

Trinity College

Trinity College Digital Repository

Trinity Tablet (1868-1908)

Trinity Publications (Newspapers, Yearbooks,
Catalogs, etc.)

6-3-1893

Trinity Tablet, June 3, 1893

Trinity College

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalrepository.trincoll.edu/tablets>

Recommended Citation

Trinity College, "Trinity Tablet, June 3, 1893" (1893). *Trinity Tablet (1868-1908)*. 321.
<https://digitalrepository.trincoll.edu/tablets/321>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Trinity Publications (Newspapers, Yearbooks, Catalogs, etc.) at Trinity College Digital Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in Trinity Tablet (1868-1908) by an authorized administrator of Trinity College Digital Repository.

Trinity College
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

THE TRINITY TABLET.

VOL. XXVI.

JUNE 3, 1893.

NO. II.

Published every three weeks during the college year.

EDITORS.

W. F. COLLINS, '93, *Managing Editor*.
C. C. BARTON, Jr., '93. R. P. BATES, '93.
J. B. BIRCKHEAD, '94.
W. W. REESE, '95.

R. PEARCE, '93, *Business Manager*.
C. A. HORNE, '93. W. P. NILES, '93.
G. W. ELLIS, '94.
D. WILLARD, '95.

Terms, \$2.00 per year; single copies, 20 cents. For sale by J. R. Barlow, 232 Asylum St., and at 11 Jarvis Hall.
Address P. O. Box 398 Hartford, Conn.

EDITORIALS.

THE transitory nature of all things human is strikingly illustrated in the make-up of the staff of a college paper. Scarcely has man become accustomed to the proud distinction of seeing his name appear under the "Board of Editors," when one little wave of change blots it out, and he realizes the grim fact that it is the easiest thing in the world for types to form different combinations, and that printed words have a strong resemblance to those characters traced in sand. With this issue the work of the present TABLET board is completed. Of what the paper has been the past year, it is not for us to speak, but before we make our bow, and leave the editorial stage, perhaps a word of advice to those who take our places will not be amiss. The success which THE TABLET has, of late years, achieved and the position it holds today, is simply and solely due to the fact that no efforts have been spared to make it distinctly a *college* journal. In so small an institution as Trinity, it is absolutely necessary that every organization—and this is especially true of the student's paper—should be in touch with the whole college, so that every undergraduate can feel a personal interest in its welfare. We may honestly say that we have tried to pursue this policy, and we cannot impress too strongly on our successors the

importance of having THE TABLET mirror the sentiments of the student body as a whole. Let the best men be elected to the board and then the best work will be done. If these few facts are kept in mind there is no doubt but that success will await the labors of the next editorial board in this work which constitutes the most fascinating as well as the most valuable department of college life.

* * *

THE spring meeting of the Intercollegiate Association is always one of the pleasantest athletic occasions of the year. The meet at Worcester on May twenty-fourth, was no exception. A sunny, spring day, well kept grounds, efficient management and an increased number of entries from the nine associate colleges, assured the success of the meet, while the spring gowns and hats of the girls, who were out in number, the many-colored flags and banners, and the band in the center of the field, gave an overtone of gaiety to the scene, so that the stern reality of a mile under five minutes seemed an easy exercise for the contestants. From the pistol-shot which started the first heat of the hundred yards dash, till the last man had taken his last try in the running broad jump, there was not a hitch in the proceedings. The Trinity delegation was large, and, what

is even more important, sat together, so that the college cheer was not wanting, a fact which was especially happy, as Trinity for the first time in several years, obtained a first place, which Bowdoin, Vermont and even Worcester Tech. failed to do. Track athletics had certainly reached a low ebb at Trinity, when either from want of proper training or lack of enthusiasm of the right sort, the team failed to score a point for two successive years at the spring meet. The college, therefore, owes both gratitude and respect to the man, who, by his faithful work since last fall, has enabled Trinity to retain her place in the association.

* * *

THE banquet of the Intercollegiate Press Association coming on the evening of the games makes a pleasant afterpiece for the privileged writers of short stories and amateur poets. The particularly delightful feature of this banquet is the presence of the editors of the *Wellesley Magazine* and *The Mount Holyoke*, who lend a grace to the board which is sometimes wanting in exclusively masculine gatherings. THE TABLET hopes that by another year the Smith College paper will be flourishing in vigorous youth and that it may be represented. A new feature was introduced this year in the reading of papers in the business meeting, and the *University Cynic* responded in a well written article on "The Effective Editorial." An account of the banquet will be found in "College and Campus." THE TABLET wishes to congratulate Mr. Hazeltine of *The Brunonian* on the success of the meeting and also to thank him for courtesies extended to our representatives.

* * *

IT would be a pleasure before retiring and giving place to others to congratulate the college on the state of athletics here, but the facts forbid. Indeed, it seems quite necessary to say in parting a few words in condemnation of the half-hearted support that has been given athletics this year, and that has always been given track athletics.

Support is readily given a successful team, but the team which for any reason fails to excel its rivals in much larger institutions is shown the cold shoulder, subscriptions are not pledged, and if pledged may never be paid, and

the encouragement so much needed by the unfortunate seekers of laurel, is denied. Men fail to attend the games, and the team unsupported and discouraged is driven to the wall by the very ones who owe it support. In the case of track athletics the support given can be reckoned at *nil*, the men work on in their thankless task without even the enjoyment which players derive from baseball or foot-ball, without conveniences and without encouragement, and if perchance they lose, the man who has refused to subscribe the small amount asked of him, constitutes himself a critic and exercises his self-appointed duties with a diligence worthy of a better cause. Nowhere is support more needed than in a small college like this, and nowhere is so much demanded of the various teams; if then we demand success surely a counter-demand of support by presence at practice games and by subscriptions is only rational. THE TABLET desires to commend the captains of the Base-ball and Athletic teams for their faithful work, and especially to thank James Cullen, Jr., for his efficient management of the nine in a most trying season.

* * *

THE TABLET wishes to congratulate the college upon the acquisition of three new English composition prizes to be offered to the Sophomore class in Trinity term of next year. These prizes, drawn from the income of a fund raised through the generosity of alumni, and increased by the proceeds of some college dramatic entertainments, are very welcome acquisitions, and members of the present Freshman class are urged to compete for them. This year there has been a deplorable lack of interest shown in regard to college honors, as the omission of the Prize Oratoricals goes to prove. It is now nearly twenty years since the first of these annual contests, and before this only once has it failed to take place. Lack of talent is not the cause of this dearth of competitors, but an ailment which we will be charitable enough to call modesty, which deters our youthful orators from appearing in public. There remains from the English prize fund a considerable sum, which it is considered desirable to increase to \$2,000, for the purpose of endowing the Oratoricals, thus in-

suring ample prizes as incentives to competition independent of the financial support of the students. THE TABLET hopes that this plan may materialize. The efforts of Professor Johnson in behalf of this fund have been unremitting and we are glad to see that they are proving so successful.

* * *

SO the four years are nearly ended, and as you lie on your window seat watching the shadows lengthen on the campus and the light fade on the distant blue hills, you scarcely realize the coming change. There is a touch of unreality in it all; it hardly seems possible that the next leave-taking will be the last. It was so long ago—that time when those dreaded preliminaries were lions in the path of a seemingly endless college course; when you first saw the strange faces of your class-mates and wondered if you would really come to know those fellows well. Poor little Freshman! you smile half pityingly, half regretfully, as you think of him, but the sigh follows quickly. How much has chanced since then; how much you have learned, how much you have seen. How many faces rise before you as you look out on the campus in the gathering twilight and think of what has been. Many a summer evening have you strolled out there near the Bishop with Harry or Tom, and as you watched the lights in college buildings you have wondered how it

would be when you had to say "good bye" at last. And now the time is nearly here. Things are different from what you expected they would be. Being an alumnus doesn't have half the attraction for you it had a year or so ago, and you resent the well meant but cruel inquiry as to what you are going to do next year. Next year! That means for you separation from old friends, the loss of so much that you hold dear, the abrupt transition from the old and familiar to the new and strange. Well may you be thoughtful, our Senior friends. THE TABLET has known many a man before your day to become thoughtful as he realized what he so soon must lose, and how much it was to him. For your little part in the play of college life is nearly over, and the time is fast approaching when you must speak your parting lines. They will be hard to say, no doubt, and there is a little huskiness in your voice as you respond to your room-mate's question, that you weren't thinking of anything in particular. That good old Anglo-Saxon reserve isn't a bad thing after all, and talking won't help matters, nor too much thinking either. Plenty of men have had to pass through it before you, and you can be as brave as they. Yet, for all that, "the end" is a harsh word, and you may be pardoned for looking on things a little more seriously as you begin to understand its meaning.

PARTING.

"TO meet as friends," and yet to feel, to know,
 That which has been and that which is. All o'er—
 No right to love, a friend and nothing more,
 Or what the blind world calls a friend. To go,
 And not return. With lingering footsteps slow
 To wander forth. To feel at heart the sore,
 The self-caused pain; to loathe one's self; to pour
 Out shame unto the dregs, and quaff of woe!
 And can it be that we in other days,
 Shall meet and smile, nor feel within
 The scorching Past? To bandy polite phrase
 And mocking sentiments? I feel my sin
 Too deeply. We shall go our widening ways,
 Not meet as friends, as if it had not been.

R.

"WITH STRAINS OF A VIOLIN."

ALTHOUGH I had heard Verdi's *Trovatore* a score of times I did not hesitate to say to Rogers that evening after dinner, "Come along old fellow, let's go to the opera." I hate repeated operas, as a rule, but who ever tires of *Il Trovatore*? And then you see Rogers had never heard it. He had just come over from America, and you know what Americans are, too fussy for Italian opera. Ibsen for Boston, not Verdi, on my life, and Rogers was a Boston man.

It was quite a time, twelve years since I had seen him, and I could not have told whether he were alive or dead, married or single, happy or unhappy—in fact, I knew nothing about him till he suddenly turned up here in London. "A European tour for my health," he said. I insisted that he stop with me, of course. He had changed, Rogers had, grown abstracted, reserved, while all I could learn of his life, was that he had never married and had succeeded in business. But I'm digressing.

"All right, old man," said he. It rained. We took a cab and went early. The theater was well filled as it always is on opera nights; a good many were standing in the lobby. I took off my top coat, nodded to a few men and passed in with Rogers to our stall. Rogers leaned back and listened to the music. I paid little attention at first, then the music attracted me and I turned to the stage. How soft those strains from *Il Trovatore*! How they stir the heart!

It grew time for the great tenor solo and the audience became attentive. It's the only time a London audience ever is quiet, during this solo, I believe. How sadly sweet those notes poured forth, now rising, now falling, dying away until the plaintive strains of a violin alone were heard with the tender soft refrain "*non ti scodar di me*." Suddenly, Rogers, pale as death, sprang at me. "What is this that you have brought me to hear, what is this music? The mouth of hell opens to me again!" He was gasping for breath, and people near by were rising. I put my arm around him at once and forced him to the back of the box, while the clear full notes of the tenor again rang out, "Let me remembered be!" "Out of the theater—

home, a cab!" and again he clutched me. I gave him his coat and we passed out through the lobby into the street. The carriage was at hand. Rogers said nothing, he was shaking all over. We sat silent while the cab rattled against the stones and at length turned into a quieter street. Then Rogers moved and lifted his head.

"Pardon me, old man,—but oh heaven, that I should have heard again those strains from a violin! And I have fought it out and lived it down for twelve long years,—and still that pale moonlight and that dead, white face, and the curling sea-weed in the damp dark hair!"

Twelve years, and what are twelve years for such a thing? The recollections of some past sorrow seemed to come back to him with irresistible force, and he stopped speaking. The cab jolted on and the windows rattled. I could say nothing to Rogers; I waited. Twelve years ago after one Continental trip he left me a light hearted, merry fellow—he had now come back a gray-headed care-worn man. Why? It was for him to tell, not for me to seek.

The silence continued but a short time. Rogers lifted his head, and looking at me a moment, went on speaking; his voice trembled continually.

"It was at Manchester that I met her, Manchester-by-the-sea—and she wasn't like other girls, Richardson, as I am not now like other men. You know me, what I was and what I am, but oh, Richardson, that music from the ball-room, and the waves plashing and sighing in the moonlight, and then that dead face, so ghastly white, and oh, so cold!

"I was hard at work the year after I left you, business was heavy, and I had no opportunity for a change during that summer, until towards August. It was then that I managed to get away, and I went up to Manchester-by-the-sea. She was there also, though I did not know it before, nor would I have thought anything of it if I had, because I did not know her at all well. I had only met her once or twice at some affair in Boston, for she had just come out, that is at the last of the season. And she wasn't like other girls, no, right was right and wrong was

wrong to her. If there was evil in the world she did not know it. She was always sweet, and kind, and gentle and so little accustomed to life. You see she had been out so short a time, and she had not yet learned that a man was no man till he had a past, a girl was no girl until she had—well, had seen many things.

“There happened to be a jolly lot of Boston people there, and as I wanted a gay time I found it easily. Occasionally, of course, I would run down to Boston, but I always hurried back as soon as business would allow. For a long time I didn't realize why this was—simply thought I liked the gaiety. But after a time it came to me that it was all on her account.

“Somehow I saw a good deal of her. When the party went on drives or walks, chance often made me her companion; then too, we danced a good deal together. I was fond of dancing, and she danced so well. After a time she got into a way of appropriating me on every occasion, and when we were together she would often confide numberless little secrets till I found myself growing deeply interested in all she felt and thought. I was, in reality, falling in love with her.

“If you've ever been in love you know how it is, you don't think about the past, or the future—in fact you don't think at all, you just live on and love on. It isn't a case of loving 'honor more;' those things don't occur to you. They didn't to us. I never told her I loved her, she never spoke of her love to me, but we both knew it, and too, everybody else knew it, and talked about it, and our engagement was even announced in the *Herald*. August passed and September came, and we were still together. She took my attentions as a matter of course, and and seemed surprised if they were at any time lacking. We always walked the beach and sat on the rocks together—everywhere in each other's company. With trust on her part, and blind folly on mine the thing went on until the season was about over. There was to be one more yachting trip, one more hop, and the gaiety would be past. Somehow I had lived along without any thought of an end coming to things, and when the realization made itself clear to me I felt that

something must at once be done. I was practically engaged to be married, and yet I couldn't marry; at least so it seemed to me. My affairs weren't settled, my business wasn't arranged. True, report had said I was in love with a girl, but was this feeling love or fancy? I asked myself. If the latter then I must not marry her, if the former—why I couldn't, love or no love. Yet people declared we were engaged and had gone so far as to speak of a wedding in the late fall. Surely they would never call it a mere flirtation if I were to break with her now, and as for her throwing me over, she was too well known for me ever to believe that.

“An end must be put to it somehow, that I knew, but how I could not tell. I was willing to take the blame of it all, say she discarded me, say I was not worthy of her, anything. Then later on, in a year or two if she were still unmarried and I still cared for her—but then I could not then begin to plan for the future. I must tell her on the yachting trip, or better at the hop, that I was soon going away, out west, to Canada, abroad, somewhere, and that I should hope to see her again another summer, and that—that—oh nothing more. It was going to be awfully hard, but such things were so common in society, and the world seemed to approve them.

“The thought of what was to come made the last few days rather unpleasant, and then the hop—how I dreaded its approach. It was an awfully pretty affair, flowers, music, fair faces, and handsome gowns, and then out on the balcony in the cool of the summer evening, the rolling of the sea, the yellow moonlight, the distant waltz strains. She was looking radiant and when I found her for the first waltz and went up to her, somehow it seemed as if I really loved her then and there.

“They had engaged a special orchestra from Boston to come up, and during the intermission a noted violinist was to play something from *Trovatore*. We had danced for some time, and at length, as one of the waltzes was dying away, we went out on the balcony. It was the last night, and the thought gave just a touch of sadness to the heart. We sat there long, looking out on the water, and talking, talking of the

dance, the people, the moonlight, the beach, then of the gay times past and of the breaking up, and then—I told her. Brutally, unfeelingly it must have been, I don't know what I said; all the thoughts under heaven were rushing through my brain. It was all over and then there came a silence; she said nothing, not a word.

"I remember she caught her breath once or twice, and then in a moment she got up and went back toward the ball-room leaving me sitting there. And as she went there came wafted in to me from the dance, a long low strain of music, violin music, fascinating, pathetic, which seemed to join with the moonlight and the plashing waves in one last agony of farewell. While woven with it all were those fateful ever remembered words I heard to-night, "Let me remembered be." I came to my senses in an instant and jumped up, and then, then I realized that she was gone and that I loved her. I didn't know it; I had made a mistake, oh, why had I ever said what I never meant? I must see her again, explain to her, tell her I loved her—oh, the air was choking me.

"I started for the ball-room. She was not there; her mother had not seen her. She could not have returned to the hotel; she must have stepped aside with some one. I searched through the ball-room, some had just seen her here or there, but now she was nowhere. I was mad with love and fear. I tore her mother away from the dance. She must go to the hotel with me—but at the

hotel there was no one who had seen her. It was then that her mother became alarmed. We called others, we searched, servants were dispatched along the beach. There was an anxiety every moment growing into a dread.

"And I, how did I feel—what did I do—it cannot be told. All night we could not find her, and then in the morning, oh Richardson you know, you understand, the ocean, yes, the ocean. I cannot tell you. She—she was dead, drowned.

"The waves washed her ashore on the beach and she lay there in her dripping ball-dress, her matted hair woven with sea-weed and half buried in the sand, wet, cold, dead. And I, oh Richardson, I found her and I looked into her face while the music seemed sounding in my ears, the strains of that violin out through the moonlight across the water, and all twelve years ago. But I loved her, I love her still and—and oh Marian, Marian, Marian!"

* * * * *

Ever since that night with Rogers music has seemed a different thing to me. It is apt to make me moody, a bad trait when found in a man of the world. Well, poor Rogers! But then we all live and love and lose; and a woman is but a woman and a heart a heart. Yet somehow do you know this has entirely spoiled *Trovatore* for me? I have no desire to hear that opera again.

W. E. Duck.

LOVE'S LAMENT.

SUCH loveliness as hers shall never die.—
 The rose and lily whose effulgence rare
 She borrowed, long ago have bowed their fair
 And stately heads beneath the Autumn sky;
 She too, when winter winds swirled snow on high,
 Grew weary at her earthly task; now, where
 She lieth, winds go singing down the air
 And flowers for her living beauty sigh.

Ah, well I know she smiles within her sleep—
 Fair nature tells me so with fragrant breath
 That drowns the dank, oppressive smell of death.
 The lark sends from the holier air above
 His vesper hymn and bids me not to weep,
 For Heaven's will surpasses mortal love.

Conestogo.

THE BILL POSTER.

A Farce in two scenes.

CHARACTERS:

Jack Hoadly—Advance Agent Unity Dramatic Club.
Miss Golightly, Youthful Teacher.
Miss Fluffy, }
Miss Puffy, } Three Farmington Girls.
Miss Ruffy, }

SCENE I.—FARMINGTON ROAD.

J. H. (Tacking posters on trees.)—Well I guess I'll get these blamed posters up high enough this time so none of those Farmington lassies can tear them down for keepsakes.

Miss Fluffy—(Walking by with a crowd.) Oh, girls, the Unity Dramatic Club is coming over here again and won't we have sport?

Miss Puffy.—Yes, and I do hope that sweet Tommy Kane is coming, too, he's just too lovely for anything.

Miss Ruffy.—You bet, and do you remember that great, big man with curly hair who was hit with a jar of pickles when they were serenading us last year?

J. H. (Going up to next tree whistling "Fifteen Dollars In My Inside Pocket")—I seem to be attracting quite a little attention and we ought to have a good house here, and thank goodness none of my posters have been torn down yet. By George, there's a pretty girl. Must be a new one. Don't seem to remember seeing her here before. Looks as though she wanted to speak to me. Well, I'm ready. Jerusalem, what eyes, what hair, what a figure!

Miss Golightly (approaching.)—Excuse me, sir, but I—I, thought it was so much better to beg than to steal and would you mind giving me one of those posters for my room.

J. H. (impetuously.)—Take 'em all.

Miss Golightly—Oh, you're too good, I only want one.

J. H. (rapturously.)—By George, she is a queen and I'm going to meet her if I have to live at the inn for six weeks.

Miss Fluffy (seeing the success of their teacher.)—Oh, kind sir, may we all have one for our rooms, too?

J. H.—Well, I am in clover, and as I've only got ten left I suppose I might as well give them to you. Why, yes, certainly, help yourself. (*Aside.*) They'll be sure to give some flowers the night of the play.

Miss Fluffy.—Oh, we are terribly obliged to you. (*Five o'clock bell strikes and they hurry away to spend an hour getting ready for dinner.*)

J. H.—I wouldn't mind this sort of thing every day. By gracious, she was a fairy, and—where in Sam Hill are those posters I tacked on those trees? I do believe that they've gotten the best of me after all. Well, I don't care, dramatics be blowed, I'm going to see that girl.

SCENE II.—AN AFTERNOON TEA.

The Hostess. Miss Golightly, allow me to present Mr. Hoadley of Unity College.

J. H.—By George, she's the girl.

Miss G. (after they have sat down on the divan.) Mr. Hoadley, are you a firm believer in esoteric Buddhism?

J. H. (blankly.)—I beg pardon.

Miss G.—Do you consider yourself a hypothetical dualist or a cosmothetic idealist?

J. H. (aside.)—What the deuce have I struck? No, really, Miss Golightly, I'm nothing but a sophomore.

Miss G.—Oh, excuse me, Mr. Hoadley, I thought you were a senior, and you know Unity seniors are such a deep set of men, and we teachers sort of have to keep up our reputation.

J. H.—Teacher!

Miss G.—Why, yes, didn't you know I was a teacher?

J. H.—Well, you could knock me down with a feather.

Miss G.—Why, Mr. Hoadley, how strangely you act.

J. H.—So would you if you had such a shock as I've just had.

Miss G.—Shock—I don't understand.

J. H.—Miss Golightly, I've met you before, but it was under very different circumstances from the present.

Miss G.—Met me before, where?

J. H.—I was posting notices on the —.

Miss G.—Oh, heavens, were you the man?

J. H.—H'mm.

Miss G. For pity's sake don't tell anyone. I was only acting naturally that day and you know I'm not old and I have to be on my dignity so much of the time that once in a while I have to relax.

J. H.—Do you ever expect to relax again?

Miss G.—Oh, yes, lots of times.

J. H.—Well, if that's the case, teacher or no teacher, will you go to the third, fourth, and fifth Unity germans with me and give me ten dances for Class-day and in the meantime let's go out for a stroll in the conservatory.

Miss G.—Look out, I'm getting ready to relax now.

Curtain.

C. C. B.

VERSE.

HORACE.

Ode XIII, Book III.

OH FOUNTAIN of Bandusia, than crystal yet more clear,
 Who meritest, not unadorned with flowers' wine so dear,
 A kid thou shalt indeed receive when breaks to-mor-
 row's dawn,
 Whose forehead scarcely now restrains the eager budding
 horn.
 He doth determine love and war, in vain, because with
 blood
 Of scarlet hue the gay flock's young shall dye thy cooling
 flood.
 To touch thee e'en the hated heat of dog-star's day doth
 dread,
 And thou a coolness ever dear dost o'er the traveler
 shed.
 And to the oxen wearied with the creeping ploughshare
 sore,
 Thou dost instill a new-born life and strength to labor
 more.
 Of fountains thou wilt soon become most famous, thanks
 to me,
 Who sing the praises without end of one o'erhanging
 tree.
 Deep-rooted on a hollow rock whence thine own waters
 flow,
 And with the ever merry sound of laughter downwards go.
Sylvester.

LOVE LAUGHS.

> "Love laughs at locksmith," laughs ho! ho!
 Still Thisbe steals to meet a beau,
 Naught recks of bolt and bar and night,
 And father's frown and word despite,
 As in the days of long ago,
 In Southern heat and Northern snow
 Still twangs the archer's potent bow,
 And as his flying arrows smite,
 Love laughs.

D.

A QUERY.

IF over the man who his mark has made
 The world makes such an ado,
 Why is a bright youth by the Faculty "fired"
Because he makes seventy-two?

M.

BASE BALL.

A HIT—the fielder runs along,
 Amid the plaudits of the throng,
 All hum the words of a good old song,
"After the ball."

D.

MY FAVORITE PAINTER.

THE Flemish school, in depth of hue,
 Excel all men I ever knew;
 But to my first love I am true,
 None painted half so well as Sue.

D.

FATE.

As in the German master's Trilogy
 One oft may catch from out the clash of sound
 Some mournful note which, trembling on the ear
 Foretells the tragedy the play enfolds,

So midst life's drama, ever and anon,
 There comes to each lone soul some warning word,
 An inborn call, which he may heed or not,
 But when the curtain falls, men name it "Fate."
S.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

THE waves beat sullenly upon the rock
 That rough and frowning from the sea's rude shock,
 A placid harbor holds,
 Oftimes a grim and rugged countenance,
 A care-worn, aged man's forbidding glance,
 A kindly heart enfolds.
D.

'TIS TRUE, TIS PITY.

SAID the poet, "Find me a rhyme to 'scarf,'"
 I can't seem to get the right word,
 Something that's neater than *half* or *calf*,
 Each of which is distinctly absurd."

"Dear boy," said his friend, "Before this time,
 You should have discovered that no man
 Is able to give or reason or rhyme
 For things appertaining to woman."

A REVISED VERSION.

'NEATH the elms of our old Trinity
 Is a song ever dear unto me,
 And I think—oh how fine
 In the warm summer time
 To rest neath some shady old tree.

Now it's sad to relate but it's true,
 That there isn't an elm *tree* in view
 And I'm sad as I lie
 Neath some sapling and sigh
 For an elm for the wind to blow through.
S.

THE OLD GYM'S NEW STEPS.

THERE are many men in this world of ours
 Of great imagination,
 But who would conceive of a chicken-walk
 As a road to education?
M.

A SAD FACT.

'Tis hard indeed in winter-time
 To "grind" for erudition.
 But harder far in summer-time
 To work off a condition.
M.

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

AT the recent Glee Club elections R. P. Parker, '94, was elected Director for the coming year, and Solomon Stoddard, '94, Temporary Manager.

A large-sized bonfire on the campus a week ago Monday night was the latest Freshman celebration.

Senior examinations begin Friday, June 9th and end June 16th.

This is the last issue of THE TABLET under the old board. Elections take place June 5th, and the new board will be organized early that week.

J. M. McGann, '95, has become the Trinity correspondent of the *Hartford Post*, and Smart, '95, of the *Hartford Times*.

N. E. I. P. A. MEETING.

The annual meeting of the N. E. I. P. A. was held at the Bay State House, Worcester, on Wednesday evening, May 24th. The meeting was called to order at ten o'clock with the president of the association, Mr. Hazeltine of the *Brunonian*, in the chair. After the reading of minutes of the last meeting a nominating committee of three was appointed to nominate officers for the ensuing year. The presidency fell to the *Amherst Student*, while THE TABLET was given the office of recording secretary, and the *Brunonian* was chosen as the official organ. It was moved and carried that a committee of five be appointed to draw up a new and simpler constitution than the present one. An interesting paper on "The Effective Editorial" was read by Mr. Dunham of the *University Cynic*. The meeting then adjourned to the dining room where a banquet was served at which C. C. Barton, Jr., of THE TABLET presided. The following toasts were replied to: *W. P. I.*, "Home, Sweet Home, or Worcester vs. Springfield;" *Wesleyan Argus*, "Yale Luck;" *Wellesley Magazine*, "College Aquatics;" *Brown Herald*, "The College Press Club;" *Mt. Holyoke*, "The Fashions;" *Tuftsian*, "Athletics;" *Amherst Lit.*, "The Editorial Sanctum;" *Brunonian*, "N. E. I. P. A." There were twenty-eight delegates present, three of whom were from Wellesley and three from Mt. Holyoke. THE TABLET representatives were C. C. Barton, Jr., C. A. Horne, R. P. Bates, and W. W. Reese.

FIFTH GERMAN.

The fifth german was given Monday evening, May 22th, and was admirably led by G. H. Wilson with Miss Webb and W. S. Schütz with Miss Theodora Lockwood. Flowers and picture frames were given to the men and cut glass vinaigrettes to the girls. Supper was served during the intermission. The chaperones were Mrs.

Henry Ferguson, Mrs. W. L. Robb, and Mrs. Williams. Besides the regular members of the club and those ladies previously mentioned the following were present: Miss Lee, of New York; Miss Eleanor Johnson, Miss Bennett, the Misses Beecher, of Cos Cob, Conn.; Miss Lockwood, of Riverside; Miss Alice Burnell, Miss Buck, Miss Robinson, Miss Starr, Miss McCook, Miss Russell, Miss Burnell, Miss Whitmore, Miss Knous, Miss Lanman, Miss Bulkley, Miss Goodwin, Miss Allen, Miss Beach, Miss Sperry, Miss Lucy Brainard, W. E. A. Bulkeley, H. S. Graves, C. D. Barton, of Boston, J. H. Buck and Mr. Butterworth, of Yale. The sixth german will be given on Friday, June 23th, and will be led by C. C. Barton, Jr., and F. C. Edger-ton.

O. T. Paine, '95, will spend the summer in Norway and Sweden with his father and his brother, J. Paine, '92.

Professor Ferguson expects to sail for Europe about the first of July and to be gone at least a year partly for study and partly for pleasure. Mrs. Ferguson and the younger members of the family will accompany him. His department will be conducted by a Harvard professor.

S. Carter, '94, and L. I. Belden, '94, represented Trinity at the Intercollegiate games last Saturday but failed to obtain a place.

At a college meeting held May 20th R. P. Parker, '94, was elected College Marshal for the coming year and it was voted that henceforth the College Marshal should be elected from the junior class by the entire college without regard to society schedules.

N. E. I. P. A. MEETING.

The seventh annual meeting of the New England Intercollegiate Association, held at Worcester, on May 24th, proved one of the most successful in its history. The events were all well contested, and went off with considerable snap, six of the fifteen records being broken.

Carter, '94, easily won the shot put with more than a foot to spare, but scarcely did himself justice as he had daily beaten the record in practice. In the hammer throw he also took second place, scoring in all eight points for Trinity. On the track we were scarcely so successful, but did very well considering how inadequate the facilities for proper training are here. The pennant was won by Dartmouth with forty points to its credit, Amherst and Brown contesting closely for second place, winning twenty-four and one-half and twenty-three points respectively. Wesleyan won 17½ points, Worcester Tech, 11⅓; Williams, 11; Trinity, 8; Bowdoin, 0; U. of V., 0.

THE HOSMER HALL LECTURES.

Some weeks since, the Congregational Theological Seminary of this city extended an invitation to the officers and students of the college to attend a course of lectures delivered by Maurice Thompson on the "Ethics of Literary Art." The purity and excellence of his criticisms and the high standard of literature which he presented to his hearers made the occasion one long to be remembered. It is needless to say that the courtesy bestowed by our neighbors of Hosmer Hall is highly appreciated.

PRIZE-VERSION DECLAMATIONS.

The annual Prize-Version Declamations were held in the Moral Philosophy Room on Thursday evening, May 25th. The selections, which were all from Virgil, were delivered by F. S. Burrage, '95, R. P. Bates, '93, E. M. Yeomans, '95, E. B. Dean, '93, and W. S. Schütz, '94. The prize—a finely-bound set of Hudson's Harvard Edition of Shakespeare, in twenty volumes—was

awarded to R. P. Bates, '93. In making the award the excellence of the version as a translation and as an English composition, and its delivery as a declamation were taken into consideration. The judges were Rev. H. Lilienthal, '86, of Wethersfield, Col. F. W. Prince, and Dr. Augustus Angell of Hartford.

RECEPTION TO DR. AND MRS. ROBB.

Seldom has there assembled a body so representative of Hartford society as that which gathered in Alumni Hall on the afternoon of May 25th. The occasion was the tendering of a reception to Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Robb. The hall had been prettily decorated with flowers, and presented a gay appearance. Mrs. Smith was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Ferguson, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Luther, and Mrs. McCook. Refreshments were served by Habenstein—the tables being presided over by many Hartford young ladies. The affair was without doubt one of the greatest successes of the season.

ATHLETICS.

AMHERST AGGIES, 25 ; TRINITY, 9.

A more disagreeable day for base-ball than Saturday, May 13th, cannot well be imagined. It proved very disastrous for Trinity, as the large score made against them by the Amherst Aggies shows. Bowie could do nothing with the wet ball, and the support he received at every point was very weak. The score :

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Aggies,	3	2	2	6	1	7	0	3	*—25
Trinity,	1	1	0	1	0	3	0	1	0—7

AMHERST AGGIES, 11 ; TRINITY, 6.

Trinity, for the second time, was defeated by the Amherst Aggies, May 27, at Amherst. The game was lost through Bowie's two wild pitches and Peck's five passed balls when one or two men were on bases. Trinity batted well, especially Bowie and Dingwall, and the work in the field was good. The score :

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Aggies,	1	1	0	0	2	2	3	2	*—11
Trinity,	1	0	0	3	0	0	1	0	1—6

FORDHAM, 25 ; TRINITY, 2.

Little can be said of the game at Fordham May 11. The batting was very poor and the play of the infield weak. Young and Langford made some good catches in the field. The score :

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Fordham,	1	7	9	0	0	0	2	2	4—25
Trinity,	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	—2

WESLEYAN, 8 ; TRINITY, 1.

Trinity put up a strong game against Wesleyan at Middletown, May 30th, and while it was the last game of the season it was also the best played. Dingwall pitched a good game for Trinity and was well supported by Peck. Peck was exceptionally good in his throws to second base. Bowie was weak on second and showed very plainly that he was unused to the position. The score :

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Wesleyan,	4	0	0	0	1	0	2	1	0—8
Trinity,	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1

PERSONALS.

The Hon. WILLIAM HAMMERSLEY, '58, lately appointed a judge of the Superior Court of the State of Connecticut, has been nominated to be a judge of the Supreme Court from January next.

B. F. H. SHREVE, '78, has been appointed Chancellor of the Diocese of New Jersey.

The Rev. C. E. BALL, '82, M. A., '85, has accepted the call to the rectorate of Grace Church,

Alexandria, Va., and entered upon his duties on Trinity Sunday.

The Rev. E. L. SANFORD, '84, is Archdeacon of the South Platte in the Diocese of Nebraska.

WILLIAM J. TATE, '86, was ordained to the Congregational ministry in Windsor Locks, Conn., the 10th of May.

Married, in St. Paul's Church, Yonkers, N. Y., June 6th, the Rev. E. DE F. MIEL, '88 and Miss MARIAN SCRIBNER.

U. HEBER SPENCER, '90, has returned from a year's sojourn in Germany.

I. W. HUGHES, '91, has been initiated into the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity, the local society in the University of North Carolina to which he belongs, having become a chapter of that fraternity.

T. L. ELWYN, '92, is with Townsend & Whelen, bankers and brokers, Philadelphia.

A. H. SIBLEY, '92, arrives in New York June 25th, after spending a year in Germany.

At the annual meeting of the New York Association of the Alumni of Trinity College, the following officers and executive committee were chosen for the ensuing year: President, JOHN S. SMITH, '63; first vice-president, the Rev. BRADY E. BACKUS, S. T. D., '70; second vice-president, the Rev. C. H. W. STOCKING, S. T. D., '60; third vice-president, Mr. R. F. BIXBY, '70; fourth vice-president, the Rev. WILLIAM H. VIBBERT, S. T. D., '58; secretary and treasurer, CHARLES SILAS COLEMAN, '82, 20 Exchange Place; executive committee, ROBERT THORNE, '85, chairman; C. E. HOTCHKISS, '82, F. E.

HAIGHT, '87; WILLARD SCUDDER, '89; GEORGE A. FRENCH, '89.

NECROLOGY.

GEORGE ATWATER JARVIS, the generous donor of the Jarvis Hall of Science, which was built in 1887-88, died at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 3d day of May, at the age of 87 years. Mr. JARVIS will be long remembered here and elsewhere for his generous gifts for the furtherance of good learning. His portrait hangs in the hall which bears his name.

The Rev. EDWARD DEZENG, a graduate in class of 1840, died at his home in New York City on the 12th of May, aged 73 years. Some years ago he retired from the active work of the ministry.

GEORGE COLFAX CHIPMAN, a graduate in the class of 1845, died at his home in Washington, D. C., April 10th, aged 69 years. Mr. CHIPMAN had held for a long time an appointment in the Treasury Department. In 1888 he took the degree of Bachelor of Laws from the Columbian University.

The Rev. NOYES WILLIAM MINER, D. D., a graduate in the class of 1846, died at Patterson, N. J., April 14th, aged 71 years. Dr. MINER was an honored Baptist minister, and held positions in several places. While settled at Springfield, Ill., he was an intimate friend of President Lincoln, on whose private life and character he gave a lecture at the college not long since. For the last eight years of his life he was secretary and agent of the Baptist Ministers' Home Society.

ON THE WALK.

THE mighty elms have not spread forth so many leaves but that the benign countenance and outstretched hand of the old Bishop are still to be seen. Yet, do you know, the Stroller doesn't feel quite the same toward the venerable prelate as he used to. No, while watching the new freshman game of "tag round the Bishop" with a scientific and evolutionary interest he made a woeful discovery. It seems, dreadful for him to declare his old friend a whited sepulchre and a heathen at heart, if indeed he has any heart. Yes, on being struck the other day the Bishop resounded like the Egyptian statue of Memnon at sunrise. To think that paternal smile is but a hollow mockery! But, "*vanitas vanitatum!*" He is only one instance of the transitory and visionary nature of all things and this idea hurries the Stroller on to a pessimistic treatise on human nature.

THE era of top spinning is no more. No longer does the admiring crowd applaud the industrious spinner and jeer at the unfortunate who strives in vain to regain the lost art. But other species of amusement engross the college man's great mind; such as barn-ball, racquet-ball, amateur foot-ball, and the innocent Freshman amusement before noticed of hiding behind the Bishop's robes. Occasionally an infatuated enthusiast over foot-ball practices the technique of his game, sometimes confusing his goal with the open window of some professor's study and his back-stop with that professor's head. Barn-ball is an intricate game played by furiously batting a poor tennis ball against the thick college wall. Oranges are bet on the result. The college honor is apparently at stake. But while all this is very amusing one cannot but think of the things of greater importance which seem to have been for-

gotten in this pursuit of trifles. The base-ball team was not half enough supported. The Stroller congratulates the Athletic team on its success all the more heartily when he sees it has received so little encouragement. The over-worked athlete cannot be expected to do his best without the college to back him. College men should practice with the team whenever they can get a chance, and not every now and then, with a half-hearted and reluctant acquiescence.

* * *

THE vast accumulations of misdeeds heaped upon us metaphorically by grandmamas and spinster aunts are not all verities but some of them are curiously evidenced. For one thing, bits of evidence are scattered about college in the shape of pieces of broken glass. We suppose this is only one outcome of the college man's apish fancy to be funny, which sentiment the Stroller meets with a good deal and which he considers much too old a joke to laugh at. It may be very amusing to arouse an innocent youth from his beauty sleep by the crash of broken glass on his window seat and to see him remonstrating vainly in light attire. But this spirit of

the Goths and Vandals is quite too mediaeval for moderns, the Stroller thinks. Another curious piece of evidence of our misdeeds was a paragraph that appeared in a paper not a long while ago stating the impossibility of locating any "Prohibitionist" in the region of Trinity college. As it happened, the indefatigable Stroller had two interviews with the precise gentleman quietly attired in drab garments, who came out here representing the Prohibitory interest. This curious statement must have been advanced by him and such a strange fact needs some excuse. It appears that the gentleman was referred to some other gentlemen, who, whatever may be their sentiments in other respects were certainly not Prohibitionists. Poor Prohibitionist! The Stroller does not think this emissary could have been very bright. To be sure he said afterwards that on the whole, he didn't think those men could have been Prohibitionists. Still it does not seem as if he would have wasted so many hours of labor on such barren ground. Perhaps a keener witted investigator would have been more successful.

The Stroller.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Outlines of Roman History,

By H. F. PELHAM, F. S. A.

THE work is a reprint of "Roman History" in the encyclopedia with many additions and maps. The History of Rome is made interesting and agreeable reading without sacrifice of accuracy or worth.

The Gospel and Its Interpretations,

By ORELLO CONE D. D. of Buchtel College.

The book is as it purports to be "a study of the teaching of Jesus and its doctrinal transformations in the New Testament." Particularly noteworthy and valuable is the historical and critical treatment of the subject in the excellent introduction, and the work is thoroughly scholarly throughout.

The Church in the Roman Empire,

By Prof. W. M. RAMSAY of Aberdeen.

The work is a revision of Prof Ramsay's lec-

tures on the same subject in Mansfield College, Oxford, in 1892. An extremely interesting and valuable work, in attractive form with numerous maps.

Ranch Verses,

By WILLIAM LAWRENCE CHITTENDEN.

Mr. Chittenden has at times treated his Western surroundings with considerable grace and skill.

All from G. P. Putnam's Sons. Hartford, Belknap & Warfield.

Cap and Gown, a compilation of college verse by JOSEPH LEROY HARRISON. Boston, Joseph Knight Co. Hartford, Belknap & Warfield. A dainty volume as attractive externally as it is readable. The selections are well made from the leading college papers, and the book is as the author wished it to be, a representative collection of recent student verse.