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I. W. Patterson

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CONTENTS

EDITORIAL .......................................................... 37
TO THE SUMMER CLASS OF 1904 ................................. 39
THE SONG OF A SCHOOL TEACHER .............................. 40
C. A. C. ORCHARDS ................................................. 41
MUS MUSCULUS ...................................................... 42
IN THE LIBRARY ..................................................... 43
THE GIANT TREES OF CALIFORNIA .............................. 44
NEW ENGLAND THUNDER SHOWER ............................ 45
THE NEW YORK SUBWAY .......................................... 46
THE FOOTBALL SEASON OF 1904 ................................. 47
ALUMNI NOTES ...................................................... 48
COLLEGE NOTES .................................................... 48
EXCHANGES .......................................................... 51
ART AND NATURE .................................................. 51
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Editorials.

Some of our readers are doubtless waiting patiently for our mid-summer number. In order to summarily clear up any doubts which these individuals may have concerning the exactness of our stewardship, we wish to say that the aforesaid number was omitted because of the discontinuance of the summer term for the senior class. It was thought much more convenient for the members of the board to begin work early in the fall and get out a September number—heretofore unpublished. We trust that those who especially look forward to mid-summer number because of the gay and polished writings of the learned schoolma'ams will find some evidences of their handiwork in this number.

The Summer School, as predicted in our last number, was a very successful session. Judging from appearances, the members found their work very interesting and instructive. The absence of Prof. Mutchler was felt by those who attended the school last summer, but his place was ably filled during the last two weeks by Prof. Hodge, of Clark University. Prof. Hodge greatly assisted in the instruction by giving lectures on various subjects connected with natural history. In order that the teacher of the public school might better understand the peculiar mechanism which she is depended upon to develop and train, he also gave a very interesting illustrated lecture on the brain and nervous system. The bird walks in the unearthly hours of early dawn—a necessity in the nature study curriculum—were also under his supervision.

On their departure the sedate though merry ladies, fearing that the impressions produced by their winning ways would be far too temporary and that the place of their sojourn would know them no more, gave
to the college the wherewithal for the purchase of pictures. May these constantly remind us of this aggregation of Connecticut school teachers whose motto is "Work, then play."

After a short interval of separation, we find ourselves together once more ready to enter into the cares and pleasures of another year. The pleasure at the sight of old faces and the prospect of occasional good times entirely do away with the school-boy reluctance at beginning of school. In fact, those of us who are here for the last time sincerely regret that next year we shall find ourselves at this time either starting out into the world or amid new surroundings at some institution of higher learning. To those of our number who feel themselves at present in this position we say, Wait 'till you have been here one or two years.

The football season has begun once more. We should advise all those who believe in the sweet uses of adversity to come out on the gridiron and test the virtue of a few bumps. If last year's large list of injuries is to be avoided, more men must try hard for the first team, and refuse to be satisfied with an honorary position in that institution for the abuse—the private team. The hard luck last year can be traced directly to this lack of competition. The men considered their positions secure, and consequently did not consider it necessary to train properly. We all hope that this year enough men who have the making of the first team in view will be on the field every night so that two teams may be formed.

We wish to call the attention of the alumni to a few words found at the top of the first page of this magazine, "The students and alumni are requested to contribute articles." The last year has shown almost a dearth of articles by the latter individuals. A prominent alumnus at one of the commencement functions last June, in speaking of the College paper advised the establishment of a separate department in this paper by and for the alumni. An alumnus would collect the material, forward it to us, and would write editorials for the alumni. Before this comes to pass, it seems fitting that the alumni should show by actual contribution that they are willing to support such an undertaking. It seems to us, as we meditate on the relation of the alumni to the LOOKOUT, that they might keep in much closer touch with the College and each other by sending in notes concerning themselves and other alumni to the editor of alumni notes. A few members send in notes fairly regularly, but others we have entirely lost track of.

When the new student arrives at C. A. C. he, of course, feels himself among strange surroundings. He hardly considers himself as a part of the institution; he hesitates to enter into the college functions; he considers himself almost an outsider. It is only natural that such should be his feelings in coming, perhaps for the first time, to live away from home—still, he should overcome this feeling as soon as possible. He becomes a member of the college as soon as he receives the statement that he is admitted to one of the classes, and should feel an interest in all which has to do with the institution. Why,
then, may we not ask them to begin contributing for the College magazine during their first term, not waiting until they become juniors or seniors. The lower classmen have heretofore done little to help fill out the numbers of the LOOKOUT.

We find ourselves at the beginning of the year without an editor of alumni notes. The individual who filled this position decided not to return to the College, so we were left to do as best we might until a meeting could be called for an election. It is in such cases as this that we realize the backwardness of our alumni in giving information as to their doings and welfare.

As a gentle reminder to the old, and to call the attention of the new members of Grove Cottage, we again wish to state that we see no logical or biological reason why the representatives of the gentle sex among our student body should not give vent to their ready wits in the columns of this magazine.

Military drill at C. A. C. is a great help to the student. Not only does it furnish valuable exercise and physical training, but in the four years he is here the student becomes proficient in military science. The past summer several of the boys, wishing to gain valuable experience and perhaps renown at Manassas, Va., where the Atlantic division of militia re-fought the battle of Bull Run, decided to enlist. The captains of the militia companies, who were acquainted with the C. A. C. company, gladly took in all of its members who wished to join the State militia. We are sure the tactics learned at Storrs will hold them in good stead.

To the Summer Class of 1904.

As we meet, a class united,
For the last time, here, to-night,
We will hope none have been slighted,
Each has had his perfect right.

Many hours we've spent together—
Hours of study, hours of play,
But we've done just which we'd rather
No one here to say us nay.

When we first came on the campus
All was quiet, all was peace,
Though we had the rain to damp us,
Sunlight caused that rain to cease.

With our note-books and our pencils
Forth we went next day to learn
Of the farm and its utensils;
Toward all nature our minds turned.

We have listened in all places
To the science of the farm,
In the class-room we've had traces
Of the work of Dr. Thom.

In-doors, too, and in a dark room,
We have looked for mushroom's light.
But alas! the darkest gloom
Was round all like starless night.

When we first saw tall fields blowing,
Some of barley, some of rye,
Asked if it was wheat a-growing,
We had doubts then, you and I.

Out of doors we saw the horses,
Saw their teeth and saw them trot;
Out of doors we saw the mosses,
In the woods and in the lot.

Cows we've seen, and pigeons, hens,
Birds and bugs, and beetles too,
Parasites by means of lens,
Also frogs and ducks, a few.
LOOKOUT.

What we've heard would fill a book,
Well worth reading, too, I trow;
What we've learned—no bait or hook,
May produce it here and now.

Our instructors have been kind.
They have taught us day by day
With a patience you'd ne'er find
Elsewhere 'neath the warm sun's ray.

When the day's work has been over,
Some have danced the time away.
Some have wandered in the clover,
Some at home preferred to stay.

We have walked around the high wall
Of the cemetery, yonder.
On the Lake one day we all
Found full many a thing to ponder.

Ferms have we in numbers studied;
Quarts and quarts, perhaps a peck.
In their quest our feet we muddied,
As we followed at their beck.

Now one person I must mention,
To forget it would be sad;
To Miss Peck I call attention
Who makes lady ferns a fad.

Altho' Boston has attractions
For its beans she has no love.
Even one or slightest fraction
Turns her mind from things above.

With the camera fiend approaching,
Miss Peck's face is out of sight.
No amount of urgent coaxing
Can compel it to the light.

As we leave this pleasant hillside,
And to other places roam,
Many thoughts will still abide
Of the good times far from home.

We have gathered here to-night
For the last time as a class.

Some have worked with all their might,
Some have wasted time—alas!

Now, a farewell, classmates all,
May you prosper where you go.
May you rise, but never fall,
May you all look high, not low.

LUCY MARIETTA PLATT.

The Song of a School Teacher.

Pleasant was the summer weather,
When the teachers met together,
In a quiet haunt of Nature,
Far from city's strife and din.

At the College on the hillside,
Its lawns sloping to the roadside,
With its fine old trees and gardens,
And broad views of distant hills.

Forgetting all the booklore of the sages,
Handed down from musty ages,
Free to study and to ponder,

God's great Wonder-Book of Nature.
There we learned of cows and horses,
Birds and ducks and chicks and cheeses;
Saw the neatest barn and dairy,
Saw a model chicken farm.

There the learned White, professor,
Talked of trees, of ferns and flowers,
Showed us where they grew and blossomed,
Needful all for use and beauty.

Watched the sunset's golden glory,
Fade away into the twilight;
Saw the new moon's silver crescent,
Saw the stars shine forth in myriads.

As the evening shadows deepened,
At the Hall or Cottage gathered,
Sped the hours in song and story,
Gay with dance and merry laughter.

Then on Sunday with hearts thankful,
For the days so bright and restful,
To the white church over yonder,
Walked we with our friends.
Listened while the grave Starr, preacher,
Talked of life and all its meanings.
Life of man—mind, soul and body,
Perfect life—in earth and heaven.
Learned we from this Book of Nature,
Many lessons for the future;
Life of bird, flower, beast and insect,
All a part of His great plan.
Turn we now our faces homeward,
Thankful all to State and Nation,
For the wondrous truths revealed,
Grateful most—for Inspiration.

MARTHA ALMA JENCKS.

C. A. C. Orchards.

On the College property at present there are four orchards, besides the fruit trees scattered about the campus and farm. Three of these are kept well cultivated and fertilized, while the fourth, which is on a steep side hill north of the farm buildings, furnishes a good pasture for hogs.

The orchard back of the Station barn, which is known simply as the orchard, was planted in 1882, and contained at first a good variety of apples for home use; but the product has been much changed by grafting.

The orchard up on the East Hill is the Trial Orchard, and is as the name signifies, employed for the purpose of testing different varieties of fruit. There are more than eighty varieties of apples, about thirty of pears, and many varieties of peaches, plums, and cherries, besides a few other fruits.

Some of the trees have never borne a crop yet, and some have now a few specimens, the first they have produced. It is with a great deal of interest that these trees are watched. If the specimens are allowed to remain undisturbed until fully developed the correctness or incorrectness of the tree can be vouched for. For this reason if the steps of the wandering student take him to a tree or vine, displaying only a limited amount of fruit, let him not tarry but pass along. "Better rob a rich man of a little than a poor man of all he has."

The trial orchard is a fine place to study the different types of trees. There is a vast difference between apple trees of different varieties, so that one soon learns to distinguish varieties simply by the shape and growth of the trees.

The orchard on the west side of the farm was planted in the spring of 1900. It is designed for commercial purposes. A few standard varieties of apples are planted for permanent trees. Between the permanent apple rows fillers are used. These are trees which will bear while quite young and small. These yield some profit from the land before the permanent trees are old enough to produce a full crop. As the latter grow, the fillers are cut out to give them room. Apples are not the only fillers used; peaches, plums, and pears are employed for this purpose. The peaches and plums are bearing a full crop this year.

The Dwarf Orchard, so-called, was planted south of the first woods. It was begun in 1903, and now contains between fifty and a hundred varieties of apple trees. These trees are not expected to grow to a height of more than six or eight feet.

The apple crop here this year will be as large as it was two years ago, judging by the looks of things now. The crop is estimated at three hundred barrels.

S. P. Hollister, '05.
Mus Musculus (Common Rat).

There are books, and even periodicals, devoted exclusively to the horse—there might well be of the rat, which is said to be the best known animal of the world. Interesting as a Rat number of the Lookout would be the editors could hardly deem it instructive, so very familiar is the public with their habits and customs. However a concise treatise, strictly scientific in character, for the benefit of students, may be accepted.

The origin of the common rat is probably as ancient as that of man—not a native of America, it immigrated to this country about 200 years after Columbus. In a remarkably short space of time it had made permanent settlements throughout North America and kept pace with the progress of man in the Southern Continent.

The rat belongs to a large family known as the Rodents, which includes the squirrel, rabbit, etc. The rat, almost alone, has made the family famous. It is distinguished by its bright eye, large ears, soft fur, curving incisor teeth which grow constantly, allowing of incessant gnawing, and its omnivorous appetite, eating everything—peanuts, corn, wood, matches, chickens, eggs, bones, garments, shoes and boots—everything. Herbert Spencer comparing the rat with another animal personifies “its greater intelligence, greater power and courage, greater ability to utilize what it finds.” “The rat,” says Spencer, “is notoriously cunning; and its cunning gives success to its foraging expeditions.” These statements are easily verified.

Rats have a fondness for, and are attracted by, good music. Says Weir in his Dawn of Reason, “It is highly probable that the susceptibility of rats and mice to the influence of musical sounds has been known for ages. The legend of the Pied Piper of Hamelin is by no means recent, nor is it confined to European people alone. In all legends, the rats and mice are drawn together by sounds emanating from some kind of musical instrument. A celebrated violinist told me that, at one period in his life, he lived in a house that fairly swarmed with rats. He noticed that these creatures were peculiarly susceptible to minor chords, and that quick, lively music would bring them forth from their lurking places in great numbers. A few abrupt, discordant chords would, invariably, send them scurrying to their holes.” The fact that rats flock to places where there is a considerable amount of fine music and stay there is borne out by my own observations.

From early times there has been warfare between man and rat, each trying to exterminate the other. Both species have, nevertheless, gone on multiplying, the rat probably more rapidly even than man. The skill and inventive genius of mankind exerted in this field as in no other, to so great an extent for so long a time, have but paralleled the determination of the rat to perpetuate his species. Man’s methods of warfare against the rat have been chiefly poisons, traps, cats and salting the rats’ tails. The first is against the rules of modern warfare, and for other reasons, is impracticable; the second is legitimate and to an extent successful; the third, man’s only ally, is accomplishing what it can, and the fourth is thought, to-day, to be of no significance. None are wholly successful. Man must rely chiefly upon his skill in deceiving the rat by mechanical means, since the rat’s activity is at a time when man sleeps.
The most noted rat traps of the world are the "Genuine French," "Delusion," "Choker" (to be deprecated), "Rotary Wheel," "Out of Sight," "Sure Thing," "National," "Combination" and "Surprise."

It is doubtful with our present means, and so long as women persist in indulging in charming strains of music, that the rat can be exterminated, though discordant music, together with the inventions of another century, may make it possible.

A. B. C., '02.

In the Library.

"The more I see of men," says a certain cynic, "the better I like dogs." We may agree with this statement or not, according to the type of men and dogs with which we are acquainted. The fact remains, however, that the dog, both in life and among books is a much loved and much talked of animal; and literature would lose many of its most charming stories if the dog element were entirely eliminated.

The dog, as a friend, appears to be especially a product of the Anglo-Saxon countries. Among the oriental nations, in the past as now, he is, in most cases, called an outcast, a pariah, and, if reports are true, lives up to his reputation. We know that among the Assyrians, the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans dogs were used for hunting, but as there is very little mention of them except in a casual way, we cannot tell to what extent they enjoyed the love and privileges of the modern dog. There is one exception, however, to the general rule. In the apocryphal story of Tobit we find this sentence: "They both went forth to depart, and the young man's dog went with them." Professor Moulton comments in the following humorous manner upon the passage. "In that sentence is the quintessence of the idyllic spirit. It is not as if the dog had any function to perform in the journey. He is not mentioned again till the return journey, when 'they went their way and the dog went after them.' There was nothing for Tobais's dog to do in this famous expedition, but he had to be there all the same. There may be a flaw here in the Hebrew coloring of the story, for the Jews did not use dogs as friendly companions. But to the general reader this dog has made Tobias a real flesh and blood young man for all time."

References to the intelligence and devotion of the dog are scattered through all literature. Who has not as a child wept over the fate of the faithful Gelert, or felt his heart grow strong at the record of the wonderful St. Bernard, Barry, who is reported to have saved forty-two lives in the Switzerland Mountains? We feel instinctively proud of ourselves when a dog recognizes us as a friend, and are almost as sensitive about being cut by a dog as by an acquaintance. The famous saying of Sir Walter Scott, "The misery of keeping a dog is his dying so soon; but to be sure if he lived for fifty years and then died, what would become of me," has found an echo in many hearts.

It has remained, however, for the nineteenth century to write for us the story of the dog in its most appealing way. Two short stories of this class which bid fair to be numbered in time among the classics, are "Rab and His Friends," by Dr. John Brown, and, "A Dog of Flanders," by Onida. The former, which has been called by Charles Dudley Warner, an immortal...
Scotch idyl, has for its hero a huge stern old mastiff who, "always a fighter," wins our respect and finally our love by a courage, a constancy, and an intelligence which though remarkable do not seem unnatural. The story of the Dog of Flanders, unrelieved by a touch of the grim humor which comes to the surface now and then in "Rab," is perhaps the most pathetic tale of dog devotion which has ever been written. Both are well worth a careful reading, though hardly the books which one would catalogue under the title of "Cheerful books, suitable for reading aloud to invalids."

Two stories much more modern in touch and consequently more popular with the average reader, are "Bob Son of Battle," and "The Call of the Wild." The second is as American as the first is Scotch, and both are full of spirit and freedom, the one of the mountains the other of the primeval forests. Both contain a good deal of the human element, and both at times are decidedly dramatic, so although much longer than the average animal story, the interest does not flag from the first page to the last.

Although the so-called nature story which is so popular just at present does not have many dealings with the dog, he is by no means excluded from the out-of-door book. We are not likely to forget soon the faithful Chink, "bright, fierce, trusty, treacherous Willy," or that most lovable of all of Ernest Seton's "little brothers," the "dogge ycleptlyttel Bingo." Kipling does not have any long tale about the dog though his books are full of allusions to this friend of man, and in one of his "Just So" stories he breaks forth in the following manner which is, at least, spontaneous even if it is not very great poetry:

"Pussy can sit by the fire and sing,
Pussy can climb a tree
Or play with a silly old cork and string
To amuse herself, not me,
But I like Binkie my dog, because
He knows how to behave,
So Binkie's the same as the First Friend was,
And I am the Man in the Cave."

One more recent short story may perhaps seem to some worthy of more or less attention. This is "The Bar Sinister," by Richard Harding Davis. Our common sense tells us that the characteristics of "Wyndham Kid" are more human than canine, and that the entire article is overdrawn, still the story is strangely attractive and will be enjoyed by many even to the extent of a second reading.

Robert Browning in one of his best known poems, says:

"God made all the creatures and gave them our love and our fear,
To give sign we and they are his children, one family here."

In this family it does not seem too much to assign the first place to that confidential friend and intelligent servant—the dog.

The Giant Trees of California.

The Redwood belts of timber extend from the Oregon boundary to a point a little north of San Francisco in Monterey County. A few of these giants are scattered about a little to the east of this boundary, but these are not equal in size to the forest trees.

Many of these trees live to be hundreds of years old. The best specimens, 350 feet high and 20 feet in diameter, are
being cut at the age of 500 years. Some have attained the age of 1,375 years. The reason for attaining such age is that no insects attack the trees nor does decay set in.

The bark is a reddish gray color, and of a fibrous texture, giving to the full grown trees a fluted appearance. From about one-half to one-third of the total length of the tree is covered with the evergreen branches of the redwood which afford little shade. The wood shades from light cherry to mahogany, and is capable of taking a high polish.

The shape of the tree depends principally upon local conditions. Not often is a perfectly shaped tree found. Such deformities as hanging neck, flat limb, thick masses of bushy branches, and burls on the trunk are of frequent occurrence.

In 1900, 360 million feet of redwood, worth $3,645,608, were cut. Trees 80 feet high and 16 inches in diameter yield about 200,000 feet to the acre.

One-tenth of the redwood tract is owned by lumbermen. Near river beds and often in canons where plenty of water is to be had, are found the best specimens of redwood. Often a young tree, if growing in a dense forest, will remain dormant until the nearby trees have been cut, then getting sufficient sunlight it starts into rapid growth. The foliage, when growing in the shade, is very light green, but when exposed to the sunlight it soon assumes its natural darker hue.

Perhaps the greatest enemy of the redwood is man. The wood being so hard that insects do not attack it, and decay does not appear. It is not proof, however, against the marine teredo.

The Three Sisters were three giant redwoods growing side by side. Much timber is wasted by the fall of such large trees, but these three alone made more than 350,000 feet, the largest making 150,000 feet. In one of these trees the undercut was large enough for three men to stand upright at the edge. The stump of the largest measured 24 feet, 6 inches, in diameter.

For felling these trees steam is used. After the fall of a tree an engine is attached to the trunk and drags it out of the forest to the nearest stream. The trees are then towed to a saw-mill.

Much is now being done to promote a second growth of the redwood. Lumbermen are using great care, when cutting the trees, not to destroy saplings and second growths. In various localities experiments have been tried, with more or less success, to find if the tree would grow from seed. There are few localities where the redwood will not grow. With care and time the range of growth might be much extended.

A New England Thunder Shower.

It is about three o'clock in the afternoon in the early part of July. The sun beats down on the hay fields from an almost cloudless sky, and the heat is intense and oppressive. As yet, nothing would indicate that a storm is brewing unless one has long been accustomed to the sudden changes in New England weather.

There is, however, to the true Yankee a forboding in the very calmness of the atmosphere and the sweltering heat of the sun. There is not the least breeze; the sun looks slightly hazy, but its rays seem to burn whatever they touch; while the air is almost stifling. The birds already know what to expect and the robins and
sparrows are gathering and pruning their feathers.

Before long, a narrow gray line is visible along the north-western horizon. This line widens rapidly and soon forms a dark mass against the sky. The individual clouds can not be distinguished. They are blended in one huge mass of steel gray. The sun is now hidden from view and the sky appears fierce and threatening.

Until now, the same forboding quietness has continued; but suddenly a bright flash of lightning is followed by a low, hollow rumbling. As if suddenly turned loose, the wind is heard rushing through the distant tree tops; and soon it comes in spiteful gusts.

Soon, from the dark mass, breaks another and brighter flash of lightning, followed by a loud crash. Great drops of rain fall here and there, and then with another warning flash and crash, the clouds give their moisture in a deluging shower.

The sky is by this time all overcast, and indoors it is almost dark enough to prevent one’s reading. The shower still keeps up its force. The lightning flashes often, the thunder rumbles constantly, the rain appears as if coming down in sheets, and the wind blows with force sufficient to bend over the tree-tops.

About half past five, the flashes come at less frequent intervals, the thunder sounds farther off, the wind decreases, and the rain gradually diminishes into a light, even, drizzle.

Now, in place of the dark line seen in the west at the first appearance of the shower, a light, clear, line appears. This line widens as did the first, and soon the rain, clouds, lightning, and thunder are out of sight and hearing. The wet woods and meadows glisten as with dew when the sun again comes forth from behind its ball of sombre gray, and all the vegetation looks fresh and new.

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The New York Subway.

The greatest engineering work in New York, since the building of the Brooklyn bridge, is the construction of the great tunnel or the New York subway. Twelve years ago it seemed almost impossible that such an undertaking could be carried out. Who could believe that the busiest streets of the metropolis could be suddenly turned into a ditch? The authorities knew that there would be a great hindrance to traffic, and the citizens would grumble. But the idea that the benefit derived from such a road would overbalance the temporary inconveniences, and that New York was congested and must expand in some way, led to the conclusion that rapid transit must be provided.

With zeal and energy the work was at last begun in 1901. For three years the engineers, contractors, and laborers were busy at the task. Summer and winter, day and night, the work was kept up. Many an onlooker, as he watched the laborers handling their picks in the nasty ditches, the huge dirt urns flying on the pulley wires, the immense dirt carts, the pushing crowd near by, and the line of cars and wagons blocked like a parade at halt awaiting the command, would shrug his shoulders, and with a sigh ask, “Will this work ever be finished?”

How different the aspect is now. From the street no sign of a subway is visible. But below the surface, for the entire distance from the Battery to One Hundred
and Twenty-fifth Street the ditches have assumed a definite shape. Instead of many dug-outs there is one continuous passage. It has a width of about thirty-two feet, and a height of about twenty-five feet. It is well lighted and ventilated, and is fitted out with the most modern means for the safety of the passengers.

Four tracks will be in constant use in the tunnel. Two will be for express trains that will run from lower Broadway directly to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, where the passengers can connect quickly with the Central and the New Haven trains. Thus the suburbanite who lives fifteen or twenty miles away will be able to leave his desk at half-past five and be home at six. He will probably be home before many of his colleagues living on Manhattan or Brooklyn.

It is declared that the New York subway is the best equipped in the world. Not only does it greatly excel the London subway, which is dark, badly ventilated, and comparatively deep under the surface, but it also excels the Paris subway. It was the aim of the authorities to make the New York rapid transit system a model of its kind. It is well lighted, well ventilated, fire-proof, and capable of giving the best service, so that even the most timid may leave his doubts and fears behind and ride in the this the Underground Railroad.

LEO. STECKEL, '06.

The Football Season of 1904.

In order to see what we have for material the coming season, let us give a brief summary of last fall. The team started in by defeating Hartford High School with only a few night’s practice and with a number of new men. Before this victory and for a short time afterward there were enough men on the field each night to make up two teams. There was more or less competition for positions, and the men kept in fairly good training. Soon, however, the number lost hope of making the first team soon, came out to practice irregularly, and failed to train properly. For the next two or three games good work was done, but as soon as the members of the team saw the lessening of competition, they became more careless with consequent weakening of the team. From this time on the team went down hill—the injuries were very numerous and the interest in the games, by the members of the team and others, lessened. Notwithstanding the defeats later in the season, it is plain to see from the beginning of the season that the material was good.

We start in this season with a loss of only a few men and with several strong additions. There is only one thing which stands in the way of making this season the most successful on record. That is the lack of college spirit.

The team must have backing—not only financial, but moral. What is needed is the enthusiasm of the entire student body. Every student who is at all fitted should come out on the field every night; and, though he perhaps can not make the team this season, he will furnish valuable practice for the varsity and obtain experience for coming years. More enthusiasm should be shown at games. There is nothing that so stimulates the player to his best work as good, wholesome, well led cheering. Let us make up our minds to do all in our power to make this season one to be proud of.

The manager has shown much prudence
in his arrangement of the schedule. The first game is with a strong team, and will prove of great value in the following games. The schedule up to date is as follows:

Saturday, September 24th, Springfield Training School, at Springfield.
Saturday, October 1st, Hartford High School, at Hartford.
Saturday, October 8th, open date.
Saturday, October 15th, open date.
Wednesday, October 26th, open date.
Monday, October 31st, Wesleyan Academy, at North Wilbraham.
Saturday, November 5th, Pomfret School, at Pomfret Centre.
Saturday, November 12th, Norwich Free Academy, at Norwich.
Saturday, November 19th, Rhode Island State College, at Storrs.
The open dates will be filled and played at Storrs. Season tickets may be obtained from the Manager or Assistant Manager of the Football Association.

Alumni Notes.

Nettleton of '99 and Whitehead (Dairy, '00), expect to fill some of the many silos now building in the vicinity of Washington. For this purpose they have recently purchased an engine.

Ex. '03. McLean, who began the season as one of the pitchers on the Worcester team has abandoned that aggregation and is now pitching for the Plattsburgh's in the Northern New York League. His present address is Fouger House, Plattsburgh, New York.

'87. E. F. Meed and W. S. Lee spent August 17th at the College. They found few persons with whom they were acquainted.


'98. Herbert Kirkpatrick, mail carrier between Storrs, Eagleville, and way stations, resigned his position early in the summer. His successor failed to appear after the first trial days, so Kirk is still serving Uncle Sam.

'01. W. W. Dimock spent the summer at his home in Merrow. He occasionally ventures near the College.

'01. E. P. Brown, of South Manchester, Conn., spent a day at the College in July. Though Pike is not far away we haven't seen him for two or three years.

'02. G. H. Hollister has been to Storrs several times this summer on matters of business.

'02. A. B. Clark after leaving his position in the dairy, spent the summer at his home in Beacon Falls. After a visit to the Exposition, he will enter the University of Wisconsin.

'02. H. L. Bushnell has taken a position with T. F. Downing's as insurance agent in Willimantic. He makes his appearance at C. A. C. about once in two weeks.

College Notes.

'It is with a feeling of satisfaction that we enter upon another term, the first of another year. The class of 1905 now takes its position as the senior party in the college. Of course we hope for much, nothing exceptionally brilliant perhaps, but
if the past history of our class may be taken as a forecast of the future, we may hope for many exciting events in the three terms to come.

Since we all took leave of Storrs in June, another class has taken temporary possession of the many nooks and corners of the C. A. C., the Summer School Class of 1904. For the second time the new dorm was set apart as a domicile for the young ladies, and from its all appearances we are of opinion that the change has been for the better.

Shurtleff, '04, Hollister, Nash, and Welton, '05, Risley and Waters, '06, spent nearly all of the summer vacation at Storrs. Part of them roomed in Agricultural Hall until the attempt to celebrate the Fourth in the building caused their hasty removal.

H. E. Chapman, '06, was last heard of at Ocean Grove, where the board walk and the Auditorium took all his spare time.

F. S. Koons left in July for Topeka, Kansas, where he expects to go to school preparatory to entering Oberlin College, Ohio. We wish our classmate the best of good fortune among his new associates.

We wish at this time to call the attention of all students, both old and new, to the fact that the C. A. C. has the material for a strong football team this season. Some of us may not know what football is yet. It is up to us to find out. Let's not wait till Xmas or next fall, but begin now and turn out for the first game and show our "eleven" that we are watching their efforts, and that we are confident of their success.

The college catalogue for 1904-05 is in many respects similar to the one last year, but contains a larger number of pictures and notes a few changes in schedule. It also takes care to mention the change in the price of board.

While the student vacation has extended from June 15th until September 20th, our overworked professors have, many of them, been compelled to remain and impart some of their knowledge to many of our Connecticut school ma'ms.

Friday, July 22d, witnessed one of the gayest events of the Summer School, the Mid-summer Dance of the Class of 1905. Many of the old-timers returned and the class of "ought to be four" was exceptionally well represented. The school mams were in evidence, and helped to make the affair more pleasant. Regulars, at ten o'clock, forgot to watch the time piece in the hall and did not receive even the gentle reminder of term time. How those who are doomed to another winter of 10 o'clock evenings wished that Summer School might always continue.

Leo. Steckel, editor of our Alumni Notes, went to St. Louis to take a position in the Christian Endeavor Hotel. At the present time he is employed in the Inside Inn, which is situated on the Exposition grounds. This fall Steckel expects to enter the Ohio State University. He was a member of the class of '06, and his loss will probably be regretted by his classmates.

Storrs—modern summer resort and suburban town. All the latest improvements. Gas and electric lights. Fine drives. Thirty minutes from the trains. Can't even guess how far from the trolley. Automobile rides when John isn't busy.
Ask W. Robert why he doesn’t like the pictures of the Summer School. He was separated from nature by only a short sleeved jersey and a pair of trousers. Ask “Put.”

The workman’s table has been a cause of a great deal of worry this summer. Nothing serious has happened, but it has been necessary to have a watchman. The principal topic under discussion, between courses, has been Russia and Japan. For pointers on this perplexing question always refer to the poultryman orator.

It was with great sorrow we learned that Shurt was fired from the cow barn. He has recovered from the shock, and is now rising in the small hours of the day to peddle milk.

Experiments and investigations this summer show that another bulletin is contemplated soon. It will probably relate somewhat to the barn conditions affecting purity of milk.

Three interesting lectures this summer were as follows: Dr. Thom, on “Mushrooms”; Prof. Stocking, on “Bacteria”; and Dr. Conn, on “Molds.”

Officials of the trolley company of Willimantic were in Storrs during the last summer looking over the territory to be covered by the “proposed” trolley line. Let us quote Lincoln: “It is for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us.” “Where there’s life, there’s hope.”

We know of at least three school teachers who discovered ghosts at Storrs. The creamery was the haunted building, although the haunted people are a mystery?

Prof. Gulley supplied the summer school with quantities of sweet peas. It was rumored afterward that he had expected to send them to St. Louis. We feel sorry for him if such was the case.

Put is taking, or has been, many trips to South Willington. Now we know that recreation requires much time, exercise, and shoe leather. We have, therefore, suspected that there must be some great attraction in that neighborhood. But, to our persistent inquiries, he still returns the answer that he is training for football!

The Summer School Social Committee furnished many interesting programmes during their four weeks’ stay. Receptions, card-parties, and dances constituted the principal amusements. The Misses Peck, Johnson, Abbey, Minor, and McDonald were the members of the committee. For class history and other matters of a similar nature confer with the chairman of the committee.

A picnic to Coventry Lake was also an enjoyable event for some. As we are crowded somewhat for space we advise those interested to get Nash to tell all about it.

In speaking about the cottage as a dormitory, one young lady remarked that the cottage was all right only Miss Thomas locked the doors too early.

Mr. Bennet, Buck and Shurt, as members of the Willimantic company, and Oley, of the Danbury company, went South this summer to go through the drill manœuvres at the old battlefield of Bull Run.

The closing exercises of the Summer School took place Friday evening, July
29th. Readings, recitations, and original papers were rendered. After the confer-
ing of the certificates a final dance, under the direction of Shurtleff, '04, was indulged 
in. Shurt is a very competent dancing master.

A Pomological picnic, under the man-
agement of Prof. Gulley, was held at 
C. A. C., August 10th. The day was ex-
ceedingly disagreeable, but about one hun-
don and twenty of Connecticut fruit 
growers were present. Dinner was served 
in the College dining-room at one o'clock. 
In the afternoon speaking was held in the 
chapel, and later the horticultural depart-
ment inspected. It was exactly ten years 
from this date that Prof. Gulley first came 
to Storrs.

As we again find ourselves together, we 
miss the face of one of our most popular 
teachers. Professor Stoneburn accepted a 
position in Waterville, N. Y., and left 
Storrs, August r8th. Beside greatly im-
proving the poultry plant! he has been a 
shining light in all social functions. We 
sincerely regret his departure, and wish 
him the highest success.

Exchanges.

The Delaware Review proved very inter-
esting last month.

The Old Hughes has its good and bad 
points.

The Jayhawker was one of our best ex-
changes last month.

Friend—"In what course does your son 
expect to graduate?"

Father—"In the course of time by the 
looks of things."—Ex.

"Are you hungary"?
"Yes, Siam."—Ex.

Policeman—"Here, Dutchy, why don't 
you water your horse?"

Wilhelm—"Vat is der use? He was a 
bay."—Ex.

"Oh," exclaimed the fair boarder, as a 
couple of calves scampered across the 
meadow, "what pretty little cowlets"!

"You are mistaken, ma'am," said the old 
farmer, "them's bullets."—Ex.

If a cabbage, tomato and hydrant should 
run a race, what would be the result?

The cabbage would come out ahead, the 
tomato would catch up, and the hydrant 
would be still running.

Art and Nature.

Have you ever stood before some famous 
painting, and admired the exquisite work;
the softness of its tones, the light and 
shadow, the subtle blending of its colors?
It may be the work of some great master 
of the palette and brush deposited in a 
museum or in the possession of some fort-
unate rich man, adorning the walls of his 
residence. Why is it admired? Is it be-
cause it is fashionable to have a taste for 
paintings, envy of the pocket-book of the 
one able to purchase such rarities, or be-
cause of the real love of art for art's sake, 
and an appreciation of the beautiful. It is 
a poor soul which shows no love for what 
is beautiful, either, in nature or in art.

When admiring some beautiful produc-
tion of an artist, how many consider what 
his real talent is? It is not by technical 
skill alone that he succeeds in placing his 
colors on the canvas to produce the re-
sults which please the eye, but it is the
speaking of his soul in its love of nature, and a lasting acknowledgment of this love.

But why not admire the beautiful in nature itself as well as when translated to the painter's canvas? I can see a picture. It is a beautiful production of a nature-loving artist. An old mill is the subject. Its crumbling walls with over-creeping vines and the general prevailing spirit of neglect give the scene a magnetic influence. What has been its past history? It has seen days of youth and days of strength, but now it has reached old age. Even the brook which at one time tumbled musically over the huge wheel and rushed madly down the mill-race has grown old. Instead of wildly flowing by and filling the stream from bank to bank it has shrunk to a mere thread. It once tumbled violently over the rocks which obstructed its way, but now it patiently seeks a way around them. Trees and shrubs have overgrown the bank and paths. In spots the brook is almost choked by plant life. This is the artist's picture, but what of the scene as the artist saw it. The artist's picture is lifeless. It will always remain the same. Let us wander through the forest paths to this place, and see it for ourselves. It is outside the village, and we depart from the road. Do we not pass many beautiful scenes on the way? We reach the mill, and we see all the artist painted, but we see much more. How the water as it flows along changes its form. The wind blowing through the branches causing the fluttering of the leaves and hence the variations of the foliage. Now the sun shines brightly and again it creeps behind a cloud, and the effect of the scene is again changed. We may see it by morning, noon and evening. Again we may see it when the soft moonlight is stealing through the trees and among the ruins. However we may see it, it is still our old mill, and the same surroundings, but nature has been putting to test her subtle arts for our pleasure, and great is the beauty and harmony of it all. There is as great and greater harmony in nature as there is in art or music. All life is beautiful and all nature is life. What music is sweeter than the gentle, blowing of the wind through the forest? What song is sweeter than the birds. What blending of colors is more pleasing to the eye than those beauties in nature? What odors are sweeter than those of the wild flower? And all these are constantly changing. One season gliding slowly into another, now Spring, now Summer, Autumn and Winter. P. W. Graff.
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