work we are capable of, and all the literary and business ability we are masters of. But we ask our fellow students to remember that there is need of their co-operation and support. It is not enough that you should subscribe to the magazine; to you we must look for contributions. There will always be a small group of students willing to help, both as a recognition of the student responsibility and as a clear opportunity of self-improvement. But heretofore the number of such contributors has not been large; and we hope to see a great improvement in this respect in the coming year. This magazine prints, in each monthly issue, sixteen pages of matter—about eight thousand words. Without enlarging the number of its pages, we might increase the number of words by nearly fifty per cent. But we would like the student now reading this sentence to stop and ask himself if enlargement is really possible so long as the editors, in addition to their other work, taking, as you are well aware, their full proportion of athletic activity, have to provide the greater part of the required manuscript.

We are aware that the number of those interested in the literary activities of the college bears, perhaps, a fair proportion
to the whole number of students; that the number is sufficiently large to maintain the magazine is evident from the fact that it has so far survived, and that it has gained in the esteem of the college, both present and non-resident; but the gain has been made too largely at the expense of disproportionate labor on the part of the editorial board, and we have reached the point when enlargement cannot be reasonably looked for without the active work of a larger number of writers. We ask you, therefore, to take the trouble to assist us in the matter of contributions; do not wait for the editors to ask for your views—give them to us on paper, written plainly on one side, and with your name attached thereto, “Not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.”

Not for some time has the LOOKOUT been in a better financial condition than at the present time. This gratifying state of affairs is due to the excellent judgment, shown by the retiring business manager, supplemented by good, hard work. He has, during the entire year, devoted time and careful attention to its concerns. The gratifying result that it is able to stand upon its feet once more has naturally followed. The business manager’s report will be published in the next number of this magazine.

We greatly appreciate the high literary standard that our worthy predecessors maintained during their term of office. We hope to keep up to this standard, and, if possible, to better it.

One is better off for having failed to reached a high standard than never to have tried at all. The very attempt gives at least the satisfaction of having put forth an effort; of having done the best that is in us. In that case, it is no disgrace to accept defeat; when we have done our best, even the attempt places us in a better position to win next time.

At the recent Hicks prize contest there were but two or three competing for the prizes. This does not display a very great amount of interest in the contest. If there are but few to compete, the effort put forth by those trying will be less worthy. More of the students should write for these prizes.

The action of the Legislature in regard to the appropriations for the college seems rather short-sighted. It is not our intention to criticise the doings of the Legislature, but it does seem that if they had had a proper understanding of the requirements of the Connecticut Agricultural College for new buildings, they would have been more generous. The need of a new dormitory is seriously evident. With all the dormitories full to overflowing and no further room to be had, the problem is, how are we going to accommodate new students next fall? As it now stands we can pleasantly anticipate having four students live where there is barely room for two.

A notice too late for our alumni column informs us that C. B. Lane, ’90, has been promoted to the headship of the Department of Dairy Husbandry at the New Jersey Agricultural Experiment Station.

We are pleased at this announcement, on account of Mr. Lane, and on the score of the college as well. We have, from time to time, noted in the daily press of the state, random assertions respecting the success of our alumni. We, of course, are aware that such criticisms are both unjust and mis-
leading. Remembering the short time this institution has been in existence, we think that a large proportion of our graduates have made their way to positions requiring expert knowledge and training.

Invitations to the annual banquets of the different literary societies are now out. But little is heard from the organizations during the college year, nevertheless these social festivities bring the societies into prominence and we see the pleasing result of the work that is being quietly carried on during the year. It is a source of great pleasure for the man who has gone out from his college and his club, to return and once more join in the proceedings that bring to his mind the days of yore. Many of the alumni have asserted that the club did as much for them in many ways as any one study. The club brings the student into closer relationship with his associates and gives him that feeling of ease and composure that he would not otherwise possess.

Students vs. Alumni.

There has not been a first-class game of baseball between the students and alumni for several years. But these contests may be and should be made a source of great interest and amusement.

To re-establish an old and valuable custom it is our ambition to have a "hair-raising contest" here Tuesday afternoon of commencement week.

It is our expectation to have one team constituted of alumni only. Of course it is generous on their part and we appreciate the kindness of our ex-graduates and dairymen in taking part, but they are not alumni. We are pleased to announce that Mr. N. J. Webb, '98, will act as the alumni captain. The rest of the players have not yet been selected. All volunteering candidates may report with uniforms, as the captain will probably let them sit on the players' bench and they may stand a show of playing one of the outfields.

The silver cup that has been displayed in the college museum for several years, and which was formerly presented to the college to be won or lost between the alumni and students at athletic contests yearly, has not been used for several years. The cup is now being repolished and will be the reward to the victorious team at commencement. We may also see fit to pass the cup around to the winning athletics laden with a beverage appropriate to the occasion.

Any desired information may be had at any time for the asking.

M. E. Pierpont,
Manager.

College Notes.

As the retiring editor of college notes hands his pen over to me, I wonder if it will be as obedient to my touch as it has been to his for the past year. If less pointed, I can perhaps make this column cover so wide a range as to be of interest to all readers. To this end, items of news and suggestions will be received gladly, and used as seems best to the editor of this column.

The reading class formed by Prof. Monteith is well advanced in Shakespeare's Henry IV., and expect soon to take up some other works of the same author.

It is hoped that the present sophomore class will help finally to establish the custom set by the sophomore class last year,
namely, that of giving a "Prom" to the seniors.

The officers accompanied by a few privates march to church every Sunday. Recently the company was composed of two officers and nine privates. This resembles the company portrayed by Hoyt in his "Milk White Flag."

Some bear a mark of sin on their faces, others, on the second and third fingers of the right hand.

The improved looks of the jerseys belonging to the athletic teams is due to the young ladies who so kindly washed and mended them. Such actions show the proper college spirit.

On April twenty-fifth the "Old Board" were the guests of the "New Board" at the Plaza in Willimantic. The dinner was good, the jokes were better, and the presence of the "outgoing Board" was best of all.

A dinner was recently given to the senior class by Prof. and Mrs. Smith.

The college community has recently been strengthened by the arrival of four new comers from East Hampton.

Miss Moriarty, the sister of E. H. Moriarty, ex., '04, was taken seriously ill with appendicitis shortly after her arrival at college.

The invitations for the junior-senior banquet are out; this function will be held in the college hall, May twenty-second. There will be dancing followed by the banquet with the following programme:

   Toastmaster, Dr. Lehnert.
   Address of Welcome, H. S. Comstock, 1904
   Response, Manchester, 1903
   C. A. C. To-morrow, Pres. Stimson
   Student Discipline, Prof. Monteith
   Fruits of the Spirit, Prof. Clinton
   The Student Athlete, Prof. Smith
   Agriculture, Rev. H. E. Starr

The dining-room is a source of pride to all, and under the efficient management of Mrs. Knapp is giving fine service.

The question is, "What was the engine doing in front of the main building?" Some say to lower the flag-pole; others assert it was to move the main building down into the street; but I believe it was the advance guard of the new trolley road.

Beware of the junior with the knowing expression; he is studying physiology.

The tasks of the freshmen seem to cover a wide field; first it is valuable pigeons, and next panes of glass in the blacksmith's window. To be sure, such amusements come high, but we must have 'em.

Ford, Pierpont and G. H. Hollister have joined the grange. We should judge, from the looks of these gentlemen on the days after meetings of the society, that the goat was in good condition.

Along with all the other good things, spring has arrived accompanied by the usual delightful weather and Sunday afternoon walks.

The new business manager, F. J. Ford, '04, will furnish writing paper to students and faculty; here is a chance to help ourselves and the LOOKOUT.

It is claimed by some that the laundry and the button manufacturing companies are in league against the students.

Manchester and Pierpont, '03, are the only competitors for the Hicks prizes this year; the essays of these two gentlemen
were delivered in the chapel, Friday evening, May eight.

"Miller, please play for us."

The College notes have contained, from time to time, department news. But as the work of the different departments is of interest to a great many readers we shall make an effort to supply full information respecting the lines of activity in all the departments.

Prof. Clinton recently lectured before the Quinebaug Pomona Grange, of Woodstock. The subject of his lecture was "In what way does tillage increase the fertility of the soil."

W. W. Coby, a tobacco expert of the Department of Agriculture, gave a series of five lectures to the seniors with special reference to shade grown tobacco in Connecticut.

In the "Country Gentleman," of May 7th, there is a comment on our course in the "Live Stock Industry." In the opinion of the editor, that part of our course is not sufficiently emphasized, especially when compared with Horticulture. The diagram of the courses of study is reproduced.

The spraying, supervised by Mr. Bennett of the station staff, in J. H. Hale's orchard was quite successful.

On Tuesday, May twenty-sixth, Prof. Clinton will lecture before the Wethersfield Grange on "How can we increase the profits from the farm."

A complete set of tools for use in the potato industry have recently been received from the Aspinwall Manufacturing Company, of Jackson, Miss. These tools are valued at about two hundred dollars and are for observation of the students who will test their efficiency.

Our course in bacteriology is stronger than ever this year. The course consists of lectures by Dr. Conn, and experimental work under Prof. Stocking. This department is carried on jointly under the college and station; the class work for the college, and scientific researches for the station.

Professor—"There are two kinds of motion, voluntary and involuntary. When the bell rings you take your book and start for your room; what kind of motion is that?"

Student—"Locomotion, Sir!"

No! that weary looking dust covered individual is not a soldier returning from the war, he is only a sophomore returning from a botany trip.

In the college hall on Friday evening, May fifteenth, the sophomores displayed their oratorical ability to an admiring audience, consisting of the faculty and their astonished and gratified fellow students. After the speaking was over the members of the two lower classes chosen to represent their respective in the Hicks prize speaking contest were announced. They were as follows: Freshmen, Miss Shurtleff and Messrs. Hanks, Barnes and Fuller; sophomores, Miss Colman and Messrs. Snow, Patterson and Koons.

The "Old Board" recently went to Willimantic to have their pictures taken; these valuable mementoes may be procured of D. K. Shurtleff, 1904.

Commencement is almost here, and our seniors will be with us but a few weeks longer. Let each member of the student body do all in his power to make these
weeks the happiest of the four years the members of the class of 1903 have spent here.

The Cadet Company will give a commencement drill this year; we hope the spectators will realize "it is better to see than to do." Pardon me for changing this quotation to suit my own ideas.

Athletics.


Connecticut won her second game of the season by defeating the Willimantic High School, Saturday, April 18th.

The game was very interesting and would have proven a close one had it not been for the poor showing of the High School boys at bat.

CONNECTICUT.

A. B. R. 1 B. P. O. A. E.

Pattison, c. ............ 6 1 2 15 1 1
Welton, s. s. ............ 6 2 4 1 2 1
Averill, p. ............ 6 1 2 1 0 0
Comstock, c. f. ............ 6 0 1 0 0 0
Crowell, 2 b. ............ 5 2 4 0 3 0
Laubscher, 3 b. ............ 5 2 1 2 0 1
Tryon, l. f. ............ 4 1 1 4 0 0
Hollister, 1 b. ............ 5 2 1 4 0 0
Shurtleff, r. f. ............ 5 1 0 0 0 0

Totals ............ 48 12 16 27 6 3

WILLIMANTIC HIGH SCHOOL.

A. B. R. 1 B. P. O. A. E.

Bugbee, c. ............ 5 2 0 11 1 1
Sulley, 1 b. ............ 5 1 2 3 0 0
Knox, l. f. ............ 5 0 0 1 0 2
Elpaugh, s. s. ............ 4 0 0 0 2 4
Cole, p. ............ 4 0 2 0 6 1
Rothbaal, r. f. ............ 4 0 0 0 0 0
Lincoln, 2 b. ............ 4 0 0 4 4 0
Korper, 3 b. ............ 4 1 1 2 1 0
Cooley, c. f. ............ 4 2 2 1 0 0

Totals ............ 39 6 7 27 14 8

Two base hits, Crowell, Cooley; struck out, by Averill 15, by Cole 6; bases on balls off Averill 2, off Cole 2; double plays, Knox, Lincoln, Korper; sacrifice hit, Tryon; hit by pitched ball, Comstock, Hollister and Laubscher.

C. A. C., 4. EAGLEVILLE, 10.

Connecticut was defeated by Vinton's Stars in an uninteresting game, Saturday, April 25th. The principal features of the game were Hall, who alternately distinguished himself at bat and extinguished himself in left field, and Vinton, the mighty first baseman, whose vigorous fanning of the air caused much comment among the baseball fiends.

CONNECTICUT.

A. B. R. 1 B. P. O. A. E.

Welton, s. s. ............ 5 0 1 1 2 2
Pattison, c. ............ 5 0 1 9 0 0
Averill, p. ............ 5 2 1 0 1 1
Crowell, 2 b. ............ 4 1 3 3 2 0
Comstock, c. f. ............ 4 0 1 2 0 0
Hollister, 1 b. ............ 4 1 1 6 3 3
Tryon, l. f. ............ 4 0 0 1 0 0
Laubscher, 3 b. ............ 4 0 1 4 1 4
Shurtleff, r. f. ............ 4 0 0 1 0 0

Totals ............ 39 4 9 27 9 10

EAGLEVILLE.

A. B. R. 1 B. P. O. A. E.

Prue, s. s. ............ 5 3 0 0 2 1
Nichols, c. ............ 5 2 2 14 1 0
Hall, l. f. ............ 5 2 2 0 0 0
L. Macfarlane, 2 b. ............ 5 2 2 3 3 0
G. Macfarlane, 3 b. ............ 5 0 0 0 0 1
Vinton, 1 b. ............ 5 0 2 9 0 0
French, p. ............ 5 0 0 1 6 1
Reynolds, r. f. ............ 5 1 1 0 0 0
Consine, c. f. ............ 4 0 0 0 0 0

Totals ............ 44 10 9 27 12 3

Two base hits, Averill, L. Macfarlane 2; struck out, by Averill 7, by French 11; bases on balls, off Averill 2, off French 5; passed balls, Pattison 1; wild pitch, French.
LOOKOUT.

C. A. C., 8. ALETHEA ATHLETIC CLUB.
Connecticut lost to the Alethea Athletic Club, of Willimantic, in a lifeless game, Saturday, May 2d. It looked at first as if Connecticut had the game all her own way, but as soon as the visitors began to hit the ball it was painfully evident that the game was lost. Averill pitched a fairly good game, but he could do nothing as the team gave him no support.

C. A. C., 10. CHURCHILL CLUB, 9.
The C. A. C. baseball team defeated the Churchill Club’s nine, of Holyoke, Mass., Saturday, May 9th in a close game. Breshenam, of Holyoke, was wild at the beginning, giving four bases on balls in the first inning. Aside from this, both teams played good ball and the game was very interesting.

Averill proved a puzzle to the visitors, striking out ten men and giving no bases on balls.

CONNECTICUT.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A. B. R.</th>
<th>1 B. P. O. A. E.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Welton, l. f. and s. s.</td>
<td>4 2 0 2 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pattison, c.</td>
<td>5 1 0 12 1 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Averill, p.</td>
<td>5 3 2 2 7 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crowell, 2 b.</td>
<td>5 2 1 3 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Comstock, c. f.</td>
<td>5 2 1 0 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hollister, 1 b.</td>
<td>5 0 2 6 0 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tryon, s. s. and l. f.</td>
<td>5 0 0 0 1 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laubscher, 3 b.</td>
<td>5 0 0 1 2 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shurtleff, r. f.</td>
<td>3 0 1 0 0 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doane, r. f.</td>
<td>2 0 1 1 0 1</td>
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</table>

| Totals | 44 10 8 27 11 11 |

CHURCHILL.

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>A. B. R.</th>
<th>1 B. P. O. A. E.</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>T. Baker, s. s.</td>
<td>6 1 1 1 2 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P. Baker, l. f.</td>
<td>5 2 2 1 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Driscoll, 3 b.</td>
<td>5 2 2 1 1 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ballan, 1 b. and c.</td>
<td>5 1 2 9 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seard, r. f.</td>
<td>5 2 0 0 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McKay, 2 b.</td>
<td>5 0 1 7 5 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barth, c. f.</td>
<td>5 1 1 1 0 0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| Keefe, c. and 1 b. | 5 0 2 7 0 0 |
| Breshenam, p. | 5 0 1 0 0 1 |

| Totals | 46 9 12 27 8 9 |

Two base hit, P. Baker; three base hit, Barthey; bases on balls, off Breshenam 5; struck out, by Averill 10, by Breshenam 9; passed balls, Pattison 1, Keefe 2; hit by ball, Tryon; double play, McKay and Ballan.

Alumni Notes.

'94. It is with great pleasure that we announce the marriage of Mr. Walter A. Warren to Miss Jennie Chadwick, of Mansfield Depot, April 5, 1903. His present address is Rockville, Conn., R. F. D. No. 3, where he has a farm in partnership with Professor Gulley.

'95. Mr. A. H. Sturdevant has resigned his position as foreman on his father’s farm and accepted a position under H. G. Clark, President-Engineer Maintenance of Way of the Choctaw, Oklahoma and Gulf Division of the Rock Island Railroad system, with headquarters at Oklahoma City, Indian Territory.

'96. E. H. Waite, who has been foreman on a farm in Litchfield, Conn., has gone to Cobalt, Conn., where he holds a position of farm superintendent.

'97. Mr. H. E. Atwood has recently left his position as farm superintendent at the Turner farm, in Turnerville, and has returned to Washington, where he will take up his old position as carpenter.

'97. Mr. A. C. Gilbert, who is a member of the class of ‘05” at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has been laid up with a sprained wrist.

'97. Mr. R. D. Gilbert it taking post-
graduate chemistry at Yale University. He has recently been made a member of the Sigma Xi. He is to be congratulated.

'98. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph William Pincus became the proud possessors of a son, Gregory Goodwin, born Thursday, April 3d, 1903.

'98. Extensive preparations are being made for the '98 class reunion, which is to take place at the college during commencement week.

'99. Mr. Cassius Way, who has been at Cornell, studying to become a veterinarian, has dropped veterinary science and taken up studies in the regular medical course at that institution.

'99. Mr. W. W. James recently paid a short visit to the college. He is soon to accept a position as surveyor for the Central New Jersey Railroad, with headquarters at Jersey City, N. J.

'99. Mr. F. D. Clapp recently made a short visit at the college.

'99. Mr. B. H. Walden lately made a short call on one of his friends at the college.

Ex. '00. The editor is pleased to announce that he has secured the services of Charles A. Fitts, of East Windsor, and recently of Connecticut Agricultural College, who will have the entire control of the Glastonbury department of the Gazette, and will begin his duties on Monday next. Mr. Fitts is highly recommended to fill the important position, and with his long experience in newspaper work will undoubtedly maintain the good standing of the paper and assist in its rapid growth. The new reporter will reside in town. He will be connected with the mechanical department of the paper, and will also assist in the business part of the paper in this place whenever he is called upon. At present Mr. Fitts is steward of East Windsor Grange.—Glastonbury Weekly Gazette, April 3d, 1903.

'00. Mr. H. G. Williams has recently erected a greenhouse at his home in Silver Lane, Conn., and is now ready to supply any one with flowers.

'00. Mr. I. C. Karr, who is employed as surveyor by the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., recently spent a few days with his friends at the college.

'00. Miss A. C. Jacobson has been spending a few days with friends at the college.

'02. Mr. A. B. Clark has recently changed his residence from the main building to the new dormitory.

'02. Mr. H. L. Bushnell recently spent a week with his parents in Danielson, Conn.

'02. Mr. J. J. Farrell has recently secured a position with F. O. Vinton, at Eagleville, Conn., where he clerks in the store part of the day and carries the afternoon mail over the route recently covered by Carrier Willys.

Ex. '04. Miss Maude Selby, who is attending the State Normal School at New Britain, has been spending a few days at the college.

Ex. '03. Moseley Hale spent Sunday, April 5th, at the college visiting friends.

Ex. '03. Miss May Storrs spent her Easter vacation at her home at Spring Hill.

Ex. '03. The Misses A. B. and M. B. Garrigus became members of Mad River Grange No. 71, Waterbury, Conn., April 16th.

Ex. '03. Mr. E. Moriarty recently spent Sunday at the college.
The "Seventh Annual White Duck Hop" was honored by several of our alumni. Among those present were C. H. Savage and C. A. Wheeler, '88; C. B. Pomeroy, Jr., '90; C. R. Green, '95; J. N. Fitts, '97; J. H. Blakeslee, '01; A. B. Clark, G. H. Hollister and J. B. Twing, '02; H. E. Palmer, Ex. '04.

Agricultural Notes.

Alfalfa is a valuable forage and hay crop, especially in the semi-arid regions of the west. Where it grows to perfection three or more crops are cut from the same field every year. Because of its value for supplying nitrogenous feed it is being introduced and grown over a large section of this country. As yet it has proved a failure in this state.

This year the Storrs Experiment Station, in co-operation with the Department of Agriculture at Washington, is endeavoring to solve the problem of its successful growth in Connecticut. For this purpose the station has distributed a large amount of seed to farmers who wish to experiment with it. Several experiments are outlined, in a circular sent to the experimenter, one or more of which can be tried. There will doubtless be many failures, but one success showing the proper method of growth, will fully repay the expense of the experiments.

The growth of alfalfa, as indicated at the present time, will probably resolve itself into a bacteriological problem. Like other legumes, it grows best when, a certain species of bacteria grow on its roots, producing nodules. These organisms are of a different variety from the bacteria on clover and other legumes; therefore, on land that has never grown alfalfa, these organisms are absent and no nodules develop on the roots of the plants.

The experiments this year with alfalfa will include the inoculation of the alfalfa fields with soil from a successful field. In sections of this state where the soil is rich, deep, and free from standing water, the alfalfa plant will be a common sight within a few years.

Some men have the idea that it will become a weed like the daisy, or something as bad. This mistaken idea will pass away, however, when farmers learn that the plant is similar to clover, which it resembles in some of its qualities. Even if it were possible for it to escape from cultivation it would still be of value for forage and hay.

Perseverance.

This noble characteristic of the mind is the moving power of all others, without which the other mental faculties would make but little progress. Perseverance, as an attribute of the mind, judged from a point of real excellence, stands unrivalled. By its agency all the powers of the mind become active, and that activity renders them useful. Other faculties may plan the work but this one must execute. Others may plan the spot for the foundation but this must build the structure. It is the great moving power; and there never was, and probably there never will be, any great or important work fully carried out and completed without the aid of this quality of the mind. It is the most powerful agent of the mind. It will accomplish much, though the other faculties be comparatively weak.

A good education is invariably the result of perseverance. No person was ever educated in a day, a month, or a year; far from it. A lifetime is too short for a full devel-
opment of all the faculties of the mind, and our education can only be finished in eternity.

"Aye, press on, press on, and you will find
That science is the food of mind;
The path is plain, the way is clear;
Seek Wisdom's ways, and persevere."

Erva L. Barnes.

Yaumi's Fox Hunt.

About 200 miles north of the Province of Manitoba lies a country uninhabited, but for a few Indians and fewer white men. These lonely people live entirely by hunting. Not more than fifteen or twenty at most, live together. They are scattered about over a large territory, so that they seldom see others than those of their own party. White men and Indians live together and there is very little difference in their appearance. The white men's faces are burned almost to Indian redness by the constant out-of-door life.

By a small lake about 100 miles from Hudson Bay a white man had a hut. He lived by himself, hunted, and sometimes took a long trip to some trading post to sell skins, the product of his labor. How this man happened to be in this lonely spot none but he knew. He might have been a refugee who had fled from some more settled country to escape arrest, or he might have preferred this quiet, lonely life, to that of the city.

For convenience and lack of his real name we shall call this man Yaumi, for that, after the experience I am about to relate, was the name given him by some Indians who visited his shanty. Yaumi means, if interpreted, the gray fox hunter.

The country about Yaumi's abode was not excessively wooded. There were clumps of trees about and many low entirely open valleys. The country was not mountainous, but hilly. The shanty was situated about two hundred feet from the lake, in a wide, open spot, and as the lake was frozen over a good part of the year, it furnished Yaumi an easy road for traveling.

One day when Yaumi was out looking at his traps he saw what looked, at a distance, like a medium-sized dog. It was gray in color, and when Yaumi came nearer he saw that it had a large, bushy tail. This was, then, without a doubt, a very large, gray fox. Yaumi instantly became possessed with an intense desire to obtain the hide of this lovely creature. He could probably obtain sufficient for it at the trading post to buy him ammunition for a long time.

At first Yaumi attempted to trap the gray fox, but he soon became aware that it possessed an intelligence far superior to that of any fox he had ever seen. He then tried to shoot it, but could never get a good opportunity. The fox became more wary, and for weeks Yaumi would not get a sight of it. As Yaumi often saw its tracks he supposed it must have its lair near by. At length he saw the fox at a distance. He instantly went home, put on his snow shoes, took a packet of food, plenty of ammunition and his rifle. He started on the trail of the fox. He of course thought that the wily old fellow would go to his den, but for two days Yaumi followed the trail, and it came to no end. Evidently the fox knew that some one was on his track. Yaumi did not give up; he thought that he could sometime get a shot at the fox.

Now the reader will picture for himself a scene about fifty miles from Yaumi's hut. The ground is covered with snow. On the side of a hill can be seen the trail of some animal and on the top of the hill the animal itself. Far below a man is evidently fol-
LOWOUT.

It is a matter of considerable regret to the writer that the time is surely approaching when the charms and pleasures which accompany what is termed co-education must be sacrificed because of the detrimental effects which are coincident with this practice and are thought to outweigh its advantages.

Lest the truth of the above statement be disputed, I follow it with a series of facts, sufficiently digested to be contained in this magazine. Time is lost to youth and maiden, and money to the former; there is a difference in endurance and taste; ladies are frail and their tastes more delicate; different food is required, less dainty for the boy; minds and ambitions are entirely unlike, and since education is a process of training the mind for a future work, each sex should clearly be provided with an environment suitable to its conditions. The lily and the thorn bush have not the same habitat. Few professors can teach both sexes to the best advantage; with an audience composed partly of young ladies, the modesty of most professors would prevent them from doing their best work; unequal progress, in certain studies, due to unequal interest is a drawback; girls would be idle while the boys were running the athletics, college magazine, clubs, etc.,—the town and college, too, so far as would be permitted; for fear of being the object of a smile young ladies will refrain from writing upon the only subjects that interest them, namely, the kindergarten, cooking, sewing, the model housekeeper, etc.

A few facts have been presented. A suggestion which, perhaps, needs no introduction, stands out more prominent than all. A phrase not unfamiliar to the students of
one of the class-rooms is the exhortation to use the "thinkery" in answer to questions. For one to exercise the working power of the brain to its maximum there must be sufficient sleep and an untroubled soul; tranquility and calm and well-rested minds are admittedly far less common where co-education prevails. I need not rehearse facts to support this statement: it is well known to all who have associated with students at such an institution. Close attention to study cannot be possible in the midst of an absorbing tragedy.

Co-education is somewhat of a fad in the United States at present, but a prominent educator says, "It would be rash to say that the co-educational type is permanent. Poverty caused it and it will pass away with greater wealth." Separate education is the policy in England, Germany and other European countries, in all except the lowest grades, and in Italy it is required in all grades.

To make this line of argument unanswerable, I wish to borrow an illustration from the pen of J. H. Blakeslee, whose judgment and experience qualify him to speak. Underclassmen are especially cautioned to take note of his words of warning:

"A youth at our dear college was reclining on his bunk, Rumination on the causes of a grand and final flunk, And a classmate stood beside him, as he groaned and sighed away, And knelt with pitying glances to hear what he might say.

No; never did athletics drive the knowledge from my head, Nor 'up late,' nor 'early rising,' for I always loved my bed. It was not due to 'smoking,' for I never use the weed; Nor to yellow-covered novels, for I hardly ever read Anything except my textbooks, with a little, now and then, Of that charming 'Pilgrim's Progress,' lightly flung from Bunyan's pen.

Now bend lower, dear old comrade, and I'll whisper in your ear, What I fear you'll never ponder until it brings you here. If you'd save your peace and spirit and remain forever free, Bravely shun co-education, for that's what's done for me.

You'll be tempted, since, alas! 'tis true that this 's a co-ed college, To devote to gay frivolity what time should go to knowledge. Take a warning from my statements, and the fix in which you find me, And as you struggle gaily sing 'the girls I left behind me.' Do not, like careless Esau, sell your birthright for some pottage, And as long as you're a student, know but little of 'Grove Cottage.'"

CASTANEA DENTATA.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead, Who never to himself (?) has said, As he stubbed his toe against the bed—

—! —! —! !!—?

—Ex.

A Romance of Old Newgate.

It was a beautiful summer's afternoon in the year of 1782. Inside the blacksmith's shop of Connecticut's famous state prison the men were sullenly performing their round of duties. Only two days before they had a made a desperate struggle
to regain their liberty, and now here they were still in the same "durance vile," and under closer supervision. Outside, on a large flat stone, half way across the prison yard, lay the body of their leader. He was a negro of huge stature, having all the cunning of his race. A blacksmith by trade, he had made from bread crumbs models of the keys which secured their fetters; he had also made false keys to many of the other locks of the prison, but especially of those in the blacksmith shop, where he worked. Then he concealed from time to time some of the pewter dishes from which they ate. From these he made keys. On the appointed day at the signal agreed upon, every man threw down his tools, unlocked his fetters, and made a dash for liberty. The leader, at their head, suddenly unlocked the door, prepared to stun the guards with one blow from his terrible fists. But, in some unknown way, the prison officials had learned of the plan. As the leader opened the door, he found no guard. Without thinking what this meant, he sprang forward. Before he had taken two steps, he was shot and fell on the stone, dying instantly.

Utterly confused by the lack of a leader, the rest retreated and were again fettered. Now, as punishment, all the prisoners were treated worse than before, and watched very closely. Let us look at them a moment. One bright looking young fellow in particular holds our attention. What has he done to be imprisoned here? Ah, foulest of crimes, he is a Tory! Nor has not given up the idea of regaining freedom yet.

While he is busily working and trying to contrive some good plan for escape, the warden enters the room followed by a young woman. The guards salute, the prisoners in general give her one sullen look and continue their work. But the eyes of this one young man brighten, and follow her as she moves around the room. At last he catches her eye. One look of happy recognition, then a slight frown and the slightest shake of the head. He understands and obeys. After some laughing remarks, she passes out again. The young warden has been too much occupied in admiring her beauty, to see the little side-play. Neither does he see what she leaves on the bench as she handles the rude bolts made by the men. It is a crude model of a bolt covered with black cloth. Our hero sees it however, and with some little strategy transfers it to his pocket. That night as they go to supper, he does not mind stepping over the body of his dead comrade as it lies on the stone where it fell, for his feverish mind is occupied with a scheme of escape.

James Spring knew there would be no use in trying to escape in the day. If he did escape, it must be in the stillness of night.

At this period in the history of Newgate the prisoners were all kept in the mine during the night. From the mine there were only two ways of escape. The one was the shaft which was of course closely guarded. The other was by the well. This well is in one of the passage ways of the mine. As one stands in the mine on the edge of the well, he is about thirty feet below the surface, and by bending a little can see the well curb above. The rocks on the edge of the well are very sharp, and the well is quite deep. Spring now planned to escape by the well. He could climb up by the bucket rope; to be sure.
this was always drawn up at night, but with some money which had been concealed in the make believe bolt, he bribed the guard to leave the rope in its usual place, and allow him to escape. At last the appointed night came and the Tory with hope beating high in his heart sat waiting for the small hours of morning. What was waiting for him outside that prison wall? Life and love and liberty! The night dragged on. At last he decided it was late enough, and crept to the well. The rope was down, and noiselessly and carefully as a cat, he climbed until the top is reached and here stood the guard waiting. Spring gives him the money, and turns to escape through the small gate which stands open. But wait, “Let us see you do it again before you go,” declares the guard with a sneering laugh. Spring hesitates. Shall he try to overpower the guard, or shall he do as asked and have no trouble? He will do the latter, and down he goes, hand over hand. He regains his breath and starts up again. As he nears the top there is a sudden snapping. He tries to reach the top, but all in vain. The rope breaks; there is a dull thud, a splash and that is all.

A few rods from the prison wall, outside the yard, patiently waiting, is a young girl. She is mounted on a horse and holds by the bridle rein another; so she sits silent while the long night wears away. But he does not come; and as daylight breaks she rides sadly away. However there is hope in heart for she thinks, “He only failed; he will try again.” Alas, for her hopes! He will never try again; for his name is added to the long roll of those whom death alone might release from Newgate.

R. A. H., '04.

The Voice of the “Old Dorm.”

Oh, darkness of night, cover my tears! Oh, soft winds that blow, let not my sobs be heard! Let not the sunshine that wakes the morn show my trembling frame. The whole world sings; it is spring, spring, and I weep. The days grow longer, the trees are laced with green, and far and wide the birds make music—the time has almost come and they must go—my children. Out of my heart into the wide, wide world, they will be tossed, these poor waifs, about the world’s merciless waves. They linger with me and cling to my bosom. The world sees them not as I, my children. I love them all; their cares and sorrows are mine. Night, and night, and night have I watched over them. I have seen their smiles and their fears. They come and I learn to love them, then they go away. Sometimes one returns and my heart is glad. Now I long to hear them sing the old songs over again—to hear the old stories of home, of a little farm somewhere in the distance, and sometimes a story of a little maid, all eyes and love. Come back to me, my wanderers, and I will soothe your cares. Lean your heads upon me as of old. Don’t you remember the “smokes” you used to have out on the roof by moonlight? How you came back to me after weary tramps through the fields? How you praised me, saying that you spent the sweetest days of your childhood here? See the old trees close by, they are waiting to bow their stately heads to you, and every blade of grass, so dear, will nod you a welcome.

On the morrow you that I now hold will
go and perhaps never return. God will care for you, my young ones, and watch over you even as He did when you were here. Silence through the long summer and new, strange faces, will enter where you have been, and, like you, will sometimes go, and I stay on forever. Oh, come back to me; come back; I love you all—all.

D. H. ROSENFELD, '04.

Exchanges.

Why don't more of our exchanges contain Exchange Columns?

To William H. Brown, dentist:
Look on this grave with gravity,
For he is filling his last cavity.
—Ex.

"A modern Ghost Story" in the "Orange and Green" is a very bright story.

Captain (in military science lesson)—Mr. —, if you had charge of the company when it was spread out in skirmish line, what command would you give to get it in company line and in order again?
Sergeant—Take command of the company, march it to the armory and dismiss it—Ex.

"Got a talking machine at home?"
"Yep."
"What'd you pay for it?"
"Nothing—married it."—Ex.

An Epitaph—
Here lies interred Priscilla Bird,
Who sang on earth till sixty-two;
Now up high above the sky
No doubt she sings like sixty too.
—Exchange.

"A Day on the Desert," in the "Jay-hawker," gives us a good idea of what such an experience must be.

We will never buy your dry goods;
We don't like you any more;
You'll be sorry when you see us Going to some other store.
You can't sell us any sweaters,
Four-in-hand or other fad;
We will never trade at your store,
If you won't give us your ad.
—Ex.

The Tahoma contains several good articles.

A Senior—
Deep wisdom, swelled head;
Brain fever—he's dead.

A Junior—
Went skating, 'tis said;
Ice hit him—he's dead.

A Sophomore—
Fair one leaves him—hope fled;
Heart broken—he's dead.

A Freshman—
Milk famine—not fed;
Starvation—he's dead.
—Ex.

Dignity.

"Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity."
—Merchant of Venice.

While we have heard one young lady aver that she was the “very essence of dignity,” and “dignity personified,” we hardly think that there is an overabundant supply of that virtue located at Storrs.

Not that we would desire the opposite to be true; no, for we wish to appeal with Milton to Euphrosyne, “Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee jest and youthful jollity.”

The atmosphere of Storrs is not suited to dignity of manners and action. Of course there are those who from fear of ridicule assume a pseudo-dignity, but they are few, while examples of youthful and healthful jollity are abundant in the college buildings and on the campus.

One evening when the students were assembled in the college hall for chapel exercises, no professor appeared. Thereupon a general stampede for the door occurred, when in his haste, a fifth year, six feet of manhood, slipped and lay prone. Down the hall the student body surged to the music of a multitude of badly whistled “rag-time” tunes.

Directly after chapel the melodious notes of “Mess,” done on the cornet by “Fox,” and accompanied by the audience, falls upon the ear and nearly fractures the tympanum. After a hoedown or two, and a game of pushball with a freshman as the ball, the upper classmen pound on the dining-room door and have altercations with the waiters on the other side on the propriety of having waiters on both sides of the door.

As soon as the ringing of the college bell indicates that the evening meal is ready, the door is opened and with many joyous sounds the stream separates itself among the tables. And then each one greets his neighbor. “Red Head” calls forth “Fat man” and “Whooper.” A slouchy individual, with a smile, is greeted with “Rubber Heels.” A solemn individual, who does not seem able to extract his chair from under the table, is admonished, “Don’t be awngry, thar isn’t any monk,” and then, successively, “Boots,” “Arry” and “A Beer” arrive, and are greeted. A demurring infant, in the professorial corner, is imitated by students who, in after life, will be respectable citizens.

Perhaps the “grub” comes not quickly, and the cry is raised for “One Dutchman.” During the meal, small talk goes on between the girls’ and boys’ tables. The meal over, some go to study, others to “spiel.”

That evening the word goes round that there will be “something doing” later, and about ten o’clock a few panes of glass in the cottage are shattered by the sudden impact upon them of terrifying yells from the campus. Through the openings thus made a few awakened females gaze upon a crowd of white robed figures swiftly flying over the lawn. Ghosts? Not so. Seniors and other specimens of American youth, wearing “sleeping apparel.”

In the morning a field engine is seen in front of the main building, and other foreign objects scattered over the green.

Or, perchance, the night is Saturday. With whoops and yells a literary breaks up and adjourns to the “Storrs Department Emporium,” where the members proceed to corner the visible supply of edibles and drinkables at the refreshment department, while they are entertained with “Turkey in the Straw,” by the Edison concert band. And so on till the days come when in the air there is the spirit of the sound—

“As the band played ‘Down in Dixie,’ I was humming ‘Home, Sweet Home.’”
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