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Trinity College
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

The Trinity Tablet.

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No. 8.

Published every three weeks during the college year.

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EDITORIALS.

THE Trinity College Debating Union has come into being as a college organization, the direct outgrowth of a Society for Debate founded and kept up for nearly a year by members of the class of '97. As the constitution of the Union states, its purpose is to afford to all members of the college an opportunity to discuss the questions of the day. The existence of such a society and the success of its initial debate satisfies a long and keenly felt want at Trinity. It is unnecessary to speak here of the advantages of an organization of this nature. For a man looking forward to the bar, the ministry, or any position in which one comes before the public, it would seem to be almost indispensable. How many a public man to-day owes the elements, at least, of his success to the splendid training of the college union. If the purpose of the society is carried out and the Union succeeds, there will be one public debate

yearly, in Alumni Hall, and the way will be opened to debating with other colleges. The Union will meet only fortnightly. It will not be exacting in its requirements. On its roll of members there is a place for every one who will interest himself in its work. The Union should be a representative body of the college, and as such merits the support of the best men at Trinity.

* * * * *

WITH the graduation of '95 the Dramatic Association will lose most of its actors, and the gaps must be filled from the other classes. The competition for the coming performance should bring out much interest and some talent. Three places will probably be filled by the old men, but a number of parts remain open to the college. For several years the plays given by the association have been almost without exception benefits, and there is scarcely a college organization which has not, at one time or another, reaped financial advantage from this source. A strictly utilitarian consideration like this should be given due importance in a college of Trinity's size. But neither should the fact be overlooked that the Dramatic Association is one of the few Trinity clubs of a literary character. The cultivation of a high class of amateur acting is not to be despised, either by the men who participate, or the public which criticises.

* * * * *

THE revival of the Olympic Games and the international contests among collegians seem to indicate an increased interest in the athletics of the field and track, and it is for that reason that the time appears a good one for putting our track interests on a firmer basis. The fact that two years have been allowed to pass without any Field Day shows too plainly the deplorable lack of interest with which this branch of our athletics has to contend. Although the prospect this

year is brighter and we look forward to a number of meets, we must think of the future and if possible devise some means of assuring an annual contest. Among the ways suggested, that of establishing challenge cups for the class and individual scoring the most points, seems the most practical, the success of the plan being seen in the case of the Gymnasium Exhibition. With such cups, class rivalry would combine with college spirit to make the games a certainty and insure a large number of entries. If Trinity is ever to be prominent in track athletics she must have a suitable place to train, but as this is hardly possible at present it is hoped that steps may be taken to encourage work in this line, either in this or some other way.

* * * * *

THE TABLET takes pleasure in announcing the election of William Tyler Olcott, '96, to the Editorial Board. The next election will take place in June, when several new men will be taken on. The competition is open to the college and the choice will be based upon the excellence and quantity of work done, articles already accepted being given full weight. The college, generally, and especially the underclassmen are urged to write and give the paper the support that it deserves as the only undergraduate periodical at Trinity. As the present board is composed wholly of upper-classmen, it is earnestly hoped that the lower classes may do such work as may gain for them a representation on the board, as otherwise the graduation of 'Ninety-six will leave THE TABLET in wholly inexperienced hands.

KNOWING THE ROPES.

THE tight rope walker who essays
To teach beginners, ought
To bear in mind this simple fact—
The rope must first be taut.

W. T. O.

APPEARANCES DECEITFUL.

IT happened in the spring of 'Seventy-five. I was then a clerk in the office of the Franco-American Life Insurance Company in New York. Everything had been running along smoothly for some time, when one day I was called into the sanctum of our agent, Mr. Fowler. After requesting me to be seated he asked in a rather abrupt tone, "Well, Dudley, what do you say to a trip to 'Frisco?" I was completely taken aback by the suddenness of the proposal, as it had never entered my head that I should ever be sent on the road, our investigator, Howland, taking care of all matters outside of the office. But as the agent seemed to be in earnest about the matter I informed him that nothing would please me better, and that I was ready to start at once. Without more ado, Fowler proceeded to give me the details of the case, which it was my duty to investigate. It looked easy.

One Stevens, a resident of San Francisco, had some years previous drawn out a policy of \$10,000, in his wife's name. His business was unknown, at least he apparently had none, and it was surmised that he had inherited property, and though somewhat addicted to liquor, he was to all appearances a good citizen.

The Stevens family lived in the outskirts of the city, in a respectable locality. Back of the house was a barn of the ordinary type. Before daybreak on the morning of April 5th, flames were seen issuing from the Stevens barn, and before the fire department arrived at the scene of the conflagration, the flimsy structure was entirely consumed.

Strange to say, Stevens did not turn up the next day nor the succeeding one, and inquiries were set on foot by his wife's relatives to ascertain his whereabouts. He was last seen in a saloon, which he had been in the habit of frequenting, at eleven o'clock on the evening preceding the fire, and after lighting a cigar and bidding several of

the bystanders good night he left, apparently for home, and to all appearances not under the influence of liquor.

Here was a mystery. Herbert Stevens had disappeared as if engulfed in the earth. His wife, apparently distracted with grief, finally urged that a thorough search of the barn be made, as she said it had always been her husband's custom to look to the stock before retiring. This being done, they were rewarded by finding, deep down in one corner beneath several heavy beams, which seemed to have fallen before the fire got well started, a skeleton, or at least the charred remains of one. Several keys, studs, cuff buttons, and a knife were found in the vicinity, proving conclusively the remains to be those of the unfortunate Stevens. It was surmised that he had gone into the barn according to his custom, had fallen asleep on a hay-mow, and the cigar which he had previously lighted at the saloon had ignited the hay.

Everything seemed straight even to the most observant person, and steps were at once taken by his wife to get the insurance. This in the main was the history of the case as related to me by Fowler from facts which had been obtained by him from various sources.

Ten days later I was in San Francisco. On my arrival I had interviewed the chief of police and had verified the facts already in my possession. Finding that I could obtain no further information from that official, I thought I would look over the scene of the tragedy myself, prompted more by a sense of duty than by any suspicion that things were not as represented. Accordingly one afternoon I presented myself at the Stevens domicile. I was admitted by a man whom I afterwards learned was a Mr. Wescott, Mrs. Stevens' brother, and was soon conversing with Mrs. Stevens herself, a trim little woman, whom you would not call exactly handsome, and yet not unprepossessing. Her face bore unmistakable signs of grief, and as she told the sad story tears came to her eyes, and I really felt sorry for

her. She told substantially the same story with which I was acquainted and supplemented it with the fact that her husband had inherited a small property, which enabled them to live comfortably without his being obliged to go into active business.

Mr. Wescott now appeared and offered to show me the scene of the tragedy and the remains, which had been kept. The barn was as represented, burnt to the ground. The skeleton was apparently that of a middle-aged man of average stature. The keys, a knife, a watch and a pair of cuff buttons, which had been found near the remains were also shown me. When I left I was fully convinced that Herbert Stevens had been roasted alive, and that the company was liable for the \$10,000.

I had intended to settle the matter the following day, and was looking forward to a pleasant trip homeward, when a chance remark of the hotel clerk, with whom I had occasion to be conversing, put my departure for a few days out of the question. I had incidentally turned the conversation in the direction of Stevens' death, and had learned that Wescott did not amount to much in the community and was more or less of a scamp—"As for Stevens, he never did a stroke of work in his life ; guess he kinder lived by his wits," was the sage remark of my friend the clerk.

Strange to say, that remark about "living by his wits" set me to thinking, and I came to the conclusion that as there was no limit to a man's powers of scheming if he lived by his wits, there was certainly no limit to the operations of these schemes, I determined to have another look at Mr. Stevens' remains, to see if everything looked as straight by a second and closer scrutiny. This time I determined to view the remains alone, without bothering Mr. Wescott to produce valuable proofs in the shape of keys, etc. Accordingly I procured a dark lantern and a good-sized spike from a hardware store, for I remembered that Wescott had spent some time in finding

the right key to the padlock on the door of the shed where the remains were kept, and I thought that if an ordinary staple was used to secure this padlock, I knew just how to remove it.

Late that night I sallied forth, more in the guise of a burgler than of one working in the interest of an insurance company. I approached the house cautiously, or rather the shed, for I approached from the rear. Luckily they kept no dog and, no lights being visible in the house, I commenced operations on the staple, for it was as I supposed a good padlock with a complicated lock, secured by a staple imbedded only a short distance in the wood. It easily yielded to my spike, which used as a pry did the work quickly and noiselessly, and I entered the shed. I confess I felt nervous as I groped my way there at night, but summoning up courage, and flashing my lantern about, immediately all timidity disappeared and I was once more the agent of our company, detailed on special work and not engaged in some nefarious act, as I had almost imagined myself. I soon discovered the object of my search and proceeded to carefully examine the same. I have no special knowledge of anatomy but when I see a hole running through a bone from side to side I know that something is wrong, or at least the average mortal is not built on that principle. And that is what I did see when after carefully examining the skeleton before me, I picked up the forearm or rather one of the bones which constitute the framework of the forearm, and there, at one extremity, discovered a hole about an eighth of an inch in diameter, which pierced the bone at that point through and through. Instantly the truth flashed across me that this was a prepared skeleton. It recalled my youthful days when on a certain visit to our family physician I saw a skeleton for the first time, and had admired the skill of the man who had strung all those bits of bone together. Here before me was just such an article without the wire, it is true, but on examining several other bones,

now that I knew what to look for, I soon discovered similar holes, in every case cleverly plugged, the plugging in this one bone having for some reason or other dropped out. Here then was the result of the scheme of the man who had lived by his wits. After measuring several of the bones with a pocket rule I habitually carry, I carefully replaced the remains as I had found them, and after securing the staple retraced my way to the hotel.

Bright and early next morning I procured a copy of Bradstreet, with which I was familiar in my office work, and discovered there were twelve dealers in skeletons in the United States, none of which were in San Francisco. I immediately addressed to each a telegram inquiring if they had shipped within a month to San Francisco a skeleton of specified dimensions. By the next day I had heard from all of them. Ward & Co., of Rochester, N. Y., was the only one who had made such a consignment. They had shipped a skeleton of said dimensions to one Dr. Bell of San Francisco, on March 10th, I learned on inquiry that Bell was an intimate friend of Westcott's, and the rest was plain sailing. I immediately sought the chief of police and had Westcott, Mrs. Stevens and Dr. Bell put under arrest. At the trial which followed, Mrs. Stevens weakened and confessed that her husband was still living and awaited her arrival with the insurance in San Blas, on the west coast of Mexico.

I subsequently learned that he was captured and sent to the penitentiary for a term of years. My work finished by the exposure of the fraud, I returned to New York, resolving never again to trust too much in appearances, and happy in the fact that I had saved the company's ten thousand.

W. T. O.

THE BLACK-BIRDS.

THE black-birds sat on the leafless trees,
And called to the willows, "Awake ! Awake !
'Tis time your sleeping buds to shake !
The sky is warm, and the cold March wind
Has fled, and left but an echo behind,
Which moans by the drifts that die on the leas !"
And the willows heard the black-birds' call,
And opened their blossoms one and all.

The black-birds sat on the leafless trees,
And called to my spirit, "Awake ! Awake !
'Tis time your sluggish heart to shake !
Forget the frost and the winter wind,
Leave the frozen paths with their doubts behind,
Spring offers far fairer destinies !"
And my spirit leaped at the black-birds' call,
And sundered its fetters one and all.

H. H. R.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

NOT by a firm determined will to go
Through life and gain wealth's luring gifts; for us
A vacillating toy and ruinous
In all our journey's course, e'en till the snow
Doth touch our time-experienced brow bent low
With thought and work; nor in voluptuous
Abandon to the sway of sense—not thus
Is life made full and joyous here below.

But in the ardent search of Love to find
Vowed votaries in her tight-gripped control,
Who stronger makes the ties and then doth bind
By closer bonds in one cemented whole—
Aye, in the quick affinity of mind
To mind, of heart to heart, and soul to soul.

L. P.

WORDS.

TELL me what power lies
In words, smooth-lipped from long trials,
A sound which upward flies
With thoughts that admit no denials ;
Or lighting fancies that play
And gleam in the eyes before speaking—
Like sun-lit waves of the bay
The sibilant chorals breaking?

Tell me what power lies
In words from the full heart pacing,
Like clouds in the purple skies
With the wind's wild coursers racing ;
Or the mingled moanings of war,
Like the sobbing call of the river,
When the tortured heart beats slow
All ready to stop forever?

Tell me what power lies
In words which the mother singeth,
Which close her infant's eyes,
As soft the cradle she swingeth ;
Or the sounds which make one swoon,
And follow, all passions thronging,
As the billows follow the moon
In a silent, ceaseless longing?

H. R. R.

THE FONT OF WIT.

I LOVE the song that laughter sings,
The song that bubbles forth beside
The pathway of our lives and springs
Forth sweet as dew which morning flings
Upon the rose leaf and the heath
Sweet incense far and wide.

The song that mingles joy and mirth
Flows in Good Nature's brimming stream,
In happy hearts it has its birth,
As from the breast of mother earth
A spring bursts forth in sparkling life
To catch the sunlight's gleam.

And if "old age" e'er stoops to quaff
Its crystal waters, then forsooth
He leaps up with a merry laugh
And casts away the useless staff,
Strikes out once more with strength renewed,
A hearty, lusty youth.

W. T. O.

THE TREE OF LIFE.

"EXISTENCE is a tree," the Norseman said,
Noiseless it grows through all eternity,
Each branch a nation, every leaf a life,
Death is the wind that comes and shakes the leaves:
We know not whence it comes, nor where it goes,
Nor what it is, nor why at times it breathes
So soft that withered leaves alone must fall,
Nor why, again, its gusts shake all the tree
And boughs are reft away, and leaves, still green,
Are whirled through farthest space. We only know
It comes and life is gone. Nor can we tell
How buds this life of ours and how it fades;
What is the nourishment its roots receive,
Nor what the blighting sources of decay;
We only know, we are, and then are not;
While fierce or soft, forever blows the wind
And noiseless grows the tree, eternally.

J. C. U.

REX SUM.

I AM a king. Within my hollow hands
I hold the mystic powers, life and death.
I can disperse the body's glowing sands
Or husband them for years, through my commands.
I am a king. And at my will's behest,
Aye ! At the slightest murmur of my breath
I bid wild passions rise and rule the breast.
I speak—I nod, again they sink to rest.
I am a king. My country is the land
That lies between the bounds of birth and death—
Myself the lord, to rule with iron hand,
Myself the serf to cringe at each demand. *H. R. R.*

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

THE committees for 'Ninety-five's Class Day are : Class Day, Broughton, Burke, Dingwall, and Penrose ; Reception and Supper, Macauley, E. P, Hamlin, and Leffingwell ; Invitations, Strawbridge, Wainwright, and Young ; Photographs, Wedge, G. E. Hamlin, and Yeomans ; Music, Burrage, Evans, and Miller ; Finance, Smart, Welsh, McCook, and Littell.

The Easter Recess begins on April 19th.

During the summer, the rear part of the Chemical Lecture Room is to be partitioned off into a separate room, and desks are to be placed there to relieve the crowded condition of the main laboratory.

The *Ivy* is expected to be out by the second week in May.

Class work in the "Gym." for the two lower classes has stopped for the season.

A team has been selected to enter the relay race at the First Regiment Games, on April 18th.

About seventy-five volumes of English novels and poetry will be purchased for the Library sometime this month. The number is not large but any addition in those two classes will be welcome after the long continued purchases of books

on ancient tombs and inscriptions, which have formed the bulk of recent additions.

The Missionary Society at a recent meeting elected as officers for the term : S. K. Evans, President ; C. D. Broughton, Vice-President ; W. A. Sparks, Secretary ; J. R. Benton, Treasurer.

The base-ball schedule is practically completed and is as follows :

April 9,	Fordham,	at Fordham.	May 4,	Colgate,	at Hartford.
" 13,	Mass. "Tech."	" Hartford.	" 7,	Union,	" "
" 16,	Fordham,	" "	" 11,	Amherst Agr.	" Amherst.
" 20,	Manhattan,	" New York.	" 15,	Wesleyan,	" Hartford.
" 22,	Union,	" Schnectady.	" 18,	Amherst,	" "
" 23,	Colgate,	" Hamilton.	" 22,	Mass. Tech.	" Boston.
" 24,	Hamilton,	" Utica	" 29,	Manhattan,	" Hartford.
" 25,	Cornell,	" Ithaca.	June 1,	Wesleyan,	" Middletown
" 26,	Hobart,	" Geneva.	" 5,	Amherst,	" Amherst.
" 27,	West Point,	" West Point.			

Arrangements are being pushed for the College Field Day on May 8th, in addition to which it is hoped to hold a joint meet with Wesleyan before the Track team goes to Worcester and New York.

The "Trilby," a new two-step, has been recently dedicated to the Trinity Mandolin Club by its composer, Mr. Sedgwick of the Opera House Orchestra.

The fourth Trinity German to be held April 15th, will be led by P. J. McCook, '95, alone, E. De K. Leffingwell, '95, who expected to lead one half having been called home by illness in the family.

At the regular TABLET meeting, held April 15th, W. T. Olcott, '96, was elected to a position on the Board.

The Freshmen and Sophomores propose to hold athletic games sometime during the spring.

Much to the disappointment of the management, it was found necessary to cancel the game arranged with Yale for March 30th, as the condition of the Athletic Field was such that it was out of the question to play the game.

The library has received from the Siamese Consulate in New York a set of the sacred writings of Siam, presented by the king in commemoration of the seventy-fifth year of his reign.

A special convention of the New England Inter-collegiate Athletic Association will be held in the Quincy House, Boston, on April 20th, to take action on the motion made by Williams and seconded by Wesleyan, that the annual meet be postponed from May 22d to the 29th.

The schedule for the Glee Club trip is :

April 19,	Burnside.	April 24,	Washington.
" 20,	Glastonbury.	" 25,	Baltimore.
" 22,	New York.	" 26,	Wilmington.
" 23,	Frankfort, (Philadelphia.)	" 27,	Germantown, (Philadelphia.)

The Mandolin Club played at an entertainment given at the State Prison at Wethersfield, on March 21st.

A debate was held with the debating Club of the Zion Hill Church, on March 23rd, the college taking the negative side of the question, "Shall Women be allowed to vote?" The debate was given to the negative.

The following have been appointed to take part in the Prize Version Declamations to be held on May 16th: McCook, "Claims of Ulysses for the Arms of Achilles;" Willard, "Galatea and Cyclops;" Custer, "Claims of Ajax for the Arms of Achilles;" White, "Phaethon and the Chariot of the Sun;" Benton, "The Song and Death of Orpheus." All from the Metamorphoses of Ovid.

THE PRIZE ORATORICALS.

A moderately large audience gathered in Alumni Hall on the evening of Thursday, April 4th, to hear the orations in competition for the oratorical prizes. Shortly after eight o'clock the competitors, in cap and gown, followed by Dr. Pyncheon in the absence of the President, took the seats assigned them. After some music by the Mandolin Club, Dr. Pyncheon made a few remarks relative to the history of the contest, and called on Paul Tyler Custer, of Iowa, to deliver his oration on "Robespierre," and then upon Philip James McCook of Connecticut, who spoke on "The Emancipation of the Russian Serfs." After a short intermission, during which the Banjo Club played, Walter Stoutenburgh Danker gave his oration on "Our Anglo-Saxon Legacy," and William Curtis White, of New York, treated of the "Tendency of Modern Fiction." Another intermission with music by the Mandolin Club followed, and then the last speakers were called upon. "Abraham Lincoln," by Alexander Kimball Gage of Mich-

igan, was followed by "Levers of Thought," by Arthur Fletcher Miller of Massachusetts, and the program having been completed the judges withdrew. After a short interval during which the Banjo Club played, the judges gave their decision, Mr. Danker receiving the first prize and Mr. White second. The gentlemen acting as Judges were John Addison Porter, Esq., Prof. Waldo S. Pratt, and Henry P. Woodward, Esq. F. Sumner Burrage, S. Harrington Littell, and David Willard were the committee from the senior class in charge of the arrangements.

TRINITY COLLEGE DEBATING UNION.

THE initial meeting of the Trinity College Debating Society was held in the History room, on Friday evening, April 5th. Nearly half the college was present. Dr. Martin made the opening address. The question for debate was, "*Resolved*: That in the United States, at the present time, the Income Tax is desirable." Willard, '95, opened for the affirmative, followed by McCook, '95, for the negative. The two seconders were Parsons, '96, and Benton, '97. The debate was then thrown open to the house, a large number of men speaking, and was closed by the leaders. The judges, Prof. Luther, Smart, '95, and Littell, '95, taking into account the arguments from the floor, gave their decision in the affirmative. The constitution of the society submitted by the committee on the same, was adopted. The following officers were elected: President, Burrage, '95; Vice-President, Willard, '95; Secretary, Street, '96; Treasurer, Danker, '97. For executive committee: Burrage, '95, chairman *ex-officio*, Willard, '95, A. Gage, '96, Williams, '96, and Danker, '97.

THE GYMNASIUM EXHIBITION.

The indoor winter meeting of the Trinity College Athletic Association held the evening of March 15, was the most successful held in the last three years, and the events were carried through quickly by the committee of arrangements, consisting of Strawbridge, '95, Leffingwell, '95, and Underwood, '96. The referee was Professor Luther and the judges Professor McCook and Mr. F. S. Davis. The judges for the parallel bar work were Instructor Stein, Mr. Walz and Mr. Hartstall of the German Turnerbund, the scorer, Smart, '95, and the starter Mr. Foster, the gymnasium instructor. The class cup was won for the second time by '96 with ten and two-thirds points; '98 scored nine points, '95

seven, and '97 three and one-third. 'Ninety-six and '98 ran a close race for the cup all through the meeting, and the result was decided only after the last event had been run off. Following is the summary:

EVENT.	WINNER.	SECOND.	TIME.	DISTANCE.
Rope climbing	Cartwright, '98	Lecour, '98	7 4-5 sec.	
Twenty yards dash	Dingwall, '95	Coggeshall, '96	3 sec.	
Standing high jump	Sturtevant, '98	{ A. Gage, '96 Gunning, '96 Allen, '97 }		4 ft. 5 1/4 in.
Parallel bars	Coggeshall, '96	Woodward, '98		
Tumbling (exhibition)	Allen, '97	Gundacker, '97		
Horizontal bar	Coggeshall, '96	Woodward, '98		
High kick	Sturtevant, '98	Penrose, '95		8 ft. 3 3/4 in.
Fence vault	Coggeshall, '96	Danker, '97		6 ft. 6 in.
Running high jump	A. Gage, '96	Penrose, '95		5 ft. 2 1/2 in.
Putting 16-pound shot	Penrose, '95	Dingwall, '95		34 ft. 1 in.
Potato race	Sparks, '97	Beach, '96		48 3-5 sec.

The McCracken cup for the best all-around athlete was won by Penrose, '95, who was first in the shot put and second in the high kick and the running high jump. The parallel bar cup went to Coggeshall, '96, who, though debarred from winning the McCracken cup because he won it last year, was first also in the fence vault and the horizontal bar and second in the twenty-yard dash. In this event he ran what seemed to most of the spectators a dead heat in the final, with Dingwall, '95, the winner, in, considering that no spiked shoes were allowed, the remarkably good time of three seconds flat. The work on the bars was excellent and loudly applauded, as was some good tumbling by Allen, '97, Gundacker, '97 and Sparks, '97. Sturtevant, '98, who won first in the high kick and standing high jump, also deserves mention, and though no records were broken good all-around work was done.

APPROPRIATE.

A PREMATURE blast was the cause of his death,
On his stone was a motto unkind,
"Requiescat in Pace,"—for sad to relate,
A few pieces were all they could find.

W. T. O

PERSONALS.

Any one having information concerning Alumni will confer a favor by communicating the same to the Editors.

The Annual Business meeting of the New York Association of the Alumni of Trinity College will be held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York City on Thursday, April 25th.

The Rev. Dr. R. B. FAIRBAIRN, '40, is delivering the Paddock Lectures at the General Theological Seminary, on "The Unity of the Faith, as Influenced by Speculative Philosophy and Logical Deduction."

The seventeenth annual report of the Board of Health of the State of Connecticut has been recently published by its secretary, CHARLES A. LINDSLEY, M. D., '49. G. P. INGERSOLL, '83, is a member of the Board.

Professor J. J. MCCOOK, '63, has appeared and spoken before several of the Committees of the Connecticut Legislature with reference to matters of public interest.

J. H. BROCKLESBY, '65, has been elected an Alderman of the City of Hartford from the Third Ward.

The Rev. H. H. OBERLY, '65, is contributing to the *Churchman* a series of "Notes from Italy."

Prof. HENRY FERGUSON, '68, has recently lectured in Stamford on the University of Oxford.

The following names are among those on the membership roll of the Church Club of the Diocese of Connecticut: PERCY S. BRYANT, '70, GEORGE M. CURTIS, '80, ROBERT H. CURTIS, '68, CHARLES E. GRAVES, '50, FRANK E. JOHNSON, '84, Dr. CHARLES A. LINDSLEY, '49, Dr. GURDON W. RUSSELL, '34, ISAAC D. RUSSELL, '92, CHARLES H. TIBBITS, '87, HOWARD C. VIBBERT, '68.

Prof. F. S. LUTHER, '70, has lately read a paper on "Geodesy," before the Hartford Society of Natural Sciences, of which he is Vice-President.

The Rev. Dr. G. W. DOUGLAS, '71, is delivering a course of Sunday afternoon sermons in Grace Church, New York.

The Rev. GEO. W. WEST, '72, has accepted the Rectorship of St. John's Church, Long Island City, N. Y.

The Rev. W. D. SARTWELLE, '75, has been obliged to give up clerical work for a while, by reason of ill-health.

The Rev. G. H. MOFFETT, '78, has become Rector of St. Clement's Church, Philadelphia. His address is 2026 Cherry St.

The Rev. M. K. BAILEY, '79, has resigned the rectorship of Trinity Church, Torrington, Conn.

BENJAMIN STARK, JR., '79, First Lieutenant and Quartermaster, Connecticut National Guard, has been promoted to be Inspector of small arms practice, with the rank of Captain.

CHARLES Z. GOULD, '82, has removed to Omaha, Neb., as manager of the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co., of Philadelphia.

RICHARD BURTON, '83, has an article in the April *Forum*.

A. H. ANDERSON, '87, has removed his Law Offices to Rooms 904 and 905, Carnegie Building, Pittsburgh, Penn.

R. C. TUTTLE, '89, has taken a studio in the Carnegie Music Hall Building, 59th Street and Broadway, New York.

The W. L. H. BENTON, '89, was ordained to the Priesthood on the 24th of February, in St. Stephen's Church, Sewickley, Penn.

The address of the Rev. C. H. REMINGTON, '89, is 31 South Sixth Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

The Washington Jeffersonian in a recent issue reviewing their foot-ball history gives grateful recognition to the services rendered by R. LE B. LYNCH, '90, who coached their first team and did much to render the game a success at Washington and Jefferson.

The Rev. WM. C. HICKS, '91, will continue this summer his Summer School at Vineyard Haven, Mass.

The Rev. JOHN F. PLUMB, '91, has accepted the rectorship of St. John's Church, New Milford, Conn.

W. O. ORTON, '92, is Editor and Manager of a monthly technical journal entitled, "Power Transmission," published at Mishawaka, Ind.

The address of ROLLIN S. SALTUS, '92, is 128 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, New York.

NECROLOGY.

The Rev. SAMUEL FULLER, D. D., Tutor in this college from 1828 to 1830, died at Middletown, Conn., March 8th, in the 93rd year of his age. He had been, since 1859, Professor or Professor Emeritus in the Berkley Divinity School.

OLIVER DUDLEY COOKE, a graduate in the class of 1844, died at his home in Charlestown, West Va., on the 23d of March, aged 72 years. After graduation, Mr. COOKE was a teacher in the Hartford Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb. He studied law and practiced in the south, and in the war he served as major in the Confederate army. For some years before his death he had been in the office of the Attorney General of West Virginia; for whom he edited twenty-eight volumes of the Reports of the Supreme Court of Appeals of the state.

The Rev. WILLIAM LEWIS BOSTWICK, a graduate in the class of 1851, died at Stamford, Conn., March 13th, aged 63. He was born in Hammondsport, N. Y., and entered here in 1849, having passed the first two years of his course in Jubilee College. He studied theology at the Berkeley Divinity School, and passed his ministerial life in Connecticut and Illinois, his last parish being in Northfield, Conn. For about the last ten years of his life, bodily infirmity had prevented him from taking regular work.

WILLIAM ANTHONY PLATT, once a member of the class of 1875, died in Philadelphia on the 1st day of April, in the 40th year of his age. He was first Vice-President of the Insurance Company of North America, and had been a Director of the Maritime Exchange. His brother, CHARLES PLATT, JR., was with him in the class of 1875, and another brother, CLAYTON PLATT, preceded them in the class of 1874.

WALTER GURNEE SCOTT, a graduate in Science in the class of 1888, died at his home in Chicago, Ills., on the 29th of March, in the 28th year of his age. He had been engaged in business since his graduation, and had lately entered into partnership with his brother, EDWARD NORMAN SCOTT '89, and established a broker's office in Chicago.

HARRY HOWARD, valedictorian of the class of 1891, died at St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago, March 18th, aged 26 years. He specially distinguished himself in college by his proficiency in Oriental languages; and he continued his studies in the Theological Seminary at Morgan Park, Ill., and the University of Chicago, at the same busying himself in teaching. He was recognized as a brilliant scholar, who gave promise of full success in his chosen work.

THE STROLLER.

THE STROLLER notes with interest the revival, in some of the college papers, of that time-honored subject for discussion, "Is a College Education the Best Preparation for After Life?" Truly there is nothing new in the world, and THE STROLLER welcomes the return of this old friend to the arena of public debate. It has ever proven a most prolific subject for argument and a question upon which many an embryo orator has first sharpened his rhetorical shafts and learned to drive them with practised hand through the weakest joints in an opponent's logic.

THE STROLLER had written thus far with ease and fluency which long practice in writing THE STROLLER soliloquys had given him, and he now stopped to read his work aloud to his colleagues. He had barely finished when the Editorial Writer, with his usual charming candor, burst out with "What rot!" THE STROLLER drew himself up in an attitude of righteous indignation and bent a stern glance upon the offender. Before he could speak, however, the Exchange Editor, who had been leaning back in his chair in sarcastic mirth, gained the floor.

Now, in point of fact, the Exchange Editor had no concern in the present discussion but he is like a bad dose of medicine—he won't be put down; so THE STROLLER with his accustomed magnanimity waived the point and the Exchange Editor began in that calmly superior way of his, "He's right. Quite right. What's the use of bringing up that old skeleton and parading it before our readers? Are there any new points to be brought out? Any new arguments to be adduced?" "But," THE STROLLER demurred, "I wasn't going to argue the question. I was merely treating it in a sort of a jocular, er—laughing er—er—" The Exchange Editor waved his hand airily and went on as if he had not been interrupted, "The question is dead, fairly argued to death. Is there any excuse in digging up the corpse and prancing it before our readers as a recent child conceived in the brain of our friend—the Tramp."

Now it has come to be considered quite the thing in the editorial sanctum to speak of THE "STROLLER" as the "Tramp," or as "Weary Waggles," and insinuate that he was the special subject of Prof. McCook's recent investigation in sociology and the genus hobo and the poor joke seldom fails to arouse a laugh. This time, however, THE STROLLER did not laugh, instead he repudiated with

quiet scorn the facetious little by-play upon his *nom-de-plume* and seized the opportunity to impressively remark, "As I was not resurrecting the corpse but rather singing a requiem at its interment, your remarks are scarcely applicable. Such sentences arn't very original anyway." "That's what the hobo told the judge who sent him up for thirty days for the eighth time," remarked the Editorial Writer *sotto voce*, "But there are other reasons," he added.

"Oh yes, there are others," began the Exchange Editor, but happily for the preservation of peace he was rudely interrupted by the Sporting Editor who had been busy all the morning in studying up local politics in order to find out what the Hartford *Times* meant by saying editorily, "The Connecticut Senate of 1895 resembles a Trinity base ball score—23 to 1." Now, however, he leaned back in his chair and laughed. "Say, you fellows, why don't you stop scrapping. What's the question before the house anyway? The advantages of a college education? Do you know, whenever I hear that old conundrum, I think how logically I had those same advantages pointed out to me last summer.

Now when the Sporting Editor tells a story, it is usually worth listening to, so the Exchange Editor and THE STROLLER smoked the pipe of peace by lighting their cigarettes with the same match, and motioned him to proceed. "I was at a lake way up in Maine for a while last summer. Perhaps it was Lake Marana-cook. Perhaps it was Lake Messalonskee, it would be the same to you fellows, either way, and I staid with an old farmer by the name of Stebbins, a rather prosaic name, eh! 'Asa Stebbins,'—but he was a character in his way, the old man was, and he took quite a shine to me. We used to swap stories, you know." THE STROLLER remarked that they all *did* know and winked at the other editors, leaning forward at the same time to rescue the office kitten from the paste pot.

The S. E. continued, "One day we got to discussing this same question and the old man was arguing in the affirmative while I sort of stood out on the negative. 'Wa'al now, I tell ye, I know from my own experience,' old Asa said, 'I've seed haow it works before now.' 'How's that Asa?' I asked. 'Waal there's my nephew Charlie, Bill's boy you know. He had such a hankerin' arter an eddication that he warn't no earthly use on the farm, so Bill, he sends him off to school.' 'To college? I suggested. 'Waal no, not to college. Charlie never flied so high as that. He sent him to the Plainfield Academy for nigh onto two years though. Arter that he went to New York and struck out for himself.' Doing well now, is he?' 'Yaas, durned waal. Makin' money too.' 'Big salary,'

'Yep.' 'How much?' 'Forty dollars a month and found.' 'As much as that?' I asked.' 'Yes, sir, and he gits a new suit of clothes every year thrown in.' 'A new suit every year thrown in! Why, what on earth is his profession, Asa?' 'Waal,' said the old man with a deprecatory shrug as though he didn't want to make too much of the honors which had fallen upon this scion of the Stebbins' family, 'he's a drivin' horses for Dr. Bushill and, (proudly) they do say he can everlastingly handle them reins.'

"Well," said THE STROLLER, after the laugh had subsided, "there's still a hope for us, then. Perhaps some of us may become footmen, or, (impressively,) even butlers. Who knows what may be expected of us in the future." "Copy," yelled the office devil sticking his head in at the door. "They'll be ready to set up your stuff in five minutes, sir." (This to THE STROLLER.) "The Devil, you say," remarked that overworked individual, "What shall I do. I haven't written a word—now that you've killed this," drawing the blue pencil through the copy before him as he spoke. "Just explain to the readers how it happened," suggested the Exchange Editor, "and say that you'll write a longer Stroller next issue." "Guess I will," was the reply, and thus it is that the public gets this glimpse of life in THE TABLET sanctum. B.

THE EXPLANATION

SHE threw him over even though
 He was a man of honor,
 'Twas all because he was so bright
 He cast reflections on her.

W. T. O.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Story of Vedic India, in the Story of the Nations Series, by Zénaïde A. Ragozin. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This is the last book which has been issued in this series, and is to be followed very shortly by the *Story of Brahmanic India*. It is one of the most interesting works in the series. It is very profusely illustrated, and contains a very

good description of the geography and topography of India, the causes regulating the climatic changes, as well as the policies adopted at various times by the British Government for ruling India. The early history of the Aryan Hindus and Eranians is written in a very interesting way. The descriptions of the older and lesser gods is very entertaining, and the early culture, manners and sacrifice cosmogony and philosophy of the dwellers of India holds our interest in the story of Vedic India from cover to cover.

Mediaeval Europe, by Ephraim Emerton, Ph. D. Boston : Ginn & Co.

It is a very difficult matter to write a comprehensive history of the middle ages which shall at the same time be intelligible. This period of history presents a tangled mass of events, and historians previous to Mr. Emerton have not succeeded in untangling the web and presenting them in a clear and concise manner. This, however, Mr. Emerton has done, and when we compare his book with *Drury's History of the Middle Ages* we appreciate the fact that the editor's assistance in correcting and furnishing data is in the former case not a necessity. Mr. Emerton's history covers the period from 814-1300. The great number of references on authorities testifies to the author's accuracy of detail. The book is written in a very readable style and fills a long-felt want in history.

Riverby, by John Burroughs. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The title of this book might lead us to expect a story of adventure, love, or history. The book, however, treats none of these subjects. It does not branch off into the region of imaginative plots and stories, but the author has confined himself to the material objects which surround our every-day life. In short, as an amateur naturalist Mr. Burroughs in *Riverby* has told us many interesting things about flowers, birds and animals in such an entertaining way that the reader is not aware how instructive the book is. This is the best kind of instructive book. In the prefatory note Mr. Burroughs says: "Why should not one name his books as he names his children, arbitrarily, and let the name come to mean much or little, as the case may be?" True, one might say then why do we not call our daughter John, or our son Jane. The only criticism which must be expressed on an otherwise charming book is that it bears an unfortunate and meaningless name.

EXCHANGES.

PADDY.

I TOOK my Lilian to drive
Along the river Spree.
"Ah ! lilly-pads," cried I, and now
She doesn't speak to me.

—*The University Courier.*

PARADOXICAL.

THE criminal condemned to die
Lives in suspense 'till ended.
For him the time goes slowly by
Until he is suspended.

The student on probation fears
Of "cuts" to hear a mention;
He's in suspense until he hears
At last of his suspension.

—*Brunonian.*

HER ANSWER.

I VOWED on my knees that I loved her,
Asked for her heart ere I went;
But she said that really she couldn't,
Because just at present 'twas *Lent*.

—*Brunonian.*

HE wrote a verse on "Trilby,"
To keep up with the fad;
The editor declined it
Because its feet were bad.

—*Ex.*