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Trinity College
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

The Trinity Tablet.

VOL. XVIII. HARTFORD, CONN., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1885. NO. VIII.

The Trinity Tablet.

*Published every three weeks during term-time by
the Students of*

TRINITY COLLEGE.

BOARD OF EDITORS—CLASS OF '86.

Managing Editor, - - - C. G. CHILD.

Business Editor - - - GEO. E. BEERS.

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THE TRINITY TABLET,

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of Brown & Gross, 79 Asylum St., and S. W. Barrows
& Co., 397 Main St., and at J. H., Trinity College.*

NOW, at the beginning of the new college year, we wish to call the attention of our readers and especially of our new readers to the matter of patronizing advertisers in the TABLET. If the paper is to continue to thrive our advertisers must be patronized to even a greater extent than formerly. We number among them the best business houses in the city, and there can be no object in going to others when purchasing articles. We trust the readers of the TABLET will give this matter the attention which it deserves.

AS the weather grows cooler and violent exercise becomes possible without fear of overheating, why cannot our long dormant Hare and Hounds Club arouse itself into

action? We have all the conditions of a successful season,—good roads, a pleasantly-diversified country, and the prospects of several weeks to come of autumn air, as bracing as it is keen. Runs might be mapped out in various directions and a series of delightful excursions thus arranged over the neighboring hills and fields. Let us at any rate give this healthy and agreeable method of taking exercise a fair trial.

IT is not too early now to begin preparations for the coming foot ball season. As soon as possible a college meeting should be called and a captain elected so that a team may be selected at once and advantage taken of every opportunity for practice. Also we would urge strongly that the class-teams practice and play one another as often as may be, and let us have plenty of scrub games as well, for it is in them that the college at large is able to benefit by the brisk exercise of this glorious sport.

Trinity has a commendable past in foot ball, not perhaps a brilliant one, but at all events one of which we need not be ashamed; let us therefore endeavor to sustain the promise of last year by unflagging activity and unwearied zeal now.

THE return to college, after our long vacation, is always a time of pleasant renewals of old friendships and the formation of new ones. College, which by the end of the year looks tired and dusty, familiar, and at times irksome, at this season seems fresh, new, and inviting. The general appearance of our surroundings has greatly improved. The two new houses of the President and Professor Ferguson, unfinished in June, have now been completed and are now occupied by their respective tenants. The approach to the buildings so long in a state of neglect and rudeness has been reclaimed to order and

beauty. The new houses are an ornament to our grounds, and we hope that the pleasure and happiness of their tenants will be in no way marred by any thoughtlessness on the part of the students.

SINCE our departure for the summer vacation two new professors have been added to our Faculty. Dr. Robb who took his degree in Germany has succeeded to the department of Physics, made vacant by the death of Dr. Cheesman. The Rev. J. J. McCook has accepted the chair of Modern Languages. This chair has been vacant since the resignation of Professor Richardson, at the end of Christmas Term in 1882. Professor McCook then kindly took the classes in French, and afterwards in German. Both the new Professors have done good work while instructors, and we have no doubt that they will strive to constantly advance the interest of their respective departments. Indeed these two departments are the ones that are claiming the most attention in these days. To them the rising generation looks for the mental training they are to receive in college, now that classical studies have fallen into partial disfavor.

ON glancing at the papers we see that Cannon Farrar—one of England's noted divines—is to be present at the Church Congress to be held in New Haven next month. We think that all the students would be glad to see and hear him could he be persuaded to come up here. Some members of the Faculty, doubtless, will be in attendance at the Church Congress and could urge upon Cannon Farrar the pleasure it would give to the students were he to come here. Many eminent men—Literary men—from England and Europe come constantly to this country and are induced by some one or more colleges to address the students upon the speaker's specialty. We here at Trinity have as yet been singularly unfortunate in securing any of these eminent foreigners. But now it seems that all things point to a favorable possibility—time, place, and connection. What could be more fitting than that Trinity, modeled largely after the English colleges in building and curriculum, should welcome a representative English scholar of one of her representative universities.

ON account of her small size Trinity is usually at a great disadvantage in her attempts to compete with the larger colleges in the various branches of athletics. Manifestly in base ball, rowing, and general athletics we have but a poor prospect of success with such colossal institutions as Harvard, Yale, or Princeton. It would almost seem as if we must be content to be mere spectators at the different intercollegiate contests taking place around us. But, fortunately, Trinity has proved to the world that she can and does excel in one department of athletic sports,—our position in tennis is one of which we may well be proud. Our success a year ago at the last intercollegiate tournament demonstrated very clearly that we were capable of handling the racket and ball in a very effective manner, and we have every reason to hope for an honorable place in the coming contest at New Haven. It is therefore with pleasure that we notice the interest and enthusiasm evinced in the college tournament just ended. We certainly have excellent material and our team ought to be a strong one, if we may judge from the playing as a whole throughout.

AUF WIEDERSEHN.

Sweet Summer, to a sigh of pain
Has turned, as if it sank to death,
The whilom music of thy breath,
Yet whispers still "auf wiedersehn."

We call thee, Summer, though in vain,
But 'neath the Autumn's chilly sky
We hear thy distant voice reply
"Be patient, hope, auf wiedersehn."

Like flowers by the Winter slain,
Loved faces from our gaze are borne:
They bloom a moment, then are gone.
Forever? No! Auf wiedersehn!

Within our hearts the deep refrain
Swells like a river, wide and free,
The parting now; eternity
Shall bring the bright auf wiedersehn!

The next issue of THE TABLET, will occur on October, 24, 1885.

LOVE IS ETERNAL.

True love doth to Eternity set claim
 And the infirmities that round us be
 Responsive thrill to its full harmony,
 It brooks no shallow service, half-souled aim.
 The Persian altar's ever-burning flame,
 Spark of diviner essence held in fee
 Were it not thought to burn eternally,
 Had not received a reverence the same.
 Esteem not then the foolish firefly gleams,
 The short-lived passions, love's high altar-flame.
 Such are as phantom faces seen in dreams,
 As idle gossip of an empty fame.
 Let us in Love's shrine bow as it beseems
 And with due awe pronounce the sacred name.

C. G. C.

FRITT—FLACC.

From the French of Jules Verne.

Fritt. 'Tis the wind! Hark how it lets loose its strength!

Flacc. 'Tis the pelting, rain which falls in torrents! The squall bellows as it sweeps across the sea to bend the trees on the cliff, and then pass by to spend its might fruitlessly against mountain side of Crimna. Along the shrinking shore, the high cliffs are snapped at by the waves of the vast Megalocride.

Fritt. *Flacc.*

At the end of the harbor cowers the little hamlet of Luktrop. Some hundreds of houses only there are—now defending themselves as well as possible against the tempest—the streets nothing more than mountain roads, and more like ravines than roads, and littered with the ashes thrown forth by the fire-bowelled mountain-chain behind. For not far away stands the Vangloir—a volcano. All day long its inner torment shows itself only by a dense cloud of overhanging sulphureous vapors. But at night, intermittently, it vomits forth great flames. Like a huge lighthouse, it signals to the sailors of the vessels whose keels plough the Megalocride.

On one side stand some ruins of the Crimenian epoch. Next a suburb, Arabian in aspect—a mass of white walls, rounded roofs. Great rectangular buildings stand irregularly upon terraces—like scattered dominoes, whose sharp points will eventually be rounded by Time. Among these architectural dominoes one remarks the Six-form, so called, a name given to a bizarre construction having six openings in one face, four in the other.

A clock rules the town, the huge square clock of Sainte Philifilene, with bells suspended in the openings of the walls, and which on this tempest-riven night were sometimes jangled by the wind—ominous sign! Such sounds in the country are indeed fearsome.

Such is Luktrop. A few houses are scattered about in the country in the midst of fields and orchards as in Brittany. But we are not in Brittany.

Are we in France? I do not know. In Europe? I forget.

In any case do not seek Luktrop on the map—even in Stieler's Atlas.

II.

Froc! A hurried knock has been struck at the narrow gate of the Six-four, at the left angle of the Rue Messagliere. It is one of the most comfortable homes in Luktrop, or at least such is the report—one of the most rich too, if to gain evilly or well, honestly or dishonestly, some thousands of *fretyn* constitutes riches.

To the knock there is no response save savage barkings—barkings fit to inspire terror, possessed of the quality that lends such frightfulness to the baying of a wolf. Then a window opens above. A snarling voice is heard.

"To the devil with these unfortunate people" A young girl, lowering under the sheets of rain and tossed about by the tempest, her form enveloped in a ragged cloak, asks timidly if Dr. Trifulgas is at home.

"He's not here, he's out," savagely answers the voice.

"I—I come on behalf of my father, who is dying"—the girl's voice breaks in sobs.

"Where is he dying?"

"At the side of the Val Karnions, four kerts from here."

"His name?"

"Vort Katif."

"Vort Katif—the charcoal seller?"

"Yes, and oh! if Dr. Trifulgas . . ."

"He's out."

The window slams down—brutally—while the *fritts* of the wind, and the *flaccs* of the rain mingle in a deafening tumult.

III.

A hard man this Dr. Trifulgas. A man of little compassion. His old Huryhof—a mixture of bulldog and spaniel—would have had more pity than he. The house of the

Six-four, inhospitable to the poor, opened only for the rich. As to the rest, it was a matter of rates—so much for a case of typhoid fever, so much for a congestion of the lungs, so much for heart disease, and so on for all the other maladies which doctors invent by dozens. But the charcoal seller Vort Katif was a poor man. Why should Dr. Trifulgas disturb himself for such as he on such a night?

Twenty minutes had scarcely elapsed when the iron knocker again sounded upon the door of the Six-four. Beside himself with rage the doctor again darted towards the window.

"Who's there?" he asked.

"The wife of Vort Katif."

"What, the charcoal seller of the Val Karnions?"

"Yes, and if you refuse to come he will die."

"Eh, well . . . you'll be a widow, that's all."

"Here are twenty *fretyn*."

"Twenty *fretyn* . . . to go to Val Karnions a night like this!"

"For the love of God!"

"Go to the devil!"

Again the window slammed down. Twenty *fretyn* indeed! A noble offer indeed! The idea of risking the catching a cold or at least the danger of being tired out for twenty *fretyn*; especially when, on the morrow, he must go to see Kiltrow at the house of Edzingov, the rich man of Luktrop, and afflicted with gout, which he treated at fifty *fretyn* a visit. The idea!

Calmed by thought of the morrow's pleasure, Dr. Trifulgas slept harder than before.

IV.

Frritt! . . . *Flacc!* . . . And then, *froc!* . . . *froc!* . . .

To the clamor of the tempest are added the noise of the blows of the knocker, struck by a more decided hand than before. The doctor sleeps. He wakes finally but in what a temper. The window opens. The rain enters like a shower of shot.

"I come in behalf of the charcoal maker."

"Again—that rascal!"

"I am his mother."

"May his mother, wife and daughter go to destruction along with him."

"He has had an attack . . ."

"Let him take care of himself then."

"He has sent you some gold," continued the old woman, "the money he got for the cottage he sold lately. If you don't come my daughter will lose her husband, her daughter a father, and I a son."

It was pitiful and terrible to hear the voice of that old woman—to think the wind was freezing her scanty blood, and the rain driving to her bones beneath her meagre flesh.

"An attack, eh? That's two hundred *fretyn*," responded the heartless Trifulgas.

"We've only a hundred and twenty."

"Good-night." The window again closed. But after reflection, a hundred and twenty *fretyn* for an hour and a half walk and a half-hour visit—that's sixty an hour—a *fretyn* a minute. Small profit, but worth thinking of.

Instead of going to bed, the doctor put on his fur cloak, his high boots, his sou'-wester, and his fur gloves, left his lamp lighted beside his codex, opened at page 197. Then opening the door, he stopped on the threshold.

The old woman, emaciated from her eighty years of misery, stood leaning against the doorpost, gaining strength for her homeward journey.

"The hundred and twenty *fretyn*?" he said.

"Here they are, and may God double and treble them for you."

"H'm! Yes,—did any man ever have his money doubled that way?"

The old woman shrank at the words and tone. The doctor whistled for Huryhof, tied a small lantern to his collar, and took the road along the coast. The old woman silently followed.

What weather for *frritts* and *flaccs*! The bells of Sainte Philifene toll slowly. Ominous sign . . . bah! Dr. Trifulgas is not superstitious. He believes in nothing—not even his science—except for that which it brings him. What weather and what a road. Cobblestones and scoria, the stones slippery with sea-wrack, the ashes crackling like iron-dross. No light save that on Huryhof's collar—vague, wavering. Sometimes the flickering of the flames of the Vangloir. The volcano is unusually active to-night. The long streams of lurid flame pierce high into the air, and amongst them struggle great floating shadows. Perhaps these are the souls

of the subterranean world which turn to air, as they come forth.

The doctor and the old woman follow the windings of the little bays of the shore. The sea is white with a lurid whiteness—a pallor like that of death. It sparkles as it lifts itself to the phosphorescent line of surf which thunders on the beach, a shower of glittering points of fire.

Both ascend at the turn of the road between high downs, where broom and furze mingle and separate under the wild wind with a clicking like that of bayonets.

The dog approached his master and seemed to say to him,

"Whew! Two hundred *fretyn* to put in the strong box, then one makes a fortune. A few feet more to the vineyard, a dish more at supper, a bone more for the faithful Huryhof. Let us take care of the rich when they are sick, and bleed their purses well."

At this point the old woman paused. With trembling finger she pointed towards a reddish light. That is the house of the charcoal maker, Vort Katif.

"There?" said the doctor.

"Yes," replied the old woman.

"Hurrah!" said the dog Huryhof.

All at once a peal like thunder rolled from the Vangloir, felt by trembling even in the outer spurs. A spire of smoky flame mounted to the zenith. Dr. Trifulgas was thrown from his feet.

He swore like a pirate, and scrambling to his feet looked about him.

The old woman had disappeared. Had she disappeared in some fissure of the ground, or was she hidden by the drifting mists.

As for the dog, he was still there, but he no longer barked bravely. He whimpered and clung close to his master. The lantern had gone out.

"Let us go on," murmured the doctor.

VI.

Only a luminous point, a half-kertzer away. It is the lamp of the dying—perhaps of the dead. That is the house of the charcoal seller. The old woman had told him aright. No error possible.

In the midst of the scurrying *frritts* and the dashings *flaccs*, Dr. Trifulgas marched with firm steps.

As he advanced, the outlines of the house

became more defined, it being isolated in the midst of the plain.

It was singular to observe how it resembles the house of the doctor—the Six-four at Luktrop. There is the same disposition of the windows on the facade, the same little arched door.

Dr. Trifulgas hastened as fast as the storm permitted. The door is half opened, he has only to push it. He enters and the wind slams it behind him—*brutally*. The dog outside howls.

It is very strange. One would say that Dr. Trifulgas had returned to his own house. It is *not* the same however. He has not made a *detour*, and returned to his own house. He is truly at Val Karnions, not at Luktrop. And yet—there is the same low arched corridor, the same stairway of carved wood with its great balustrade, worn by the passing of hands.

He mounts, and arrives at the landing. Beneath the door a little light slips, as at the Six four. Is it an hallucination? In the vague light, he recognizes his own room; the yellow sofa at the right, the old pear-wood trunk, the iron-bound strong-box, where he had counted upon depositing his 120 *fretyn*. There is his leather-covered arm chair, his clawfooted table, and upon it near the lamp which is dying out lies his codex, open at page 197.

"What is happening?" he whispers.

Ay, *what* is happening! He is terrified. His eyes dilate. His body as it were contracts, diminishes. A cold sweat chills his skin. Swift shudders run along his spine.

But hasten! The oil is failing, the light expiring—the sick man also! Yes, the bed is there—his bed, with its columns, its canopy, identically the same, and closed like it with great curtains. Is it possible that such is the cot of a wretched charcoal seller.

With a trembling hand, Dr. Trifulgas draws the curtains. He opens them, he looks in.

The sick man, his head bare of coverings is motionless, as at his last breath. The doctor bends over him

Ah! What a cry was that, to which the sinister howling of the dog outside responds.

The sick man—'tis not the charcoal seller—it is *Dr. Trifulgas* It is he whom the congestion has attacked—he *himself*! A cerebral apoplexy, with swift accu-

mulation of serosity in the brain and with paralysis of the side opposite to that where the seat of the lesion lies.

Yes, it is he, for whom they came to seek him, for whom they paid. He, who from hardness of heart refused to go to treat the poor charcoal seller . . . he himself, and he is sure to die!

Dr. Trifulgas is like one demented. He feels himself lost. Accidents obstruct his work. Not only are all the functions of relation ceasing within him, but also the movements of the heart, and of respiration. And—above all—he is not entirely free from the consciousness of a conscience within him.

What shall he do? Shall he bleed, and so diminish the mass of blood? Dr. Trifulgas will die if he hesitates . . .

Dr. Trifulgas felt his pulse, drew forth a lancet, pricked a vein in the arm of his double. No blood flowed. Energetically he rubbed the shoulder; *his own was stiffening as he did so*. He heated the feet; *his own were growing cold*.

Then his double sat up, struggled, the death-rattle sounded in his throat . . .

And Dr. Trifulgas, in spite of all that which science had taught him, died under his own hands.

Frritt Flacc

VIII.

In the morning, in the house of the Six-four, they found only a corpse—that of Dr. Trifulgas. They placed him on a bier, and he was conducted with great pomp to the cemetery over the road over which he had sent so many others.

As for old Huryhof, they say that to this day he runs over the moors with his lantern relighted, barking like a lost dog.

I do not know if that is true, but so many strange things happen in Volsinia one never can tell.

As to the rest, I repeat do not look for the town on the map. The best geographies have not been able to agree as to its situation as regards latitude—nor for the matter of that, as regards longitude.

SUBJECTS FOR THEMES REQUIRED IN CHRISTMAS TERM, 1885.

Senior Class.

1. Race and Nationality.

2. The Reformation in France.
3. John Randolph and John Brown.
4. Christian Art and Greek Art.
5. What public questions should a young man study to fit himself for American citizenship?

Junior Class.

1. Victor Hugo's *Toilers of the Sea*.
2. John Ruskin.
3. Value of the aid rendered by France to the American Colonies in the Revolution.
4. Analysis of the argument in Webster's speech against Hayne.

Sophomore Class.

1. Comparison of the public services of Samuel Adams and Alexander Hamilton.
2. The function of public opinion as a social force in America.
3. Does increase of scientific knowledge diminish man's capacity of appreciating the beauty in nature?
4. George Elliot's *Adam Bede*.

Two themes are required from each student during the term:

One must be handed in by October 28th and the other by December 5th.

All themes must contain at least 1,000 words.

C. F. JOHNSON, *Prof. of English Literature*.

THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

The Tennis Tournament began promptly at two o'clock Monday afternoon, and was well on towards completion by evening. The day could not have been better. Tuesday afternoon the singles were settled resulting as follows:

First Place: LEWIS H. PADDOCK, Boston, Mass.

First Round.

A. R. Stuart vs. Carter, 6-1, 6-1.
McLemore vs. Olmsted, 6-0, 2-6, 6-4.
Niles vs. Pinney, 6-2, 6-3.
Waters vs. Haight, 6-1, 6-5.
Heydecker vs. Downes, 6-2, 6-2.
Paddock vs. W. C. Stuart, 6-1, 6-1.
Barber vs. Carpenter, 6-0, 6-3.
Tibbitts vs. Morgan, 6-2, 6-0.
Eastman drew a bye.

Second Round.

Paddock vs. Tibbitts, 6-0, 6-4.
Barber vs. Heydecker, 6-4, 6-3.
McLemore vs. Niles, 4-6, 6-4, 6-4.
Eastman vs. Waters, 6-2, 4-6, 6-0.
A. R. Stuart, bye.

Third Round.

Paddock vs. Barker, 6-1, 6-5.
McLemore vs. A. R. Stuart, 3-6, 6-3, 4-6.
Eastman, bye.

Fourth Round.

Paddock vs. Eastman, 6-2, 6-0.
A. R. Stuart, bye.

Fifth Round.

Paddock vs. A. R. Stuart, 6-1, 6-0, 6-1.

The following sets were played for second place;

**First Round.*

Barber vs. W. C. Stuart, 6-1, 6-2.

Tibbitts vs. Eastman, 6-4, 6-4.

A. R. Stuart, bye.

Second Round.

Tibbitts vs. A. R. Stuart.

Barber, bye.

The result of the finals will be given in our next number.

AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES.

Our regret is that limitation of space allows only a summary review of the address delivered July 4, at Woodstock, Conn., by President McCosh, on the subject of "What an American University should be." After a brief consideration of what they have been and are, he drew the following distinction: "A college is a teaching body; a university is something higher; it embraces a number and variety of departments; it may be a number of colleges, combined in a unity of government and aim, which is generally to promote a higher learning." The merits and benefits of the former are by no means to be disparaged; they are furnishing a substantial training even though not imparting a wide and varied culture; yet universities also should, at this stage in our national development, be established, or, if already existing, should be improved and enlarged; and Dr. McCosh proceeds to set forth what should be the character of such universities. Four principles are predicated:

1. The university should combine and regulate the course of study in the several departments or colleges of which it is composed,—say art, science, theology, medicine, architecture; and yet these should not necessarily be independent of one another, but should, in many ways co-operate.

2. It should establish post-graduate courses; and these courses be encouraged by scholarships and fellowships, and also encouraged and rewarded by high and fitting degrees. Opportunities would thus be given for more profound investigation, for more unrestrained pursuit of specialties, and for original research. Thus would science be advanced and thus

would America be enabled "to produce scholars and observers equal to those in Europe."

3. "It should have various sorts of degrees in which different kinds of studies culminate." While, for its implied culture and hence for its elevating effect upon the various professions, a Degree in Arts should be given by every university, "there should also be the degrees of Bachelor of Literature, Master of Literature, and Doctor of Literature. There should be Degrees of B. L., of M. L., and D. L."; and in all those branches which cultivate the higher faculties of the mind. In the Department of Arts, Greek and Mental Science should be retained. "Above all things it should be insisted that every degree has a meaning which all men can understand and that it should be bestowed honestly."

4. The grand aim of a university should be to promote all kinds of high learning, in literature and science, in the liberal arts and in philosophy. The education of the American youth should be the chief office of a university and yet, at the same time, it should encourage and carry on original research, and should engage such professors as are ready to undertake active work in their departments, "to widen the boundaries of knowledge," and to advance the science of the world.—*Princetonian*.

COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

JARVIS HALL.

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			Hall.

SEABURY HALL.

- 14 Rev. Prof. I. T. Beckwith,
Ph. D.
15 Foreign Languages Rec-
itation Room.
16 G. M. Brinley,
L. H. Paddock.

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

The return to college in the fall necessitates the election of class officers for the ensuing term. The officers of the classes are as follows:

Seniors—President, P. H. Birdsall; First Vice-President, C. G. Child; Second Vice-President, W. J. Tate; Secretary, F. H. Wolcott; Treasurer, Geo. E. Beers; Chronicler, James Goodwin.

Juniors—President, W. A. Barber; First Vice President, C. E. Deuel; Second Vice President, E. C. Niles; Secretary, H. A. Pinney; Treasurer, R. E. L. Rodgers; Chronicler, H. R. Thompson.

Sophomores—President, L. Le G. Benedict; First Vice President, W. S. Hubbard; Second Vice President, W. T. Putnam; Secretary, L. H. Paddock; Treasurer, R. J. Walker; Chronicler, A. McConihe.

Freshmen—President, W. Scudder; First Vice President, B. Wright; Second Vice President, A. M. Vanderpoel; Secretary, C. V. Waters; Treasurer, G. A. Jones; Chronicler, H. N. Dykman.

RUSH AND HAZING.

The usual push rush between Sophomores,

'88, and Freshmen, '89, took place on the 18th September, and resulted in favor of the Sophomores. The Freshmen made but little resistance to the steady, onward advance of '88. Experience was lacking to '89. No one was hurt and all acquiesced in the superiority of '88. To still further show their superiority, '88 put some of the Freshmen to bed. This custom—which by the way has created so much sensation at Princeton this fall—was quietly submitted to. The Freshmen took their hazing in good part. There is one element of security always present in the hazing here, that is the presence of some Juniors at all the hazing; who never allow the Sophomores to proceed beyond a certain fixed point of which any one with the capacity for college life can easily endure. Here upper classmen always take the lead and shape to a great extent the *in statu quo* of the college.

INDIAN RIGHTS ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of this association was held last week, when the following officers were elected:

President, J. Goodwin; Secretary, G. C. Carter; Treasurer, F. H. Wolcott.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

The college tournament opened on Monday, the 28th September. Much interest was manifested and a number of entries made. Tennis has not lost its charm for us, and now we have some prospect of winning in the Intercollegiate, with Brinley to represent us. A detailed account of the college tournament will be found elsewhere in this paper.

The President has moved into his new house, and Professor Ferguson into his. The grounds about both houses are being put into shape and graded.

James Goodwin, '86, has been appointed professor's assistant in Geology; G. W. Rodgers, '87, assistant in Physics; F. H. Wolcott, '86, first and H. R. Thompson, '87, second assistant, in Chemistry.

Some of the Seniors interested in Geology went to Portland last Saturday to examine the sandstone quarries there.

COMMONS.

With the opening of college, commons began. The present caterer is doubtless the best the college has yet had, the food being good and the charge moderate.

While the Sophomores were holding a class meeting the guileless and verdant Freshmen tied them in, subjecting them to treatment that was thought fit only for Freshmen. At times even the crafty are taken in their craftiness. From experience one learns wisdom.

CHOIR.

Selection is one of the laws of nature. This law, however, does not seem to be carried into the sphere of music, were it, the result might be beneficial to our choir. Indeed our choir needs improvement, especially in the material of which it is composed.

The subjects for themes, printed elsewhere, indicate that students in English will have plenty to do this term.

The chapel monitors appointed for this year are H. Lilienthal and Geo. E. Beers, both of the senior class.

PERSONALS.

[It is particularly desired that the Alumni furnish us with all items of interest that may come to their knowledge concerning every one who has been connected with the College.]

BUTLER, '33, VAN DEUSEN, '35. The current number of the *Church Review* contains articles by the Rev. E. M. Van Deusen, D. D., and the Rev. C. M. Butler, D. D.

ASHLEY, '34, BOARDMAN, '54. The Rev. W. B. Ashley, D. D., has been re-elected a member of the Standing Committee of the Diocese of Wisconsin; and Mr. W. J. Boardman, has been re-elected on the Standing Committee of Ohio.

HALL, '54. The Rev. Samuel Hall, is engaged in church work in Collinsville, Conn.

BENJAMIN, '57, DOUGLAS, '71. At the recent Commencement at Hobart College, the honorary degree of Doctor in Divinity was conferred upon the Rev. W. H. Benjamin, and the Rev. G. W. Douglas.

GOODRICH, '66. The Rev. J. B. Goodrich has accepted the rectorship of the church in Claremont, N. H.

FULLER, '70. The Rev. S. R. Fuller preached the sermon at the opening of the late Council of the Diocese of Western New York.

HUBBARD, '71. The address of the Rev. W. F. Hubbard, is Constableville, Lewis Co., N. Y.

WATERMAN, '71. The present address of the Rev. Lucius Waterman is Matteawan, N. Y.

COOKE, '73. The Rev. W. M. Cooke, should be addressed at DeVeaux College, Suspension Bridge, N. Y.

SMALL, '74. The Rev. E. F. Small, has accepted the rectorship of St. Stephen's Church, Newark, N. J.

CRAIK, '74. The address at the recent commencement of Shattuck Hall, Fairbault, Minn., was delivered by the Rev. C. E. Craik.

WINKLEY, '80. Married, in Grace Church, Newton, Mass., June 11th, the Rev. H. W. Winkley and Miss. M. J. Kane. Mr. Winkley's address is St. Stephen's, N. B.

STONE, '80. The address of the Rev. Morton Stone is LaGrange, Ill.

GRINT, '81. The Rev. Alfred P. Grint, has received the degree of Bachelor of Theology from the General Theological Seminary.

COOK, '81. An essay by the Rev. Charles S. Cook, on "The Dakotah's Conception of God," read at the graduating exercises of the Seabury Divinity School, has been published in the *Churchman*.

COIT, '82. The Rev. C. W. Coit has taken charge of the church in Charlestown, N. H.

INGERSOLL, '83. George P. Ingersoll has received the degree of LL. B., on completing his course at the Yale College Law School, and has been admitted to the bar.

MAGILL, '84, has left the General Theological Seminary and entered the Berkeley Divinity School.

'85.

CODMAN is in the General Theological Seminary at New York.

CUNINGHAM is traveling abroad.

GIESY has accepted a position in the U. S. Coast Survey.

LOBDELL has entered the Berkeley Divinity School.

LOOMIS is studying law in this city.

MCCRACKAN is abroad.

MILLER is studying law in Detroit, Mich.

MITCHELL is in the Berkeley Divinity School.

NEELY is in business in Portland, Me.

RUSSELL is a master at Holderness School, Plymouth, N. H.

THORNE is teaching at St. Paul's Cathedral School, Garden City, L. I.

OBITUARY.

Mr. FRANK KENNEDY, a graduate in the class of 1868, died at his home in Hagerstown, Md., on the 16th day of July. Mr. Kennedy had long been in feeble health, which prevented him from being very actively engaged in the business of life, though he

made more than one brave attempt to undertake it. He had many warm friends, who will always love him and cherish his memory. His brother, a graduate in the class of 1866, died four years ago.

EXCHANGES.

The Exchange Editor's task has recommenced, but for the first issue at least it is a light one. The fall exchanges come in slowly and except the great pile of commencements accounts and class-day extras kept over from June there is little enough matter to be discussed.

Vassar Miscellany for July is a very creditable number. Its pages are largely devoted to the discussion of social problems, both from the individual point of view and the standpoint of the state. There is also a charming account of the commencement exercises.

The *Williams Fortnight* seems a little affected by the "annuals." The verses are not all up to the usual standard, and otherwise its pages are rather barren.

The *Amherst Student* opens the new collegiate year with an excellent number. The recent improvements in the college surroundings call forth considerable self-congratulation, and deservedly so. Among the other articles, one entitled "A Greeting" is worthy of mention as displaying a fair amount of wit.

The *Dartmouth* contains a little poem of marked merit, called "From the German," and some prose articles of merit not at all remarkable.

The *Princetonian* in her new dress is hardly recognizable, but doubtless for Princeton readers her interest is greatly enhanced. Indeed she seems to be a very bright, crisp sheet, a worthy representative of the college dailies.

Among exchanges outside of the college world we notice a weekly journal of education known as the "*University*." Its columns are well worth reading, and treat of most of the current questions of the day in an able manner. We commend especially a very valuable article on "Communism," containing some valuable suggestions in regard to its prevention.

COLLEGE WORLD.

HARVARD.

Dr. F. A. Zabriskie in the *Christian Intelligencer* speaks of the Harvard College Chapel as "a spiritual ice house."

Henry Irving in the course of his lecture to the students, said: "The force of an actor depends upon his physique; therefore the body should be well cultivated. Your gymnasium is worth volumes upon this subject."

PRINCETON.

The name Nassau Hall and the college colors, orange and black, are in honor of William III. of England.—Senior class assessment will be \$8.—A room has been secured in which to preserve athletic trophies.

The following witticism lighted on Princeton during the summer: There are ten editors of the college paper published in Princeton—and they have their hands full during the baseball season. One writes editorials showing how American colleges should be conducted in order to increase their usefulness, and the other nine conduct the baseball department—*Norristown Herald*.

YALE.

A writer for the *News* complains that after choosing an "optional" a Yale man must leave the hour of recitation to the faculty, while at Harvard one may choose the hour he wishes to recite. The Harvard system thus provides for the interests of athletics, by enabling the members of the nine or crew to get together for practice without interfering with recitations. Yale is handicapped in this respect, and in behalf of athletics the writer urges a change.

Lyon, of Yale, in the Dartmouth game, made a clean hit of 450 feet, one of the longest ever made in New Haven.

IN GENERAL.

President White of Cornell has invited the Rev. H. H. Haweis, the musical clergyman of England, to preach two sermons to the students of his institution next November.

The longest and shortest games that have ever been played in the present college league have come off at Amherst. The shortest was last year with Brown, one hour and ten min-

utes; the longest, last week with Yale, three hours and twenty minutes.

Since Vassar College was founded, Wellesley and Smith have been established, and now Bryn Mawr stands with them. These four include all the colleges for ladies alone. Meanwhile over one hundred and fifty colleges for young men have been opened for young ladies. But perhaps the greatest success of those advocating higher female education has been obtained in connection with the two great English Universities. Both Oxford and Cambridge have made arrangements by which ladies can attend a large number of the lectures. In England, however, the ladies of the reform were careful to explain that they had nothing to say to the principle of mixed classes; that all they desired was that women should not be debarred from obtaining the best teaching that could be had. Italy has opened no less than seventeen of its universities to women, and Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark have followed suit.

The Russian Universities are strictly guarded by detachments of troops quartered in them, at the expense of the institutions themselves.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Amherst has received a bequest of \$2,500.—The *Brunonian* is sixty-five years old.—The Sophomores at Dartmouth have voted to let the Freshmen carry canes.—Johns Hopkins imitates the German universities so far as to have a little club room where students and teachers meet to drink German beer, and sing German songs.—Interscholastic sports are proposed between Adams, Andover, Exeter, and St. Paul's.—14,000 degrees were conferred last year in the United States.—Announcement has been made of the Dartmouth *Stylus*, a literary monthly, to begin publication next month.—A tablet in memory of Prof. Louis Agassiz was unveiled at Cornell during Commencement.—Among the great Americans who have expended their youthful talents in editing college papers are the poets Holmes and Willes, the statesmen Everett and Evarts, and the eloquent divine Phillips Brooks.—A stained glass window, presented to the college by the class of '85, adorns the law library of Columbia.—It is stated that there are 18,061 young women in this country pursuing collegiate courses of study.—Cornell

men are debarred from examinations in any study from which they have been absent 15 per cent. of the recitations.

CLIPPINGS.

What is a chestnut? A chestnut is an old joke told by some other fellow. An original joke is an old one told by yourself which you think the crowd hasn't heard before.—*Ex.*

One of our Professors recently startled his auditors by informing them that they didn't have a definite conception even of alcohol. But on this point there are still many skeptics.—*Ex.*

A philosopher who was asked what he would prefer to be if he had free choice, replied: "Till thirty a pretty woman; till fifty a successful general; the rest of my life a cardinal."

"I see the French have taken umbrage," said old Gosling, as he read the paper to his wife. "More fools the Chinese for not fortifying it better," said Mrs. Gosling.—*Ex.*

"Pa, how funny this looks in this paper. The printer has got the words all mixed up, so there is no sense to it." "No, no, my child. That is a new poem by Tennyson."—*Ex.*

MY CHUM.

My chum is the very best fellow alive
At my failings he always prefers to connive,
He carries my water up three flights of stairs,
And blackens my shoes ere I go off to prayers.

It is always my room-mate that builds up the fire
And puts on more coal just before we retire:
It is he gets my lessons, and reads from the horse
And takes it all quite as a matter of course.

Whenever he gets a nice box from his home
(And of boxes like that there have several come)
He always gives me the lion's share of the pelf;
My chum is a brick,—for I room by myself.—*Ex.*

Student (holding up a small hard object)—
"What is this, professor?"

Professor of Geology—"That is a semi-plastic globule of the postpliocene period."

Student—"I think you are mistaken, professor."

Professor—"Ahem! Let's look at it again. Ah! may be I am mistaken. Where did you get it?"

Student—"I got it out of a gooseberry pie at my boarding house."

Professor—"Why does a duck put his head under water?"

Pupil—"For diverse reasons."

Professor—"Next. You may tell us why a duck puts his head under water."

Second Pupil—"To liquidate his bill."

Professor—"And why does he go on land?"

Second Pupil—"To make a run on the bank."

Dude (to theatre doorkeeper): "Ah, could you—aw—let me see--aw--Mlle. De Montfort. You know her--chawming cweature, with blonde hair, don't ye know. Dawnces --aw--in the ballet."

Doorkeeper (gruffly): "No, you can't see her, young feller. If you have any message, give it to me. I'm her grandson."

BOOK REVIEWS.

Berlin as a Medical Center; A Guide for American Practitioners and Students. By Horatio R. Bigelow, M. D., Sandy Hook, Ct. New England Publishing Co.

In this useful and accurate hand-book, Dr. Bigelow has filled a want long felt. The experience of professional and scientific men staying at Berlin has generally been that it takes at least a month or two to get into working routine, so many and confusing are the particulars to be learned. The present book gives, in convenient form, full information as to courses, customs, expenses, and the like, and forms an indispensable hand-book for the American practitioner in Berlin.

The Student's Manual of Exercises for Translating into German. By A. Lodeman, A. M., Prof. in the Michigan State Normal School. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The present work is one which cannot but commend itself to the teachers of German. The true way to learn the German language is to assiduously practice the translation of English sentences into that language. Surely no better exercises could be selected for that purpose than those given by Prof. Lodeman. Of proper length, graded according to the difficulty, accompanied by all the aid needed and no more, they go to make up a model text-book.

Lawn Tennis as a Game of Skill. By Lieut. S. C. F. Peile. Edited by Richard D. Sears. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The fact that the book before us has passed through the hands of the American editor, Mr. R. D. Sears, is enough to commend it to the careful attention of lovers of lawn tennis. Lieut. Peile knows whereof he writes, and has executed his task in a careful and excellent manner. Many of his suggestions will be of practical value even to the expert in tennis while for a beginner, the equal of Mr. Peile's book has yet to appear.

A second installment of Henry James' curious and interesting story, "The Princess Casamassima," is the opening paper in the October number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Warner continues his travels in the papers called "On Horseback." There is an entertaining and original paper, "The First Abbe Galant," narrating the life of a certain agreeable ecclesiastic of the seventh century, besides an essay on birds, and two remarkable poems, "Tacita," by James B. Kenyon, and "The First Guest," by Helen Gray Cone. The other papers are up to the *Atlantic's* high standard, and go to make up an interesting and valuable number.

Canoe and Camp Cookery. By "Seneca." New York: Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

It is with a pleasure that we welcome this little manual. It is plain, comprehensive and accurate, an indispensable pocket piece for the canoeist and camper. We bespeak for it a large circulation.

A Lone Star Bo-Peep, and Other Tales of Texan Ranch Life, by Howard Seely. New York: W. L. Mershon & Co.

The present book is the result of three years of careful study of Texas life. Mr. Seely, the author, was a member of the class of '78, Yale, and one of the editors of the *Yale Lit.* He has handled his subject skillfully, and given us a book every page of which is interesting reading. "A Lone Star Bo-Peep" is a peculiarly happy hit. It will add much to the interest of the book to college men to learn that several of Yales' prominent athletic men figure prominently in the story, disguised in frontier garments and dialect.