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I. W. Patterson

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# Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Editorials</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Good-By to Storrs and to the Members of the Class of 1904</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>College Notes</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Biography</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Athletic Notes</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Adventure of the Golden Coins</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alumni Notes</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dorm Music</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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Class Officers.

Seniors, 1904—R. T. Dewell.

Juniors, 1905—C. H. Welton.

Sophomores, 1906—R. G. Tryon.

Freshmen, 1907—C. A. Watts.
Editorials.

Commencement is here. C. A. C. has passed through another successful year, and all that is left is the mere formality of closing. The alumnus now ceases his toils that he may enter once more into the joys of College life; parents and friends come to hear the parting words of the outgoing class; friends of the College take this opportunity for their annual visit. To all these the College opens wide her doors.

Accompanying the undergraduate's feeling of relief that his labors are over for the year, comes a feeling almost of gloom. The time has come when he is to shake hands—perhaps for the last time—with those whom he has known since his entrance to the College. All class feeling is thrown aside, and the stronger ties of College friendships are brought vividly to his mind. He sees the time of his graduation drawing near, when he must leave the good old campus and familiar surroundings never to return as a student. He sees the close of a distinct era in his College life. To be sure he is to return, but under what different conditions. The places of his old friends will be filled by strangers to him; new friendships must be made; new work must be done.

But it is, of course, the senior to whom commencement most strongly appeals. The time is at hand when his connection with C. A. C. is to be severed. In two short days the class of which he is a member will be broken up—each pursuing his separate road in the world. However, everyone must sooner or later take this start; and as the class of nineteen hundred and four pass from our student ranks to become full-fledged alumni, we wish them the highest success.

At the last sitting of our State legislature an appropriation was made for the purpose of carrying out a State geological survey.
This work is now in progress. Beside the geological work, an exhaustive botanical study of the State is being made. This work is under the direction of the State Botanical Society. Each division of plants is placed in the hands of an expert botanist, and at the end of the summer a report will be handed in by each person. These reports will appear in the form of bulletins; and, as it is the aim of the society not to duplicate former work, it is to be hoped that much will be accomplished. E. A. White, our professor of botany, is working on the mushroom family (Basidiomycetes). This group is one of the most important of the lower plants, and we are sure it will receive the best of attention.

One of the most pleasing and helpful features in the life of the male student at C. A. C. is the literary club. The clubs meet each week; and an interesting programme consisting of debates, essays, current events, poems, etc., is rendered. But why should this means of pleasure and help be confined to the young men? We are told that a club known as the "Alethia," formerly held forth in gay and festive meetings every Saturday evening at Grove Cottage, but this is a thing of the past. From the standpoint of the LOOKOUT we should be highly in favor of reviving this monument of literary genius. We are sure this would cultivate the proverbially sharp wits and tongues of our fair Cottage friends to such an extent that they could find ready expression in the columns of this paper. C. A. C. is a co-educational institution, but one would hardly realize this from reading the student paper. There is no valid reason why the girls should not contribute toward the support of the LOOKOUT, and in the coming year we shall hope for their hearty co-operation. We think it will not dampen their ardor if we mention casually that there are positions upon the editorial staff which are attainable by some of the ambitious inmates of Grove Cottage.

Much has been done the past year to promote the social functions of our College circle. An orchestra has been established under the direction of Dr. Lehnert, and the music furnished has added greatly to the pleasure of several entertainments. Miss A. W. Brown, our professor of English and elocution, has given readings upon various occasions; and has supplied a long felt want by training the students for plays, which have been successfully given in College Hall. The LOOKOUT and the Athletic Association owe her much from the fact that she has several times taken upon herself the management of public entertainments for their benefit.

We note with pleasure the much improved appearance of our campus this spring. Unsightly places in the more remote portions have been carefully graded, and shrubs have established a foothold where formerly briars held undisputed sway. An artistic design of flowers has been set out in front of the main building, and by mid-summer will be a great attraction. A custom of planting a class grove in the fall of the Sophomore year was established two years ago. If this custom continues, a few years will show a marked change for the better in the appearance of our already beautiful surroundings.

The third session of the Summer School for teachers will be held this year from July
6th to July 29th. From the increase in the number of students last year over the first year in its history, it is expected that as many will come as can be easily accommodated.

Storrs is an excellent place for this work. One may here study nature in all her beauty. There is an abundance of wooded land of ravines, ledges, and other places dear to the naturalist; the flora is not surpassed in the State; the corp of instructors is of the best. Everything considered, it would be difficult to find a place which would offer better advantages for a summer school.

A Good-by to Storrs and to the Members of the Class of 1904.

Quorum princeps pars fui.

With the rush and excitement of commencement days we first begin to realize that we are leaving Storrs never to return as students. But commencement does not bear to us the same significance it doubtless brings to the heart of the regular; for although we have sat in the same classes and in the main done the same work, and have in addition pursued our special lines, we have used the college as a preparation for higher institutions rather than as a finishing school wherein to fit ourselves to enter directly on the duties of life. Still, as we see our beloved companions busying themselves about the pleasant duties of commencement week, recalling the pleasures and the pains of the course in this institution, to the end that they may enlighten their convinced and admiring friends and relatives as to their accomplishments and their unquestioned abilities, and at the same time that diversion and amusement may be supplied to the expectant throng on Class day, we, too, like the Athenian philosopher feel that a gentle stir should be made by us, lest the oblivion to which our friends the Regulars have consigned us close over our luckless heads without a sign. For we, too, albeit but as Specials, have sat at the feet of Gamaliel. We, too, as well as the accomplished and scholarly Regular have a place and a significance in the chronicles both of this epoch in the history of the Connecticut Agricultural College, and in the acta praterita of the class of 1904. . . . Hinc ille lacrimae.

As we recall the past events that stand clear in our minds as marking the first appearance of our class, we remember with peculiar interest the occasion of our first attempt at Rhetoricals. We distinctly remember that we burst into public view in a wavering and uncertain line led by him whose nickname is Casey, in whom one would now scarce recognize our impressive and dignified president. Troubles of his own as well as those of other people have beset him on very side; adversities of various sorts have, for the last three years, kept him mostly on the road between the cottage and the dormitory, and all these woful experiences, while they have somewhat wasted his stupendous bulk, have not impaired either his dignity or tamed his noble spirit. On the occasion referred to, conscious of our superior ability and filled with a sense of superiority stimulated by the possession of a new feature in the form of a class song for which, in fact, we were indebted to a special, we arranged ourselves in bright and glittering array on that stage of which one of the class, our Rose, was destined to become the bright particular flower. This, so far as the writer re-
calls, is the first of the public occasions on which the class showed in public its whole strength, and it may be added that the specials had, reluctant, to appear as members of the class. About this time grew up an attachment strong and fervent between our able historian and our versatile poet. 'Tis one of the bright spots in the course of '04. 'Twas indeed a pretty sight to behold their interchanging smiles, and to the rest of us it seemed fit; for they seemed to need each other's aid in every undertaking; that each was for the other made there could be no mistaking.

While on the subject of Rhetoricals, we may say that the modest abilities of the class in general were so completely overshadowed by the unquestioned superriority of Miss Dimock that there could be no real contest in this line at least; and that superiorty we are happy to say, won for the class more than its share in the prizes in all oratorical trials.

We think that this class may with justice claim the leadership in the promotion of social good times, not merely in our senior year, when the initiative belongs to us as a matter of course, but throughout our whole career. And we may say that this social pre-eminence belongs to us, not merely because of our superior urbanity and social possibility, but, as well, because the young women of the class took an early lead in the cottage, and have maintained it throughout the entire four years of our stay. In anticipation of the sophomore banquet an amateur dancing class was formed at the cottage, and with the assistance of the young ladies at the instigation of an enthusiastic special, a whole lot of the men of this and other classes were thus inducted into the mysteries of the mazy dance, and thence forward became earnest and strenuous supporters of all sorts of social functions; later, instead of the junior banquet, the junior Prom. was introduced, an innovation that seems likely to become a permanent as well as a pleasant feature of our college life.

Here the graceful and athletic Crowell found the inadvisability of trusting rashly to the casual cane-seat chair, as well as the difficulty of obeying the law of gravitation when encumbered with ice cream and handicapped with the desire to take his place with the usual impressiveness that characterizes his movements.

The Junior-Senior banquet was, so far as effort on our part could make it, successful. It was carefully planned, and the decoration scheme was, perhaps, too elaborate. We had, however, reckoned without the efforts of the class of '05. We were characteristically and most effectually reminded of their existence and of their good will, and our guests will probably long remember and duly appreciate the unmistakable evidence the presence and assistance of—if not the whole class of '05—at least four of its members. We are glad to note that the present sophomore class did not deem it their duty to follow the custom thus initiated, and that the recent Junior-Senior banquet was not marred by any such display of—to put it mildly—ill-taste.

But to recount the pleasant occasions and social functions in which we as a class participated—specials and all, for then the latter were fully recognized members, and enjoyed, to the full, participation in all the activities and enterprises for which our
classmates have made a record were too long. In our own turn we have enjoyed the receptions given us by the other classes, and as we leave the scenes of so many pleasant times, we can say that we have had our fair share of the pleasures that life at Storrs can give.

And among the pleasures that belong of right to all, the Sunday afternoon walks under the careful chaperonage of some watchful professor who leads the little procession of youths and maidens along the paths chosen for the occasion have a place in memory all their own. And there are so many beautiful and romantic walks around Storrs that one never wearies. Dale and woodland, winding roads—dusty, alas, at times, and sometimes muddy—and secluded paths along the shady brook sides; beautiful waterfalls and bold hills whence may be seen wonderful views; these and pleasant companionship make many a delightful reminiscence of life at Storrs.

And happy was the lot of those youths who for the last two summers have found a pretext for remaining here during the session of the summer school. Who would have dreamed that among the demure and theoretically severe young women presiding supreme in the schoolroom during the greater part of the year, such a tendency to frivolity would display itself, or such a fondness to wander out on those nature study trips in company with the blue clad cadets of Storrs would suddenly develop. Can the study of nature be pursued to advantage only in couples? An unkind fate prevented our beloved and accomplished Shurtleff from taking due advantage of the opportunities to pursue the acquaintance of the gentle and smiling schoolma’am under circumstances far more agreeable than his former association with them. An unkind fate, ah, doubly unkind, since a stern decree banished him from the campus, and closed to him the flesh pots of Egypt, here represented by the abundance and luxury of the dining-room and the ministrations of the swift and graceful Gany medes stealing in and out, white stoled and silent. He could not endure the alternative, even though the hospitable and generous Beebe stood ready and willing to supply the aching void that troubles him—not the void that he is conscious of at recitation, that void never aches—but at meal times; that particular vacuum is clamorous, and while Beebe may assuage its pains, he may never hope to fill it. So Shurtleff was constrained to retire once more to the degenerate shades of Ashford, and ruminate his misfortunes and the hard heartedness of the powers that be. Of those who were left to pursue their usual summer term, one and all succumbed to the charms of the summer schoolma’am of whom it may be fairly said —she came, she saw, she conquered.

What share shall we give in our recollection to Beebe is? Or rather, what shall ever blot from our recollections the memories evoked by that charming name. Whatever other friend has disappointed or forsaken us—what ever other resource failed us, here has been steady and ungrudging sympathy, here the satisfaction of hunger, the mild ginger ale, the enticing root beer to meet the general and all compelling thirst. Does any stranger think lightly of the unpromising exterior, let him but enter and call for what he wants, and, obtaining it, listen to the eloquence that is always to be heard in that enchanted spot; then Beebe’s is to him no longer a country store
a mere locality, it is an oasis in the desert of life. Well do we remember the time our freshmen feet were first led thither under the guidance of a man of the class of 1900. What a throng of memories of the stalwart youths of '02, '03, and a most of all of '04 accompany every step of the enchanted path—call it not a country road—that leads by far too few steps to the corner where ice cream and soda are exchanged for the shekels of the pecuniou, with a grace and ease that robs the transaction of all taint of commercialism. Life is not long enough to forget all the associations connected with Beebe's, and the Storrs man who fails to sound the praises of this model of all department stores fails of his duty.

1904 has had its experiences in the classroom, and these are many and various; as many in fact as the dispositions of the many and various professors whose lot it has been to instruct us. Of these we are forbidden to speak, although we have many curious and useful observations on the genus professor, interesting and illuminative were we permitted to publish them. There is the professor hard to bluff—he is the terror of Dewell; and the professor intolerant of laziness—constant stumbling block in the way of our easy friend Shurtleff; and the professor given to sarcastic comment—he raises the dander of us all at times; and the professor who can be induced to chaperon us on sleigh-ride trips, and he carries a lantern to see how Crowell disposes his stalwart right arm—and thus meets with just reprobation; there is the professor who gets to his recitation room five minutes late—he meets one fine day a row of empty benches as a reminder of his duty to set the noble example of promptitude so often enlarged upon in the chapel; and he sets his would-be critics to do weary hours of military duty—that is these who can be made to drill, and he instigates the Lady Principal to find out ingenious and vexatious tasks for those by law exempt from military duty. But we are satisfied that we have had our fair share of ups and downs in the classroom; some of us have tried to be witty, and have found repartee a game the professor selected could play as well or say a little better than we; some of us have sulked; some of us have got mad; sometimes some of us have wept; on the whole we have got on with our work and our professors, and that is a great deal to say, at least of the professors.

And the cottage—shall we reveal the secrets of that delightful retreat; the unholy midnight feast, the raid on the pantry for material for making fudge, the tempting of the matron, late, late, so late, up the stairs to a hall flooded with water, the pugilistic encounters whereof it has been the scene; particularly that one in which two fair members, one of '04 and the other of '03, finished the junior horse rush 'vi et armis' in the sewing room; an encounter brief but exciting and ended by the discharge of a pitcher of water, thus bringing the argument to a triumphant close for '04, as, indeed, was only right. Our champion was again the mighty Rose. The news of this encounter soon spread over the whole campus; for the cottage is one of those delightful retreats of which it may be fairly said that nothing ever occurs therein without becoming known all over the campus, and at the same time much apparently becomes known that never occurs. But perhaps the cottage is not absolutely unique in this respect. We are very sure, however, that this beloved retreat which has sheltered us so long will always retain a special charm for us, and if our succes-
so many people enjoy a happier life than we have done, they are to be envied. It is true that we have not turned our attention to solemn readings, and have failed to produce worthwhile articles from the encyclopedias respecting the noble authors who have graced our mother tongue with enduring monuments, nor have we acquired firm and unalterable opinions on the superior virtues of the realistic writers and their movement. Rather have our minds turned to social life, and it is to be feared that Alethia has languished; ’tis a pity, but if that is true, at least it may be said that Terpsichore has flourished, and Hygeia is a bouncing nymph. In all that has come and gone, whether social, or in those heart to heart talks wherewith the successive matrons of the cottage at once do their duty to the young women under their charge, and spur them to higher efforts, we have had our full share. But these are past and done, and we make our last bow to the beloved cottage, to know it no more save as guests, who are no longer part of its joyous life.

But in the athletic field we have had our share of glory; no longer may the boys claim that as their own exclusive bailiwick, for it has been invaded by the girls from the cottage; and although at first the authorities of the athletic club of the college looked upon us with doubt if not with absolute disapproval, we have succeeded in meeting with success and with the favor of the college. It may be fairly said that the original push and persistence of a special brought the team together and has, aside from the careful support and assistance given by the manager, made much of the undoubted success of the team possible. At least two-fifths of the team from the beginning have been special, and the only cap-

tain the team has had is also a special. The interest and enthusiasm of the manager, Mrs. Stimson, and her care for her girls, have made many games possible; we that have had the pleasure of her support, her kindness and her sympathy, and felt the stimulus of her boundless confidence in the ability of her girls to win, know how greatly she has contributed to our proud position as “the unbeaten basket ball team.”

After our first season we lost our brilliant forward, Grace of the Golden hair. And in all our games we have never met nor had a better; then, too, our coach, the nimble, the resourceful Moriarity, departed to begin his studies at McGill University. He was a great coach, and hostile managers, tenacious of small points, yielded insensibly to our Moriarity’s charming and delusive assumption of combined innocence, authority and blarney. We repeat it Moriarity was a great coach; however skilful his successors may be, no one will ever excel him in securing the best conditions for his players. In some sense, he seemed to belong to the team. Grace was succeeded by Rose who at first played guard, and later to the original team came another mighty special, Gertrude our Minnehaha, to use an old and well-worn pun. She replaced the swift and energetic Anna, also a Special, in the last and third year of our victorious career. We met many different teams, and had many different experiences, and all sorts of treatment. Bristol seemed inclined to resent the pair of defeats handed out to her, and, we believe, thought that our kindly and fair-minded coach Manchester was most unjust. “All’s well that ends well,” however, and although we did not care to go to Bristol again, we are satisfied with the result of the series of games. We have had the
good fortune to receive our instruction at the hands of thoroughly good players, and are glad to have had associated with the team, Moriarity, Manchester, and Crowell. This year takes from the team three of its members, the captain, Marjory Monteith, and both forwards, Rose Dimock and Gertrude Waters, one regular and two specials. It pleases our class pride to think that these three are of the best; still we leave skilled and experienced players, and we hope that in the future as in the past, the teams that are to meet the C. A. C. girls will find the same result that has awaited every team that has, so far, faced us.

But the athletic fame of the class well earned and deserved as it is, does not rest entirely upon the strenuous efforts of the feminine members thereof. Among the men there has been the marked desire to shine upon the diamond and the gridiron and in basket ball as well. In order to prosecute the latter sport an organization was formed with Dewell as manager, and as star performer, Shurtleff, under whose captaincy the aggregation was to march to victory by means of the skill and might of Pattison, and Garlick, and Woodward and Rosenfeld. They challenged the freshmen, and were beaten by the inglorious score of sixteen to zero—not even sixteen to one. The team somehow languished after that, and has never played another game. But on the other team, our men have done their share. In baseball, Shurtleff appeared on the verge of shaking off the inclination to refrain from rapid motion so characteristic of him, but upon the whole, habit was too much. Pattison, who at various times has joined us, proved an able and most picturesque catcher, and by his innocence, won the confidence of many of the batters behind whom he took his place. And when they themselves took their turns at the bat, they were indeed imposing in appearance, as each

\[
\text{Brachia protrudens, et verberat iictibus auras},
\]

while Dewell from the vantage of the grand stand predicted great things of them, and applauded their every belated movement. Indeed, we recall one occasion when this faithful if ponderous rooter, while wildly vociferating and madly gesticulating, lost his balance, and, like entellus “Heavy with his vast weight, came crashing to the ground,” carrying with him our astounded and disgusted College Chaplain. But even Dewell could not always approve; it is on record that such behavior as that of Comstock in the recent game at Norwich, where our graceful prophet, having by some accident, reached the first base, was so overcome by the attractions of the fair members of the Free Academy that he forgot, in his ogling, to watch the pitcher, and was ignominiously put out and didn’t even know it until he was ordered out of the way, is not to be tolerated. This conduct, although it could not be approved, Dewell says is not surprising, for in the case of Comstock he declares that one must always cherchez la femme.

But in the football team we all have a source of legitimate pride in Dewell himself. To be sure, Comstock and Shurtleff and Pattison have been conspicuous members. In this sport, Shurtleff undoubtedly shows at his best; for being relieved by the impact of the opposing line of the necessity of putting or keeping himself in motion, he simulates an appearance of activity that often deceives the stranger. He has at times re-
ceived considerable applause as a tackle, simply because, when no longer supported by the momentum of the original rush, he falls against the nearest man, who frequently chances to be the runner, and on those occasions his name is heard with admiring comment from the grand stand. We do not mean to imply that our modest and shrinking historian would by any means be guilty of appropriating applause he did not earn. It is only because it is too much work to explain. But after all it is not of Comstock with one eye on the ball and the other on the grand stand, nor Shurtleff with both eyes intent on a soft snap that forms the source of class felicitation in the matter of football. 'Tis Dewell, the very apex of attack, the colossus that doth bestride the leathern ball ere yet it is in play, whose mighty bulk looms an impenetrable, an inexpugnable wall against the vain assaults of the opposing line. Against his vast circumference the conflict rages, but in vain; for that ponderous bulk remains unmoved and unshaken; and when the scrimmage is over, whatever else may have befallen, Dewell is always to be found in his place, a silent, effective monument to sheer pluck, and to the force of gravity.

We do not offer a history of the class—that perhaps might not be approved by those of our number who have thought that the special should be neither seen nor heard. We have simply desired to leave somewhere in the accounts of the acta preterita of the class a record that there were specials in the class of '04; and we may fairly say that an account of the class activities omitting them would not be unlike the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. So that, as we said in the beginning, like Diogenes who hearing the stir of Athenian life felt it necessary for him to make a racket in his tub, we too have felt, in the stir and bustle of commencement time the incitement to do our share; and this was the only way that seemed open to us. For the rest, "we have extenuated much, and set down naught in malice." And so to our class and our collegemates, to the familiar recitation room and to the cottage, we say good-by, and God-speed.

M. R. M.
G. S. W.

College Notes.

We certainly regret that the hurry and rush of getting out a commencement number should leave such a short time for recruiting this column. With this brief apology we leave the reader to the perusal of these few notes.

The faculty, students, and others interested in Storrs' life have rejoiced at the prospect of a coming circus, duly advertised by Mr. Bennett, our commandant. A permanent tent was recently erected in this vicinity. The live stock is now on exhibition and the one-horse show (cultivator) will soon be in working order. Huge and gorgeous posters announced the expected visit of Sig Sautelles' enormous circus to the home grounds, in the near future. Our congratulations are hereby extended to Mr. Bennett and his enterprise.

Many times in our childhood days we wore the ground away playing marbles. Now in our older, more sensible years, we still delight in the same form of occupation, and our instructors ask the same familiar question, "Boys, are you playing for keeps?"
The seniors have just taken a notion to like chickens. One morning their room was found bespread with chicken feathers, and like the cat, they looked guilty. They quickly earned the reputation of being feather weights.

The Experiment Station's last bulletins are now ready for distribution. They number 28, 29 and 30, and are, respectively, "Dairy Observations," "Records of a Dairy Herd," by Prof. C. L. Beach, and "Spraying Notes for 1903," by E. R. Bennett. The second one by Prof. Beach is considered the best ever issued by the station.

In Physiology—
Doctor—"Mr. Tuller, What would you do in case of severe nose-bleed?"
Tuller—"Apply a pressure to the neck."
One on doctor—"No; there's nothing regular about the irregularity."

One of the most successful entertainments ever given in our College Hall was witnessed May 20, when we listened to the C. A. C. minstrels. The programme was long, and had to be cut in order to keep it within the time limit. The specialties were much enjoyed by the audience. We hope that in the coming winter we may have the pleasure of our minstrels again.

In the Minstrels—
How do you make a slow horse fast? Don't feed him.
What do the girls do when they enter church Sunday morning? Look for the him's.
Smith—When does a woman hold her jaw? When she has the toothache.
How does Dr. Turner resemble a criminal? They both dislike to go to court.

Which side of a cow does the most hair grow on? The outside.
When did the lobster blush? When he saw the salad dressing.
Why did Miss Thomas want Mr. Fitts to remove the telephone from the cottage? She didn't want any other belles in the cottage.

The vegetable experiment tent of the Ex. Station is to be used as a new dormitory for students of the summer school, and is guaranteed to be mosquito proof.

Mr. Jackson seems to realize that the domestic science students have learned how to sew on buttons properly.

The last rhetoricals of the junior class came off May 25th. The class was somewhat smaller from the loss of its Hicks prize members and those who took part in the minstrels, but as usual they managed to make their standard as good as ever.

The annual Junior-Senior banquet was scheduled for Friday evening, May 27th. The programme which was given in our last issue was carried out, and the evening passed off very pleasantly.

Mr. Jackson makes a fine umpire. He displays great judgment in that he takes care that neither side shall have too great an advantage over the other.

Put was warmly admitted into the Grange at a recent meeting. He claimed to know all the good and bad points about sheep, especially rams, and in fact looked rather sheepish next morning.

The recent improvements at the horse-barn are very noticeable. The improvements were long needed, and at their com-
In Economics—
“Chapman, cut out this kindergarten business; you’re too old for that.”

Do you drop all your bad ten-cent pieces in the collection box?

The junior cannon seems to have lost its proper interest among our worthy sophomores. They have now seen as well as heard the far-famed instrument, and we blame them for not possessing it. The opportunity presented them recently may never occur again!

Midnight swimming pilgrimages are quite the thing among some of the New Dorm. people.

Another generation of rats has just invaded the cottage. These seem to know that the window affords a safe means of escape from their enemies.

Willy played r. f. in the Faculty-Workmen game. Several balls came his way and he really caught one and put himself up as an obstacle for many others.

The Sophomore-Junior excursion to Bolton was strange in many ways. The herbariums increased somewhat and the day was spent around the rocks and ledges of old Bolton. The start for home was made before the time scheduled, and two unfortunate had to foot it home. They started 30 minutes behind the teams and arrived on the Hill ten minutes ahead, making a gain of 40 minutes from the start. So much for the College teams. They are certainly poor pacers.

Biography.

ELLA MARGARET AKERS.

On August 10th, 1879, the town of Groton, Conn., was greatly rejoiced over the addition of one Aker to its already cherished area.

The prænomen of Ella Margaret was finally settled upon as a fitting appellation for this child. During the first six years of her existence the time was spent, to quote her own words, as “brother’s chum and sister’s tormentor.” One of her earliest deeds was to avenge the death of a pet gray squirrel. She choose as a weapon an air-gun loaded with bread-crumbs. Thus armed she lay in wait for the guilty hired man, and succeeded in filling his anatomy with bread-crumbs, to her own great elation, and the hired man’s sorrow.

The duty of tending a flock of turkeys endowed with a roving disposition, was allotted to her. This fact in all probability accounts for her habit of quiet and serene meditation.

When Ella reached the age of six, it was decided by her parents that it was high time she was started on the strenuous path of knowledge. Her career as a student began in the district school at Groton. Here her ability in orthography was early recognized. She succeeded in capturing several prizes for excellence in this work. She enjoyed the time spent at this school very much. There was but one drawback, which she expresses as follows: “I was afraid of the big boys, especially one who always had a dirty face.”

During the next few years, Ella’s parents moved to several towns, finally settling in Mansfield, which accounts for her being a student at C. A. C. She entered as a
“prep” student in the fall of 1899, being one of the two remaining original members of 1904.

As a student, Miss Akers has always been noted for her steady, consistent work. She is especially interested in botany and expects to follow up this work after leaving Storrs. Among her class-mates and friends, she is counted on as an ever present help, and is duly honored for her firm belief in the old proverb, that silence is golden.

HERBERT SPENCER COMSTOCK.

On the seventh day of April, eighteen hundred and eighty-four, there was born, in the town of Norwalk, Connecticut, a curly haired boy, who afterwards became known as Herbert Spencer Comstock.

Of the early years of his life, little is known by the writer, except that he had a special propensity for being fondled by young ladies, a tendency that involved him in considerable trouble in later life.

At the age of seven, he attended the village school where he was considered a cute little fellow, but not very brilliant. Thence he went to the graded grammar school through which he passed with varying success. His next venture was the high school, from which he was graduated in the spring of 1901; and it was at this place that his real education began.

He entered a verdant youth and emerged a highly dignified young man, with an ostentatious air that he wears to-day. Here he chose, with rare good judgment to perfect himself in the art of entertaining, in preference to poring over ancient history and solving difficult mathematical problems; and it is to this choice, made in early life, that he owes his popularity with the inhabitants of Grove Cottage. After leaving the high school he began to look around him for a favorable locality in which to develop his talents, and finally deciding upon Storrs as a place where he could expand, he entered in the winter of 1902. During his two years here, he has been the center of all social activities, but in this, his last year at College, he has undergone a sudden change. His visits to the domicile of the young ladies have been few and of short duration. We are at loss to account for this change unless it is due to his absorbing interest in the study of certain vegetables.

For his literary productions, read the first two pages in every number of this year’s Lookout.

The physical abilities of this young man are no less than his mental. He is an admirable dancer, has been a valuable member of all athletic teams of the College, and his proficiency in the art of war has made him lieutenant in the military company, where he may be seen on drill days brandishing his sword with an adroitness that excites the envy of the captain himself.

Mr. Comstock intends, after receiving his B. Agr., to manage a farm, but has not yet decided whether to settle in the western or southern part of the state. Any information as to the desirability of these sections will be gladly received by him.

In closing I would like to say that at commencement, the College loses in him one of its most dignified and enlightened students.

ROBERT TREAT DEWELL.

It was June 5, 1885, that the inhabitants of St. Augustine, Fla., became much excited when a report was circulated to the
effect that a fat, fairly well proportioned baby boy, afterward christened Robert Treat, had made his appearance at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Dewell.

Robert grew both physically and mentally as do all baby boys, and at the age of six years his paternal relative placed him in the hands of a Southern schoolmaster where he began to accumulate part of the knowledge which he now possesses.

The next few years of his existence were spent attending different schools of the "Sunny South," but believing that he had absorbed all the knowledge to be obtained in that region, he was forwarded to a cooler climate, namely, that of Orange, Conn., where he now makes his home.

While in Orange, this bold youth took up the practical side of agriculture under the supervision of his uncle. In the fall of 1900, he severed his connection with the town of Orange and boarded a train for Storrs, where he has continued his study for the past four years.

While in College "Speggetie" has been popular in many ways, being president of his class, editor of College Notes on the Lookout Board, president of the Athletic Association, president of the Eclectic Literary Society, has fulfilled faithfully the obligations of a center on the foot ball team, and last but not least, he has held the position of first lieutenant in the military company.

It would be useless for the writer of this brief sketch to try to give in full the life of this great man, but it might be well to set forth a few of his strong points as well as some of his faults.

Robert has long been known as a tender-hearted youth, caring for the sick, and rescuing the fallen (from the fence). He is a decided believer in co-education, and is noted for his everflowing gift of words.

It is understood that upon graduation, Robert will take up the study of law, and the least that we can say is that we wish him success in whatever he undertakes.

Rosa Warner Dimock.

On November nineteenth, eighteen hundred and eighty-four, in the town of Tolland and the state of Connecticut, there was born to the Dimock family a baby girl. After much thought and consideration as to an appropriate name for the little pink and white creature, she was called Rosa Warner. As Rosa grew she developed a great liking for mischief. She was always blamed, and would often get the punishments which belonged to her brothers and sisters.

At the age of four, she began to attend her district school, and after nine years left, for she had mastered all there was to be learned there. When she had been out of school for two years, she began to wish for more knowledge, and could think of no better place in which to get it than Storrs, where one of her brothers was already a student.

In the fall of nineteen hundred, Rosa entered the Connecticut Agricultural College, and became one of the members of the nineteen hundred four class. She was always popular with the students and her professors, because of her frankness, and because she nearly always knew her lessons.

In her Freshman year she won second prize in the "Reading and Declamation" contest, and in her Sophomore year won the first prize.

She was always an honored and beloved member of her class.
Frederic Jerome Ford.

On March 10th, 1884, great excitement prevailed amongst the natives of Washington, Conn., for word had passed that an addition had been made to their number in the form of one little, dark complexioned, sturdy urchin.

His parents were at a loss as to what name he should bear, and after searching all available biographies, and lives of famous men, he was finally dubbed Frederic Jerome.

Fred thrived on the wholesome country air and food of Washington, and at the age of seven he started on his career as a schoolboy. His ever-persistent desire for learning in a few years became conspicuous, and after imparting numerous valuable points to the village schoolmaster, he entered a preparatory school, known as the Gunnery at Washington. Here Jerome did well, and at the end of two years, after exhausting all knowledge attainable from this seat of learning, he began to investigate the country for a more substantial place in which he might apply his ability. So in the fall of 1900, Fred applied for admission to C. A. C. as a sophomore. Here he thrived in his usual way, and grew fat on the country corn-fed ration. Nothing very startling occurred during the following year, except the usual rough-house and everyday struggles with the underclassmen, this being considered as a necessary part of his course.

While in College, Jerome has not only been accumulating knowledge, but also has been taking unto himself several nicknames, the favorite being "Duck."

Although Duck has never showed any marked tendency toward athletics, yet he has developed considerable speed as a sprinter, for it may be undisputably stated that he holds the record for speed between Prof. Gulley's orchards and the dormitory. For further particulars refer to the discipline committee.

Owing to the loss of his home by fire, Fred did not return to C. A. C. in the fall of 1901, but when the fall of 1902 rolled around, once more we found his smiling countenance with us and here he has remained.

He has held many prominent offices while at College, the chief being president of Student's Organization, business manager of LOOKOUT, president of College Shakespearean Club and captain of the military company. Duck being of a genial disposition has made many lasting friendships amongst his College-mates, and as a result is quite a favorite with them all.

During his College course, Jerome has not been greatly disturbed by the presence of Grove Cottage, but of late, just as he is about to graduate, he changes somewhat, and develops a propensity for the above mentioned resort. Especially is it his want to sit and muse beside the still Waters. While the above does not begin to set forth his qualities, they are appreciated by no one better than by his room-mate and classmate.

H. S. C.

Dwight Knowlton Shurtleff.

Dwight Knowlton Shurtleff was born in West Ashford, a small village in the town of Ashford, on October 22, 1885. All the facts that can be learned about his early years are that he was a tow-headed youngster, nearly as broad as he was long, and very much addicted to the use of strong language. All of these bad habits he outgrew, however, and developed into a very
good boy. He boasts of never having received but one whipping in his life, which fact certainly speaks well for him.

At the age of five, Mr. Shurtleff began to attend the district school in his native town. He remained here until he reached the age of thirteen, whereupon he was graduated and had the honor to stand at the head of a class of three.

In the fall of 1899 Mr. Shurtleff entered the preparatory department of the Connecticut Agricultural College, and for five years has been a prominent member of the '04 class. He has also distinguished himself in athletics, having played on the College foot ball, basket ball, and baseball teams. Beside this he has found time to serve on the LOOKOUT staff for the past three years, also to assist in carrying on the work of the College Shakespearean Club.

While in College, Mr. Shurtleff’s chief characteristic has been his fondness for mathematics, and we are all looking forward to the time when he will be a civil engineer reflecting great credit on himself, his class, and his alma mater.

**Athletic Notes.**

**FACULTY, 16. WORKINGMEN, 3.**

May 18th the students had an opportunity to watch the faculty play ball, and they certainly got their money’s worth of fun. It was a game between the Faculty and Workingmen.

**FACULTY.**

Vinton, c.
Stoneburn, p.
Smith, 1b.
Wheeler, 2b.
Proudman, ss.
Clinton, 3b.
Lehnert, If.
Jackson, cf.
Garrigus, rf.

**WORKINGMEN.**

Laubscher, c.
Bushnell, p.
Gallup, 1b.
Fitts, 2b.
Atkins, ss.
Clark, cf.
T. Brown, cf.
Day, If.
Dewey, ss.

Score by innings:

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Struck out by Stoneburn, 10; by Bushnell, 4.

Base on balls—Stoneburn, 2; Bushnell, 6.

C. A. C., 16. HIGH SCHOOL, 3.

May 21st, C. A. C. won an easy game from Windham High School.

**C. A. C.**

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**W. H. S.**

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Struck out by Moss, 6; by Card, 3.

Two base hits—Welton, 2; Cornwall, 2; Chapman, 2; Tryon, 1.

C. A. C., 7: CONSOLIDATED.

May 25th, C. A. C. defeated a team called the Consolidated. It was part Eagleville and the rest were C. A. C. men. Vinton played second base until he was forced to
play his old game at first where he stopped the usual number of balls.

<table>
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<tr>
<td>Comstock, cf</td>
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The Adventure of the Golden Coins.

(Continued from May Number.)

There was silence for a moment after the blue penciled article was read to the company and then Col. Uhlberg rose and proposed the toast, "To the Unknown," which was drunk with a will. There was no thought of refusing this neatly framed request for help. They only wondered that the "Unknown" knew them so well.

In these days Mark, the Englishman, and the German were in Havre. Having made purchases for an ocean trip they waited impatiently for the arrival of the Tasmania. Hardly had the ship been tied to the wharf when our friends were on board. There they were requested to present their tickets. On the spur of the moment, Mark showed the official the golden coin and the others did the same. They were not a little astonished at that person's matter of fact acceptance of the same. The connection between these and the notice in the paper was established.

The three friends were assigned a room on the Tasmania, and places at the mess table. No captain was seen. Their messmates were of all nationalities, and were all sailors.

The steamer left port during the night—a very unusual proceeding, particularly as the sea promised to be rough. At dawn the ship seemed to be alive with men and officers, the latter giving orders. Hallenbeck said, afterwards, that he distinctly heard a drumbeat a call to arms. From off to port came the boom of a gun which caused our friends to jump from their bunks. Then came another from port and a third from starboard. From the deck above could be heard a perfect roar of machine guns. Soon the noise on the decks ceased and the big guns lost their distinctness and then stopped altogether. The Tasmania had evidently won the race.

After mess a thickset man, wearing a captain's uniform, came and introduced himself to our friends as Capt. Jenkins, and asked them to step into his cabin.

"Well, gentlemen, you'd like to ask a few questions, wouldn't you?"

"We would be much obliged to you if you will straighten things out a little," responded Mark.

"I'll start at the beginning by saying that
this vessel belongs to the ‘Society for the Promulgation of Universal Peace.’

“Sounded mighty like war a few minutes ago.”

“No damage done. Those English warships need more speed. Got a cargo of ammunition on board, and they found it out. They’re strict now-a-days. To come back to my mutton, the aim of the society is to secure universal peace by destroying the navies of the world, and then dictating terms. We have the means but not the men. For that reason, gentlemen, you have been invited to join the society. If it is not convenient to do so you will be placed on the shore near a port with funds to enable you to get back to Paris. But in this case any mention of what I have told you will result in death. The society employs numerous spies.”

“In short, captain, you would have us play pirates, and meet pirate’s death if we lose the game,” replied Uhlberg.

“But we will not lose.”

“In spite of the worthy cause you work for, I can not approve of it. I am still an American, even though I have fought in foreign armies and in this war which you are going to start, I foresee that the Americans will suffer the most. Neither will I give my word not to notify my government.”

“Are you all of the same opinion, gentlemen?”

“I think it is sufficient to say that I am an Englishman,” replied Hallenbeck. “And I a German,” said Uhlberg.

“Well, I don’t think I can set you ashore then; in the other words, you are my prisoners, gentlemen.”

At this moment an officer came running up. “The wireless is speaking, Captain, and we have no one to see to it; Watson was killed by the first shot from the Frenchman.” Jenkins turned to the adventurers and asked if one of them understood the wireless and received an affirmative answer from Allen.

“What is this switchboard for, Capt.?!”

“That’s an invention of Watson’s. You see Marconi and those fellows thought they had something which could not be beaten when they first rigged the wireless with the differential tunes, but this invention of Watson’s allows us to catch all their messages since they never bother to use a code.”

Allen who had taken up wireless telegraphy as a fad, soon had the working of the new inventions straightened out. By shifting a couple of pegs in a series of holes, both transmitter and receiver could, with a little patience, be brought into tune with any receiver or transmitter within a radius of 3,000 miles.

At the present moment the clearness of the recorded letters showed that the transmitter of the message was very much nearer. By the time Allen had the tuner adjusted the other instrument had stopped. It soon began again. “Ajax, Ajax, have you seen Tasmania.” “No; who are you?” “French cruisers, ‘Renee’ and ‘Diderot.’” We met Tasmania, but she got away, bound south; stop her if you have to use the whole Gibraltar fleet.”

“That means a longer voyage around the cape, and pursuit into the bargain,” observed Jenkins.

They were close to the coast of Spain at this time and hoped to pass Gibraltar during the night. With a full head of steam, and a rough sea to aid them they sped
southward. About midnight they passed the searchlights of an immense cordon of small craft, probably torpedo boats, which instantly gave the alarm by the use of rapid fire guns. To the left a number of cruisers began to use their searchlights. The Tasmania made for an open space to starboard. It would be a narrow escape if she did escape for although her speed of 30 knots was a little over that of the swiftest cruiser, yet they were directly ahead and the searchlights coming closer every minute. Just as the blinding light of the electric ray touched the ship, Jenkins gave the order to fire and our friends were enabled to see the wonderful effects of the Jenkins type of machine gun, for the captain was the originator of that type of gun.

For a moment, Allen actually wished the Tasmania to win the fight, but realizing the consequences to the civilized world if the society gained this cargo (it was in truth the last load of ammunition needed for their assembled ships) he seized a signal rocket and lighted it. As the bright green flame lighted up the ship, Allen fell heavily to the deck, struck from behind.

The following is from Allen’s own narrative:

When I awoke, feeling very uncomfortable and with a headache, I observed that I had been dragged inside the wireless room. I was not bound. I found afterwards that Uhlberg and Hallenbeck had taken me there and had then been ordered by Jenkins to their rooms. From the windows of the station I could see the last of the rapidly receding ships of the enemy. It had evidently been a long chase for the ships were quite distinct. Noticing the clicking of the Morse instrument the idea came to me to aid the cruisers in their pursuit. Soon I had the two instruments in tune and sent the following message to the pursuers.

"From the Tasmania: Do not lose this ship; great danger; will try and give longitude and latitude from time to time."

In this way I hoped to discover to the world the hiding place of the society. I was enabled to do this through the fact that Jenkins needed me to attend the instrument, and the act of telegraphing the position of the ship was accomplished in moments when no one happened near. It seems a miracle that nothing was suspected.

The course of the ship, after doubling the Cape of Good Hope, was directed due east. In about a week Australia was left on the northwest and the ship was directed more in a northerly direction. The haven was reached in a few days. An island it was, possessing one of the finest harbors which it has ever been my lot to enter. It had been furnished with a large number of docks and these were lined with the discarded battleships which the society had purchased from their former owners. The change from the battleship to the turbine cruiser had been quick and the latter’s very evident superiority gave the society the chance to buy the ships second-hand. That the Jenkins rifle offset the greater handling power of the turbine cruiser with its dynamite guns, I have always doubted, especially after the “Battle with the Pirates,” as the fight which I am going to describe has been called.

At no time were we allowed to leave the Tasmania, and as a consequence we never saw the rulers of the society or found out how many men lived on the island. There
must have been many thousands of souls in the society if they expected to use the large fleet of warships which they had in commission. It seems wonderful that the secret of the island had been kept from the world as long as it had been, considering the large amounts of capital which must have been expended to furnish supplies.

The months slowly passed, during all of which time the work on the ships was being pushed. The day which they waited for, came at last, and it was with great ceremony that a fleet of nine ships steamed from the harbor, the ex-English Battleship Nelson in the lead. Great things were expected of this first fleet. History tells us that through the fact that I had notified the English by wireless, the island had been visited by submarines at different times, and the first fleet of the society had been followed from the time of its departure to its finish. The council of the nations, when they had found out the number of ships at the command of the enemy, had decided to let the society make the first move. The objective point of the society fleet, or black fleet as it was called, on account of the color of the ships, was Manila. The United States had only three ships here, two of which were old-fashioned and totally inadequate to combat the ten ships of the enemy. But at the first shot fired, the little submarine “Rattles” torpedoed the “Blake” and the “Cochrane” before the black fleet could set their submarine detectors. It has been the opinion of naval experts that the enemy, not having enough men to manage the guns, had neglected to man the detectors, believing themselves safe, as there were no U. S. submarines at Manila. But they did not know of the “Rattler” until the “Seine” detected and blew her to atoms. The American ships were then sunk and the forts at Cavite and Malate silenced.

It was in the Yellow Sea that these ships met their Trafalgar at the hands of a combined Chinese, Japanese, English and French fleet. No ship returned to tell the tale of destruction.

One bright morning in December, a dense cloud of smoke on the horizon met my eye. Soon I could make out an immense fleet of warships. At first I thought they were the victorious ships which had left to conquer the world, but after a while flags of different nationalities could be made out. There were over a hundred ships in the fleet. The ships which left the harbor to give them battle were in number about seventy-five, but with the superiority of the Jenkins’ rifle they hoped to win the day.

Being on board a ship, I could not get as good a view of the battle as the throngs of people on the hills of the island. The black battleships were making for the allies in the form of a wedge, hoping to divide them in order to be able to deliver broadsides from both port and starboard, but the allied ships swiftly circled round the black fleet and before the latter were aware of the significance of the movement, they were separated from their place of refuge.

The end of the fight was then not far off as aerial torpedo balloons rose from the allied ships, and the large quantities of dynamite dropped on the black fleet, soon put it out of commission.

Everyone knows how the islanders were pardoned and the buildings and ammunition destroyed by the powers, but none, not even Uhlberg, Hallenbeck or myself have ever found out who the real leader of the
society was, for he certainly was not Jenkins, or the identity of the young lady who drew us there into the meshes of the "Society for the Promulgation of Universal Peace."

Ernest W. Baxter, G. S., '05.

Alumni Notes.

'95. Professor and Mrs. William A. Stocking are the happy parents of another son, born May 23d. His name is Robert Bliss.

Ex. '96. The wedding of Mr. Robert R. James to Miss Winifred May Roe, took place June the first at the Twenty-third Avenue Baptist Church, Oakland, California. The alumni extend their hearty congratulations to the young couple.

Dorm Music.

In every college there is always music. At all times in the past, music, in many ways, has been one of the delights of mankind. Here at C. A. C. we are not deficient in this art. There are two forms, though, to college music. The glee club and orchestra with their well drilled artists, and the music heard in the dormitories. It is of the latter that I wish to speak.

That there is music in the dormitories at C. A. C. is certain. Many a time, as one returns from Beebe's, he hears woeful sounds, at other times solos by some beginner who is straining his vocal chords in an effort to produce music, and lastly, either a harmonica or violin selection, to say nothing of many other forms of musical sounds.

The kind of music that appears to be predominant at the present time is in the form of vocal solos and selections by the campus quintet. Many persons have stopped their labor to listen to the sweet (?) sounds produced by the aforesaid.

To remind the reader of some of the songs that are heard in the dorms I have prepared the following story:

Bedelia and Sammy were visiting their grandfather, Rip Van Winkle, in the Good Old Summer Time. The latter lived in The Valley of Kentucky Where the Blue Sky Turns to Gold.

Now it appears that Bedelia was engaged to The Man in the Overalls. This fact was very unpleasant to the grandfather, who rather favored Bill Bailey as Bill was Doing His Best to win The Irish Maid.

One Night In June, Bedelia eloped with The Man in the Overalls and fled to a small town on The Banks of the Wabash. After living here for Sixty Days, they took a journey to Where the Silvery Colorado Wends it Way. There they lived till Hiawatha killed Bedelia. Broken hearted, The Man in the Overalls jumped into the Colorado, and his last words were, Just Kiss Yourself Goodby.

Among those whose melodious voices have warbled the most popular airs are Buck, whose favorite is "Molly, the Cows are in the Corn," Shurt, who is still trying to master "Mid the Green Fields of Virginia," and Watrous with "Chicken."

There is little more to say concerning our music, but I must add, that although there has been much in the past, we hope there may be more in the future, and may it be better.

"Brindle," '06.
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