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H. S. Comstock

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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.
Jubilate.

A bit of bird-song bubbling from a bough,
A string or two, a Mason jar, and thou
Beside me list'ning in the duskiness—
Oh, nature study were dead easy now!

Editorial.

The rush of commencement week has, after an interval of vacation quiet, been followed by the rush of the “Summer School for Teachers.” The word “Rush” is used not unadvisedly; for the schoolma’am is very much in evidence on the campus, and particularly so in the dining-room. In fact she has taken undisputed possession of the cottage, she pervades the library and lecture rooms, and the unfamiliar swish of her rustling draperies fills the sacred precincts of the old dormitory. She is altogether a welcome visitant, and it is unnecessary to add that Storrs is hers with all that Storrs contains, from the tree-toad—we beg her pardon—from the tree-frog she so skillfully lures from its recondite seat near the pond to the ice cream that so successfully lures her ready nickel at the other end of the campus. She calmly takes her place as mistress of the whole ranch in right of her prerogative as autocrat of the school-room. She adjusts herself to the conditions with unvarying ease and good nature. She quickly discovers the situation of Beebe’s and recognizes the admirably sustained relation of that institution to the needs of this community; and she makes prompt and assiduous use of her discovery to her own comfort and, it may be added, to the satisfaction of the astute manager of that well-conducted emporium. Once familiar with her surroundings, she settles down to the business of the summer school with a vim that promises great results. She follows the lectures with unabated zeal, giving equal attention to Dr. Lehnert and his instructive, if gruesome collection of bones, and to Mr. Stoneburn with his artless talks on the possibilities of the hen, and the value of that persistent and industrious member of the community.
With professor White she pursues the study of botany, and makes herself familiar with the flora of the district. Professor Gulley shows her how to make the garden an adjunct to her school work, and from him she diligently takes notes.

But perhaps she, most of all, delights to form a part of the queue that trails along after Mr. Mutchler to the hills and dales in search of the manifold forms of animal and vegetable life that find their habitat in the fields and circumjacent swamps. In these rambles she is at her best. But the highest evidence of her enthusiasm is her persistence in the early morning walks, when in sadly diminished numbers in the grey of the early dawn, she seats herself alongside the professor, under an umbrageous and dripping mulberry tree, to study the birds that, in default of the highly sophisticated early worm, resort thither for the succulent mulberry. All things that nature produces, not excluding the masculine specimens of her own species that come in her way, are her study; and she apparently takes full advantage of her opportunities.

What, I wonder, does the schoolma'am at the summer school talk about? Well, for an outsider it were difficult to say. Certainly the sound of her conversation ceases not day nor night, or at most, only wanes in the latter season. She is apparently fond of attaching herself to a group of her own kind; when, apparently, she has enough to say for herself. Perhaps she discusses the lectures or the lecturers of the day; possibly other and, from her point of view, weightier matters form the subject of her discourse. At all events, she seems to be full of fun, and to find abundant opportunity to exercise her gift in that direction. In short, the summer schoolma'am is a success, as indeed she ought to be, since, after all, she is a wide awake and unusually good example of the intelligent and self-reliant New England girl.

This is, as will be seen, the summer school number of the LOOKOUT, and we think it but just that this number should be so, since we believe that the summer school may fairly be regarded as an important part of the regular work of the college. Recognizing, then, the completeness with which the visiting teacher has taken possession of the institution, we offered to abdicate our function and to install a board of her own choice as editors of the current number; our offer was, however, declined. Notwithstanding the unwillingness of the summer school ma'am to take formal charge, this issue is practically the work of her pen. She has our thanks, and we hope that she will not forget us altogether in the months of the coming year.

The serious illness of Prof. Koons is especially regretted at this time. The loss of his valuable services, not only in the summer school, but in the short summer course of the regular students, will be severely felt; in fact it is irreparable. It is hoped that a few weeks will see him restored to his wonted health and vigor.

With the coming of summer there is an exodus to the country of all city people who are not forced to remain in town. The rural region is becoming more and more the favorite summer resort of the urban resident. Nature and country life are increasingly becoming essential elements of the best balanced living. The Connecticut Agricultural College, therefore, was not acting blindly when last year it opened for the first time a summer school for teachers and others in nature and country life; and the thirty or more teachers who attended that school afforded
tangible evidence of the vital interest in rural things among those responsible for the education of children.

The second summer school at Storrs, now just closed, has made plain two things: first, that there is a real field in this state for education in nature subjects and country life; second, that the college is competent to provide a proper and successful school for such education.

The school this year numbered sixty-one persons, over fifty of whom were teachers, and seven of whom were teachers who were present at the summer school last year; and this year, as last, there were teachers from practically all of the grades, from the high school special science teacher to the teacher in the district school.

This college, indeed, is admirably adapted for a school in nature study and country life. It has specialists who are versed in every department of agriculture and horticulture, and the sciences which immediately pertain to these. In the work of the summer school every department of rural life has been given attention.

Professor Clinton has lectured and had field work on the soils, soil amendments, tillage and, in general, on the cultivation of the usual farm crops; Professor Gulley, on fruit, flower and vegetable growing; Dr. Lehner, on the different domestic animals; Professor Beach, on sanitary milk and butter production; Professor Stoneburn, on poultry culture; Professor White, on the wild flowers, their appearance, haunts, habits and essential characteristics; and Mr. Bennett, Assistant Horticulturist in the Storrs Experiment Station, on plant enemies, including insects and plant diseases. Professor Koons, to the regret of everybody, was forced out of the school this year by illness. Some of his work was taken by Professor Stocking, part of it by Mr. Mutchler. Mr. Mutchler has been introduced to our readers in another column.

It will suffice to say here that he has been eminently successful, not only as director, but also in his lectures and demonstrations in the class-room and in the field on methods of teaching nature subjects to children.

The weight of the work of the school has rested on the above named men, and its success is in the largest and most generous measure their success. But, as those who read the summer school booklet anticipated, the work of these men has been supplemented by excellent lectures by Dr. Hodge on “Dynamic Biology”; Dr. Conn on “Mosquitoes and Malaria;” Mr. Crosby on “School Gardens;” Mr. White, principal of the New Britain Normal School, on “The Cultivation of the Powers of Observation;” and Secretary Hine on “The Teaching of Science in the Primary School.”

If the college is fortunate in having men specially versed in the different phases of nature and country life, and enthusiasts for these, it is no less fortunate in its special laboratories and illustrative facilities. Other schools and colleges have laboratories as good, so far as quality is concerned, for their particular purposes, and some are more extensive than those at Storrs. But the Storrs laboratories have one feature which makes them of unusual advantage to teachers. They are practical plants of their kind; for example, the poultry plant with its incubators, its many breeds of chickens, its ducks, its pigeons, is open not only for inspection, but for actual practice. The study of the garden is made valuable by actual work in all lines, done, if desired, by the summer student under the direction of competent authority. Orchards, small fruits of all kinds are to be studied under the direction of one of the most skillful orchardists in the country. The work of the Experiment Station under Professor Clinton is full of practical suggestion, and there is no limit to the pains
taken for the student. The dairy, the bacteriological laboratories all in practical, not merely illustrative operation, make an opportunity for study not often seen. Add to this that Storrs is delightfully situated—an advantage sufficiently exploited by other writers in this number of the magazine—and that the cost is far less than at other summer schools not so well equipped, and that this is, par excellence a Connecticut school, and one may be pardoned for predicting that this is destined to be a prominent part of the educational work of the state.

The teaching force taken as a whole, and the equipment of the college, including its libraries, would permit, should it seem desirable, of broadening the summer school to include the languages, chemistry, physics, history and other subjects. So far it has seemed best to the authorities to make the school a school for nature study alone; and this may prove the wisest course in the future. Certainly it would seem to be so for the present; for, as it is, in this, the second year of its existence, the school finds its accommodations taxed to the utmost.

We hope that the school may fulfil its promise, and that it may be fortunate enough to retain its present director, Mr. Mutchler, and its excellent corps of instructors.

Mr. Mutchler, the director of the summer school, has proved to be the right man in the right place. His previous experience—he has been a successful lecturer in school institutes, as well as a teacher in normal schools—fits him for the task laid upon him here. His first degree was obtained at the State University of Indiana. Later he studied at the Chicago University, and is now engaged in graduate work in biology at Clark University. It is hoped that he will return to us next year.

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College Notes.

In the absence of the editor of the column devoted to the Alumni, the few notes that have come to hand, belonging to that column, are inserted here.

'99. George M. Greene has finished his course at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and has accepted a position in the experimental department of the chemical laboratory of Colgate & Sons, soap and perfume manufacturers. Address, 222 Summit Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

'01-'02. It is with great pleasure that we announced the engagement of Mr. F. F. Downing and Miss Vera E. Freeman.

'02. Lampson is spending part of the summer at college to build up his system after the strenuous labor of the year spent at Massachusetts Agricultural College.

The class of 1903 has gone, and 1904 has stepped into its place. The one representative of this class in the summer school is Ford. It is quality and not quantity that counts.

Quite a number of the football squad are working here this summer, and, consequently, the pigskin is in great demand after supper.

Evening concerts are quite the thing this summer. Fitts and his phonograph are the band, and the top of the main building is the band-stand.

The occupants of the new dorm have formed a social club, which meets nightly at 11 p. m. This hour was chosen as the only one at which all the members could be found in the same place.

The fame of Highwaters has spread down to Dr. Goldie's Vaudeville Company.

The Fourth was unusually quiet this year, owing to the small number present, still these few managed to arouse most of
the inhabitants of the hill at 3 p. m. In the evening fireworks were furnished by a few members of the class of 1905.

A basket ball game is arranged to take place between a team of the college girls and a team representing the summer school. The college five is captained by Miss Monteith. A good game is expected. Later—It didn’t take place.

Miss Koller, the new music teacher, has arrived and has charge of the cottage this summer.

The ladies of the church recently gave a lawn party at which about fifteen dollars were added to the treasury.

Comstock, ’04, is laboring in the vineyards of Stocking during the summer months.

The tennis court is in great demand, and as one person was heard to remark, “It is mostly loving sets that are played.”

A party of summer schoolists and others recently went on a picnic to South Coventry lake. The only thing to mar the pleasures of the day was a violent rain storm; but Driver Copeland’s stories so interested the company that the weather was not noticed any more than the thunder which was drowned out by the driver’s voice.

NOTES OF THE SUMMER SCHOOL.

The members of the summer school have formed the summer class of 1903, with the following officers and committees:

President, Miss Arthur; Vice-President, Miss Stark; Secretary, Miss Weld; Treasurer, Mr. Taylor.

Social Committee, Miss Cass, Chairman; Miss Bailey, Miss Billings, Miss Bossidy, Miss Cleveland.

Executive Committee, Miss Greene, Chairman; Miss Peck, Miss Conklyn.

The summer school this year is under the direction of Prof. Mutchler, of Clark University.

Friday evening has been set aside for social gatherings during which vocal and instrumental music is rendered, followed by dancing.

The hammocks under the trees back of the new dorm are occupied evenings by persons of more or less musical dispositions. These bursts of melody cause the inhabitants of the new dorm to think doomsday has come, and that “angelic voices are swelling.”

Friday, the 17th instant, a son was born to Dr. and Mrs. Lehnert. Congratulations are in order, not merely because of the “auspicious event,” but because of the no less gratifying fact that in this promising youth is realized another step in the peaceful and natural absorption of Canada by the United States. Although this latest addition to the faculty is not yet christened, we believe he is destined to go through life with the euphonious name of Eugene Carl. The name has been suggested for him; the friends approve. We have not yet heard the opinion of the youth himself.

The annual mid-summer hop given this year by the class of 1904, took place in the college hall, Friday, July 24th. The hall was decorated with ferns. The grand march begun at eight, led by Mr. Hollister, ’02, and Miss Brown. Music was furnished by Tucker’s orchestra. Among the students who returned for the occasion were Comstock, ’04; Miss Holcomb, ’04; Miss Dimock, ’04; Hollister, ’05; and Miss Stockwell, ’06. Among the alumni present were Greene, ’95; Garrigus, ’98; Fitts, ’97; Stocking, ’95; Miss Latimer, ’00; Dimock, ’01; Hollister, ’02; Lampson, ’02; Clark, ’02; Stocking, ’03.
And it came to pass that on a certain morning a song sparrow was sitting on a rail fence, and as it sang its morning song, a band of travellers passed that way, holding in their hands strange black objects which they held before their eyes. These they called opera glasses. And verily it was a strange procession, for at its head strode a man, and surrounding him, and hanging on his looks and words clamored a multitude of women.

And lo! as they walked and exclaimed aloud, behold, one of them fell to her knees and in rapture exclaimed, "Behold! at last, ah, wondrous sight; it is—it is a song sparrow." As she spake, silence fell upon the crowd, and eyes were strained, and necks were craned, and one by one sighs of ecstasy and wonder escaped from their widening mouths as they beheld that wondrous bird.

Amazed at such behaviour the sparrow took unto himself wings and flew away. Straightway the procession again pursued its erratic course with murmuring, and much stumbling, for inasmuch as it was yet very early in the morning, many were scarce awake. They had not gone many minutes journey, when suddenly there fell upon the air, notes the equal of which it would be hard to find, and straightway every opera glass was turned in the direction from which the sound came. Anxiously they vied one with the other, to distinguish the author of such music until at last the leader, who seemed a wise and learned man, cried out, "It's a Maryland yellow throat! listen and be entranced!" And then they listened, and listened, and then listened some more, and one by one they spoke and gave judgment saying, "Verily, verily he hath spoken and his judgments shall endure." "Selah."

And it came to pass as they still marvelled, word came from one who had gone before that yet a little farther on, there had appeared a black-billed cuckoo, and if great haste was made, perchance it might deign to reveal itself unto the watching multitude.

And even as she spake, they wended their way toward the hallowed spot and there, for a moment motionless, they beheld the bird. Yet only an instant did he tarry, when lo! he spread his wings, and mounting into the air left behind a wondering, awe-struck band, that watched with longing eyes until he had disappeared. At a word from their leader they turned back in the direction whence they came and slowly disappeared.

No, my friends, it was not a party of escaped lunatics, but a class of summer school students on an early morning birding trip. D. M. A.

Even-song.

A teacher lies at dead of night,
His head upon his pillow white,
And dreams of gneiss and quartz and bees,
Of birds and ferns and frogs and trees.

He thinks he sits upon a stool.
The weather seems so fine and cool
He much prefers the out-of-doors
To indoor plants or mushroom spores.

But suddenly he wakes to hear
A skeeter buzzing 'round his ear,
And singing as he wings his way
Now close at hand, now far away.

But now the skeeter hovers low,
Then settles down, sedate and slow,
Prepared to thrust his lancet in,
Upon the face, beneath the chin.

That teacher slowly lifts his paw,
And, with a thwack upon his jaw,
He ends the fight in single bout,
And lays that daring skeeter out.
He tries to sleep once more, in vain,
He tries and tries to sleep again.
His one delight at rising bell—
That skeeter 's gone where dead ones dwell.

First Impressions of Storrs.

Our friend Stevenson once cleverly remarked, "There are not words enough in all Shakespeare to express the merest fraction of a man's experience in an hour." How the truth of this forces itself upon one when trying to review his first impressions of Storrs and the Connecticut Agricultural College.

Did you ever hear anything about the summer school at Storrs? If you have not been so fortunate let me tell you about a good natured party that rode up from Eagleville the other evening about twilight time, on their way to the college, anticipating a three weeks' round of delightful study in one of nature's most favored haunts.

The shadows were falling all around the little Eagleville station, although enough sunlight still remained to kiss the branches and flowers that turned their faces towards it. The cheery driver with his great carry-all met us with a hearty greeting as he took his place behind the three noble creatures that were to complete the day's journeying.

At first it seemed as though the capacity of the carry-all was going to be severely taxed, and its roof put into commission, but the driver good naturedly assured us that he had often carried twice the number in the same space. Of course that settled it.

The party was a hungry one, from the fact that the trains had made such startling connections that afternoon, having made a record of a three-hours' delay or so. But as the horses patiently pulled up each hill and jogged carefully down the other side, and through the shaded lane-like roads, the spirits of the party were made quite manifest in song and story, despite the subduing effects of hunger. How could it be otherwise, when even the full-leaved branches of the wayside trees were stretching out their arms towards us, and brushing our hands, as if to shake before the sun dropped behind the hills.

What an "epitaffy" time just then, too! The resonant voice of the driver was heard at this point reciting one of his choice bits dedicated to the departed:

"Here lies the body of Priscilla Bird,  
Who sang on earth till sixty-two—  
Now up on high above the sky  
No doubt she sings like sixty, too."

After which he imparted the assuring words that he had been up in this part of the country for the past five years, and he hadn't died from the effects, and he entertained the idea that we ought to be able to stand it for three weeks or upwards. And now ejaculations extraordinary were heard on every side, as glimpses of the beautiful landscape came into view. At one time it seemed as though the carry-all would certainly explode; but as it proved to be made of better material than the "one hoss shay," and the driver and his wagon, with its load, remained unspilled, there is nothing exciting to relate.

From behind some splendid oaks the moon looked peacefully down, and the next object of interest pointed out was "Beebe's." Don't know Beebe; Beebe of Storrs? Well, time enough to get acquainted, and the one bit of introduction now gallantly offered was that this same Beebe would supply kerosene cans and ice cream enough to satisfy the most fastidious, for a period of three weeks or even three years.

In a few minutes we found ourselves turning into what seemed like a very
charming villa, and so we had our first sight of the beautiful buildings of the Connecticut Agricultural College, and its far-reaching campus.

Without going farther into detail, the writer wishes to emphasize this—that his first impressions have been in no wise marred or changed. On the contrary, they have served as the leading note of all successive days spent at the college. They will ever impart a recollection as refreshing as the sunsets from her many hills.

In speaking of sketches, Stevenson has has said, "A spirit once well strung up to the concert pitch of the primeval out-of-doors will hardly dare to finish a study, and magnificently ticket it a picture." This goes forth, then, as an imperfect record of a perfect impression. J. A. S.

A Cac Medley.

Tune—"The Old Oaken Bucket."

How dear to our hearts are the scenes at the college
Where blithe Mr. Copeland first brought us one night—
The chapel, wherein we derived all our knowledge,
The dining-room, where all our woe took its flight,
The broad-spreading campus, the pond full of bull-frogs,
The dairy at dear Agricultural hall,
The ferns in the woodland, the poultry-yard nigh them,
And then the tall tower, the best of them all.

Chorus:—
The noisy old tower, the patient old tower,
The spot where at evening we went for a drink.
Tune—"Comin' Thro' the Rye."

We've had "bird-walks," we've had "bug-walks,"
We've had "frog-walks," too,

But the best have been the cake-walks Gay Grove Cottage knew.
Groups outside, in fairy moonlight,
Heard the music loud—
"Dappled wings" could go no fleeter Than the merry crowd.

Tune—"Bingo."

Our windows have no netting.
All night we are a-fretting—
The "dappled wings" upsetting Our peace, at the dear "Old Dorm."

Chorus:—
We won't go there any more
We won't go there any more
We won't go there any more
Down at the dear "Old Dorm."

Tune—"Oh, Darkies, Have You Seen De Massa?"

Oh, girls, don't get the Beebe habit! It's an awful thing to cure.
Your hat is near, but don't you grab it—You'll be sorry, I am sure.
The road is long, the road is sunny—And the dust is very thick—
Mr. Beebe, he'll take all your money And you'll come back feeling sick.

Tune—"Annie Laurie."

There's a table at the college Where wit and wisdom dine.
'Tis the seat of lofty knowledge—Of science 'tis the shrine.
Our Miss Professor's there—
We're all as still as mice
While our grave Vice-President
Gives us this sage advice:—

Tune—"Auld Lang Syne."

Beneath this charming rubber tree Of species Canadensis,
Oh, ladies, it does seem to me That one in her right senses Should strive, like its sweet bloom, to rise T'ward skies so blue and pure,
And for her motto ever take, "The Higher are The Fewer."

C. B. T.
First Impressions.

The day had been exceedingly warm, the train delayed, and one felt quite uncomfortable when, after being put off at the Eagleville station, the "Storrs 'bus," and a rather large group of ladies was pointed out.

Room? "Yes," answered a voice, so full of good nature that it was refreshing, "room for as many as can pack in." "Horses are good and wagon safe. Load up."

"Yes, trunks will follow you." Forty-eight trunks were left, but the live freight was on its way to the C. A. C.

"Heard about the woman that lived in Georgia?"

"Don't know your name, don't know hers, but ——", and here followed a bright anecdote. Soon the passengers were interested and looked less like moths in the chrysalis and began to emerge from a torpid condition. Quaint old songs and odd epitaphs succeeded each other till when the coach leaned over or descended in a rut one was able to grab her fellow-passenger without feeling she was committing all the sins in the decalogue.

What a charming drive that was, through the fragrant wood, up hill and down dale! Twilight was fading and it was dusk, indeed, when we were landed at the chapel "to get a bite," as our still pleasant driver suggested. I have heard of the feasts of Lucullus, of costly spreads, and millionaires' dinners, but not one of them could be more enjoyable than the nice supper served to that tired group.

I thought, as later on I looked over the quiet campus, listened to the music of the frogs, and smelled the odor of the freshly cut grass, that the words of the booklet would be true, and "with a strengthened physique, quickened mind, one's abilities would be aroused and one's efficiency as a teacher increased, by the summer school of the C. A. C."

ELIZA.

The Sunset.

'Tis sunset on a pleasant summer day.  
The distant mountains are a shade of blue  
Most delicate, and so most beautiful.  
The nearer hills are capped with verdant green,  
Which glimmers here and there through clinging mist,  
And, as the level sunbeams catch this haze,  
They dart forth from it, many fairy flashes  
Of the rich colored rainbow. It is like  
The opal when 'tis finest cut; and you  
Will wonder how so many different tints  
Can be contained in one so small a gem.  
The clouds are all most beautifully white.  
Those highest up look like th' eternal snow  
That lingers on the coldest mountain peaks;  
Those lower down seem like the whirling mass  
Of silvery spray, which drifts around the foot  
Of ponderous waterfalls.  

The copper sun  
Is sinking down so low it seems to rest  
Upon the mountains. All the fleecy clouds  
Are turning quickly roseate and pink.  
And now the sun looks like a ship at sea,  
Floating on floods of fiery red clouds,  
While at one side there seems a dark blue shore  
Which she will try to make. But no, it sinks!  
Sinks as the overladen ship, and leaves  
Hardly a spot to mark where she went down,  
But now the clouds have still more brilliant grown—  
For now the sun no longer dazzles us—  
And are the essence of pure liquid light,  
With orange, purple, blue, and violet tints.  
The light begins to slowly fade away;  
The lighter color to the darker turn;  
But though the low cloud's fiery splendors pale,  
Those higher up begin to burn and glow,
And then it seems, that, as the heavens above
Are beautiful beyond comparison,
While all the earth is dull and gray and bleak,
Those regions all must be inhabited
By infinitely beautiful, sublime,
Superior spirits, who are always happy.
The light at last begins to leave these clouds,
But lingers fondly for one last caress.
And when 'tis gone we feel as sorrowful
As when we see a flower most exquisite
Wither and fade within our eager grasp.
Now all the heavens are grey and all the earth
Is dark, so dark that we can hardly trace
The outlines dim, of each one of the hills;
And when we upward look again, we see
The first faint glitter of the evening star—
And night has fallen.

HORACE V. S. TAYLOR.

The War-cry of the Malarial Mosquito.

I am the great Anopheles!
A wicked sinner, I!
I hover singing in the trees;
My victim rambles nigh!

Down, down, I dart in steady flight,
Pray, hear my mirthless song;
The deadly microbes pushed in tight,
I do not tarry long.

Up and away, renew the fight;
Gone, gone, that pesky germ;
One drop of blood has set me right!
Now let my victim squirm.

S. M. W.

Tales Teachers Tell.

In a certain school the teacher left the room for a few minutes, first cautioning the children not to whisper. Upon her return she asked, "Has any child disobeyed me?"

One little fellow raised a faltering hand. "Johnny, how many times did you whisper?" "Once," was the reply. "Once! What should he have said, James?" "Twice, ma'am!"

Two small boys playing marbles upon the sidewalk, saw approaching a teacher in a nearby school.

"Git outer the way fer the lady!" said one boy, and the two made room for her to pass. Then she heard the other boy remark disdainfully, "Aw, gowan! That want no lady! That wuz a teacher, see?"

Here are some extracts from written work in the higher grades:

"A narcotic is an insensible liquid which enables us to sleep."

"London is noted for its commercial fogs."

A teacher in one of our public schools, laboring to impress upon her pupils the "dynamic relation" of butterflies to man, was no doubt somewhat disheartened when at the close of a lesson upon the butterfly, she advanced the question, "What is the work of a butterfly?" and the answer came back from a member of her class, "Making butter."

Parallel with this account comes another from a nature teacher. The pupils had been given a lesson upon the potato. As a summary, Miss M—— drew upon the blackboard a picture of the potato plant showing the development of roots, stem and branches. "What do we find growing here?" she asked, pointing to the ends of the branches. "Potato-bugs!" was the prompt reply.

A class of primary children was reading about a little Indian girl. Under the reading matter was a picture of the girl's father's pipe, and the question, "Can you tell what he smokes in his pipe?" "Well, what does he smoke in his pipe?" queried
the teacher. Loud and clear, rang out the answer, "Honest Long Cut!"

"Grammar," was one of the spelling words. It was to be used in a sentence. One small girl handed in this sentence, "My grammar is dead."

One of the teachers who attended the summer school tells this story about the well near the poultry yard, and, incidently below the level of the neighboring cemetery:

"That water may be cool and pure," she says, "but it has no charms for me. One day while I was drinking some of it the man who helps in the poultry yards casually remarked, 'The boys call this water gravy, because it comes down from the graveyard.'"

It happened in a literature class in one of the lower grades. The story of "Joseph" was told without any lapses up to the part where the "kine came up from the river." "What are kine?" asked the teacher. "Fish," was the unanimous opinion of the class.

In a little folks' language class recently, the teacher was trying to bring out the meanings of the words in the lesson, and the word "hero" was defined by one child as "a very brave man." The teacher then asked, "What is a very brave woman called?" Before she had time to wink, a bright-eyed little fellow jumped up and cried out, "Oh, Miss ——, I know it must be a she-ro!"

The younger children in a certain school had just begun to learn the use of the dictionary. The teacher asked the meaning of the word "nimble," and one little boy answered, "a girl." As the teacher was trying to discover his authority for this, the little girl next him bounded to her feet and exclaimed, "No, Miss ——, it isn't a girl, it's a-gile."

S. M. W.

Don't You Wish You Knew

How tall H. U. S. Taylor is?
How many insects Miss White will carry home?
How Miss Abbey and Miss Green became acquainted?
How many hours per day Dewell sleeps?
Where Miss Monteith learned to dance?
How many hours Mr. Bennett works a day?
How many minutes it takes Mr. Roberts to eat his dinner?
Who taught Mr. Comins to waltz?
How many insect nets Miss Weed owns?
How Ford bumped his nose?
Whose picture Miss Waters has in her watch?

Where Miss Ahearn goes walking?
The shortest way to church?
Who went on the picnic?
Who got up at 4 a. m. to go birding, and got left?
Where Mr. Proudman learned those funny stories?
If Mr. Mutchler will be here next year?
Who the popular "picture man" is?
Why Miss Stark and Miss Trowbridge talk so late?

G.

Overheard on the Campus.

"Oh, those awful noises up in the trees! What can they be?"
"Did you hear the bell this morning?"
"Come on. Let's dance. Can you lead?"
"Mosquitoes do not seem very abundant here. The higher the fewer!"
"How can you touch the horrid thing?"
"Isn't the weather simply awful? I'm just melted!"
"Wough! It's a snake!"
"See that dear cunning little toadie! I wonder where his mamma is?"
"Oh, Mr. ——, you really mustn't!"
"Why, that isn't really a malarial mos-
QUITO, is it? I have seen those things flying about the pond down there."

"Miss ——, that will never do."

"Yes, you will find it at Beebe's."

Flower Hunters.

Let the reader of this article imagine himself taking an afternoon's walk about the vicinity of Storrs; for instance, Fifty Foot Rock. As he looks out over the landscape and views the beautiful scenery of our good old New England hills, the spirit of romance is strongly stirred within him. He sees the green tree top, below him, the Fenton river quietly gliding through a meadow beyond, and the green hills rolling away toward the horizon. A deep reverie falls upon him, and as the thoughts of wild life pass through his mind, he believes he hears the whoop of the untutored savage.

The shouts evidently draw nearer, and the day dreamer suddenly becomes aware that they are a reality. He soon hears snatches of popular songs, and the thought of savages leaves his mind. The sound of crackling brush is heard and in an instant a group of uniformed young men break into view below him.

They pass through an open place at the bottom of the ledge, and seem to look for a way of ascent. The course is soon decided upon, and they move toward the low part of the rock. As they walk on, one of the members suddenly throws himself upon the ground, draws a huge knife from his pocket, and plunges it into the earth. Evidently this poor lad is demented, but the others, after running about as if to find a certain place, follow his example. Each now opens a can which he carries slung over his shoulder, throws in what seems to be a piece of sod, and continues the ascent of the ledge.

In a few minutes this strange group has reached the top, and walking to the highest point of the rock they gaze for a few moments in silence at the scenery. One of the members seats himself on a convenient rock, opens his can, and draws out a mass of sod, leaves and stems. He carefully separates a single plant and after removing any soil which may be about its roots, he examines it with care. Next, he draws a black covered book from his pocket, and turns over the pages for a few moments until, fixing at length upon a particular page, he studies it closely. Suddenly jumping to his feet, he shouts, "Small flowered crowfoots, boys."

These youths are, then, nothing more terrible than enthusiastic young botanists. All now remove their cans and seat themselves on the edge of the ledge or lie on its flat surface. They are evidently the vanguard of some oncoming party, as they often consult their watches and glance in the direction from which they came.

After they have been on the rock about half an hour, one of the members exclaims, "Three o'clock, boys, I wonder what has become of the rest of the crowd." The words have no sooner left his lips than a stentorian voice of command from below the rock is heard saying, "Come on, people, it is three o'clock." This party seems to be approaching in a more quiet manner; the reason of which is seen when the worthy professor of botany steps into view.

About the woods in all directions may be heard the sound of approaching footsteps, of many voices, and, occasionally, the exultant cry of some fortunate young botanist who has found another specimen to be added to his swiftly increasing collection. The party moves on, and soon the members are straggling up to the top of the cliff.

When all have reached the summit, the roll is called to insure the presence of every member of the class and numerous flowers found on the way are discussed. The party
is now dismissed by the professor, leaving all at liberty to return to the campus at their leisure. Alas, for those unused to long walks, the way homeward seems lengthened three-fold. Many think, as they rest under the friendly shade of some tree, that they will surely be sick before the time of the next botanical trip; but after they reach the campus, eat a hearty supper, and press their specimens, they make up their minds to brave another walk.

Every week these merry hill-climbing and swamp-wading sophomores explore the wonders of field and wood. Although the way is often long and the flowers scarce, they invariably look forward to the tramp as a means of resting their weary minds from the cares of student life. There is also a strong fascination in the collecting of specimens. With what expectation does the young botanist enter a likely looking wood, and with what delight does he find a rare orchid or other equally good specimens.

I. W. Patterson, ’05.

Advantages to be Gained at Storrs’ Summer School.

When thinking over the subject, which heads this article, the first thing that came to my mind was of the motive which led us to come here, that is, the general motive for coming. We all came, probably, with a desire to get something that would aid us in the future to be better teachers and citizens.

Doubtless, all knew of the advantages as advertised in the summer school booklet, and these influenced us greatly in our determination to come. But upon arriving here, most of us, were pleasantly surprised to find that the booklet had set forth, to a very limited extent, the real conditions and surroundings in which we were to work.

We found a very large area over which nature’s fairest work is abundantly distributed, and plenty of fresh air to breathe, especially if one is ambitious enough to go birding with one of our enthusiastic professors.

Combined with these, is found a full course of lectures upon nature in all its phases, given by men who are prominent along educational lines; who inspire us and lead us on to do better work. Another thing worth mentioning, it seems to me, is the fact that here we mingle and work with other teachers who unconsciously give us new and helpful ideas in our own lines of work.

After considering the advantages to be gained by daylight, we must also consider those to be gained in the evening. Among these we mention “The chorus of many voices,” which comes to us from the little pond on the campus, rivaled by the entertainment furnished by the hungry mosquitoes. The inhabitants of one of our dormitories seem to enjoy the unadvertised advantages of studying human nature under the influence of Luna and the constellations in the quiet hour of midnight, when most of the world is sleeping.

Among other evening advantages that we must not fail to recognize, are the illustrated lectures that are not only pleasant and entertaining, but very helpful as well. Often during the evening we have had the pleasure of tripping the “light fantastic” across the polished floor of the cottage, to the music of a dreamy waltz, or a rollicking two-step, furnished by some one of our obliging friends.

We of the summer school would like to express our gratitude and appreciation to those who have had it in charge for the
opportunity which has been given us to spend so pleasant and profitable a term here at the C. A. C., and we hope that the aim in founding this school may be realized in the coming generation, to whom we hope to impart some of the knowledge and inspiration gained here. The Twins.

Football, 1903.

September 26—Thomaston at Plymouth.
October 3—Hartford High at Storrs.
October 10—Middletown High; place not settled.
October 17—Norwich Free Academy at Storrs.
October 24—Williston at Easthampton.
November 2—Wesleyan Academy at Storrs.
November 7—Westerly High at Storrs.
November 14—Rhode Island State College at Storrs.
November 21—Open.

S. M. Crowell, Manager.

Some of My Impressions of Storrs.

The place is delightful, with its hills, and dales, its deep cool woods, its pleasant drives, its fine cultivation, its velvety lawns, its superb trees, the far-off outlook—one great expanse of green that rises and falls in its broad waves, with here and there a white house among the trees that makes you see, in its undulations and the cheering mood it brings, the rise and fall of old ocean’s billows, with the white farm houses corresponding to the ships sailing along over its broad bosom till you sniff the air, for a smell of salt, and then—go in to dinner to find delicious clam chowder and fish that adds to the delusion—so we have at Storrs a combination not to be found everywhere. Delusions are plenty wherever you go, and are what one makes them; but Storrs to me is thoroughly delightful, and so suggestive of general beauty that illusions come as plenty as they do to the members of the sterner sex that are surrounded with youth, beauty and school ma’ams and other women foreign to the place.

It is noticeable here as elsewhere how chirk and bright the men get to be with an influx of some fifty teachers from out of everywhere, of all sorts and sizes, but all wise, very wise, cheery and chatty, too.

How these same male men strive to look grave and dignified and business like, and try to look the other way and seem indifferent, but really have to succumb to the energetic and businesslike teachers that have no eyes for mere men, but are here only to learn to expand the mind and fit themselves for the arduous duty of training the minds of the young of this and future generations, but how, at last, like Prof. Gulley’s potato and tomato plants they yield to the law of attraction. And unobserved observers might find in stray corners two plants of—well, no, not the genera potato and tomato, not quite as green as that, but two human plants, bound by a less flexible but not less strong bond than the palmetto palm into what at the time seems a permanent growth; but the unobserved observer would possibly find on another occasion the tomato and potato bound by what would at the time seem the same insoluble bond to quite another genus.

I have been greatly agitated, however, in trying to solve the problem for the rail-
'roads; how they are going to find rolling stock to transport all the new ideas we have taken on (or shall have) in these three weeks of our sojourn in beautiful Storrs, sheltered under the wing of the alma mater that has made possible this occasion of knowledge, for we not only must needs carry away the beautiful flowers, the trees, the frogs, birds, bees and butterflies, but the horse, cow, well—all the domestic animals; and there is yet Prof. Stoneburn and the thousands upon thousands of birds, baked, broiled, and fried, with omelettes, punches, eggnogs, and other things too numerous to mention, not forgetting the incubator that came to us through the eggs of his great family. What more there will be time must tell, and the time is not yet. My pen just quivers to make further mention of many things, but space will not permit or your patience care to read more.

Peggotty Price.

Closing Exercises.

Mr. President: The members of the summer school desire to express their thanks for the many privileges, pleasure and helps which they have received at the hands of the president and faculty of the C. A. C. Therefore I move that we extend a vote of thanks. (It is seconded.) All in favor signify by saying “aye.” (A rousing “aye.”) Contrary minds, “no.” (Silence profound.) Horace Taylor.

In this connection I wish to name President Stimson. Mr. Taylor, Sr.

Applause.

Mr. Mutchler—“Still achieving, still pursuing.” Paul Taylor.

Prof. Koons—Miss Cleveland.

Prof. Clinton—“May the green cows continue to wave.” Miss Abbey.

Prof. Gulley—“All hail the gooseberry bushes.” Horace Taylor.

Prof. Beach—“The greatest star in the milky way.” Miss Slate.

Dr. Lehnert—“A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse.” Miss Latimer.

Mr. Bennett—“Proficient alike in the study of nature and of human nature.” Miss Peck.

Sec. Smith—“He holds the key to the situation.” Mrs. Harrington.

Prof. White—“The man, His work!” Miss White.

Prof. Stocking—“Still looking for bacteria.” Miss Green.

Mr. Stoneburn—“The advocate of the little old hen, Whose egg is mightier than the pen.” Miss Arnold.

Miss Whitney—“Our courteous librarian.” Miss Kyle.


Mr. Proudman—“Tempus fugit, 7.30 sharp.” Miss Bailey.

Mrs. Knapp—“Who know the way to all men’s hearts?” Miss Cass.

“Waiters one and all—especially Ford.” Miss Prindle.

The Cook—“May his shadow never grow less.” Miss Conklin.

Herr Julius—“The best of carpenters; the always amiable.” Miss Weed.

Mr. Fenn—“Lights out; good night.”
LOOKOUT.

CRITTENDEN-WHITE WEDDING.

A pretty home wedding took place at 10 o'clock yesterday morning, when Cora Anna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Crittenden, was married to Prof. Edward A. White, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward White, of Ashby. Rev. J. B. Pope, formerly pastor of the Baptist Church, officiated. The ceremony was performed in the long dining-room, under a bower of laurel banked with ferns and roses.

The bridal party came in through the parlor, while the wedding march was being played by Mrs. Charles Hale of this town. The ushers, Howard B. White, of Ayer, brother of the groom, and Joseph H. Batten, of Turners Falls, brother-in-law of the bride, led the way, Rev. J. D. Pope followed to the altar. A niece of the bride, Marion Crittenden, as flower girl, dressed in white muslin, came bearing a basket of carnations, followed by the bride and groom. The maid of honor, Esther May Batten, another niece of the bride, dressed in white silk muslin, came carrying the ring on a silver plate. From the bower were suspended two lines of daisies, held by the friends, through which the bridal party marched. The bride and groom knelt at the altar while the Episcopal service was repeated.

The bride was attired in white crepe de chine over white silk, and wore a veil. She carried a bouquet of white bride roses. After the ceremony, refreshments were served, after which the bridal couple left on the afternoon train for a wedding tour, which will include Saratoga, Lake Champlain and Lake George. They will be at home in Storrs, Conn., after October 1.

Miss Crittenden was a graduate of the high school, and student at Westfield Normal School. For several years she has been a successful teacher in Suffield, Amherst, Attleboro and Waltham. Mr. White is a graduate of Ashby High School and Amherst Agricultural College, class of '95. He has taught in the State College in Texas, and the past year has been teaching in the State College in Storrs, Conn., botany, forestry and landscape gardening.

We reprint the above from a Massachusetts newspaper.

At the Congregational parsonage, Storrs, Monday evening, July sixth, Professor and Mrs. White received the congratulations of their friends. In the receiving party, besides the bride and groom, were Reverend and Mrs. Starr, of Storrs, and Joseph H. Batten, a brother-in-law of Mrs. White. The house had been tastefully decorated with palms and cut flowers under the direction of Mr. Bennett and Mr. Hollister. Dainty refreshments were served. The members of the class of 1904 of the Connecticut Agricultural College acted as ushers.
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