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Trinity College

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**Trinity College**  
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

# THE TRINITY TABLET.

Vol. XXII. No. 2.

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TRINITY COLLEGE, February 9, 1889.  
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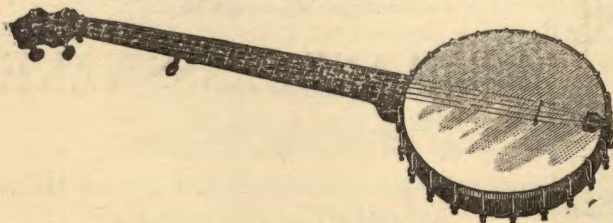
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HARTFORD, CONN.

# The Trinity Tablet.

VOL. XXII.

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No. II.

## The Trinity Tablet.

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the Students of*

TRINITY COLLEGE.

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### THE TRINITY TABLET,

P. O. Box 398, HARTFORD, CONN.

*The TABLET is for sale regularly at the Book Stores  
of Brown & Cross, 79 Asylum St., and J. R. Barlow,  
232 Asylum St., and at No. 43 Jarvis Hall, Trinity College.*

IT is a well known fact that in this glorious institution of ours a vast amount of literary ability sleeps. It is stored away out of sight on most occasions and only wakes to assert itself when themes are due or some knotty question in an examination paper requires skillful avoidance. As for the TABLET, that organ of the student's life receives a scornful rebuff when it mildly suggests that the ability may find fresh fields for exercise in its columns. The fact of such excellent practice to the rising journalist, not to speak of the edification and instruction he may thus impart to numerous readers, is one which

fails to awaken any enthusiasm on his part. He prefers to sleep on.

Truly this is most lamentable—a state of things which should not be; yet unfortunately it is and we are obliged to acknowledge it. Men will not write for the TABLET. Thus it happens that the paper which each and all should take pride in supporting, and raising to a high standard of excellence is allowed to be run almost entirely by the few whose names are on the Editing Board. If they fail then in their endeavors, is not their failure, in a measure at least, the fault of those who will not aid them?

Perhaps the fact that a man receives no compensation for his work may account for this spirit of hesitancy on the part of some. Indeed it has been so hinted. Certainly this is a poor enough excuse, but in view of its possible truth we have decided to offer an inducement to those pecuniarily inclined.

The TABLET offers a prize of ten dollars for the best prose article handed in for publication between now and June first. All Trinity undergraduates not on the editing board are admitted to the competition. Each article must be given to the managing editor, marked "for the TABLET prize," and will be published, at the approval of the board, in the forthcoming six issues of the paper. A suitable and impartial judge shall decide which article is most worthy of merit and his decision shall be made known at the end of the present term. We look for a lively contest and hope that every writer in college will enter it.

ON reading the communication in our last issue, we were at least prepared to find the facts as stated, in regard to the personal column, and immediately determined to make an attempt to account for its apparent partiality; but on looking into the matter, we are forced to conclude that the writer's figures are incorrect. Summing up the personals in the last six numbers, which we take as a sample



of the year, we find, out of a total of eighty-six personal mentions, but thirty-seven notices of clergymen. Now, although not three-fourths, or two-thirds, even, this may seem a considerable number, but considering the fact that of Trinity's alumni one-third are clergymen, and that these have continued to a greater or less extent in communication with their *alma mater*, these figures do not seem disproportionately large.

Beyond a certain limit, personal notes are not easily obtained, especially as the alumni are at no pains to keep us informed of their doings, and they have also failed to respond to our solicitations to contribute items of interest in enough instances to assure us of the impracticability of this method. Hence, outside of such matter as can be obtained from the papers, and other similar sources, but little can be expected.

Of all departments, the personal column is the one most dependent upon outside circumstances. If the papers omit to mention, or the alumni fail to apprise us of their doings, we are, unlike our other departments, unable to evolve anything which can be substituted therefor. Therefore we must beg our readers to excuse the apparent delinquencies of the personal column, bearing in mind the peculiar disadvantages under which it labors.

**WHAT** shall be done with the proceeds of the performance given by the Dramatic Association on February 5th? It is generally understood that they are to be devoted to the interests of Base Ball; but there is another branch of athletics quite as much in need of assistance.

We have never been able to raise sufficient money in the Athletic Association to defray the expenses of the athletic team. Last year it found itself stranded and unless the Glee Club had generously given assistance the prospects would have been very doubtful for the successful termination of the venture. The base-ball team, on the contrary, had an abundance of money and the season was not very successful, as we all know. Now we would not decry the interests and needs of base ball, nor are we gifted with prophetic power to predict what this year's club will accomplish; but nevertheless the interests of base ball are always well looked after, and the sources of income are far more numerous than those of the athletic team.

The treasurer of the Athletic Association has quite a sum of money in his possession, but the gymnasium exhibition and field meeting this coming spring will exhaust it; so there is no means whereby the athletic team can raise money for its expenses, except by assessment. Now, we see no reason why at least one half of the proceeds of the dramatic entertainment should not be given to the Worcester team. Its prospects are much brighter than they were last year, and we are all anxious that the college should take some place of honor in the intercollegiate games. It is certainly our duty to support the team, at least in a financial way.

**L**ONG years ago, Trinity had a boat-crew. The afternoons of the early spring were spent on the Connecticut and the old river presented a gay scene, alive with pretty femininity and college men who applauded the gallant oarsmen as they passed. Aquatic enthusiasm was apparent everywhere and Hartford, waking to a lively interest in this undertaking of the college, lent a helping hand to its support. The proceeds of Trinity's most successful theatrical ventures went in its behalf; on all sides it received most generous aid and by the energetic way in which the crew was maintained, the college proved that she could easily support one. All this was in the days when Trinity was much smaller than she is now, and consequently when the financial support of athletics was considerably less. It is true that then we did not enter so heavily into other departments of athletics, but certainly the increased size of the college would seem to admit of our reviving this, the prettiest of all sports. Why can it not be done? We certainly have rested on our oars long enough; we should begin to use them again. Down on the banks of the noble river our boats are slowly going to decay. Why can they not be brought out of their long hiding place and put to some use? Of course we could not expect to equip a crew which should jump into notoriety at a bound, but we certainly might make a beginning in this direction.

The boats at least should be seen to and some definite action taken in regard to them. There is a faint rumor afloat that several years ago a committee was appointed for this purpose, but we have failed to learn that it

accomplished anything. Certainly it would be better that the ragged urchins who run about the docks be allowed to sport in them, than that they should remain so utterly useless, and rapidly going to destruction.

THE college is a microcosm. It stands very largely apart and alone. It has but little connection with the great world outside. Only a few of its many phases serve as points of contact, and these differ in the degrees of attention they receive, and in their bearing and influence. The athletic aspect of college life, it is true, obtains even a large share of public attention; but it is almost alone in this respect. Particularly in regard to the original literary work of undergraduates, it may be said that up to the present time its position has been at once a fixed and limited one.

There is such a thing as college journalism—the college paper, the college magazine. But in applying the word “college” we have indicated its scope and field. We have got to the end of the definition. But does the undergraduate world produce nothing, does the college journal publish nothing for which the public cares? We know that many men eminent in the world of letters have done work in college which occupies no mean position. College halls, though peculiarly the halls of learning, have proved, and may prove, the place where something can be produced which shall enter into the world-thought. How shall this gulf between the literary life of the college and that of the outside world be bridged over? How shall this aspect of an intellectual life be brought into touch with the great public mind? To answer these questions is the work the “The Collegian” (reviewed in another column of this issue) has undertaken.

It need not be said here that the college is the place where a man is fitted for his life-work. And one of the difficult problems we are always trying to solve is how he shall begin to come in contact, however slightly, with what is to be his after-work. The undergraduate, whatever his chosen work may be, desires to reach out and come into union with the great world-press and spirit. “The Collegian” opens up the way.

But its object is not a single one. One aim of “The Collegian”—and if it accomplishes

it, it will have served a good purpose—is to bring some of the problems of college life and work into the broad light and sound judgment of the common sense of men about us. It recognizes that the world may tell the college lessons, as well as the college the world. Again, by serving as a bond of union between the colleges scattered throughout this wide land, it brings out the true university idea—fellowship and a common purpose in work. Its position is broad, its purposes high. It rests with college men to make it a success.

#### ST. VALENTINE'S EVE, 1689.

“And I a maid at your window  
To be your Valentine”—  
*Et seq.*

Hamlet—Act IV, Scene V.

In sooth he ruffed it bravely  
With glittering cloak and sword;  
To see him mince and caper  
You'd think him sure a Lord;  
But now he lies there spitted  
And never mouths a word.—  
I Zooks so bravely did he shine,  
She vowed she'd be his Valentine.

E'Gad—Andrew Ferrara  
My wrong thou hast redressed;  
Come forth all red blood-clotted  
From out the dead man's breast;  
I'll wipe thee and return thee  
Into thy scabbard's rest.—  
I Zooks so bravely did he shine,  
She vowed she'd be his Valentine.

Full long we fought and wildly  
To pierce a vital spot;  
Albeit he lunged fiercely,  
Yet touch me he could not;  
A plague be on his body,  
Let him lie there and rot.—  
I Zooks so bravely did he shine,  
She vowed she'd be his Valentine.

(Ah, Chevalier, my doublet?  
The wind is waxing cold.)  
Methinks he will not wanton  
To-morrow as of old,  
Nor will seduce vain maidens  
To love him for his gold.—  
I Zooks so bravely did he shine,  
She vowed she'd be his Valentine.

Come Chevalier, the tavern!  
We'll drain a quart of sack  
To him who lieth spitted  
Prostrate upon his back,  
The while his blood doth trickle  
Upon the white snow track.—  
I Zooks so bravely did he shine,  
She vowed she'd be his Valentine.

MAUD SLEY.

## THE STORY OF AN ARTIST'S MODEL.

## I.

It was late when I arrived at the *Ecole des Beaux-Arts* that morning. Usually I am there early, for I like to have my easel arranged before the model begins to pose. You see artists are so greedy. Those first in the studio select the best points of view, and as for the poor fools who come afterwards—*ma foi!* they have to put up with what they can find. Yes, I was very late; indeed it was after eleven when I rushed up the great staircase and entered the long, brilliantly lighted room.

The confusion which at once met my eyes was bewildering. Instead of being quietly at work, I found every man in the studio had left his easel and was talking in the greatest excitement to himself or to his neighbor. On all sides, disorder prevailed. Palettes, paints, brushes were scattered about on the floor in a confusion which made me shudder. Jean Janois was even knocking over an easel as he ran across the floor with a glass of water in his hand.

"Has a whirlwind struck these mad artists or what is the matter?" I asked myself, not understanding at all. Suddenly, however, I happened to glance at the model's platform and everything was explained. The model had fainted away.

"It is terrible—exasperating," Sebastien cried with a shrug as he saw me. "She is the most wonderful model we have ever had and now she faints! Bah! women should never pose!"

"She may not be used to it!" I answered carelessly. I could not withdraw my eyes from the beautiful, deathlike face.

"Very evidently she is not!" sneered Sebastien.

"Will some of you men cease to jabber and come and help me?" exclaimed Jean Janois as he bent down and pressed the water to the model's lips, while the woman attendant rubbed her lifeless hands.

I seized a large fan and went with it to the platform but Jean Janois took it from me. He insisted on fanning her himself, and he arranged the thick drapery which had been thrown over her prostrate form for it was chilly.

"She is my model," continued Sebastien when I came back. "You can thank me for discovering the most beautiful woman in the world! Yes, I found her and I was determined to paint her. She is very poor and wanted the money!"

"Did you say that she is married?" asked a little man who stood near us.

"Yes! The husband is dying. Starvation, I imagine! She was glad enough to sign my papers for it meant bread, perhaps life to the man she loved. You see she didn't know she must pose nude!"

"Didn't know?" asked the little man, amazed.

"And I did not tell her. I had the papers—and people are so foolish! When will they get over their absurd prejudices and learn to sacrifice notions for art?"

Sebastien left us and strode over to Jean Janois. He was impatient for the model to revive, in order that he might go on with his work.

"You should have been here before!" declared Ivan Isilei, a young Russian painter, coming up to me. "Ah, but she was superb! magnificent! I never saw such a form! such features! But she seemed most unhappy and I could not understand why! That expression—a look of agony—see, Sebastien has caught it! Sebastien is doing fine work to-day."

The Russian's chatter might have continued much longer but at that moment the model moving slightly, opened her eyes and a hum of delight went through the studio. As for me, I stood like one transfixed, rooted to the spot. In all my life I never had beheld such beauty. In all my life I never had seen such hopeless despair. She seemed like some pure spirit who was vainly seeking to escape from torture. The warm blood rushed to my face as I thought indignantly of Sebastien's contemptible conduct in deceiving this delicate, sensitive creature. In her frightened look and helpless attitude, I read the anguish and suffering she must have endured, before her strength had finally failed her; the effort which such a sacrifice must have cost one who was so manifestly proud and womanly.

"What?" cried Sebastien fiercely, interrupting my reflections. "Does she refuse to pose longer? Does she dare to refuse?"

"She's not the ordinary kind," explained

the attendant who was a rough, uncouth woman, "and you know, monsieur, that she had a bad turn—a very bad turn!"

Jean Janois was helping the model to rise and Sebastien stood before him like a lion, his powerful frame trembling with anger. Sebastien is a large man.

"You are breaking your promise—the agreement which you signed yourself, woman!" he said, not heeding the attendant—"and I tell you if you dare to do such a thing, not one sou shall you receive for your pains. You can go back to your dying husband and tell him where you have been, but——"

"Oh—Heaven help me!" the woman whispered in despair, standing erect, as she pulled the soft white drapery tightly about her and looked in every direction for some escape.

I started forward without waiting another instant. Directly behind the platform was a door which led to the dressing room. Quickly opening this, I made signs to the attendant, who at once understanding my purpose led her out without a word.

When I came back to the studio, Sebastien was walking up and down like a lunatic. *Ma foi*, how his eyes blazed! I joined a group of men who stood admiring the full length, life size sketch on his easel.

"A marvellous beginning!" said one. "He has worked this morning as though inspired. What a pity he could not have finished!"

"It would have been cruelty. She was almost killed as it was. But what a magnificent head!"

"She might pose for Venus!" the little man declared enthusiastically, as he gazed at the half finished canvass.

Sebastien joined us.

"By Heavens, she shall not get off so easily!" he declared, "I will paint that woman, if I have to drag her here again! I will tell her that her effeminate husband shall learn of her little escapade, and that will probably bring her!"

"But—did not the husband know?"

"I should rather think not! There was some sentimental nonsense, and she made me promise he should be kept in ignorance. But if worse comes to worse" continued the man, "perhaps each of you will let me have his

sketch—I could do something in that way, for I'm bound to paint her!—and now I suppose we must hunt for another model!"

"Find one who does not faint, this time," laughed Ivan Isilei. I was disgusted at Sebastien and so was Jean Janois. He put his arm through mine and we left the studio.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two days afterward I found out where she lived. Sebastien had told Jean Janois and the latter came and took me off to an out-of-the-way corner of Paris, to investigate the case, for we were both interested.

"If she is really in want, it should be seen to," he had said, and I agreed with him.

The house was in a dark narrow street, and it, too, looked very dark and narrow as we entered. One thing about it was bright, however, and that was the hostess. She was a short, stout woman, with a red, shining face and much false hair. We found her washing windows, and she dropped her towel quickly, as she turned and saw we had been admitted.

"I beg your pardon!" said Jean Janois with a slight cough.

"Pray what may I do for you, messieurs?" she asked, as Jean hesitated.

"We wish to render some assistance to a poor lady, who, we are told, lives here and whose husband is ill."

"Ah, *ciel*, but you do come too late!" she cried with an engaging smile. "Madame and her husband are gone. They left yesterday, and I hope by this time they are both feeling better, poor things!"

"What! Gone? Left Paris?" I asked stupefied.

"Yes, left Paris! You see monsieur had a letter which brought good fortune—and by this time I dare say they are far away, under the skies of Italy. Ah me! I was in Italy once—when I was young."

"But we heard that he was dying?" declared Jean Janois.

"And he will die sometime, poor monsieur!" she answered softly, wiping her eyes.

"Madame and her husband were very poor?"

"Ah yes!" she said, while she settled herself as a woman does who enjoys the prospect of telling a sad story.

"You see," she continued, "monsieur was English and madame—was an angel! monsieur's family objected to the match. You

see monsieur's family in England are very fine, and madame, though so good is poor. They have been here six months and monsieur has grown weaker every day. Consumption you see! I'm sure if care and devotion could do anything, monsieur should get well, for in all that time madame has never left him once—till the other day!"

Here the hostess paused a moment, for she was scant of breath. "The other day," she went on "madame came to me early in the morning with a happy face. 'I'm going to win us good fortune' she said, and then she told me how the doctor had declared that the only way to save monsieur's life was to go South. How she had been in despair when she had heard this; how happy she was now since she had found a way to bring it about. Would I stay with monsieur? Of course I would! 'It is so hard to leave Jack' she said—monsieur is Jack, you see—but I promised to take good care of him and so she went. While she was gone the letter came. It brought sunshine back to monsieur's pale face. For the first time in weeks he was getting up to dress, when all at once madame came back. Ah, messieurs, I never saw such a wretched woman. Changed? She was twenty years older! When I opened the door she fell into my arms and she dared not go to monsieur for some time. Neither he nor I ever found out what the trouble was. The letter put all other thoughts out of his mind, you see, and—yes, they went yesterday. They have promised to write to me,"—

"Then we can do nothing to help them?" asked Jean Janois regretfully.

"I think not. Do you know you are the second here to-day, to enquire for madame? Another gentleman came this morning. He was really angry and would not believe me at first when I said they were gone."

"Was he very tall—very large? I enquired.

"Yes, very. He quite frightened me!," she declared with a shrug.

"It was Sebastien." said Jean Janois.

## II.

Spring time in Paris! Where is the Spring more gay? The brilliant sky, the laughing crowds, the flowers, and best of all—best for me—the *Salon*.

Jean Janois had his arm in mine as we made our way through the throng and looked at

the long lines of pictures. We had been here for hours and could not get away. There is a fascination about the opening day which I never can outlive. It is the great holiday for artists and certainly all Paris seems to enjoy it as much as we do. First one man, then another had begged us to come and see where his picture was hung. Of course nobody was satisfied with the hanging!—I say nobody but I am wrong. Sebastien was thoroughly satisfied. He had obtained the *Prix de Rome* and his picture was in the place of honor.

"What is the matter?" I asked, surprised, when suddenly Jean Janois gave my arm a terrible pinch.

"See! see!" he whispered excitedly, pointing through the crowd, "It is—oh, it is!"

"Are you insane?" I inquired laughing, but looking in the direction he had pointed, I instantly became grave. Not six feet from us, a lady and gentleman were standing, gazing with fixed attention at an Eastern picture by Gérôme. The palled face of the man told of weariness and ill health, but he stood erect and smiled in light-hearted enjoyment as he listened to his wife's quiet words. And the wife? Could that beautiful woman, so quietly but elegantly dressed, whose every movement breathed a soft refinement, be our model? It certainly was, and both Jean Janois and I shuddered as we thought of the terrible meaning of her presence.

"How can we get them away?" I whispered, conscious that something must be done.

"There is the chance that they may not see!" said Jean.

"But they will see—if they stay!"

As I spoke, the fair-faced Englishman looked down at his wife. We were so near I could not help listening to their conversation.

"Why is it, Marie, that you do not care to look at pictures any more?" he was saying in a low voice.

"And why is it that you think I do not?"

"You really did not care to come to-day—confess!"

"I shall confess nothing! If you enjoy it—you know I do."

"Ah! Marie, I believe you would do anything for me—you never think of yourself. Do you know," he went on, smiling, "I feel bet-

ter already since we have come back to Paris—I am a different man to-day! I shall soon be well, Marie—don't you think I shall, dear?"

They began to move slowly down the room. Jean Janois and I followed them.

"See!" said the Englishman, suddenly turning, "what is all that crowd doing over there? By Jove, Marie, we must go and see! It is probably the gem of the collection or it wouldn't attract so many people. And we had almost missed it—come!"

I looked at Jean Janois in terror. He actually turned pale. Before we had time to think further or seek some means of stopping them, both had been lost from us in the crowd.

A curious murmur seemed to rise soon afterwards, and I saw the tall Englishman and his wife slowly making their way through the surprised throng, unobservant of the strange attention they were attractig.

"What are they doing? Oh, what will happen?" I cry in agony to Jean Janois. Then I leap through the crowd, pushing my way like a madman, not heeding how I go, but only intent on preventing, if possible, the calamity which seems so near. Men stare, women remonstrate, children cry,—but I care not. I only dash on with the wild, unreasoning hope of snatching the pair in front of me from a terrible revelation,—but I am too late. Even as I stretch out my hand to draw him back, the man raises his eyes and sees!

A vision, so fair, so beautiful that one might truly say it is a spirit too pure for this rough world, is on the wall before us. The portrait of the woman who stands, perfectly nude, looking down upon the throng, is a wonderful production of art. Its beauty is enchanting, dazzling. The face seems to breathe forth radiance, and yet, in the proud turn of the head, the piercing eyes, one can almost read a silent appeal for pity. Certainly Sebastien has done his work well, and merits the praise he is receiving on all sides. His picture is true to the life, cruelly true, for every one here can see its counterpart.

Shall I ever forget that cry? It is so faint that it scarcely reaches my ears, yet it is so full of meaning it thrills every fibre of my body. Anguish, reproach, despair, seem rending a man's heart in shreds, and the

broken words which come with the cry do not speak half so plainly.

"A man has fallen senseless!" soon I hear a woman call out, but I am almost too dazed to heed her.

"Water! air! Oh, see his poor wife!" declares another.

In the awe-stricken silence, I look down at the white face of the man before me. His eyes are closed, his hands relaxed, and with horror I see a bright stream issuing from his mouth.

"Oh, Jack! Jack!" sobs Marie, kneeling at his side. "Only hear me—Jack, hear me! It was for you, Jack—for you! Oh, darling, darling! say you hear—it was all for you—"

The eyes open for a moment, and seem to smile. Then all is still; and the desolate woman, who waits so long and silently for an answer, can only guess that he has heard.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sunshine and shadow, shadow and sunshine! continually they chase each other across our lives and leave them never wholly colorless. However sad the changing drama we call life may be, however vivid the memory of a great and lasting sorrow, there still is here and there a gleam of cheer which brings a short forgetfulness.

Jean Janois and I have been sketching in Bretigny this summer. To-day as we were drawing the moss-covered towers of an old convent a crowd of little charity children playing in the court came to look over our shoulders. Suddenly the convent-door opened, and the figure of a nun appeared on the threshold. As I looked, the children left us and ran joyfully towards her.

"Come, oh come, *ma soeur* and see the pictures!" they cried, laughing as they nestled in her black gown.

The grave, sweet face looked down upon the eager little ones and gave them a sad, lingering smile; then gently but quickly drawing them within, she disappeared in silence.

Jean Janois and I looked at the closed door, speechless for a whole minute.

"You think Sister Maria is very beautiful, don't you?" asked a bright eyed boy, close at my elbow.

"Very," I answered, as soon I could speak.

"So do I—so do we all. We—love her!" he announced, smiling as he gazed curiously into our astonished faces.

Jean Janois returned his smile, and I grasped the little fellow by the hand.

As he turned and ran across the courtyard, I saw tears in Jean's eyes.

"Did you recognize her, too?" I asked.

ROB : TRENT.

#### CHARACTER SKETCHES. No. 1.

Have you met this American Pooh-Bah gentleman? If not weep bitter tears of sorrow. If so, thank the Gods you are so blessed.

He is invaluable to the man who would shine in society, for in his capacity as First-Diner-out he knows all who are worth knowing. Would you learn the Terpsichorean art—apply to this Modern Apollo for instruction and lo! your success is assured.

In his capacity as President of Beta Sigma Pi he will initiate you into his small but select order. As Grand Master of the Budget of Fashionable Folk he will see that your name is inserted into all the fashionable papers. As First Grand Chamberlain to His Majesty Myself—he will teach you all the pretty conceits so dear to feminine hearts. As Lord Chancellor of the Exchequer he will show you how to keep clear of debt. As General Do Nothing he will give you advice how to be Something without any apparent effort—in short he is a Walking Embodiment of All-One-Can-Desire.

Admire him, he soon will vanish—"whence comes such another?"

L'OEIL.

#### A VISION.

The theatre crowded ; radiance, beauty, light.  
It is "The Winter's Tale" she plays to-night ;  
A dual rôle. The actress is a sight—  
They tell me that.

They tell me, yes, or I could ne'er tell you,  
For here before me is a screen of blue  
And pink, a hopeless barrier to my view—

A woman's hat !

ROB : TRENT.

Hereafter THE TABLET will be issued once in two weeks—the next number appearing Saturday, February 23d.

#### COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

Two "funny" valentines will be received by the Sophomore class on Feb. 14th. One will come from Middletown.

The end of the world is drawing near. The manager of the Foot-ball team really said he intended collecting the suits of the players very soon.

The Missionary Society held the first meeting of this year on Tuesday, Jan. 22. Officers were elected as follows: President, Kramer, '89, Vice-President, Sullivan, '89, Secretary, H. Barber, '90, Treasurer, Hicks, '91. The Chaplain and Assistant Chaplain are Dr. Pynchon and Dr. Hart.

The ghostly and spectre-like forms of the members of the Po Pai Paig were both seen and heard about midnight, Wednesday, Jan. 23. From the fact that a number of the class of '90 preferred standing seats in recitations the next day, it is conjectured that the annual initiation was held at that time.

Mr. Samuel Abbott, editor-in-chief of "The Collegian," addressed a number of students on Friday, Jan. 25th, upon the merits and prospects of that magazine. He appointed Millard, '89, agent for the same here, and solicited subscriptions (\$3.00 a year) from all who are interested in general college topics.

The Glee and Banjo Clubs gave their first concert at Welles Hall, East Hartford, Monday, Jan. 28th. The programme was essentially the same as that presented at their first public rehearsal, and it was well received by a very appreciative audience. Both clubs did extremely well, and they gave great promise that this will be a most successful season. The next concert will be given in the New Armory, Feb. 26th, at the fair for the Tyler Post. The Glee Club is now composed of eighteen members; four first tenors, four second tenors, five first bases, and five second bases. The Banjo Club has seven members; five banjoists and two guitars.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the Athletic Association, Jan. 30th, Schütz '89, President, was elected to represent Trinity at a meeting of the New England Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association held to-day in Boston. The programme for the gymna-

sium exhibition was decided upon. Sparring was substituted for fencing, and it was resolved to have no tug-of-war unless it be between the "odd and even" classes. The date of the exhibition was fixed for Tuesday, March 19th.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner delivered a most entertaining and instructive lecture before a large number of students, Friday evening, Feb. 1. The subject was, "The duty of the government in regard to the criminals of our penitentiaries." The economic side of the question was brought out with great force.

There was a special meeting of the class of '89, on Tuesday, Jan. 29th. It was voted to hold the annual contest for the Oratorical Prize upon Washington's Birthday, as is stated in the catalogue, and it was also agreed to continue the custom of having a dance after the contest. Millard, Sullivan and Schütz were appointed the committee. Officers for the ensuing term were elected as follows: President, Jarvis; First Vice-President, Sennett; Second Vice-President, Kramer; Secretary, Remington; Treasurer, Millard; Chronicler, Noyes. These names were placed upon the board directly under the Political Economy note "Idlers, or unproductive laborers." Accidents will happen.

Turnbull has been elected captain of the Freshman base-ball nine; Humphries leader of the class quartette; Bacon, leader of the class banjo club, and Hall, captain of the hockey team.

The German club gave one of the prettiest germans of the season last evening, led by Messrs. Jarvis, '89, McCook, '90, and Macauley, '90. There were seven rounds of favors. Mrs. Arthur Bradley and Mrs. W. E. Collins kindly acted as chaperones.

A dinner was given by Professor and Mrs. Ferguson in honour of Dr. and Mrs. Smith, on Saturday, February 2nd. A large number of distinguished guests were present. Some delightful music was furnished during the evening by a few of the students.

The New England Branch of the Trinity Alumni Association held their annual meeting and dinner at the rooms of the Hartford Club, Thursday, January 31st. The following officers were elected: President, Luke A. Lockwood, '55; Vice President, W. C. Skinner, '76; Secretary, Dr. W. A. M. Wainwright, '64; Treasurer, P. S. Bryant, '70; Executive Committee, A. B. Bull, '59,

Dr. Hart, '66, and Dr. W. D. Morgan, '72. After the dinner many toasts were responded to; "Trinity College," by Dr. Smith; "the library," by Dr. Pynchon; "athletics," by Prof. Luther and Mr. Shannon; "the ladies," by Dr. Morgan, and numerous others. The next meeting will be held upon the third Thursday of October next, at Alumni Hall.

By far the greatest event of the year thus far in connection with the college, was the presentation of the "Shakespeare Water-Cure" by the Dramatic Association, February 5th. Although the weather was threatening, a very large and fashionable audience assembled in Alumni Hall to witness this most entertaining burlesque. The peculiar conglomeration of the five plays was highly amusing, and the adaptation of the characters to the scenes and manners of to-day was a piece of profanity rarely enjoyed. Many excellent "local hits" also called forth repeated applause. The plot in short was, the murder of Bassanio by Macbeth, after which Shylock makes love (?) to Portia and wins her hand and money, whereupon a wedding feast is given to the bridal pair by the general company at Shylock's expense.

Portia's dignity as Doctor of Laws was well contrasted with the white-washed, gushing character of Shylock, whose compliments and pretty speeches at last won him his prize. Both parts were acted well, and the Jewish make-up of Shylock, though slightly Christianized, was very telling. His beard most certainly looked as if he had been obliged to pay for it. Lady Macbeth was the "hit" of the evening, and her rendering of this tragic rôle was marked by genuine dramatic talent. Her "Scotch terrier" lord supported her in a taking manner, and exhibited a haughty spirit only overcome by his lady's will. Romeo and Juliet made the prettiest couple of the whole performance, and their love scenes were worthy of experts. They were graceful and easy in their movements, and entered well into their parts. Ophelia's entrance "brought down the house." Her costume was peculiarly artistic and well adapted to her role. The sad and gloomy character of her lover was very effectively presented, and made a conspicuously dark figure in the midst of good cheer. Othello, as a colored waiter and grand master of the feast, furnished a great deal of fun, and as for the ghost, he could not have been more



ghostly. On the whole, it was a capital burlesque, and exhibited much real talent in the histrionic line. The costumes and scenery were very pretty and appropriate, and the occasional songs won hearty applause and laughter. The manager deserves much credit for his work, and the whole Dramatic Association merits hearty congratulation. Many thanks are due the ladies who kindly acted as patronesses. They were, Mrs. G. W. Smith, Mrs. A. B. Bull, Mrs. Wm. Hamersley, Mrs. George Beach, Mrs. W. C. Skinner and Mrs. Holcomb. Messrs. Williams and Luther furnished some excellent music between the acts.

The programme is as follows :

Portia, . . . . .	Mr. Wm. Pressy.
"Who of legal knowledge has obtained such a grip, is by—	
Shylock . . . . .	Mr. Philip Smith.
taken into partnership."	
Macbeth, . . . . .	Mr. Robert Lynch.
Lady Macbeth, . . . . .	Mr. Herbert Parrish.
"Here's employment for thee."	
Juliet, . . . . .	Mr. Marion R. Wright.
"Romeo, be but sworn my love, and I'll no longer be a Capulet."	
Romeo, . . . . .	Mr. George N. Hamlin.
"I take thee at thy word," and he did.	
Ophelia, . . . . .	Mr. Lucien F. Sennett.
"A little more than kin, and less than kind."	
Hamlet, . . . . .	Mr. F. F. Kramer.
Othello, . . . . .	Mr. William A. Bull.
"Hereafter haunted by Desdy's mother."	
Ghost, . . . . .	Mr. Robert H. Schutz.
"Doomed for a certain term (Trinity) to walk the night."	
"Tis true that a good play needs no epilogues."	
Stage Manager, . . . . .	Mr. F. F. Kramer.
Musical Director, . . . . .	Mr. F. G. Williams.

A college meeting was held last Thursday, and the question of remaining in the New England Intercollegiate Base Ball League was discussed. Great enthusiasm was displayed and it was decided almost unanimously not to withdraw.

#### PERSONALS.

MIDDLEBROOK, '48. The name of Maj. L. N. Middlebrook stands first on the list of Directors of the Connecticut Humane Society.

BROCKLESBY, '65. At the late Convention of the Selectmen of the Towns of Connecticut, a paper on Town Government was read by J. H. Brocklesby, Attorney of the Town of Hartford.

SHORT, '69. The Rev. William Short has accepted the charge of St. Peter's Church, St. Louis, Mo.

ELLIOT, '72. James H. Elliot is an engineer of the Mississippi River Improvement Company, at Scota, Miss.

GILMORE, '74. Dr. A. P. Gilmore has been elected a county commissioner of Cook County, Ill., in which Chicago is situated, for 1889.

FORTH, '76. Charles E. Forth is engaged in mining engineering, at Phoenix, Arizona.

MOORE, '76. Charles E. Moore, M. D., is residing at 220 West 46th Street, New York City.

BARTO, '82. R. V. Barto is in the banking business in Tacoma, N. Y.

CROCKER, '84. H. D. Crocker is with the law firm of D. J. and C. D. Crocker, Chicago, Ill.

JOHNSON, '84. Married, in Lebanon, N. H., January 30th, Frank E. Johnson and Miss Mary Elizabeth Pattee.

BARBER, '88. W. W. Barber has been appointed tutor in St. Mark's school, Southboro, Mass.

WARNER, '88. M. C. Warner is with the firm of George E. Hamlin & Co., 342 Broadway, New York.

PUTNAM, '88. W. T. Putnam is in the lumber business at Lake Cushman, Skokomist, Mason County, W. T.

Prof. H. C. Bolton recently read before the New York Archæological Society a paper explaining the cause of the "Singing Sands."

BELDEN, '88. H. M. Belden who is now teaching at Highland, on the Hudson, is soon to enter Johns Hopkins University.

#### COLLEGE WORLD.

Holy Cross College, of Worcester, will apply for admission into one of the college base-ball leagues.

Amherst is to have a new base-ball cage. Over \$1,000 has already been raised.

Cornell's freshman class of 414 is the largest that ever entered an American university.

Whenever a student at Lehigh University has ten or more unexcused absences, a notification is sent to his parents.

\$18,000 has been left to Yale by the will of the late John S. Wells, of Hartford.

Williams College Catalogue for the current year, shows a total of 286 students.

Mrs. Garfield gave recently \$10,000 to the Garfield University at Wichita, Kansas.

It is stated on positive authority that Har-mar, Yale's long-distance runner, will be on the track again this spring.

Harvard has returned to the compulsory system in regard to daily prayers, recitations and lectures.

Steps are being taken towards the organization of a new base-ball league, to include the University of Pennsylvania, Cornell, Columbia, Lafayette.

The report that Sherill of Yale had been dangerously ill at his home, and that he never would be able to run again, was unfounded. He has not been ill, and will in all probability run at Mott Haven in the spring.

An exchange issues the following request to exchanges: "Please fold and don't roll college papers." The exchange editor heartily indorses this sentiment, and would pass it on with his compliments.

A list of the alleged lowest annual expenses possible at various colleges and universities, has been arranged as follows: Harvard, \$700; Yale, \$650; Amherst, \$400; Wellesley, \$350.

Fearing that too much time is given to athletic exercises the Dartmouth Faculty has decreed that either foot-ball or base-ball must be dropped.

Harvard is already training men for next year's foot-ball team. They work in the gymnasium one hour a day under the supervision of ex-Captain Sears. Particular attention is given to the backs.

The Harvard Faculty have decided to allow the ball team to play practice games with professionals, and to engage a professional trainer; the nine has engaged Clarkson, of the Bostons.

Cornell Freshmen, who have startled the college by a vote of 175 to 25 against wine at their class supper, have followed it up, with the approval of the President of the University, by including the ladies of the class in the invitations.

The Intercollegiate Base-ball Association has adopted the rules of the National League with three exceptions. The batter will be out when a fly is caught. A batsman hit by a pitched ball will not be allowed his base, and the tenth man clause is struck out.

The rule which exempts men from examination who have an average of 85 per cent. and over has had a most salutary effect at Lehigh. This is shown by a statement from

*The Burr*, which says over fifty per cent. of the senior and junior classes were so exempted last June.

At the recent convention of the intercollegiate foot ball league, held at Springfield, no pennant was awarded as Dartmouth and Technology are ties. Hereafter, in case of a tie between champions and another team, the pennant will be awarded to the former.

The Amherst nine gives promise of being very strong this year. There is much good material especially in the Freshman class, and the college is subscribing liberally to the support of the team. A movement is on foot to establish a standing advisory committee of graduates.

The University of Pennsylvania contemplates the establishment of the department of Physical Education upon an equal basis with the other departments. The student pursuing this course would be made competent to take charge of an athletic work, and would also receive a degree.

A novel foot ball game will be played in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on March 7th. The orchestra will be floored over and covered with soft matting, thus giving a field little smaller than the regulation size and no harder than the turf. The ball will not be allowed to be kicked and the game will be strictly a running one. The game will be between the regular University of Penn. eleven and an amateur eleven known as the Riversides, which will be strengthened, however, by four well-known Princeton players: Hancock, '88, as quarter-back, Cowan, '88 and L. Price, '88 half-backs, and Ames, '90 full-back.

#### CLIPPINGS.

##### DOING THEIR DUTY.

*Theatrical Manager*: I'm terribly pinched for money. The chorus is beginning to kick.

*Backer*: Well, isn't that what they're hired to do?—*Life*.

*Teacher*: Tommy, what is half of eight?

*Pupil*: Sideways or top? *Teacher*: What do you mean? *Pupil*: Why, half from the top of eight is nothing, and half sideways is three!—*Baltimore American*.

THE LADY OF LIONS—The lioness.

TIME FLIES—Minute insects.

HEIR OIL—Castor oil.

## BUT THEN.

The sun can only set at eve ;  
 The airy fairy hen  
 Can sit at any time of day,—  
 But then—

At day alone the sun can give  
 His golden light to men.  
 The candle shines whene'er 'tis lit—  
 But then !

—Harper's Bazaar.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for February, opens with a short story by Sarah Orne Jewett, entitled "A Winter Courtship." It is written in a simple style and is very amusing; an article on "Butterflies in Disguise" by Samuel H. Scudder, based on the fact that some creatures resemble very strongly the objects on which they alight, is very interesting; also Chapters XVII, XIX of Arthur Sherburne Hardy's serial, entitled "Passé Rose" and Chapters IV, VI of Henry James' interesting serial, "The Tragic Muse;" a poem, "Eucylochus Transformed" by Wendell P. Stafford—a modification of the Homeric Legend of Circe and Ulysses. It is full of much poetic fancy; "A Plea for Humor," in which the author, Agnes Repplier, laments that the appreciation for real humor is dying out and a philosophizing tendency is reducing everything to seriousness. It is an excellent article and well worth reading. Charles Worcester Clark gives us an excellent view of "The Spirit of American Politics" as shown in the late election; "The Gift of Fernseed" by Harry Perry Roberts—a short story of the curious effect of a drug,—and containing many interesting facts; an address to the Assembly at the opening of the Player's Club in New York by F. W. Parsons: a scientific article on "The New Talking Machines" by P. G. Herbert, Jr.; a biographical sketch of Brianda de Bardaxi—as an example of the honors of the Spanish Inquisition, by Henry C. Lea; an excellent criticism of Lanciani's new book entitled "Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Fiction"; also a review of Illinois life in fiction as depicted in Edward Eggleston's "The Graysons," and Kirkland's "The McVeys."

*The Collegian* for February opens with an article "On the Teaching of English Literature in the College Curriculum," embodying good suggestions in regard to the methods adopted by many professors of English. A short sketch entitled "Nurick Life," very well written, and working in a little story to its advantage; Wellesley College is represented by a *critique* on "The Modern World," by Miss Goodloe—a very readable article—showing the tendency of the world to represent life as it is,—full of strength and help to the human character. "A Bit of Flèche Country" is a descriptive sketch of rather commonplace type. "Nature in Thoreau and Burroughs," by Frederick Perkins of Hamilton, is a fairly good criticism of these authors in their relation to nature, and shows an appreciation of scenery and the influence of nature on the mind of man. "A Review of Prose Poetry" is perhaps the most scholarly article in it, and shows that the author is conversant with a great deal of foreign literature. "Revery" is a diminutive "Reveries of a Bachelor," in the same thread—of one line of open fire-places, a college study, and sweethearts; time, 11 P. M.; apart from this, it is rather cleverly done. "The Position of 'Lalla Rookh' in English Literature," from the *Williams Lit.*, is fair and well written, although the idea is not new! An article on newspapers, with the title "How Now! What News?" is a bright, readable production, showing the immense value of newspapers and the wants of the public in regard to the same. There are few sonnets, all fair, and one or two very good short poems, "The World Doth Hold but one Fair Maid" being especially good. The editorial department contains the usual quota of editorials on practical subjects. The department devoted to foreign and home correspondence is an excellent idea, and adds much to the interest of the magazine. In the "Eclectic and Critical" there is a sonnet and some verses entitled "Rise, Winter Moon," from the *Dartmouth Lit.*, that are worth more than passing notice. The athletic department is devoted to the schedule of New England Intercollegiate Foot-Ball Association for last season. Taken as a whole, the second number of *The Collegian* is excellent, and its success is quite assured.



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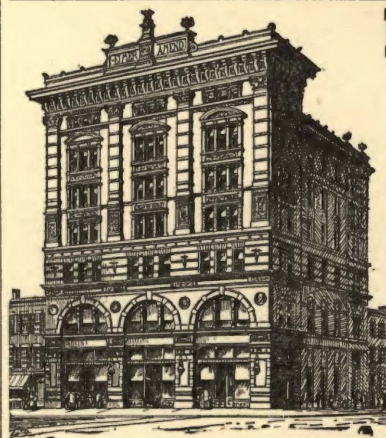
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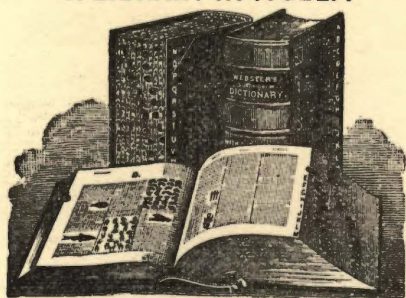
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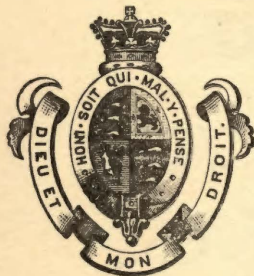
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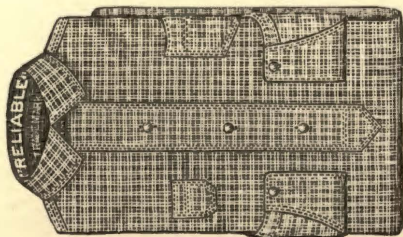
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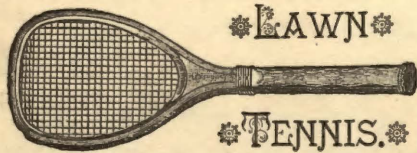
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