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PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
BY THE STUDENTS OF

THE CONNECTICUT AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

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Football Team, 1913.

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1913, School of Agr.—B. P. Storrs.
1914, School of Agr.—R. F. Merrill.

*On leave of absence.
Spring is with us again and the return of robin redbreast warns us that a school year is again two-thirds behind us. Three months more and the seniors must bid good-by to the Connecticut Agricultural College where for three short years life full of fun, teeming with an exuberance of spirits, has been spent in the pursuit of the secrets of Nature. Where but at an agricultural college can one get in such close accord with the laws of Nature in her many aspects? How can one study the sciences of biology, physics and chemistry without becoming more appreciative of the fact that Truth and Truth only is ruler of the universe? With such a training our seniors cannot fail to become leaders in that most natural pursuit of man, agriculture.

May a warm glow of appreciation and thankfulness characterize this their last spring season at Storrs! As graduation approaches, let us all be drawn together in a firm resolution to reflect naught but honor and prestige on our college, the best college!

In this issue appears a contribution from one of the alumni. It is entitled, "South America As I Saw It," and is written in the language one uses when trying to describe things just as they are. South American conditions are plainly stated and those considered have a special interest to agricultural students. Opportunities in South America seem to be as numerous and promising as in our country. People able to put up with trying climatic conditions and willing to expend a reasonable amount of energy can probably succeed as rapidly there as here. But adverse forces are at work against the farmer in South America as surely as elsewhere in the world. Insects, drought, and poor land reduce yields, and lack of agricultural co-operation in marketing and purchasing means more for the middleman and less for the producer. Yet South America is full of undeveloped resources which, according to Mr. Card, give promise of rich returns when exploited.
Paul Revere

It is through Longfellow's poem, "Paul Revere's Ride," that we get a hint of the dramatic opening of the American Revolution. All of us know of Paul Revere's midnight dash through the streets of Lexington and Concord on the memorable night of April 18, 1775, but fewer know the life history of this patriot. Paul Revere was the son of a French Huguenot refugee who came to America in 1702, at the age of thirteen. He studied the trade of goldsmith. He married an American girl and on December 21, 1734, Paul was born. He received his early education from the famous Master Tileston at the "North Grammar School." When his education was completed he entered his father's shop to learn the trade of goldsmith. While here he showed his talent for engraving and in the course of his life he made many famous copperplate engravings. He first appeared in public life about the time of the passage of the Stamp Act. Being popular among his fellows he was often chosen as messenger to carry important letters from Boston to Philadelphia or New York.

At the secret meeting held before the "Boston Tea Party," Revere was one of the guards that prevented the landing of the ships and unloading of the cargo. When the king closed the harbor, Revere made a trip to the southern colonies to get aid for Massachusetts. It was the following year that he made his midnight ride to warn the Americans of the approach of the British. During this ride he was taken prisoner but in the confusion he escaped. During the early part of the war he noticed that the carriages of the large guns were easily broken by bullets. This led him to invent a new form of carriage which was a great improvement. In reward for this he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel of a regiment of artillery, in which office he performed several important services.

In 1779 Revere retired from the army and set about the manufacture of gunpowder at Canton, Massachusetts; this was the only source of this necessary material other than Philadelphia.

In 1801 he started the first copper rolling mill in America. It was at this mill that the plates for the boiler of Robert Fulton's steamboat were rolled.

Revere was prominent in the Order of Masons and was organizer of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts.

His illustrious life ended May 10, 1818, at the ripe age of eighty-three. Paul Revere was a man for the times; and the times developed Paul Revere as he was. His works are history, and his personality is a profitable and inspiring study for all who regard public worth, and private virtue and integrity.

JOHN W. RICE, '16.
A knowledge of the life of Burns is presupposed. It will be necessary, however, to present the salient features in this meteoric career, for in truth he was a veritable comet in literature. Born of peasant folk, his rise from an unschooled Ayrshire ploughman of the Scottish Highlands, to the first poet of the British Empire, brought him in juxtaposition to the gay life of the city, and to this he easily succumbed.

Burns was continually exposed to temptation under that old system of hospitality, where a guest never left his host's table in the same condition in which he sat down to it. The occasions of special merriment were never complete unless the wit and eloquence of Burns was called in to enliven these orgies. Later, when he retired to Dumfries, he was busily employed during the day in his duties as an exciseman, but in the evening his love for companionship and excitement found him habitually at the public tavern. Here were collected that conglomeration of individuals; tourists, idealists and cronies who welcomed him with pleasure and even flattery to which he was susceptible. Such a medley can always be found when a brilliant man becomes his weaker self.

Burns has been severely and bitterly condemned by the world for these indiscretions, which were merely the exuberance of a youthful spirit with no guiding hand. These indiscretions should, as later generations will surely agree, be forgiven. The pinnacle which Scotch poetry and ballads reached under his gifted hand should ever be considered before such petty vices as winebibbing. Think of the master mind and brain in all the British Isles, forced to gauge ale tubs for a livelihood, then reflect on the haughty Dumfries aristocracy who snubbed him at every opportunity. It is truly remarkable that Burns did not become the ardent misanthropist that Lord Byron became under similar conditions.

A few words of criticism on Carlyle's popular essay on Burns would not be amiss. The work is distinctly Carlyle's; no accusation of plagiarism could be countenanced against it. The complete phantasmagoria reveals Carlyle's well-known characteristics; a panegyrist of the highest type, and possessed of graphomania to such an extent as to make the work repugnant to the average student.

Yet often from a redundant mass there suddenly flashes a metaphor that well repays the reading. "The blackest desperation now gathers over him, broken only by the red lightnings of remorse. The whole fabric of his life is blasted asunder." How different is Sir Walter Scott's description of Burns, as compared to an extravagant
writer of Carlyle's type. It must be remembered, however, that although both belong to the same period in literature, Scott found favor as a novelist, while Carlyle sought fame as a critic and reformer.

L. M., '15.

XXX

TERRIFIC FARMING

"Back to the land! Back to old mother nature!" This cry rings from Union to South station, from Battery Park to Harlem river, and wherever it is heard men pause in their grafting, women cease their gossiping and pack up for the farm. Some people start at sight of their own shadows, thinking some grotesque object is near, when in reality it is but their own reflection; others stand unmoved gazing at opportunity, pleasure, sorrow, pain, in fact, nothing save the call of the land can move them. Who shall say it is kind Providence that prompts them to do so? Any one who has any doubt as to the wisdom of the move has but to consult a suburban realty man or a man who can make farming pay and wishes to sell out. The answer will come quick and true, "There's nothing like it." One has but to sow the spring and reap the autumn ears. If the reaping should come up to the reality man's prediction, how L. H. Bailey would again study elementary agriculture!

Generally the farm-crazed individual has completed a course with the "Infernal" Correspondence School. If so, he has nothing more to learn as the course is concise and practical. He knows just what a good farm should possess. He knows that his farm must have a southern inclosure for onions and that cowslips radiate more moisture when inclosed by the south. You see a thorough correspondence training puts one in touch with all the ins and outs connected with the course he pursues.

"He must look well to the drainage of his fields." He is somewhat disconcerted at seeing no manholes, although not mentioned in his course. He can no more imagine drainage being accomplished without manholes than a city block surviving without a delicatessen store. The omission he readily excuses in return for the explicit way the soil problem is disclosed to him. He delves into the texture of his soil. "Sand is much coarser than silt and silt is coarser than clay." He decides he possesses a silt loam soil. He is perfectly satisfied that it is not clay because being a farmer he has no desire to raise statues.

His daughter is more artistic than her father. She pictures herself a veritable Sylvia standing with uncovered feet in a field of sweet
smelling clover. Wait until she feels that stubble! Her graceful
ankles bare and brown and ever ready her small, collapsible drinking
cup. She does not expect to let the judge slip by! She has talked it
all over with her brother, a youth whose aspiration it is to move out
and show the “rubes” some up-to-date farming. It seems quite hard
to shake his fellow counter jumpers but deep down he realizes the
emptiness of city life and so decides to change his pills for a corn cob,
his “Police Gazette” for an almanac, his “Truly Warner” for a broad
brimmed shade and to hike for the tall timbers and the water wagon.
He has seen something in his father’s pamphlets on hydraulic rams
and expects raise mutton.

Least considered but most concerned, Mrs. Newllymade Farmer
is tired of stepping from her doorway to the sidewalk and seeing her
children dodging joy rides and trolley cars. She is tired of hearing
that everlasting upstairs Victor thunder the Toreador song and the
downstairs player-piano bang the Maiden’s Prayer, and the outside
hurdy-gurdy rattle Ragtime Cowboy Joe. She resolves to be a slave
to church no longer. Of course she may take part in home missions,
enter the sewing circle and lecture to the ladies on canning without
benzoate of soda and on furloughs for married teachers and speak at
the girls’ club urging that the woman’s place is at home, but to take
active part in anything outside her home she will not.

Thus we see them on the eve of their departure for the world of

To Mr. Southwick, as the latest member of the faculty, we wish
to extend a welcome.

A dash of rain, a splash of mud,
A blade of grass, a busting bud,
And spring has came.
—From a Freshman’s poetical memoirs.
Mr. Schulze has started a fish market in the botany lab. The most palatable of his delicacies consists of snails, pumpkin seeds, and tadpoles. We wish him success, but warn him to keep away from Willimantic without a license, and to be on the lookout for the fish and game commission.

Five hundred dollars reward for the capture, dead or alive, of the Bulletin board fiend. Our sanctum sanctorum has been desecrated. Notices, chapel seatings, demerits, etc., may now be questioned as to their authenticity.

Mr. Pfennig, the boy mathematician, has done much toward making the physics room attractive by his bright, supernal smile.

We wonder why Mr. Mitchell goes to Washington every other week-end. Keep them guessing, "Mitch."

Mr. R. C. Ackerman has been elected class president 1916.

The College Glee Club announces that a formal outdoor concert will be given on the evening of May 30th. This will be the last appearance of the Glee Club this year. The best concert ever presented by a Connecticut Agricultural College Glee Club may be expected.

Our Glee Club has come to be a very strong organization, but since a large number of members leave at the end of the spring term, it is evident that more members than usual of the under classes must respond to the call of next year's director, if the rising prestige of the club is to continue.

“What Happened to Jones,” is the next play to be presented by our College Dramatic Club. It will be given in the College chapel on the evening of June 1st. Candidates for the Dramatic Club will be kindly considered.

While walking to Eagleville several of the college boys were encountered by a certain prehistoric nobleman named Sir Dennis Costello. This antique gentleman proceeded to throw stones at the pilgrims, and the presence of Major Peet did not seem to make him hesitate in the least. Just think of our “Major” running like a terrified jack rabbit, and then imagine him repelling an attack of Mexicans in Central America.
“Buch” Baker happened to land a terrific right straight in Costello’s eye just as Professor Monteith appeared around the corner. “Here, here, Baker! Stop your fighting.” “I wasn’t fighting, professor, simply enjoying my morning exercise.”

Program of Junior Week:
- Wednesday night, May 28th—Junior-Senior Banquet.
- Thursday afternoon, May 29th—Inter-class Track Meet.
- Friday morning, May 30th—Military Exercises.
- Friday night, May 30th—Glee Club Concert.
- Saturday morning, May 31st—Inter-class Tennis Tournament.
- Saturday night, May 31st—Dramatic Club Play.

Memories

Old Storrs campus, a hilltop breeze,
Electric lights and pose of ease;
A story told, a laugh and shout,
And then the bugle note rings out.

Dear memory—

A scurry here, a scuffle there;
First a rip and then a tear;
A smothered laugh, a swift command;
Then peace holds sway without the land.

Dim memory—

A silv’ry moon and twinkling stars
Mark up the windows into bars.
A reddening dawn, a golden sun,
The college day is then begun.

Bright memory—

A morning plunge in shower tub,
A chilling pour and then a rub,
A hasty toilet, into ranks—
“Oh, where’s my necktie gone to—Thanks.”

Queer memory—

And thus goes on the college day,
A part in work, a part in play,
Until the college sun sinks low
While bugles o’er the campus blow.

Sweet memories—

Books Added to the Library During the Month of March, 1913

Miller, Francis T.—Photographic History of the Civil War.
Farmer, Fannie Merritt—New Book of Cookery.
Molière.—Le Misanthrope.
Dumas, Alexandre—Les Trois Mousquetaires.
Hall, A. D.—The Soil.
Fernow, B. E.—Forest Conditions of Nova Scotia.
Dunne, Peter—Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen.
Scott, Sir Walter—St. Ronan’s Well.
Senter, G.—Physical Chemistry.
Carlyle, Thomas—Life of Friedrich Schiller.
Eucken, Rudolf—Problem of Human Life.
Gillette, John M.—Constructive Rural Sociology.
Riis, Jacob A.—The Old Town.
Nichols and Franklin—Elements of Physics.
Dealey, James Q.—The Family.
Maspero, G.—Art in Egypt.
Blakeslee and Jarvis.—Trees in Winter.
Bedell, Frederick—Principles of the Transformer.

Alumni Notes

’12. S. L. Clarke is now located in Hamilton, Ontario. Here he is in the bee business with a brother-in-law. Shailor writes that he has been stung only three times.

Ex. ’15. A. B. Stephenson writes from Kearneyville, West Virginia. He is enjoying his position on one of the largest fruit farms in the country, and wants to be remembered to the students of Storrs.

Ex. ’15. Harold Rowe is foreman of S. F. Chapman’s estate in
Newington. "Shorty" is to be congratulated on obtaining such employment.

Ex. '15. F. H. Kendall is raising ten acres of tobacco this year. With bright prospects of the future, Mr. Kendall is now sowing his "wild oats" from his father's doorstep in Granby.

It is interesting to know that the great part of the campus of the Ohio State College was flooded during the recent rains in that part of the country. Mr. Clinton Grant, who is teaching there, was not at home during the calamity. Although his home is just outside the flooded areas, it was only after travelling in a very round about way and using almost all sorts of vehicles as well as his legs, that Mr. Grant was able to reach his home.

'12. Mr. Carl Mortimer Sharpe and Miss Edna May Butler were married on Thursday the twentieth of March in Deep River, Connecticut, the home of the bride.

Ex. '13. Frank J. Wolverson is now in Summit, N. J. His present occupation is that of dairyman on the Canoe Brook Farm. Mr. Wolverson accepted this position the first of last February and in the short time since has proved himself able to master the problems connected with farming operations.

'10. C. H. Hood is working on the Gypsy moth in the Civil Service of the United States near Melrose Highlands, Massachusetts.

'09. W. Hollister has given up his position in the Park-Davis Company and is now employed by the Detroit shade tree people. Mrs. Hollister has recently visited the college.

'10. Paul Downs is to be married to Miss Grace Sanford next June. A. J. Brundage is to be best man.

'10. A. J. Brundage is now supervisor of the public schools of Mansfield.

'08. C. B. Barnard has recently taken a sub-agency of the Reo Auto Company in Hartford County.

'07. John Houston is employed in Hartford by the Packard people. Mr. Houston has recently been on a two months' trip throughout Canada.

'09. R. A. Storrs has accepted a position as herdsman of a dairy farm in Beemerville, New Jersey.

Dooley is an oddity;
His knowledge is immense;
The whistle that he vociferates
Would crack an iron fence.
HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

The following new plants have been added to our collection:

Bellow Marmelos—Philippine Islands. Small spring evergreen tree, of slow growth with trifoliate leaves and round or oblong fruits. Three inches in diameter with hard astringent rind and richly flavored pulp. It is eaten raw, and is useful for making marmalade or refreshing, mildly laxative drinks.

Cocclobis uvifera. Sea Grape—Improved fruit. San Jose, Costa Rica. A polygonacean tree growing to a large size and furnishing wood suitable for cabinet work. The bark is astringent and is used for tanning.

Artoecarpus incisa. Bread Fruit—South Sea Islands.

Cocos nucifera—Cocoanut.

Two Mangos—Strawberry and Popui.

Acanthorhiza Warczetvitzii—Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. A Central American palm of magnificent appearance suitable for greenhouse cultivation. Brushes, cordage, etc., are made from its fiber.

Citrus Cinionum. Lemon—Dwarf ornamental lemon, cultivated by the Chinese as a decoration plant in winter.

Bromelia. Paraquay—A plant of the pineapple family with spiny, trailing leaves, furnishing a fibre of exceptional strength, used for manufacturing ropes of relatively greater strength than manila rope. Also used for working into high-priced lace and a fine cloth of delicate texture.

DAIRY DEPARTMENT.

Dekol Hubbard Pietertje, a pure bred Holstein, gave in one week 611 pounds of milk, containing 21.91 pounds of butter fat. She has averaged nearly 85 pounds of milk per day for the last 30 days. The 21.91 pounds of fat is the highest official record of any cow in the state. Fay Dekol Burke 4th, a 4-year-old, made 70 pounds of milk in one day. A number of two-year-olds are doing good work.

Marchline's Snowdrop 2nd, an Ayrshire that was two-years-old last November, has given as high as 42 pounds of milk in one day,
and has averaged about 40. Stella of Mansfield, a pure bred Ayrshire, has given over 50 pounds of milk for the last month.

Copper Butterfly 2nd, a pure bred Jersey heifer two-years-old, is giving about 35 pounds per day. Eurotas Mansfield 2nd, a Guernsey two-year-old last August, is giving about 40 pounds per day. Nellie 3rd, a grade Holstein Jersey, has given over 75 pounds milk in one day. Cows giving over 70 pounds are milked four times a day, those over 50, three times, and all two-year-old heifers three times.

MECHANICAL DEPARTMENT.

During the recent vacation the old single action pump barrel was replaced by one having a double action. A test of the new pump showed that it had a capacity of 75,080 gallons in twenty-four hours. The capacity of the old pump for the same length of time would be 42,904 gallons. In other words the capacity of our pumping system was increased 75% by the installation of the new apparatus.

A power hack saw will soon be installed in the machine shop. This will save a considerable part of the student's time now employed in sawing off stock by hand.

XXX

South America As I Saw It

By Hubert Van Wagenen Card, Ex. '10.

We left New York on board the S. S. "Bluecher" of the Hamburg American Line, on Saturday afternoon, January 21st, with two hundred and seventeen passengers, besides the officers and crew numbering three hundred and twenty, of whom about two hundred were stewards and cooks. The second day out, people started to wear white linen suits, which were worn until nearly back to New York, except two days in the Straits of Magellan.

Six days after leaving home, we stopped for a day at Bridgetown, the Island of Barbadoes, one of the British West Indies. Although not very attractive, the place was quite interesting. The stores, run by the English, are well managed, and are open from seven to four, instead of from eight to five, as with us. The native huts are about 8 x 12 feet, the entire dwelling for a large family. Probably not 5% of the native population of two hundred thousand wear shoes. All of the fruit and vegetables brought into the town is either
carried on the heads of the men or women, or in little two-wheeled
carts drawn by little donkeys about as big as Newfoundland dogs.
The street car lines are little mule cars drawn by a team of twelve
or thirteen hand mules; the driver to clear the road blows a little
musical whistle. I went out to one of the sugar plantations, where
there were about two hundred acres in cane. While growing, before
it blossoms, the cane looks almost like a field of corn. Instead of
plowing, the ground is gone over with a tool similar to a carpenter’s
adze. The women do most of the work in the fields. The cane is
cut entirely by hand, the leaves being left on the field. It is then
loaded into two-wheeled carts, and drawn to the mill by four or six
oxen or cows, which last are used just as much as oxen. The power to
 crush the cane is a large windmill with four sweeps about 8 x 40 feet,
which work two large rollers. The remains of the stalks after crush­
ing, looks like shredded corn stalks, and after drying for a couple of
days is burned under the kettles to boil the juice down to molasses
of the proper consistency. Molasses is the only thing exported from
the Island.

Tuesday evening, the 31st, at 7.40, while we were at dinner, a
gun was fired as we crossed the Equator, and a herald of Neptune
came into the dining room, dripping with water and told the captain
that His Majesty would arrive next afternoon at three. At the ap­
pointed time, the Ship’s Band, followed by Neptune and his wife,
and their retinue of guards and police, in fancy costume, assembled
on the after deck. Neptune sat on a throne facing a large canvas
tank, holding about four feet of water, and those who had not been
over “the Line” before, came forward in turn, and sat on the edge of
the tank. The ladies were shaved, the lather being flour and water
paste, and the men besides being shaved, were suddenly pulled from
behind by four coal black cannibals who were in the tank. After
the men were shaved and before getting their involuntary bath, a
priest comes forward, salutes the victim in a very ceremonious man­
ner, and proclaims his sea name in baptism. After this, sent through
a long canvas chute, helped along by a heavy stream of water, he
feels as though he were a Son of Neptune.

The next afternoon we arrived at Pernambuco, where there is
no harbor, the passengers usually being landed like freight or cattle
in a large wicker baset holding seven, but we landed directly from
the companionway into the waiting boat, which one second would
be ten feet below the companionway, and the next up to it, so that
we had to jump when the swells lifted the boat highest. Behind the
breakwater, there were seven Brazilian coast steamers, and here it
might be said, that I did not see one American merchant ship from
the time I left New York till I returned, and also that Brazil has a larger merchant marine than the United States. Pernambuco has a population of two hundred thousand, and is built on three islands, connected by bridges. It was All Saints’ Day, and none of the stores were open. Originally it was a Dutch town, and some of the Dutch architecture still remains. The buildings are all stucco and painted various colors such as pink, yellow and blue with red tile roofs. Some of the passengers dubbed it “Pernambunco.”

Next day we had some athletic events, such as thread and needle, tug of war, etc. One team in the tug of war, had two “light-weights” on their side, weighing 325 and 365 pounds, but they lost, as the other end was fixed to a steam donkey engine.

Santos is two or three miles inland, on a wide river and here we landed alongside the dock, which is a stone bulkhead, seven miles long. The city is clean, well run, but I never hope to find a hotter place than it was the two days we were there. One day we went up to Sao Paulo, thirty miles distant, having one of the finest equipped road-beds in the world. It has a population of three hundred thousand, and is the second city in Brazil, but who of you have ever heard of it? It is a wonderful city, and Santos is its seaport. Butter here costs three thousand reis, or one dollar a pound, in American money. Twelve hundred reis for a bottle of beer, and fifteen hundred reis, or fifty cents, for a linen collar, worth two for twenty-five cents. The States control and levy export taxes and the National Government the imports.

Our next stop was the City of Montevideo, in Uruguay. It is a modern city, with few foreigners, and is a purely Latin city due to the unstable government. They told us with apparent unconcern that at an election last fall two hundred were killed in a little riot or uprising, and that the elected President was still in hiding. One week after we left, a wagon going through the streets broke down. The police found it contained rifles and ammunition for revolutions.

From here I took the night steamer across the river which is two hundred miles wide to the city of Buenos Aires. That afternoon being Sunday, the gentleman whom I was travelling with and myself went out to the race course, just outside of the city, which is second only to the race course of Ostend in France. The massive grandstands are entirely of concrete and steel. The betting here is controlled by the jockey club. Lottery tickets are sold by the Government, and one can hardly turn a corner without seeing a little store for the sale of lottery tickets.

Buenos Aires has a population of one million two hundred
The streets are mostly asphalt and the main street, the Avenida de Mayo, connects the Congress at one end, with the square at the other end where the other Government buildings are situated. In this respect the city may be likened to Washington.

The Colon Theatre is the finest in the Western Hemisphere and the buildings and residences are beautiful and expensive. It is called the Paris of the two Americas.

The resources of the city are practically nothing. Stone, cement, steel and wood are imported from the United States and Europe. Even the sand comes from Uruguay. The farmers here in Argentina had lately harvested their wheat crop, which will probably be not enough for home use, because of the drought. Locusts are a great pest in this country, a man's crop being often completely eaten in a night. We went out to an estancia or farm about thirty miles from the city, owned by one of the richest men in the country. This farm contains fifteen square miles, and is the smallest of his seventeen farms. He had a very fine collection of thoroughbred horses and cattle. One short horn bull was three times champion of Argentina, at the Buenos Aires show, and he has refused twenty-one thousand dollars for him. He purchased a Percheron stallion in Paris last year, that was twice champion of France. He paid twelve thousand dollars for him. He has several hundred thoroughbred stock on hand as well as a couple of thousand grade animals, and a force of over two hundred men. Everywhere in Argentina the horses are of good class, and all bring large prices. Even in Buenos Aires one sees handsome hackneys.

Argentina exports three times the quantity of beef that we do to England, but as yet they do not export any large quantities of wheat, but their crop of linseed is an important item in the world's market, which being almost a failure this year will make many people put off painting their houses.

After remaining in Buenos Aires five days, I took the train for Mendoza, twenty-four hours' ride across the Pampas, which is at the foot hills of the Andes. I noted that every house in the country has a windmill. I saw ostriches, horses and cattle grazing in the same field. The cattle are mostly Durhams and Herefords, and are fattened on the alfalfa paddock plan, in which numerous fields of alfalfa are used. After the cattle have eaten one field close, and have been turned into another field, they are not returned until the alfalfa has grown again. The alfalfa has not grown well this year on account of the drought. The corn crop was a failure, averaging one-and-a-
half to two-and-a-half feet high, and the cattle were turned in upon it to feed. We were told that food is so scarce in Uruguay that sheep are sold at ten cents a head, rather than have them starve on their hands. I believe that a man speaking Spanish, and possessing twenty to thirty thousand dollars, could make more money in ten years in Argentine, than in the rest of his life, in the East in our country, but Argentine does not appeal very strongly to me, and I think that there are almost as good opportunities to be had in our Western states.

(To be continued.)

* * *

Humor—Original and Otherwise

“Bones”—“How do you feel about being on the water wagon?”
Jones—“Well, I feel better off.”

Harold—“I’m not fond of the stage, Grace, but I hear your father on the stairs, and I think I had better beat it before the footlights.”

Stude—“Chicken croquettes, please.”
Waiter (lustily)—“Fowl ball.”

Man—“When I order from you again, never send me any more of those aeroplane chickens.”
Clerk—“What kind do you mean?”
Man—“The sort that are all wings and machinery and no meat.”
—Ex.

Stude—“How do you account for the fact that I found a piece of rubber tire in one of my sausage?”
Waiter: “That only goes to show that the motor car is replacing the horse everywhere.”

Why does a girl put on a hobble when she wants to show speed?

Fresh—“Well, how do you feel?”
Senior—“I’ve just eaten some oxtail soup and feel bully.”
Fresh—“Oh, I’ve just eaten some hash and feel like everything.”
Helper—"We're going to have a big crowd here, and it'll be some job to keep 'em moving."
Manager—"That'll be easy. Take down that rear exit sign, post up the word Free, and they'll all bolt for it."—Judge.

Biff—"She wore a coming-out gown!"
Bing—"So!"
Biff—"Yeh, I stepped on it."
Bing—"Well?"
Biff—"She came out!"

"Stewed again," said the old prune tree to its offspring."—Ex.

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