Lookout, Volume 9, Number 1, May 1904

I. W. Patterson

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Seniors, 1904—R. T. Dewell.
Juniors, 1905—C. H. Welton.
Sophomores, 1906—R. G. Tryon.
Freshmen, 1907—C. A. Watts.
The gentlemen who have so faithfully conducted this paper the past year have retired; and we, the new board, enter to fill their places—not with joy and thanksgiving, but with the determination that our work shall be performed in such manner that our predecessors will have no cause to feel conscience stricken because of their choice of successors.

In this, our first issue, it seems fitting that we should say a few words to the students concerning their duties to the LOOKOUT. Every student should write for the College paper. An idea which seems to be prevalent, especially among the lower classmen, is that they are not qualified to write or that their experiences have not been of special interest. When asked for an article for the next number of the LOOKOUT, this answer is often received: "Why, I can't write; and besides, what am I to write about?" Our experiences, tastes, and observations are very different, and there is no one who can not write something which would be of interest to others.

We are interested, of course, in securing an able body of contributors, among the students. This is essentially a student magazine, and its support must come from the body of the students. We are well aware that, considering the present enrollment, a fair proportion of the men are in the habit of contributing an occasional article. We may look forward to the time when the number of students will be so much increased that the same proportion will furnish abundant material for selection. But in the meantime it is very certain that the editorial board has not, in the last year, had sufficient assistance. Our present plea is for more ample support.
Prof. Gulley recently returned from St. Louis after a two weeks' stay at the Exposition, during which time he was engaged in preparing the exhibit of the Connecticut Pomological Society. Outsiders report the exhibit as one which is very artistic and instructive. We are sure that all those connected with the College will take pleasure in congratulating Prof. Gulley in the attainment of his position, and in the successful fulfillment of his duties. R. C. Gulley, who recently left the College, is to have charge of the exhibit during his father's absence.

Spring is with us at last. The beauties which are associated with this time of the year come to us after the severity of the past winter with more than their accustomed splendor. Now is the time of year that the student is loathe to study, that the green fields and starting leaves seem to lure him from the class-room, and that "spring fever" obtains a foothold on him. It is, despite this drawback, the season of the year most conducive of happiness, provided one's mind is untroubled with thoughts of impending catastrophe upon examination. With the consciousness that he is well above the danger mark in his studies the student may spend some very pleasant hours in rambling through the woods, in tennis playing, or in casting a fly in some of the neighboring trout brooks.

The baseball season has opened with as good a team as has graced our diamond for several years past. The games thus far have been very interesting and exciting, and upon the whole, the team bids fair to do excellent work with more practice.

A noticeable feature among our students during the past year has been the lack of intense class feeling. Class loyalty has been far from lacking as shown by several instances; but the slight friction on these occasions has been soon forgotten, and the members of the different classes have associated without reserve. The literary clubs, because of the good fellowship found therein, are doubtless greatly responsible for this state of things. This harmony is certainly for our welfare, and we trust that it may endure. Class rivalry has sometimes been too marked a feature of Storrs' life.

While a few of us have doubtless heard from Prof. Ballou, our former professor of botany, either directly or indirectly since his departure from C. A. C., there are many who have entirely lost track of him. After leaving C. A. C. three years ago, Prof. Ballou went to Amherst for the purpose of obtaining the degree of Ph.D. On the death of his wife two years ago, he changed his plans, accepting a position in the Barbados Islands with a remunerative salary as entomologist under the British government. His many friends among those con-
LOOKOUT.

nected with the college, and the alumni, will doubtless be pleased to read the follow­
ing portion of a letter kindly handed us by Mrs. A. G. Gulley:

“At the end of the old year I went to Montserrat, arriving there on the morning of January 1st. Returning, I arrived in Barbados January 16.

I had a good time in Montserrat in addition to doing a large amount of work. One Sunday I went up the highest mountain in the island, which has a height of three thousand feet. I took a good thermometer, camera and barometer, and collecting cans, bottles, etc. There were three of us (white), and a black guide and several small boys as carriers.

Starting from the town about 6.30, we rode along the beach for a mile or so, and then began to go up. At seven o’clock we left the coast, after correcting the baro­meter reading and taking temperature. At seven-thirty we had ascended five hundred feet; at eight o’clock, one thousand feet; at eight-fifteen, one thousand four hundred feet. Here we had breakfast, and left our horses and all unnecessary impediments. We left this place at nine-forty, and in twenty-eight minutes had climbed six hundred feet—nearly straight up. Then we went into the woods or rather thicket. In 1899, Montserrat was visited by a terrific hurri­cane, and all the big trees were blown down. The next year it had a flood, during which twenty inches of rain fell in a week; and on the last night of the week over ten inches fell. From these two causes, there is now no large growth of timber. Just before entering the woods, we went through a magnificent thicket of tree ferns, making a pale green covering over the nearly vertical mountain side. Clambering through the thicket over fallen trunks of trees, through vines and trailing plants, we had nearly an hour’s climb of very hard travelling. One or two of our escorts went ahead with cut­lasses and more or less cleared our path, and just before eleven o’clock we came to the top of the first peak, which was two thousand five hundred feet above sea level.

In another hour we reached the very top, two thousand nine hundred feet above sea level. The view from the top was grand when the clouds broke enough to give us a view. The first view was through a thin fog-like cloud, and showed the white surf of the Atlantic coast about eight miles away. All about was rich tropical vegetation with palms the most prominent of all the trees. In the undergrowth were giant begonias, higher than my head, and a great variety of plants I do not know. All the tree trunks, logs, and rocks were covered with moss, filmy ferns, selaginella, etc. Everything is wet, slippery, and hot; for the undergrowth is so thick that there is no breeze except when an open place at the top of some knoll or peak is found.

The trip down was made quickly and without mishap. We were all back at our starting place between five and six o’clock in the afternoon.”

The Importance of Cleanliness in Dairying.

The most essential fact for the dairyman to consider is cleanliness. By this, I do not mean cleanliness only in the room or building where the milk is kept, but in every stage of its development from the cow to the finished product.

No dairyman who is striving to obtain the greatest amount of profit, can afford to
allow the value of this most essential element of success to pass by unseen. The farmer who by painstaking methods has established a reputation for cleanliness and a systematic way of doing business will have very little if any trouble in disposing of his products at a price above the average market price. But let us look at the other side of the question. Have you ever seen any dairyman, who is slack in his work or filthy in habits, who has not gone through life grumbling over the numerous shortcomings of his occupation? But you must consider the undeniable fact, that, as a rule, it is the man that makes the profession, and not the profession that makes the man.

As I stated before, cleanliness must begin with the cow and barn. The first important fact to consider is ventilation, not only to provide a healthful habitation for the cows, but to destroy the contaminating effect that always pervade an illkept or filthy barn. Lime and land plaster will be found valuable as means for destroying the foul odors.

Next consider the care of the stock. When the barn is in such a condition that the owner will not be ashamed to extend invitations to his customers to inspect his premises, he should not allow himself to forget that the pleasing appearance of his stable may be swiftly put to shame by the disgusting scene of filthy and illcared-for stock. A thorough grooming, at least once each day, would be highly appreciated both by the cows and the customers. Filth that may fall into the milk pail, cannot be entirely removed by the finest strainer that mankind has ever invented. A person might just as well pour turpentine into a pail of milk and expect to get rid of the effects by straining. The only sure way to prevent contamination is not to allow any to enter the pail.

Every dairyman should have cleanliness for a watchword, not only in his cow barn, but in his home and all his buildings. While his example will be far reaching, the elevation of the man himself is something to strive for which cannot be obtained without cleanliness. This is an occupation in which one and all should take pride, and endeavor to make it the most honored calling in the world.

“Cod-fish Falls.”

Perhaps there is no more familiar place in Mansfield, to the students, than Cod-fish Falls, which is about one-half mile north of Gurleyville. Although each student may know where they are, I think it best to give their location, as some poor fellow might take the wrong road and find himself at Chaffeeville, instead of the falls.

At the falls, the towering pines, the rush of water over the rocks, and the songs of the birds makes the whole a pleasant place to while away an idle hour, while looking for botany specimens, or perhaps listening to the music box, turned by the power of the falls (this being the latest attraction). Where the falls got the prefix Cod-fish is a mystery still unsolved. It surely cannot be because any cod has been found there, as the peaceful trout holds full sway in the quiet pool below the falls.

To the inhabitants of Gurleyville and vicinity the falls are known only as “The Glen,” and when a new student or professor inquires for Cod-fish Falls of a Gurleyvillite he is as likely to be directed to the wild woods of Westford as to the place he is seeking. So beware of getting lost,
when you inquire of any one in that vicinity for Cod-fish Falls; it is much better to get the right start from C. A. C.

When the summer school is in session, the falls are especially well patronized. Hardly a day passes without its visitors.

There is an abundant growth of ferns and flowers near the falls; they will serve as good specimens for botany collectors.

If there are any of the students who have not as yet visited the falls they will be well paid by taking a stroll there on a Sunday afternoon in the "Good Old Summer Time."

NANCY, '06.

**College Notes.**

It is with a great deal of trepidation that we take up this column. Realizing that in our complimentary marks we may be obliged to slight some, and to give others an undue share, we tremble for our safety. But rest assured that any errors or omissions will be corrected in the next number, if we see fit or rather as we see fit.

Botanists foraging with their professor realize that bow-legs are a good thing for the pedestrian.

Where were Kaimo and Peeker brought up? They remind us with their calls and crows of the famous jungle fowl. Zip-zip-zip - - - Pee-e-e-ker!

The Ladies' Literary Club gave a pink tea to their guests in the Cottage, Saturday evening, May 14, 1904. After the tea, an interesting programme, consisting of music and speaking was enjoyed by all present. Thus do the fine arts flourish at Storrs.

The invitations are out for the Junior-Junior banquet which is to be held May 27th in College Hall. Programme as follows:

- Toastmaster, Prof. H. R. Monteith
- Address of Welcome, Junior President
- Response, Senior President
- The Farmer and the Bulletin, Prof. L. A. Clinton
- Calves and Culture, Prof. C. L. Beach
- In the Court of the Gentiles, Rev. H. E. Starr
- The Invisible Forces, Pres. R. W. Stimson
- Nihil Nisi ex Ovo, Prof. F. H. Stoneburn

Our cadet musicians seem to think that two-step music is suitable for marching.

Varbeedy seems to delight in torturing the poor chickens under his jurisdiction at the poultry plant.

Senior girl from the point of vantage—"Kaimo looks so cute marching out here with his flag, that he makes me laugh."

We infer that Harvard must be a rather slow place from the way in which her representative at Storrs gets around to breakfast.

One of our prominent juniors met with a serious accident down the road the other night. As a result of his injuries he required some help to reach the dormitory.

The New Dorm is a regular menagerie for various animals, but we haven't got the rat reputation yet.

The seniors recently enjoyed a picnic at Bolton. They returned in excellent spirits, and entertained the campus with their melodious voices some time.

Messrs. Patterson and Koons delivered their Hicks prize essay on Friday evening,
the 13th. It was reported a time ago that more contestants were to take part; but owing to private reasons, only two "showed up." The judges for delivery were Miss A. W. Brown, Rev. H. E. Starr and Prof. C. L. Beach. The essays will be submitted to another committee, which will judge the composition. The decision will be announced commencement day.

It was reported that Dewell considered thirteen a good hatch, but afterward changed his mind and said that ten out of seventeen was good enough for him.

Blackfoot—"How did the game come out."
Beloved Fritz—"Seven-five, in favor of Rockville."
Blackfoot (hesitating)—"We-e-ll, who won?"

A cornetist and flute player are expected from Amherst to assist in commencement music.

The support given our baseball games is unworthy of the college. Give your team proper backing and the team will give you proper returns.

Hooper has trained his dog to perfection. Just a solitary look and the animal is transformed from a sound sleep into a case of nervous prostration. Is it hypnotism?

Do all things come to those who wait? Just ask the waiters.

A.—Why don’t you get your hair cut?
B.—Because, however long my hair is, I always feel that the road to Willimantic is longer.

By our Antiquarian—Homer did not write the works popularly published under his name; the real author is another fellow of the same name.

The junior class in woodwork is at present erecting a small edifice which goes under the name of barn. This will come in nicely this time next year, when they desire to room together for bodily comfort and mental consolation.

At certain stages of history privileges were granted certain persons in consideration of some service. These soon became monopolies which were in a manner tyrannical. Popular indignation soon eradicated this evil. Students, you also have your privileges; take care that you do not cross the boundary line to a monopoly.

Student—"Say, Professor, does a thunder storm kill all the chickens in the eggs?"
Professor—"Yes, I believe so—provided they are struck by lightning."

On Wednesday evening, May 11, 1904, the sophomore class gave their spring rhetoricals. They were given in great style and merited the applause of their audience. A prominent feature of the programme was the selection by the girls' chorus. We are fortunate in having them appear on the platform, but hope that at their next appearance they will be far enough advanced to respond to such an encore as was given them on their debut.

Storrs is favored in being able to shower its amateur performers with bunches of flowers.

Those interested in tennis recently got together and proceeded to organize, electing a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, and keeper. It is hoped that the tennis association will make tennis playing for students a much easier problem.
than heretofore. A good court will soon be in working order, and will be kept repaired and looked after for student interest by the association.

This number of the Lookout marks a new beginning. This department has not as yet got on its legs. Material will be crude and possibly uninteresting. One man cannot constitute himself the whole department. Every man on the campus should constitute himself a college note editor and try to make this column as interesting as possible.

**Department Notes.**

As a result of the visit of Dr. Conn and Prof. Clinton to Washington last fall, we have an interesting investigation of the cheese problem now going on. Dr. Thorin is studying the relation of moulds and fungi in the making and curing of soft cheese. In the process of his investigation he will probably cultivate a large number of common household molds. The object of this investigation is to find out if possible what molds have value in cheese making, and what their function is. Prof. Turner and Mr. Bosworth of Department of Agriculture, Washington, are studying the chemical problem of cheese. They are working especially along the line of flavors. The whole bacteriological department is also working on this same problem. With such a corps we look for results. E. B. Von Heyne has been engaged to take charge of cheese manufacture in the fall. The department hopes to put cheese on the market next fall.

W. A. Henry, director of the Wisconsin Agricultural Experiment Station was recently in Storrs. He is a man of wide reputation, and is known in Storrs chiefly as the author of "Feeds and Feeding."

A new fertilizer spreading machine is the latest addition to the farm machinery. It is doing excellent work, and is a valuable addition to the farm equipment.

Mr. E. R. Bennett of the Experiment Station is conducting a duplicate experiment in the rear of the college. He is raising the common vegetables, some under cover, and some under the open sky. A small area with a tent covering is used to keep some of the vegetables under cover. Both conditions are the same except in the matter of shade. It is hoped that the slight shade will improve the quality of vegetables. Special observations will be made of the effects of fungi and insects on both experiments.

J. G. Clark, of Providence, R. I., Secretary of State Board of Agriculture, was recently visiting in Storrs. In his visit to the poultry plant he took special notice of the new brooder house and expressed his intention of soon building one like it.

The poultry department is receiving calls nearly every week, for competent men for poultry work. These calls are for men of every grade from men as assistants on a poultry plant, or to look after poultry work on gentleman's estates, etc., to men qualified to manage specialty poultry plants for commercial and fancy purposes. In addition to the call for practical men comes the call for men to represent manufacturers of incubators, brooders and poultry supplies of all sorts, and men for the poultry press. The demand has been increasing rapidly, while the supply is limited. Wages on the other hand for men who can do the work successfully are not limited.
Professor Beach has been preparing a novel exhibit for the State Dairy exhibit at St. Louis. The main part consists of two piles of butter tubs, one eleven feet high, and the other three feet high. The larger pile represents the product of one cow whose average for three years was 511 pounds of butter, and a net profit of $57.25. The other represents the other extreme. This cow gave only 165 pounds of butter, and a net loss of $32.50 for one year. The object of this sort of an exhibit is to catch the eye of the passerby, and show in this way the individuality of the cow. Photos of the two cows—"Bell" and "Statice"—are also included in the exhibit, together with posters and records of each.

Professor Gulley has returned from a second trip to St. Louis. He has charge of the Connecticut fruit exhibit, and has been busy getting things in working order.

As we enter our library we are apt to lose account of the fact that it is one of the best equipped departments in the college. There are in the neighborhood of over 10,000 books in our library, 53 magazines, 9 daily papers, 12 local papers, and 50 agricultural papers. It is well known that books can be drawn for two weeks with a small fine for non-return. With these fines thirteen new volumes were recently purchased, showing that even the would-be-wise forget.

The Adventure of the Gold Coins.

It would be impossible for one, who has never been to Paris and admired its wonderful splendor and variety, to realize the radiance of the Champs-Elysées on a summer evening. Thousands of electric bulbs render the moon insignificant. Sounds of merry-making reach the ears from open-air theatres under the trees, beer gardens, cafés chantant. Bands are playing; people are singing. Perhaps the only way in which it may be described is to use its name. The Champs-Elysées is to the living what the Greeks supposed the Elysian Fields to be to those who had departed this life; with only one exception, the latter was only for the just while the former shelters alike the just and the unjust.

It was such a spectacle as this that greeted the eyes of Mark Allen, from his hotel rooms. To the left lay the Place de la Concord, while at the other end of the Champs-Elysées, a mile away, lay the Place de Triomphe with its twelve radiating avenues. To Mark Allen these lighted approaches to the Arch of Triumph seemed the rays of a gigantic star, his "star of hope," he called it. As he gazed, his face lighted from its gloom and he hastily left the room and hotel.

The opulence of the furnishings of our friend's rooms would dispel any idea that his gloom was caused by lack of this world's riches. Was he in love? No. During his short life of thirty-two years he had little time for ladies. The warlike character of the ornaments and pictures in his apartments would give some clue to his life. Mark Allen was one of those men of strong character and viking blood, who are to be found in nearly every army. In other words he was a mercenary, not for love of lucre, of which he had plenty, but for an inherent love of fighting, and although young he had served in many campaigns and under many flags.

An American by birth, he had first served his government in the war with Spain. For
gallantry at San Juan he was made sergeant, and the next year saw him second lieutenant in the Fourth Colorado, Company M, which, as you probably know, did good service in the Philippines. His company, of which he was made captain owing to the loss in a skirmish of the two senior officers, was the first to enter the Forbidden City of Pekin in 1901. Upon the disbandment of the volunteers, Allen repaired to South America, where as generalissimo of the revolutionary forces of a turbulent republic he defeated entirely the federal troops.

In the inglorious war between Japan and Russia, it was Allen who lead a cossack regiment to certain destruction in order that the Russians might retreat with their artillery. This gave him the sobriquet of "Allen of Mukden." Since the end of this war in 1905, he had spent six years in the French capital, longing for the outbreak of a new war.

When our friend left his hotel he had a definite purpose, but this was soon forgotten, owing to an incident, which of seemingly little import, had much behind it. As he was crossing the lower end of the Place de la Concord his eyes fell upon the form and features of a young woman, so remarkably beautiful as to draw the attention of our warrior. As he passed her he heard something ring sharply on the pavement. Turning quickly he handed to her the glove which she had dropped. He then saw at his feet a coin of gold which he was also going to hand to her when she spoke to him, "Ce n’est pas à moi, monsieur," and with a pretty smile walked quickly away. The coin was about the size of the gold one hundred franc piece, and Mark failed to comprehend the reason madamoiselle should deny its ownership, for he was certain that he had heard it fall. Turning the coin over, however, he saw that it was not a French coin, nor did the design resemble that of any coin known to the numismatist. The obverse had a relief of the globe surrounded by stars, while the reverse merely bore the words, "Corne d’Abundance, July 19, 1910." To say that Mark was bewildered would be mild. That it was meant for him there could be no doubt, and that it was some sort of a message was evident from the fact that it was not an ordinary coin and because of the peculiar circumstances of its delivery. An expensive material for sending a message, it was.

Turning it over in his fingers, Mark suddenly remembered that the "Corne d’Abundance" was a inn situated on the outskirts of Paris, and that the day was the 14th of July, of the year 1910.

Curiosity and the love of adventure prompted him to go to the rendezvous designated. A cab-motor soon placed him in front of the inn. It was a stone affair so ancient and picturesque as to prompt the thought that it might have once beheld the revels or the vows of the Three Musketeers. Over the iron bound door hung a battered and weather-beaten image of a cornucopia. The windows of which there were two were composed of small panes.

The inside of the inn was as modern as the outside was ancient. The moment that Mark entered he perceived that he had struck one of the curious robber cafées of which there are a few in Paris. The people, mostly of the lower class who lounge about the cafées without any other occupation, seem to deem it their privilege to yell at each newcomer of the well-to-do class such terms as these, "Quelle guenle, quelle binette, quelle frimousse,"
which mean, translated into the corresponding American idiom, "What a mouth, what a phiz, what a mug!" and the person so ridiculed has to throw small coin to get the approbation of the company. 

Much amused, Mark delivered over a handful of small change, and then showed his gold coin to the landlord. This person only knew that this was the third coin of its kind which he had seen during the hour. "Les autres messieurs sont dans la chambre privée."

Ushered into the small private room in the rear of the main hall, Mark was left with the two men who rose to greet him. The elder, a big, broad shouldered German, introduced himself as Col. Heinrich Uhlberg, late of the German army. The other was an Englishman named John Hallenbeck. He, too, was a warrior, and had at one time been admiral of the Brazilian navy, and only lost his position when the Fairbanks Decree placed all South American Republics under the protection of the United States.

After ordering refreshments, Mark told his story, and the other two gave accounts of how they received their coins. The German, Col. Uhlberg, found his coin in his pocket, after freeing himself from a crowd gathered about a street fakir. The manner in which Hallenbeck obtained his was peculiar. Passing along the Rue des Jardius he suddenly heard a woman scream. Glancing at a third-story window he caught a glimpse of a feminine hand and arm projecting from the window. It was quickly withdrawn and the next second the disk of gold whizzed by his ear. Inquiry of the occupants of the building failed to clear the mystery. The emblem was meant for him, without a doubt.

The three men, comparing notes, came to the conclusion that someone, probably the lady whom Allen had met, needed the assistance of three brave men in some hazardous undertaking. The peculiar manner of notifying the men, the costly message, if the coin could be called a message, and the fact that the men chosen were all experienced fighters were elements of a mystery which they hoped would soon be cleared up.

About an hour afterwards, they having occupied the interval by narrating adventures and becoming good friends, an incident occurred which not only added another link to the chain of events, but also showed the extraordinary preparation which the unknown had made to render the mystery deeper and himself incognito. A newspaper boy forced himself into the private room and laid a newspaper on the table, and without waiting for pay left. The paper, a London Times of the day before had on the front page a small article around which a blue pencil had been drawn. It was as follows:

"The persons who will sail on the S. S. Tasmania next week are Col. Heinrich Uhlberg, Col. Mark Allen and Mr. John Hallenbeck. These gentlemen are in the employ of the unknown person who bought the Tasmania under such peculiar circumstances last month. The Tasmania leaves London, July 19th, under command of Capt. Faraday, and makes a stop at Havre, to secure the three above mentioned gentlemen. The destination of the steamer is unknown."

E. W. BAXTER,
5th year, G. S.
[To be continued.]
My Talk With a Tramp.

I was out mowing my lawn one morning when I saw a rusty looking individual coming up the road. He had a Derby hat which was probably of good shape once, but had now seen better days. His coat was of black worsted now turned green with use. His trousers were fairly good, and I found out afterward that they were new a week before. His shoes were of good style, but badly worn. His face looked like a meadow where the grass had been burnt and the ashes not blown away.

He stopped at the gate, looked up, and seeing me said: “Good morning.” Without waiting for a reply he came forward and asked me for a match. Having received it he next asked if he might sit under the tree in the front yard. I gave him permission and needing a rest myself, sat down near him. After talking about minor topics for a while he told me the following story:

“Two years ago I worked in a bank in X——, a small town in the West. I was bookkeeper and general assistant, there being but three men in the bank, counting myself. I had been working there five years. Every one considered me honest. About this time there had been a few petty thefts going on in the bank, and this I reported to the cashier. He in turn notified the president. No one connected with the bank was suspected. The president had a son, a good-for-nothing sort of fellow, who wanted my place. This son hearing of the thefts immediately accused me. All I could do was to assert my innocence, and my word was believed. About a week after this, when I went to work in the morning, the cashier came to me and told me that $20,000 was missing from the safe. Of course knowing nothing of it I was naturally surprised. There was nothing more said about it, but during the morning I noticed that the cashier watched me closely. That afternoon two men came into the bank, examined the safe, looked under the carpet, in all the desks, and pretty much all over the bank. Nothing was said between them. In the afternoon the president sent me the following note:

‘Meet me at eight to-night at my house. J. J.’

I said nothing, but did a pile of thinking. My work being finished, I went out to supper. After supper I walked around to pass the time away until eight.

I went to the president’s house, and having given my card to the servant, I was soon talking with the president. He did not accuse me directly of taking the money, but the cashier and I being the only ones who knew the lock, it was evidently between us. The result was that I was discharged. Although nothing was said at the time, I knew that everyone would soon know the reason of my discharge. I did not go away, but staid in the town for a week. The president again called me to see him. I obeyed and he told me that he knew who the thief was. He offered me $25,000 to leave the place. He also told me that if I didn’t, I would be arrested in a few days. If I would do this, he assured me that I would never want for anything. I accepted his offer, and having received my check, I left the next morning. I went West, lost my money, and am now on my way back for more. I know that I am lazy now, but what’s the use of working when you don’t have to.”

He was silent a few minutes, and then I
asked him if the police knew about it. He said "No, nor did anyone else except the president and the cashier." He added that "Although he did not know certainly who the thief was, he had his suspicions."

He left me presently and went his way. I started my lawn mower, and thought what I would have done had I been in his place.

Athletic.

Connecticut was defeated by Churchill Club of Holyoke, Mass., May 7th, in a close game. Moss pitched a good game, but he had poor support, and C. A. C. lost in consequence.

CONNECTICUT.

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<tr>
<th>R.</th>
<th>1B.</th>
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CHURCHILL CLUB.

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4 3 21 14 4

Two base hits—Welton, Connors, Reno. Struck out by Moss, 10; by Ballou, 6. Wild pitch, Ballou, 1.

C. A. C., 2d, 11. S. H. S., 12.

The second team was defeated by Stafford High School, May 7th, at Stafford Springs. Battery:

C. A. C. 2d—Fuller and Laubscher pitchers, C. Miller catcher.

S. H. S.—Converse and Colburn.

Score by innings:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>C. A. C.</th>
<th>S. H. S.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 R</td>
<td>1 0 0 4 1 0 3 2 12</td>
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Connecticut won her second game at Norwich, May 14th. The first few innings were in favor of the Academy, but C. A. C. got together and tied them in the ninth.

CONNECTICUT.

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<td>Comstock, cf.....</td>
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<td>Tryon, 3b.........</td>
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<td>Watrous, 1b.......</td>
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<td>Hollister, rf.....</td>
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<td>Moss, p...........</td>
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40 7 9 25 7 7

ACADEMY.

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<td>Gallivan, 2b......</td>
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<td>Champlin, 1b......</td>
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<td>Burke, If...........</td>
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<tr>
<td>Aubrey, cf..........</td>
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38 5 10 21 10 3

Score by innings:

Connecticut .......0 0 0 0 1 0 1 1 2 2—7
Academy ..........3 0 0 0 0 0 1 1 0 0—5
Two base hits—Cornwall, 2; Gallivan, 1. Bases on balls—Off Moss, 0; Perkins, 2. Hit by pitched balls, Hollister. Struck out by Moss, 5; Perkins, 8.

The second team played a return game with Stafford High School, May 14th, on the home field. The game was interesting. The score was 26—7 in favor of C. A. C.

May 11th there was a very exciting ball game between the Sophomore and Freshman Classes. The Freshman made several runs in the first inning, and it acted as cold water to the Sophomores. One of the Sophomore "bench warmers" remarked "we are beaten," and his statement proved true. The score was 8—7.

**The Spring Fever.**

There has been some comment in the newspapers of late, concerning what is known as the spring fever, and its ravages among students at large.

As soon as the warm, bright days of spring come, after the long winter is over, there is a tendency on the part of students, and in fact, many others as well, figuratively speaking, to throw all care and seriousness to the winds, and seek nature in her favorite haunts and dwelling places—the bright green meadows, or shady forest paths and wooded glens.

Others, perhaps, on pleasure bent, will seek the ball field or the tennis court, or rod in hand, will quietly follow some babbling brook winding in and out among the forest shades in search of the speckled beauties hidden within their depths; while, to those living near some river or lake, boating in some form is both fascinating and healthful.

This tendency to throw care to the winds, and the yielding to it constitute what is known as the spring fever.

Observations taken during the last few weeks show that this fever is just as much epidemic at Storrs as elsewhere. Despite the enforcement of the rule that study shall be the order of the evening from seven-thirty until ten and the nightly inspections, class work has fallen off greatly, though probably not as much as would be the case, were the college situated near a city with its numerous attractions and varied forms of amusement.

In view of the approaching examinations which close the work of the school year, and the importance of them, it is to be hoped that the students will put forth renewed efforts so as to end the year well, especially those who go from here to higher institutions of learning or who go to enter the world of business.

L. C. B., 1907.

**Alumni Notes.**

'88. Mr. C. H. Savage will have charge of the Connecticut Pomological exhibit at the St. Louis Exposition for one month during the summer.

'93. Mr. E. B. Fitts has returned from a trip in the Middle West. Mr. Fitts went there on business to purchase horses and mules for the estate under his charge.

'93. Mr. M. H. Parker visited the college recently.

'97. Mr. J. N. Fitts has much of the responsible work connected with the mechanical department. The newly appointed professor of mechanics will probably relieve him later of some of the work.

'98. Mr. J. W. Pincus was appointed Act-
ing Principal of the Baron De Hirsch Agricultural and Industrial School of Woodbine, N. J., on February last. Mr. Pincus has been connected with this school since his graduation from C. A. C., in the capacity of Superintendent of the Farm and Dairy Department, teaching also the subjects of Agriculture, Dairying and Dairy Husbandry. The friends of the C. A. C. congratulate Mr. Pincus on his success.

'99. Mr. R. H. Gardner is doing a successful business in the nurseries this year. The State Entomologist, Mr. W. E. Britton, after a careful inspection of the nurseries, pronounced them vigorous and free from any injurious pests. Mr. Gardner has issued a very attractive catalogue, and will be glad to send it to any one on application.

'01. Mr. W. W. Dimock was seriously ill for two weeks. He was obliged to remain in the Ithaca Hospital for ten days. We are glad to hear that he is well again.

'02. Mr. G. H. Lamson will have charge of the Cypher’s Incubator exhibit at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis. Mr. Lamson recently spent a short time at the college and lectured on embryology to the Juniors and Seniors.

'02. Mr. J. B. Twing has gone into the real estate and fire insurance business at Hartford. Address P. O. Box 526.

'02. The class of '02 will have a reunion this year during the commencement week at the college.

'03. Mr. G. H. Hollister is in charge of a green-house establishment at Greenwich, Conn. He spent a few days last month at the college.

There was an error in the alumni column for February. '99. Instead of Mr. Frank D. Cloff, read Clapp.

The Whale Boat.

When a person sees some account of a whale boat, the first idea which enters his mind is a large ship with tall masts. But this is usually wrong as a whale boat is not more than thirty-one feet long, and on almost all occasions is propelled by oars. The ship is called a whaler or a whaling ship.

The whale boat is one of the most important parts of the equipment of a whaling ship, and as such, great care is taken in its construction. It is usually about twenty-nine and one-half feet long and six wide, pointed at both ends. It is made of one-half inch cedar boards which are as free from knots as possible. The keel and ribs are of the best oak, and are strong but light. Nothing but copper nails and screws are used in its construction.

Both ends have a deck about three inches below the edge of the sides, extending back between two and one-half and three feet. Through this deck in the stern, projects an oak post five inches in diameter and about eight inches high. This post projects downward, and is fitted into a socket in the keel. This post is round and smooth above the deck, and is used to pass the line around when a whale has been struck. In the bow is a roller about two inches long and three-fourths of an inch thick, set into the stem post over which the harpoon line passes.

There are five seats in this boat, and the rowers sit on the opposite side from the oarlocks. The oars are about thirteen feet long, and are made of ash. The boat is steered by means of a rudder or a long oar over the stern, the latter be-
ing used when great control of the boat is required.

These boats are the best sea boats in the world, and from them the life boats of the coast life saving stations have been modeled. They are quite expensive as they cost from ninety to one hundred and ten dollars each. The whaler is known as a three or a four boat ship according to the number of boats it carries.

"'05."

Our First Botany Trip.

One warm, clear day in early May, Professor White took his botany class to Fifty Foot Rock. We started at a brisk walk which was kept up until we arrived at our destination. One student found the rays of the sun too strong for his complexion and donned a voluminous sunbonnet which he had in his pocket. He soon abandoned this head gear, saying that he could not hear what was being said with the bonnet over his ears.

After walking about two miles we turned into the fields where we found some early saxifrage and violets. Leaving the fields for the woods we soon found many more specimens. After walking through the woods for a short distance we emerged at the top of the Fifty Foot Rock.

No description of mine can do justice to the beautiful scene that lay before us. The tree-covered hills, showing the first signs of spring stretched for miles around us. On what might be called a niche in one of these hills rests the village of North Windham. At the base of the hills are situated the villages of Mansfield Centre and Chaffeyville. These villages are near the pretty creek called Fenton River, which winds in and out like the letter S with green meadows on either bank. At our feet is a rocky and sloping piece of land; a gurgling brook emerges from the woods at one side flowing toward the Fenton River. Looking down the precipitous side of the rock, we see the sharp stones at the base, and realize the death one would meet with should a misstep take one over the edge.

After resting at this beautiful spot, we took up our botany cans and started for Storrs.

Successful but Unfortunate.

When a crowd of young fellows collects in the cool evenings of September, with no special excitement to take their attention, one of the first things they think of seems melons. About this time large numbers of this luscious fruit are ripening on their vines in secluded corners of cornfields and gardens in the country, and lucky is the owner of these patches if he does not have his melons raided during the season by mischievous youths.

On one of these not distant September nights, just such a crowd collected and began discussing the subject of melons. The more they talked the more hungry they became, and not knowing of the presence in the neighborhood of a patch they finally decided to get their wheels and take a trip into the country in search of one. They knew very near where they could find plenty, and started in that direction. It was five miles distant, but they soon arrived, and leaving their wheels in a secluded spot they started in search of the fruit. It did not take them long to find the spot, and they were soon among the vines enjoying themselves immensely. They ate until they could eat no more, and finally returned for
their wheels; but to their great surprise they could not find them anywhere.

They were greatly chagrined at this, and spent much time in fruitless search. They did not want to walk the five miles home, nor did they like to leave their wheels, they knew not where. Finally, after much thought, it crossed their minds that the owner of the melons might in some unaccountable way be the responsible party. Acting on this idea they spent the next several hours in getting the lay of the land. Then choosing one of their number, unknown to the farmer, they determined to risk something in the hope of obtaining their wheels. The chosen one accordingly went and after much pounding, succeeded in getting the farmer up, and inquired for their wheels.

Now it turned out as they had supposed, the farmer was the responsible party. He had been returning home late that night, and had accidentally discovered wheels. After looking around a little he became aware of the reason of their being there, and decided to play a joke on them. So with some help he had taken the five wheels, locked them up and then gone to bed.

Although not exactly liking the idea of being disturbed at such an hour in the morning, the farmer was very well satisfied with the way things had turned, and not caring to detain them longer, after obtaining a dollar a piece for the ransom of their wheels, and a promise never to visit his melons again in the future he gave them their wheels.

They returned early that morning very dusty, very tired, very sleepy, but considerably wiser.

Exchanges.

The Wa Wa of Port Townsend High School proved to be small, but interesting, although more space might have been given to the alumni notes.

The M. A. C. Record comes often, but is lacking stories.

The New Hampshire College Monthly is one of our best and most interesting exchanges.

College bred is often a four years’ loaf.—Ex.

Freshman—“May I have your mug to shave?”

Senior—“Shave your own mug.”—Ex.

Teacher—“Why was the death of Joan of Arc preferable that of Charles I?”

Answer—“A hot steak is better than a cold chop.”—Ex.
LOOKOUT.

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Agents for the SINGER Sewing Machine.
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