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Carl M. Sharpe

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
BY THE STUDENTS OF
THE CONNECTICUT AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

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The close of the holiday season finds us more crowded than ever. With nineteen students taking a short course, together with the occasional student who has continually dropped in, the dormitories may be said to be overflowing. At this time also our Legislature is in session and this point will doubtless come up for their consideration. In spite of the advantages which this institution has brought and will bring to our State, the Legislature has in the past been reluctant to appropriate all the money necessary for its betterment. However, perhaps this is symbolical of the Connecticut Yankee, for he, more than any other individual, wishes to see an immediate return for his dollar.

In granting appropriations for our other State institutions, this factor can be readily seen. If such is the case the faculty, students, and alumni must educate our lawmakers to the realization not only of our, but of their own pressing needs.

In another place, the series of lectures at the Hartford Y. M. C. A., delivered by Professors Gulley and Stoneburn, is discussed. We agree that the interest shown by an urban audience, in the subjects of pomology and poultry husbandry, indicate a new and promising field for extension work. But we are likewise pleased to feel assured that the personality, the experience, and reputation of both professors made the courses attractive and successful from the beginning.

The fact that these subjects usually reserved for the farmer, commanded attention from city men, raises the question whether the census reports for the coming decade will show the flow of population from country to city so decidedly. That day, when it shall come, will be a renaissance for the country town, and it will in no wise decrease the prosperity of the city. We think that the tide that has so long set cityward must, sooner or later, under present conditions of transportation and communication, receive a check, and that these old historic towns will regain something of their former importance.
To The Lookout:—

Perhaps the position of an ex-editor of The Lookout would cause me to respond to a call for contributions to the alumni number, more readily than if I had had no active connection with the paper during my course at good old Storrs. Having experienced the joys of hustling about for material, wondering how in the world we could get together enough contributions or other material to fill up the next issue, and then, perhaps, having to throw out at the last moment material which had been solicited on bended knees; these are the experiences of the editor. Being criticised for material which was published, receiving censure for not using such material as failed to find its way into print; seeing a number upon which one had put especial pains lie about on the table perhaps a day or so longer than other numbers before it was relegated to the waste basket and oblivion; scratching one's head in an endeavor to think up some unusually good editorial, and, finally, at the last moment, dashing off a page or two, about which "Monty" would rip and rant until the wee sma' hours and finally let pass after operating upon them for appendicitis or liver complaint, and perhaps yanking a few dislocated joints into shape; such is the editorial life. Our alumni should deem it a privilege and not a duty to be filled; this having a number devoted to greeting, commendation and advice from the has-beens. I hope many will respond.

Let me, then, offer one word of advice, if I may, wrested from my own experience of Connecticut. Do not try to do too much. 'T were better to do a few things to the best of one's ability than to attempt so much that one has neither time nor energy to do any one thing to the best of one's ability. The result of each undertaking will fall short of one's expectations, and it is impossible to do full justice either to the work or to one's self.

But I have said enough. Let me express my appreciation of the work of the present board of editors, and wishing our alma mater and The Lookout a new year overflowing with success and accomplishment,

I am always sincerely yours, Edwin H. Forbush.

* * * * *

Fort Atkinson, Wis., Jan. 8, 1911.

Mr. C. M. Sharpe, Storrs, Conn.

Dear Sir:—I read in the December number of The Lookout that you are soliciting articles from the Alumni.

As I helped start the paper I am somewhat interested in its
welfare and if the enclosed article is of any value to you certainly you are welcome to it.

With best wishes for The Lookout,
I remain very truly yours,

F. K. Comber.

The article referred to above is a clear and competent discussion of Milk Fever. We should have gladly printed it in this number but for the length of some of the other articles. We are glad to hear from Dr. Comber, and to observe that he is evidently a valued contributor to the Veterinary Adviser. We note, too, his name and standing in the editorial succession of The Lookout.


To the Editors of The Lookout:—

You have requested a short account of our western trip and I am pleased to comply with your desire. A trip covering nine thousand miles and extending from ocean to ocean across the United States and back through all the provinces of Canada can not be very fully described in a short paper, but such points as seem to me of especial interest to your readers I shall touch upon.

Mrs. Wheeler accompanied me and our first stay was at Lansing, Mich., with her former room-mate at Oberlin College. Three blocks or so from our house was the state capitol of Michigan, in the basement of which is a museum of relics and mementoes of our wars and of our early history. Among these souvenirs was a Cuban sword (machete) presented to the State by Dr. Nelson S. Mayo, a son of Michigan, who was formerly in our faculty. The Agricultural College is about three miles distant and was easily reached by trolley. I sauntered on to the campus and enquired of a stranger where I could find the secretary's office and someone to show me about the buildings, and the gentleman, learning that I was from the Nutmeg State, said he had had a cousin at a place called Storrs. The cousin referred to is Professor Peebles, also formerly of our faculty. The Michigan college is the oldest agricultural college and one of the best; it has excellent courses in engineering and mechanical lines also, and perhaps the striking thing about this and other western colleges is the excellent equipment of the domestic science department. Here a four-story brick dormitory and science hall had recently been built at a cost of eighty thousand dollars.

Lansing is a manufacturing town of importance. Automobiles are the chief product and the fine new factory of the Reo company
offered a suggestion for our campus, for in large letters on the further side of a spacious lawn were the words, "Lansing-Automobile Town," and an advertisement of the Reo Co., the letters being made of concrete fifteen inches wide and several feet high, and so well proportioned and spaced that the effect was excellent. This plan of advertising we found in two colleges visited later.

At Chicago we rode for a mile along an avenue hemmed in on each side by auto stores and supply houses; it seemed that about every kind of machine was there on sale and also sold and running on that avenue and the fascination of the sport has become so great that a compartment-house, just built, was equipped with auto elevators, so that the machine could be taken up to the rooms and the rental was six hundred dollars a month. Another full mile of boulevard was a sort of double road with beds of flowers in the middle. Chicago has the finest or at least one of the finest park systems in our country and one may ride for miles and miles along the parkways through Jackson Park, the site of the Columbian Exposition, past the University of Chicago, around the city to Lincoln Park, on the lake to the north.

Ames, Iowa, is the seat of the State agricultural college and is a city of the size of Willimantic. The college is easily reached by trolley or by a cinder pathway at the side of the track. Iowa has the largest water-tower in the state and has the finest engineering building west of the Mississippi river but this is not as costly nor as large as the new agricultural hall which was built recently at a cost of nearly four hundred thousand dollars. The old agricultural hall was given over to farm engineering and had an equipment of farm machinery worth twenty thousand dollars. The administration building was palatial in quality and quantity and makes an easterner look in amazement. If we hadn't known we should have thought we were in some state capitol. The rooms were handsomely furnished throughout and electric lighted. The president's office was a room forty feet square, almost equal to the directors' room of a great insurance company in its beauty, and the treasurer's office was as tidy as a bank, and the secretary's practically fireproof. Corn, swine, and beef cattle are among the most important interests of the state and of the college. Iowa has also a ceramics building for teaching the principles of brick and tile-making and their allied products. As Connecticut has important natural resources in this respect some institution might be of service to the state by helping develop them. A new domestic science hall was being built. This state college has nearly 2,400 students, all rooming off from the campus, yet about
16,000 tons of coal are required in heating. Dr. W. W. Dimock, of the class of 1901, at Storrs, is a teacher in the veterinary department, and more recently Dr. A. W. Dox has gone from us to the same institution; a very large part of their teachers are graduates from their institution.

We looked about Cheyenne, Wyoming. Dry farming is the big thing in this state. A large part of the land is still government property and from its looks one would not think it worth having but it has been found in these sections where the annual rainfall is little, say thirteen inches, that by cultivating half the land and letting the other half lie fallow it is possible to conserve the moisture on the fallow part and so get a fair crop once in two years on each half.

We visited Professor E. R. Bennett at Fort Collins, Colorado, which is in the heart of the irrigated lands of northern Colorado. Professor Bennett left us at Storrs to go to Colorado to take up potato investigation. His superior was called to the Rock Island system of railroads to take charge of its agricultural promoting department and Professor Bennett was made head of the horticultural work. Here is the finest course in irrigation engineering to be had anywhere; with a substantial new building for the study of the theory and with 472 acres of college land "under the ditch." The rest of the college farm, comprising 1,300 acres, extends to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, not far away. Water is stored in the mountains and brought in some cases for 40 or 50 miles through mountain gulches in wooden conduits, along expensive canals, across the land and distributed artery-like, through smaller and smaller branches, over a vast area to be spread upon the land. Water is the thing of value and one agent put it, "We sell the water and throw in as much land as the water will cover." Potatoes, onions, cabbages, sugar beets, and other vegetables grow in wonderful luxuriance on these irrigated lands, and so do grasshoppers at times. Last year the grasshoppers were a great plague. I never saw so many before in such small space. I kept quiet for a moment to let them settle and on an estimated area of one square foot there were 25 of the bugs. It is easy to understand how quickly they can eat up a crop of alfalfa reducing a yield from 500 to 300 tons in a few weeks. The grasshopper-catcher, drawn by one horse, caught over 100 bushels in a week. Here is a suggestion of profit for some ambitious poultryman.

Colorado also was building a $50,000 domestic science building, a gift to the state from its senior senator, Simon Guggenheim. This was the third building which that patriotic senator had given to the
State of Colorado and as ballots there are cast by women as well as by men, it was quite fitting that the State Agricultural College should choose for its gift a hall for domestic science.

"Welcome" is the pleasant greeting which meets the visitor's eye as he emerges from the union depot at Denver and this Queen City of the Plains makes you glad to come and sorry to leave. My uncle has lived in twenty different cities, scattered all the way from New York to San Francisco, and his favorite is Denver. We felt that we were quite far west but a tourist who had just come from Los Angeles said she was taking a trip east but that she had reached her destination at Denver and did not want to go any farther east.

I shall have to pass by our side trips to the Rocky Mountains with a mere comment. A ride over the Moffat road brought us to an elevation of 11,000 feet where the mountain tops are perpetually covered with snow and another more scenic ride, another day, lifted us to the top of Mt. McClellan, 14,007 feet high. My uncle and I walked to a still higher peak from which we could see Pike's Peak, 75 miles to the south. The day was clear and the vast, treeless, uninhabited mountains, extending far to the north, formed the grandest panorama of mountain scenery imaginable, superior even to the Pike's Peak view.

Salt Lake City was the most interesting place on our trip. We arrived towards night, found our hotel, and took a train for Saltair, twelve miles distant on Salt Lake. All along the sides of the track was the so-called alkali-land which has so large a percentage of salt that no vegetation will grow upon it. Any land in this western country, whose waters are moving upward through the soil and evaporating at the surface, is likely to become unproductive through too much alkali being left in the soil. At the sides of the roadbed further along were large plots of level land upon which water from Salt Lake is pumped and allowed to evaporate, depositing the salt. Ten carloads a day are produced in this way for the Salt Lake as its name implies is very salty—about one-fifth salt. As soon as one is in the water the drops, splashed upon the face and evaporated, deposit the salt crystals and the water is so buoyant that swimming is very easy—you cannot sink—and you need not fear Jonah's fate for no fish can live in such a brine. The lake is eighty miles long, is supplied by streams of fresh water and loses its water only by evaporation.

July 24th, instead of 4th, is the big day in Utah; for on this day, in 1847, Brigham Young with 147 men, three women and some chil-
dren, after fifteen months' travel from Nauvoo, Ill., settled here in the wilderness. Everywhere is evidence of his guidance and genius. Whatever one may think of his marriage-notions, he cannot doubt the great ability of Brigham Young as a leader, for he made this desert land fruitful, he laid out the city and designed and built a theatre, a tabernacle and a temple. The tabernacle seats 10,000 people, is of the shape of a half watermelon, and has such acoustic properties that listening 250 feet away from the platform we heard distinctly a pin dropped on the floor. At noon here we gave attention for an hour to a program of the finest church music played upon one of the best pipe organs in the world. The temple was forty years in building but is never open to visitors. Here, according to the Mormon guide, about 400 worshippers or priests go through certain rites on behalf of their ancestors. B. Young taught that activity was the foundation of happiness: his emblem was the bee-hive, and the word "deseret," which is very common in Salt Lake City, is Egyptian for honey-bee. Professor Carver, of Harvard, is reported in the papers to have figured the average man economically as worthless because in a community studied by him nothing was saved. In what strong contrast to this is the history of the Mormon people, for it was told to me that the average gain of the Mormon adults during all the years since 1847, was $1,100 per year each. The substantial character of the buildings and the air of prosperity which permeated the city confirmed the statement. Young held the record for wives, with a string of nineteen. We saw some of the homes in which they lived: three wives lie buried beside him near the temple. Polygamy is now prohibited by law and according to the statement of our Mormon guide is not practiced. Quantity is giving way to quality. Forty-five per cent. of the population is Mormon so that it is fair to assume that about every other woman you see there is of that cult. The women impressed me as under normal in intelligence, and good looks. One might think that he was far enough from home to be released from home influences but as we alighted from the sight-seeing trip we found a party of sixty-eight in the city from Bridgeport, Conn., and it seemed good to see some old friends.

It was seven hundred and eighty odd miles to southern California and the temperature on the desert was 118 degrees and for two hours at midday we rode across a stretch of white sand so fine and dusty that the windows had to be closed lest everyone should be choked by the dust. Nothing but sage brush and greasewood and an occasional cactus plant grows in the desert. Excepting the mines here and there in the mountains and the deposits of borax this country seems useless. One feels as though he were going through
Hades. Towards night we came down the steep grades into the valleys where the orange groves grow and for fifty miles we rode through orange groves and grape vineyards. These favored lands lie between foothills and are not very wide in extent, possibly five miles on the average. We reached Los Angeles at sunset and went to Pasadena for the night. Here we visited the Cawston Ostrich Farm, the Saint Gabriel Mission which was founded about 1760, and the beautiful residence portions of the city. Pasadena is the Newport of the west. We passed the Dominguez aviation field where only a few days ago that daring flyer, Hoxie, came to an untimely end.

Los Angeles is the cheapest city we visited; meals and rooms in a hotel of the standard of a good eastern hotel can be had at about one-half the cost. Food products are abundant and varied; fresh figs and melons and tangerines and casavas and seedless grapes were in the market and one may eat strawberry shortcake all the year round at normal cost. There is no need of an overcoat and as the temperature is practically the same summer and winter, the inhabitants are comfortable in the same weight of clothing in all months.

It is a full day’s ride to San Francisco. We passed across the oil belt and saw many derricks over the wells which are driven even in the Pacific Ocean. Over the mountains and down the long valley we came at night to San Jose, the home of the scale, to Palo Alto, where Leland Stanford, Jr. University is situated and through the greatest apple region on earth, to our destination. Rich experiences await the visitor here but we must pass on. A ride of twenty-four hours brought us into southern Oregon. At every station our train was delayed in taking on boxes of peaches which were being expressed to Portland, 400 miles to the north. Peaches here were worth thirty-five cents to forty cents a box and though at their destination they brought $1.00 or more, the difference went mostly into the pocket of the transportation company. We alighted at Merlin and were met by Mr. Archer C. Ford, of our class of 1885, with whom we spent a day at his farm in the Rogue River valley. Mr. Ford has been there twenty-two years and is one of the substantial citizens of the section, a man highly respected by his neighbors. The soil is rich in potash and phosphoric acid, and fruits of all sorts grow in wonderful quantities. The soil is not irrigated and the area upon which trees are set out is a very limited one lying close by the river.

At Portland we spent a few hours in looking about the city and called upon Mr. C. S. Chapman, ’98, who is now district forester and has a very responsible position. We stopped at Hood River, one of
the finest of the irrigated sections, and rode five miles into the country. Orchards, four years old, are selling at $1,000 an acre, and on this basis may reasonably be expected to yield $350 an acre yearly profit after a short period. The profit from some orchards has actually been double this amount, we were told. The University Club has a membership of more than 500, and the great success of this section as an apple producer must be assigned in part to the co-operative methods of the producers.

From here we went to Spokane and traced our way through the provinces of Canada. From the Rocky Mountains eastward to Winnipeg is a vast grain field with scarcely a tree or lake to be seen. It is some hundreds of miles to the north of our line that Miss O. Cecil Smith, who was with us last year, has gone to teach in the University of Alberta at Edmonton. It is cold in winter but they say not very cold, not over twenty to thirty below zero, and then not for very long periods at a time, usually not more than three or four weeks. In Winnipeg water pipes are buried eight feet deep to prevent freezing.

In conclusion, we have a large country, but only one acre in a thousand is of any use, west of the Rocky Mountains; the railroads have been great promoters of colonization of the agricultural lands; the hindrances and discouragements there are about as great as here, the co-operative methods are worth adopting, and the same energy and up-to-date methods applied in New England I believe will give as good results. So here’s to New England, the greenest, prettiest portion of our land. Our markets are accessible and unsurpassed. Our fruits excel in flavor if not in color. Our soil fertility is improving and therefore our ultimate success agriculturally is assured.

Very truly yours,

Charles A. Wheeler.

A TENNESSEE WEDDING.

The severe winter drew to an end and early peeped the arbutus, over all the mountain sides of Walden Ridge. Scarcely had the fragrance of the arbutus died away, before the loveliness of the dogwood and azalia burst forth and the mocking bird and thrushes uttered melodies so full of joy and happiness that it seemed as if the whole world took up the song. Another April day was drawing to a close, and as the sun in its gorgeous splendor sank beyond the next range of mountains, a peace and quietness stole over the little community and all were well content.

Suddenly, Cordie Human, a poorly clad mountain girl of about
eighteen appeared. Her face was beaming with unusual joy and excitement. Hanging her head shyly to one side she uttered in breathless haste—

“I want that you all should come to our house, to-night; my sister Rosie, she’s agoin’ to get married.”

“Why Cordie, you don’t mean to-night, do you, we did not know about it before; how long has she expected to have it to-day?”

“Oh,” replied the mountain girl, “we all didn’t know about it, either. But she is, about half-past seven. We were all down in the valley aplantin’ and Tuesday, Rosie, she said she would be agettin’ married Saturday. And do you know, we all have done her sewing and cleaned and papered the house this week.”

“Papered your house, why Cordie, isn’t that fine,” one of the surprised teachers managed to say.

“Yes, ma’am, we done papered it and we all is ready; tell it to all the teachers, we want that they should come.”

Away Cordie flew, face alight with anticipation, and to every one she met, she uttered her cordial invitation. “I want that you all should come to my house, my sister Rosie, she’s agoin’ to get married.”

After this, there were heard plans and discussion. The village boasted of two stores and so we next considered a wedding present. A collection was taken up, and then with speed we gathered at the store and selected a glass sugar bowl, butter dish, and pitcher. These proved to be the most elaborate of all the gifts. The dormitory girls were delighted to have a little fun so unusual as a wedding, and so they eagerly donned fresh dresses for the occasion. As twilight fell about twenty girls and teachers started along the mountain path to the little cabin not far distant.

Cordie’s home consisted of a plain, unpainted shack with two rooms and a loft. As we drew near, the bright light and moving figures within gave the home a festive appearance. But as we stepped over the threshold, a wave of pity swept through our expectant hearts. They had indeed papered the walls, but alas, it was only with clean newspapers purchased at the second-hand store. The house was decked with broken glasses and vases containing small, stiff bunches of wild azalia.

We received a cordial greeting from the father who was in his shirt sleeves and was collarless, for the simple reason that he owned neither coat nor collar. The mother had put on a clean calico waist which was pinned together.

We made our way to a corner of the room and waited a few moments for the bridal couple who entered from the little kitchen
I with hands tightly clasped. The bride apparently felt much elated in her new white duck skirt and mended waist from a recent missionary barrel.

The minister read the service very impressively and so the young people were united in Holy Matrimony amid the crudest of surroundings.

On the way back to the hall, we spoke but little. The solemn service in the humble, little home had made its impression. We realized more than ever before—"'T is neither wealth nor grandeur, but it is the love in the heart which doth make happiness in this world of ours."

Mr. E. O. Smith,

Connecticut Agricultural College, Storrs, Conn.

Dear Sir:—Have just received your letter of October 31st and was very glad to hear from the college. When I left the college expecting to go to Cuba, I found the times very bad there, and an uprising expected, so I had to change my plans. The eleventh of that May I went to Wilmington, Vt., and had charge of the golf grounds, tennis courts, and Garden of the Forest and Stream Club of that place. After the season was over there, I went to South Easton, Neb., to work on a small ranch of one thousand acres. Some of it was grazing, some planted to corn and one hundred and twenty acres to alfalfa. I helped put up the last crop of alfalfa. Alfalfa at this particular place averaged four tons to the acre, and they cut four crops a year.

I worked at different things in Nebraska, such as construction work on the railroad, raising and lowering the rails, shucking corn in the field with a two-horse team, and leaving the stalks standing. I stayed in Nebraska until the first of December, learning what I could about raising and fattening cattle for market, also about farming and the farming implements used there.

The first of December I started for Fleming, Colo., a little prairie town in the northeastern part of the State. It was right where the sand hills and prairie meet and no trees. As I wanted to learn the cattle business from start to finish I went to work on a ranch two and one-half miles northeast of the town and right in the sand hills. These sand hills border the Platte river for miles, which was nine miles north of the ranch. There were four or five boys and the boss at the ranch which consisted of between four and five thousand acres of land. We ranged eighteen hundred head of cattle
and about seventy head of horses and mules. Starting in then the first of December I rode until about the first of June for this ranch, covering a territory larger than the state of Connecticut, from the Platte river on the north to the head waters of the Republican river on the south. I have seen it thirty degrees below zero at Yuma, Colo.

I came back East the first of June to see my folks, intending to go back, but while here I received an offer from my uncle who is in the mining machinery business, and so I remained in the East.

I am working and doing some studying in connection with it.

I have heard very little from the college since I left, and would like to hear from it any time, for it helped me a great deal.

I remain respectfully yours,

Oscar B. Hendryx.

* * * * *

A fellow scarcely realizes the difference between Connecticut and one of the larger colleges until he leaves C. A. C. and enters another college.

About the first thing that was impressed upon my mind—also other parts of my anatomy—was that a Rensselaer freshman is about the smallest, most worthless individual that ever existed; and that he must go three blocks out of his way to avoid using the Approach—a large flight of stone steps leading from Broadway to the campus, to say nothing of the hundred and one other similar rules, which are religiously kept.

The whole student life is different here; the fellows board anywhere about the town; there is no study hour, inspection, or anything of the kind. However, it is very seldom that one meets a student on the street very late in the evening, except from Friday until Sunday. No one compels us to stay in, but they do compel us to have a certain amount of studying done for class the next day; and that certain amount of studying is usually enough to keep us going until it is rather late to go out walking, to say the least.

I don't want to give the impression that there is no fun, and all work at Rensselaer. Because we do have a plenty of fun. The first Saturday that we were here the annual Cane Rush was held. The regulation uniform for this rush is a good thick coat of axle greese. The object is to pull the clothes off of any one who has been so foolish as to wear them, and to get hold of the cane, if possible. The class having the greatest number of hands on the cane at the end of seven minutes wins the rush. Any time during the first term the Flag Rush is held. The freshmen put up a flag, of certain size,
anywhere within three miles of the campus, post a notice on the bulletin board, and then try to keep the flag up for twenty-three hours. There is also the Hill Rush; the sophomores are stationed on the side of a steep hill in town—it is fully a thirty per cent. grade, and the freshmen have to get at least one-fifth of their number to the top of the hill inside of half an hour to win the rush. This rush is always held at night.

In the second term comes the Sleigh Rush. One-half of the freshman class must leave Troy in sleighs; hold a banquet, and return to Troy, or rather one freshman, or one bob of the sleigh with one horse must get to the starting point before time for classes the next morning. The freshmen usually find more difficulty in getting the sleighs than in getting away from the sophomores. There are several other rushes, such as the sophomore banquet in which the freshmen try to capture the speakers of the evening, the sophomore officers, and any other soph. they can lay their hands on, say nothing of any refreshments that might be left unguarded.

But to come back to the "Tute," it is the oldest engineering school in the country. The equipment is the best that can be had. I don't think that the instruction could be greatly improved, either. Although there are more students in one class here than the whole enrolment at Connecticut, the number reciting at once is smaller than at Connecticut; there seldom being as many as twenty in a class at one time, unless it is at lecture, where in the freshman class there are a few over a hundred and fifty at once.

They work us pretty hard; but that is what we came for, so can't complain. Seventy-five per cent. is the passing mark; no cuts are allowed, an absence from recitation means zero, which is pretty apt to mean a flunk for that week. For three weeks before exams. we review all the subjects that we have had the previous term; each subject being reviewed a day for each week that it had been taught during the term.

Although there is a plenty of room for improvement in the school spirit here it is better than at Connecticut. I think that one reason is that the class rushes bind the fellows in each class together and make them forget their little differences in fighting their common enemies, then, too, there are class fraternities and if a fellow be against you because he is in another big fraternity, he is for you because he is a member of your class fraternity. Also, there are so many big fraternities that the school comes first.

All of the student activities are carried on under one head: the Students' Union, which corresponds to our A. A., Lookout Board, Tennis Club, and all under the same head, but each one as separate
from the others as if it were independent. Thus if football runs in
the hole, something else makes it up.

I could write a whole lot more about the place if I had the time.
But will be glad to see any of the fellows who can take the trip out
here. There will always be room to keep a fellow for a few days, as
I said, I shall be mighty glad to see any of you.

XXX

Alumni Notes

'88. C. H. Savage is improving his herd with thoroughbred
Jerseys. One, a daughter of Lady Letty Victor, is well-known to
Jersey breeders.

'00. Christie J. Mason attended the meeting of the Society of
American Bacteriologist held at Ithaca, N. Y., December 28-30. W.
A. Stocking, '95, and Fritz Koenig, '05, were also there.

'02. James B. Thwing is now manager of the Library Bureau of
Canada. His address is 45 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

'05. Irving W. Patterson, junior member American Society Civil
Engineers, has resigned his position of resident engineer with the
State Board of Public Roads of Rhode Island to accept a place as
assistant engineer with Arthur H. Blanchard, consulting highway
engineer, Providence, Rhode Island.

'06. Clinton J. Grant, who for the past two years has been
cheese-maker at the college, has resigned to accept a position as as-
sistant agronomist at the Ohio State College, Columbus, Ohio. His
address is 161 West 10th Street. This is the work in which he
specialized at Cornell, and we wish him all success.

'08. H. J. Bothfeld visited the college, January 2-3.

'09. The age of wonders has not yet ceased. It will be of in-
terest to the members of the class of 1909 and others to learn that
Oliver F. Kilham, Jr., is taking a business course at the Alberta
College, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. Miss O. C. Smith is one of the instructors there.

'10. R. F. Flint is taking a special course at the Oregon Agricultural College. His address is 312 South 10th Street, Corvallis, Oregon.

Ex. '10. E. A. Hall visited at the college, January 1st and 2d.

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**DEPARTMENT NOTES**

**EXTENSION WORK.**

Arrangements were recently made between the Hillyer Institute on the one hand, and the college, the Pomological Society, the Poultry Association, on the other, for a series of twelve lectures on pomology, and the same number on poultry husbandry. Of these lectures six were assigned to Prof. Gulley and six to Prof. Stoneburn. These lectures were made in the nature of an experiment, and upon the success of the lecturers in arousing and maintaining interest in their subjects depended the continuance of these courses another year.

The entrance upon this field by the Hillyer Institute constitutes a new departure. It introduces agricultural topics into a school designed and maintained to reach the young men of the City of Hartford. It is conceivable that lectures on such topics might fail to draw support sufficient to warrant their maintenance. The experiment, therefore, roused considerable interest at the college, and we are gratified that the lectures commanded the interest of classes of considerable size, there being about forty men in regular attendance; that the interest was well sustained; that the Hartford papers commended the courses and the lectures; and that the formal thanks of the classes and the authorities of the Hillyer institute were given to both professors. This is an interesting and suggestive experiment in extension work, and it is understood that plans for a fuller course will be prepared for next year.

It is, perhaps, possible that the time, when the consolidation of almost all lines of business makes many of the young men of the cities feel that there may, after all, be better opportunities for in-
dependence in country than in city life, is already come or is fast approaching. While some of those attending these classes came from towns about Hartford, the most of them were from the city itself, thus showing the interest of city men in these and kindred subjects. It is clear that there is here an added field to be filled by an Extension Department.

**FARM DEPARTMENT.**

The newly purchased Percheron mares, Kathleen, No. 40,478; Susie, No. 40,487; Moochina, No. 55,352 and Viola, No. 55,351, have arrived in good condition. They will be given light work at first, but when they have come acclimatized, will be put into a regular routine. These animals will be a valuable addition to the Animal Husbandry course, as they are very select stock.

The product of our porcine family, that is the part at the piggery, was marketed in December, over a ton of pork being sold. Several more pigs will be butchered before spring.

A pair of Berkshire pigs was recently sold to Dr. M. B. Pressey, of Wallingford, Conn.

No ice has been harvested as yet. The fickleness of the winter weather having prevented the formation of a satisfactory product.

A strenuous day was put in by horses and drivers when the students returned from the winter vacation. Many of the students were obliged to walk as there was no room for them in the vehicles. Those who rode, however, found the journey a long and tedious one as the unusual amount of mud made progress very slow.

**EXPERIMENT STATION NOTES.**

The samples of corn recently exhibited at the meeting of the State Board of Agriculture meeting in Waterbury, have been received by the college and will be used by Prof. Clinton in connection with his class work in farm crops.

Mr. George E. Stickney, of Boston, Mass., has presented the college a bushel of selected ears of his flint corn. Those who attended the N. E. Corn Exposition at Worcester will remember the most excellent exhibit made by Mr. Stickney, this exhibit not competing for any prizes.

A Standard seed tester has recently been purchased in connection with the class instruction in testing seeds for purity and germination. This seed tester is built entirely of metal, is provided with moisture tanks, incubator lamps and thermometers and is a ten-drawer outfit. It will be of special value in connection with the seed investigation.
POULTRY DEPARTMENT.

The incubating and brooding facilities of the plant have been greatly increased by the installment of some new apparatus. This includes three Cyphers, model 1911, incubators of sixty, one hundred and twenty, and two hundred and twenty egg capacity, respectively; one Cyphers, model 1911, colony brooder and a Cyphers, model 1911, portable brooder equipment. An interesting and attractive addition to the plant are the two pairs of Parlor Tumblers. These are trained and skillful performers and besides being very attractive at exhibitions, will be very useful in demonstrations on breeding.

A Rhode Island Red cockerel has been purchased from the Bailey plant at Cobalt, Conn.

The poultry short course this year promises to be a record-breaker. Its enrolment is the largest in the history of the college, some of the students coming from states as far away as Missouri. Brooder houses and equipment are being subjected to a severe overhauling in preparation for the coming students. The Stoneburn trapnest, which has been viewed so favorably by many competent judges, is being installed in several houses. Professor Stoneburn and President Beach spent two days at the Madison Square Poultry Show of recent date.

X X X

COLLEGE NOTES

Lieut. Churchill is giving a series of lectures to the military company this term. Target practice will also constitute a part of the winter's drill.

X X X X

The number of plant species now known is estimated by Professor Charles E. Bessey at two hundred and ten thousand. He points out that about eighteen years ago, Saccardo found the number known to be one hundred and seventy-one thousand and concluded that it would reach four hundred thousand, including two hundred and fifty thousand fungi, in one hundred and fifty years, by which
time botanists might be expected to find all species in existence. Linnaeus, one hundred and fifty years before Saccardo, knew eight thousand five hundred and fifty-one species.

Professor—"Who was the first man?"
Student—"Washington; he was first in war, first in ———."
Professor—"No, no, Adam was the first man."
Student—"Oh, if your talking of foreigners, I suppose he was."

Phil Seeley is back with us again. Once more Storrs Hall is in commotion and everyone on going to bed makes sure that all doors and windows are barred and locked. He has been given command of the "shorthorn" batallion and has been drilling them daily in the art of water-throwing.

Prof. Smith (in English)—"What is the matter with this sentence: 'He was the founder of the combination of the manufacturers of that necessary of life, oatmeal?'"
Ferrer (absent mindedly)—"The oatmeal."

F. S. Wolverson, of East Orange, New Jersey, has come here to take a regular course in agriculture.

Much good skating has been enjoyed, affording considerable much needed practice for the hockey-team.

Professor in Phys—"I guess that about all the iron in a person's body is combined with copper in the form of brass."
In Rural Economics—"One yearling bull, $100.00."
White—"How old is that bull?"

E. G. Wessels, who was compelled to leave school right after the Thanksgiving vacation on account of illness, has returned for the short course.

First Shorthorn—"Did you hear anything about the basketball game?"
Second Shorthorn—"Yes, our team made four runs."

Our lieutenant in one of his lectures told us not to drink water when away from the college grounds. We all agree with him.
Waiter (seeing a calendar in the serving room)—"You fellows ought to provide yourselves with an alarm clock rather than with a calendar."

The Structure of a Potato—A potato is made up of little spaces of nothing surrounded by hair-like nothing; inside of this hair-like thing, there are little spots of something. M., '13.

Duffy (just waking up)—"I just dreamed that we had electric lights in Storrs Hall."
Sharpie—"Turnover and go to sleep; your stomach is out of order."

When does a farmer act with great rudeness toward his corn? When he pulls its ears.

A book recently written by President Beach, entitled "Back to Storrs," or "Stuck in the Mud," has just gone to press. Those who returned from their Christmas vacation by way of South Coventry are anxiously awaiting its return from the printer.

Intercollegiate Notes.

The authorities of Harvard College have just compiled statistics which tend to show the superiority of public schools as nurseries for scholars compared with private schools. The figures show that out of one hundred and seventy-eight of first and second group scholars in the Harvard under-graduate body, only seven men were fitted at the seven leading private schools of New England. That is, Groton, St. Mark's, St. Paul's, St. George's, Milton, Middlesex and Pomiret, all schools of the highest standing, average to send only one scholar each to Harvard. This is a pitiful showing for private schools, and a correspondingly satisfactory one for the public schools. The cause for that is given, not because the sons of rich men or men of ample means are deficient in their thinking power, they simple refuse to apply themselves. They are more attracted by the social side of college life.

The song book to-day of the College of Liberal Arts of the Boston University is renewing its efforts to procure more material to
THE LOOKOUT

publish a B. U. Song Book. Already many new songs have been accepted by the committee. It is expected that the book will be ready by the last of January.

Money affairs at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology are in a desperate state. According to reports, unless the incoming legislature can be prevailed upon to provide a yearly grant of one hundred thousand dollars for the institute, it will face a yearly deficit to that amount.

Beginning February first, every young woman of the home economic department of the University of Missouri, who takes a course in testing fabrics, must roll up her sleeves and work over a washtub; each student will have a locker in the laboratory which will contain a tub, washboard, soap and chemicals. It is the aim of the university to teach the effect of starch, bluing and other chemicals on clothing. Later, the laboratory will be equipped with an electric washing machine.

Athletics

CONNECTICUT, 24. CYCLERS, 35.

The basketball team opened the season by playing the Cyclers of Willimantic. The game was played in the Armory on Valley Street, Willimantic, before a good-sized crowd of people, and was a fast game.

Every man on our team was new to the floor and from the showing they all made, it is apparent that the college will have one of the best basketball fives for years. The players were quiet, game and full of ginger and when they have had the opportunity to play on a few large floors will get together and perfect good team play.

The score at the end of the first half was 13 to 11, in favor of the Cyclers. During the second half a number of changes were made, Selden being put in center for our team.

Lineups and summary: T. C. C.—Card, rf; Lewis, If; Morse and Lyman, c; Mellor and Rosebrooks, lb; Wood and Morse, rh.
C. A. C.—Geehan, lb; Healey, rb; Howard and Selden, c; Zellar, if; White, rf.


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