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Trinity College
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

The Trinity Tablet.

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EDITORIALS.

THE TABLET Board of 1894-'95 makes its bow to the public for the last time, its course almost run. The Board flatters itself that it has worked during an important era in the history of the College. The supplement to the first number brought out by the present Board, contained, in addition to the customary Commencement news, an account of the Flag Day exercises, with a picture of the scene on the campus. On that day it may be fairly said that the College drew nearer to the city and the state than it ever had been before, and the *Patria* in the College seal was emphasized without diminishing the honor of the *Ecclesia*. And now, nearly at the close of the term, the Faculty has followed in the steps of the more progressive institutions by giving us the new system of electives. Foot-ball is always the absorbing theme in the fall, but it seemed rather more popular than usual in '94. The schedule of

games was badly interfered with by the weather, but the season's showing was very creditable and an improvement on the work of the last two years. The Dramatic Association, under their new name of "The Jesters," next claimed the attention of the College, giving an excellent production of Prof. Johnson's play. With the opening of the Trinity term came visions to musical men of the Spring trip, and rehearsals were seriously begun. The trip was successful, if enthusiasm, not profit, is the criterion. The Clubs visited New York, Germantown, Frankford, Washington, Baltimore and Wilmington, and were everywhere hospitably entertained by their friends. We now turn to the congenial task of criticising two organizations which call for such treatment at least once every year. Former managers of the *Ivy* have been content to prophesy its publication for April and accomplished it by Commencement time, but this year February was the appointed time, and the end is not yet. We hope to have the glory of our last number shared by the appearance of the College annual. The Press Club, which is none too active on ordinary occasions, deserves much blame for the publication in New York papers of false reports about the ball nine's disbanding. Rash statements like this should be carefully avoided, as they never help the College, and in this case did the team much actual harm. The nine, by the way, has been playing in hard luck. Good material has however been developed, and next season may see better results. In returning to THE TABLET, we wish that the amount of literature contributed had been in keeping with the financial support of the paper. The editors would be willingly buried in prose, and smothered in verse, but their self-sacrifice has not been appreciated. But we are lingering too long, especially those of us who are saying good-bye to Trinity as well as to THE TRINITY TABLET. The best wish that we can offer the new Board is that, after carrying the paper through another year, it may be able to look back upon a record as creditable to the College, and forward to as hopeful a future.

ONLY two colleges in the Intercollegiate Tennis Association have won more prizes than Trinity, but this record is not due to any work done in the last five years. During that time we have rested upon our laurels and allowed men who have shown marked ability in the tennis line to go down to the tennis tournament without sufficient practice to do either themselves, or the College, justice. The few entries in the College tournament evince a very feeble interest in the game, but trusting that this is but temporary, and that the intensity of the heat has been in a measure responsible, we look to a summer of hard practice to make next fall's tournament worthy of our representation as a tennis college.

AN ILLUSIVE AFFINITY.

THE time was a rainy November night, the place New York, the scene a horse car. Nothing extraordinary about this, you say. We have, to our sorrow, been in New York on rainy evenings in November. We have even ridden in street cars, both in New York and in other parts of this great country, and that too, when it rained, because we generally walk when the weather is pleasant. Why should you describe the jingle of the bells, which to the passenger seems a fantastic melody, the clatter of the horses' hoofs upon the wet pavement, while the traveler sits and cons a baking-powder advertisement for the fiftieth time? The case in question repeated all these details. The hour was somewhat late and only one passenger was on the car. Everything about him betokened the gentleman. His hands were soft and white; every hair of his dark beard, cut in the Van Dyke fashion, seemed to fill the proper spot; and if he had removed his hat, you could have seen that his brown locks were neatly parted in the middle. He was thinking, which men do when

they have nothing else to occupy them. His reflections were interrupted by the stopping of the car, and the addition of another passenger. If one might judge from appearances, our traveler thought principally about the stranger, for his gaze remained fastened on her, though she seemed oblivious to his observation, and even to his presence. Before his journey was completed, she had alighted, but that face was indelibly impressed upon his memory. To us there might have been nothing striking about her features that so attracted Clifford Marvin. There are many girls with "heavenly blue eyes, nut brown hair, a healthy pallor of complexion, sweet yet firm mouth, and lips that seem made for kissing." But to Clifford this face was the embodiment of an ideal, which, on the wings of fancy, had hovered about him, waking and sleeping, from childhood. He was not exactly a believer in dreams, but he had come to have perfect confidence in the existence of the personality that had so often been the fleeting illusion of slumber. Now he had seen her; he was assured that she was no myth; he had found his affinity, though he had vainly looked for her whenever he had been introduced to new acquaintances. He had been so stupefied on beholding her that his mind had ceased to act until she had disappeared and was lost in the great city. How should he find her again? He put a personal in one of the newspapers, but as he had expected, it was not answered. Of course his ideal would not read such nonsense, or reply to his notice, if she saw it. There seemed no other plan feasible, so he was forced to wait and hope that kind Fate which had caused their paths to meet, should unite those human atoms whose existence apart was impossible.

A month later, Clifford was standing in a large ball-room at one of the fashionable winter resorts of Florida. He was gazing, with a bored look, at the dancers who whirled hither and thither to the sensuous strains of a Waldtenfel waltz. It was a brilliant scene, worthy of more than a passing glance, but Clifford's eyes took it in

with indifference, until they were suddenly arrested by a young woman on the opposite side of the room. His heart almost stopped beating. It seemed to him as if the ball-room and all the rest of that fair and fashionable throng were annihilated in an instant, and that he and she stood alone. He was in the face of his dreams, his hopes, his aspirations. His blind confidence in fate had not been misplaced. Now his soul's craving for its affinity was to be satisfied. He rushed across the room, asked for an introduction, and soon was dancing with Grace Cunningham, basking in the smile of those soft blue eyes, and listening to the music of that sweet voice, which was quite in keeping with her other charms. That she was bright, agreeable, and refined was a matter of course. Clifford felt he had not cherished too high notions of his ideal. Grace was all man could in reason ask for. She was of a wealthy southern family, proud of their lineage and possessions. But we need not linger over details. For once, true love seemed to run smooth, and the third month after the ball witnessed the engagement of Clifford and Grace.

Time sped rapidly ; soon June came, and found Clifford paying a visit to his betrothed at her Virginia home. Clifford had never told Grace of his first seeing her in New York, because he felt she might laugh at his notions. One evening they were sitting on the broad porch, talking of the future. The moon was just peeping over the mountain which had obscured her, and chaste Diana seemed to smile a blessing on the lovers. The day had been set, and now they were talking of how they should spend the honeymoon. A European trip was decided on, then Grace said : " Clifford, let us stop in New York for a few weeks, for, strange to say, I have never been there." A great shock passed over Clifford, though he managed to conceal it from Grace, but he soon excused himself and retired.

When in the solitude of his own room, he sat down, collected

his scattered senses, and reasoned calmly about the situation. It was his custom to delve deep into any matter that required his serious consideration ; and he endeavored, generally with success, to think, speak and act logically. He never let his impulses rule him, but had a reason, satisfactory to himself at least, for all that he did. These qualities of brain had been partly native, and in part acquired. His tendency to analyze had made him the best student of his class at college, in logic and metaphysics. Nor did this coolness of head desert him in the present critical juncture. The case as he understood it, was this: He had seen a girl in a street-car in New York ; he had fallen in love with her. Then he had, as he supposed, met her in society, and become engaged to her. But now his fiancée turned out to be a different person, from the one whom he loved, for he was confident he did love his unknown street-car companion. Then he would be false to himself, and to his betrothed, if he married one whom he had not loved, and whom he felt now he never could love. Grace had never been in New York, so she was not the queen of his affections. All the sentiment, the dreams he had lavished on her, were meaningless. This being the case but one course was open—but here the thought presented itself : “Do I not love Grace ?” She certainly believed it, and he had believed it once. But no ! All the vows and caresses given to her had been intended for another. It was as though he had been deceived in the dark by a resemblance of voice. The only difference was that his mistake was due to an almost exact likeness of face. But personality lay deeper than in the contour of features. He convinced himself that it was not only the face, but the soul, the entire personality of the girl on the street-car, that had ensnared his affection. It was not possible that Grace had the same soul as the stranger, or even one exactly like it. Two faces might so closely resemble each other as to deceive an ordinary observer, but Clifford’s philosophical studies taught him that two identical personali-

ties could not exist. The result of his deliberations was that the next morning he had departed, leaving the following note for Grace :

———— VA., June 24, 1894.

My Dear Miss Cunningham :

I find that I have made a horrible mistake, that my love for you was all an illusion. I am gone to seek the object of my affection. I release you from all promises you have made me.

Yours sincerely,

CLIFFORD B. MARVIN.

The Marvin breach-of-promise suit was the talk of New York society. The damages sought were \$50,000. Clifford was not altogether surprised to learn of the steps taken by the Cunningham family; for he had purposely played the scoundrel, preferring to be thought base, rather than have it known that he had been deceived so absurdly. He reflected that he was acting most nobly in thus bearing obloquy he did not deserve.

Time, however, is a great healer, and after Clifford had spent several months in fruitless search for his true love, the following correspondence took place :

NEW YORK, Sept. 3, 1894.

My Dear Grace :

Are you willing to let by-gones be by-gones? I owe you an apology for having caused you to think I loved you. I now tell you frankly that I was misled by your marvellous resemblance to another in looks. I can, probably, never love you, but as she cannot be mine, I am willing to marry you. We probably can play love as well as we did before.

Very sincerely,

CLIFFORD B. MARVIN.

— VA., Sept. 5, 1894.

My Dear Clifford :

As I love you and do not want your money, I am willing to accept your apology and you. I think that you "played love" surprisingly well, and that the game might pass for the real article, as well as I passed for the girl you loved.

Very sincerely,
GRACE ———.

W. C. W.

THE PLANET MARS.

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WHEN the sun and the planet Mars are on opposite sides of the earth, so that to us in the United States and Canada the star is in the south at about midnight, the red brilliance of it makes the planet a very conspicuous object in the sky. At such times our attention is attracted and we are apt to inquire as to the name, nature, and history of so beautiful an object.

These occasions recur once in a little more than two years, the last instance being in the autumn of 1894. Because of the singular brightness and rapid motions of this planet it has always been a favorite subject for study by astronomers, and the fact that its surface is wonderfully diversified has stimulated the owners of modern telescopes to constant effort in the attempt to learn more and more of its geography—or "Martigraphy."

But the planet had been watched for many centuries before the invention of the telescope. Indeed, it was altogether likely that Mars and Venus were the first stars whose motions among the other stars were noted; the first to be called "planets," or "wanderers."

During the last quarter of the sixteenth century, Tycho Brahe, the illustrious Danish astronomer, accumulated a large number of "observations" of Mars which were, and are, of inestimable value to his successors. Of course he had no telescope; his "observations" consisting of a great number of determinations of the angular distance of Mars from the so-called fixed stars, so that the track of Mars in the sky could be laid down on a chart. These measurements

were made with implements rude enough when compared with the instruments at the service of our modern astronomers, yet they were far more accurate than anything which had been done before and served a good purpose when, some years later, John Kepler undertook to learn something more as to the proportions and structure of the solar system. What Kepler tried to find out was this: Whether the solar system, the sun with its planets, was so ordered that the tracks of the planets, if they moved about the sun, could be determined and learned in such wise that the position of each one of them at any future date could be accurately foretold. For example: Kepler said to himself, "Here is Mars at a certain point at a certain time. Now, if it moves around the sun in a circle, or an oval, or an ellipse, at a given rate, where ought Mars to be at a certain later date?" Having solved this problem, Kepler then turned to Brahe's records to see if Mars was really where it should have been at that time. And so, by degrees, Kepler guessed out and proved the truth that "the orbit of every planet is an ellipse, having the sun in one focus." So this law, with one of the two others that bear Kepler's name, was learned by careful watching of the bright red star which we have looked at so many times.

Soon after the discovery of the telescope, as soon, indeed, as good instruments began to be constructed, it was seen that the surface of the planet is divided into lighter and darker portions, and that these patches remain nearly constant in outline. It was inevitable that observers should at once fancy that this appearance was due to the presence of land and water, of continents, islands, oceans, seas, and lakes, upon our neighboring planet. Then came the discovery that about the poles of Mars was a white, glittering region whose color dulled into correspondence with the adjoining country as each pole was turned towards the sun in the progress of the Martial seasons. Here was another and most forcible suggestion that Mars might be not unlike our earth, for this white color may be due to snow. No doubt our common instinct predisposes us to believe in life upon other planets if we can find a decent excuse for doing so. And, therefore, it is not strange that the habitability of Mars came to be an article of faith among many astronomers. Because this is, or was, a fact, it may be interesting to consider what would be some of the conditions of life, if life could exist, on this planet.

In the first place, Mars is much farther from the sun than the earth is, its average distance being 141,000,000 miles, while that of the earth is about 93,000,000 miles. So Mars receives from the sun only about one-half the light

and heat which we enjoy. This, however, is not a fatal objection. For it means that the difference between the heat received by the earth and that received by Mars is less than the difference between the solar rays of summer and those of winter in a place in the latitude of Hartford, Conn. It is quite true that it would be unsafe to dogmatize about the climate of Mars from this consideration alone. But when we add to this the fact that Mars may retain its heat more completely than the earth does, and remember that the apparent melting of the polar snows, if it is snow, takes place very rapidly, we see that a comparatively mild climate for Mars is not out of the question. Mars revolves about the sun in a little less than two years, rotates on its axis in about twenty-four hours, its equator being inclined to the plane of its orbit about twenty-eight and one-half degrees. So the Martial day is about the same as ours, the changes in the seasons a little greater, and each season, spring, summer, etc., about twice as long as ours. Mars is much smaller than the earth, its diameter being only a little more than four thousand miles. For this reason its curvature of surface is more noticeable, so that if an observing man were suddenly transported to the shore of a Martial sea he would be pretty sure to recognize at once that his new world was smaller than the old one, his horizon-line would be so much nearer than before.

Another very strange phenomenon would speedily attract the attention of an immigrant from the earth. He would find himself strangely light of body; and if there were familiar objects such as stones or logs of wood upon which to test his strength, he would find himself able to lift with ease things much larger than those which marked the limit of his strength on earth. As everybody knows, the weight of anything is the measure of the attraction of gravitation between that thing and the earth; and if there were less of the earth the thing would weigh less. Now there is much less of Mars than of the earth, the result of which is that on the surface of Mars bodies weigh only about one-third of what they weigh on the earth. So a man who weighs one hundred and fifty pounds here would weigh something like fifty pounds on Mars, and the weight of everything else would be diminished in the same proportion. This traveler of ours, moreover, would probably observe that the prevailing color of the soil of Mars is reddish, like the soil in some parts of the earth; and if he looked back at his old home, at our familiar world, he would see it gleaming beautifully as a silvery star in the eastern or western sky, appearing to him much as the planet Venus (now the evening star) appears to us.

All of the foregoing might have been written many years ago, for the supposed facts upon which it is based were the result of examination by telescopes, inferior to those which astronomers now have at their command. Yet it was not until the last year that anything was discovered which seriously affected the theory that Mars is fit for life as we know it here.

The first of the very modern discoveries in relation to this planet was the finding by Professor Asaph Hall of two very small moons revolving about Mars at a comparatively short distance from its surface. They are only a few miles in diameter, and the inner one moves so rapidly in its eastward motion that it would seem to a dweller upon Mars to rise in the west and set in the east. As night-givers the two of them together amount to very little.

The greatest interest has been centered in the study of the so-called canals of Mars, first observed by Schiaparelli. These canals are, to the eye, straight dark lines which appear in the Martial spring, crossing and re-crossing the lighter portions of the planet's surface, terminating in the dark portions and generally marked by circular dark patches, like lakes, where they intersect. They are many hundreds of miles long and perhaps seventy miles wide. Shortly after their appearance many of them are *doubled*, that is, each seems to be accompanied by a duplicate close beside it and accurately parallel to it. It is about equally difficult to believe that these so-called canals are artificial and that they are natural. Their vast extent seems to preclude the one theory, and their marvelous regularity and straightness the other. At least one well-known and competent authority definitely avows his belief that we see on Mars the evidence of a vast system of irrigation carried out on a gigantic scale. Others incline to the belief that the canals are natural water-courses in low-lying land, filled periodically with water from melting polar snows. Many others say simply this: "There are the dark marks; we do not know what they are, and we are too busy to guess."

And lately, in 1894, we received news from the Lick Observatory which seems to make it altogether impossible that life can exist on Mars. It has long been known that sunlight is so affected by passing through the earth's atmosphere that the relative thickness of the stratum through which it has traveled can be estimated by studying the light with the spectroscope. Hence, if light reaches us after passing down through a Martial atmosphere and then out through it, the spectroscope ought to show the result of absorption by this Martial atmosphere. Professor Campbell says that his observations show that the light from

Mars is exactly like moonlight ; and the moon, as is well-known, has practically no atmosphere. If this be true, then we must abandon pretty much all of our theorizing about the surface of Mars and await further developments. The land, the water, the snow are possibly not what we call them. On the other hand, competent observers have within a few months reported appearances on Mars which can hardly be anything but drifting clouds, and clouds must have an atmosphere in which to float. But on the whole the trend of the latest thought is away from the old theories, and we watch the familiar star with even greater interest, perhaps, because its unlikeness to our earth is just now more in evidence than its correspondence.

F. S. LUTHER.

THE BREAK OF DAY.

WRAPPED in the shelter of the leafy wood
 The young day sleeps, while all her downy brood
 Of weary birds close huddle in their nests,
 And all the world in safe contentment rests.

Now from the dusk where woods and waters meet
 A little breeze steals out with noiseless feet,
 And hast'ning o'er the field, hears one swift note,
 So low and soft, from some sweet songster's throat.

An answering call, and then a burst of song
 From yonder hillside, coming loud and strong,
 Brings answers till th' increasing chorus makes
 A flood of music as the day awakes.

The songster's orisons have sunk at last
 To silence, trembling still with raptures past ;
 While in the east a shining golden sphere
 Announces that God's gift, the day, is here.

H. D. P.

MUSIC.

ETHEL, with her light guitar,
Sings a song to me to-night,
Stealing sweetly from afar,
Music putting care to flight.

Could I with her thus begin
Just a lithesome skein to spin,
Skein of music note by note,
Echoes from the songster's throat,
I would weave a veil so fine,
Love's own song in every line,
Sweetest music ever heard,
Sweet as Spring-note of a bird.

Hear it swelling, bar on bar,
Mingling with my memories bright ;
Ethel, with her light guitar,
Sings a song to me to-night.

W. T. O.

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

THE Musical Clubs give a concert on Monday, June 10th, in Alumni Hall.
On Thursday, June 6th, the Glee and Mandolin Clubs were at Windsor.

During the past year 565 volumes have been added to the Library—295 by gift, but only 270 by purchase—although \$800 was expended.

The marriage of Prof. R. B. Riggs is expected to take place on Wednesday, June 26th.

To the great disappointment of all concerned, the Columbia Dramatic Club, "The Strollers," were obliged to cancel their engagement at Hartford for the benefit of the Athletic Association.

At a meeting of the Track Athletic Team, Saturday, June 1st, W. A. Sparks, '97, was elected Captain for next year.

The Senior "Exams." commence June 7th, and the regular Trinity term "Exams." on the 15th.

June 8, 1875

The election of new members to THE TABLET board will be held June 10th. The new board will meet immediately for organization, and the final number of the paper will appear on Class Day.

Owing to lack of the entries the usual Class Tennis Tournament was given up. The College tournament began on Wednesday.

On Friday evening, May 31st, the "Jesters" presented "Germs" and "Chums" at Farmington. In spite of its being an exceedingly warm night there was a large and enthusiastic audience present. The cast was the same as at the original presentation of "Germs" in December, and the affair was a great success, both dramatically and financially. Miss Porter's school was well represented, nearly a hundred of the girls being present.

The fifth Trinity German was led by Burke, '95, dancing with Miss Forrest, and Sibley, '96, with Miss Robinson. Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Burke, and Mrs. Forrest were the matrons. The souvenirs were handsome ribbons for the ladies and Trinity colors for the gentlemen. Those present were Burrage, '95, with Miss Root; Dingwall, '95, with Miss Starr; Littell, '95, with Miss Lawrence; Leffingwell, '95, with Miss Dwight; Macauley, '95, with Miss Bulkeley; Welsh, '95, with Miss Russell; Hamlin, '95, with Miss Ingraham; McCook, '95, with Miss Brainard; Robinson, '96, with Miss Goodrich; Langford, '96, with Miss Clara Clemens; Ferguson, '96, with Miss Sperry; Dyett, '96, with Miss Wilkins; Hicks, '96, with Miss Corwin; Coggeshall, '96, with Miss Taylor; W. Parsons, '96, with Miss Lanman; Hendrie, '97, with Miss Burke; Hubbard, '92, with Miss Bush. Vibbert, '94; W. Gage, '96; E. Parsons, '96; Allen, '97; Olmstead, and Wyncoop.

The Connecticut Beta of the Phi Beta Kappa, will hold a public meeting in Alumni Hall, at noon, on Wednesday, June 26th, in commemoration of its semi-centennial, when an oration will be delivered by the Rev. Edwin Harwood, D. D., of New Haven, and a poem by Henry Marvin Belden, B. A., of the class of 1888. A committee consisting of C. J. Hoadley, Prof. Hart and S. K. Evans, '95, have in preparation a catalogue of the officers and members of the society, which it is hoped to have ready by the day of the semi-centennial. The general committee of arrangements for the anniversary is J. T. Huntington, Dr. Hart, F. W. Richardson, C. Du B. Broughton, '95. and E. M. Yeomans, '95.

TRINITY DEBATING UNION.

The second regular meeting of the Debating Union was held in the History Room, Monday evening, June 3rd, at 7 o'clock. The question for debate was,

"Resolved: That Strikes are Justifiable." The speakers for the affirmative were Willard and Danker; those for the negative were Goddard and White. Street, Knapp, Benton and Pulsifer, spoke from the floor. The judges decided that the arguments of the negative side were more convincing and to the point, and therefore awarded them the debate.

UNHEEDED.

THE caution "Post no Bills," forsooth
 Doth often greet the eye,
 'Tis plain my tailor heeds it not—
 My mail will testify.

ATHLETICS.

HARTFORD 5—TRINITY 16.

May 22nd.—The second game of the series with the Hartford team was easily won by Trinity. Hartford scored in only two innings, making three runs in the fourth on three hits, a base on balls, and an error; in the fifth they scored two more on three bases on balls and two errors. Meade for Hartford, was batted freely, sixteen hits with a total of twenty-one bases being made off his delivery. Coggeshall, who was in the box for Trinity, was wild, giving seven bases on balls, three of them in one inning proving costly. The score:

TRINITY.			HARTFORD.		
	R.	I. B. E.		R.	I. B. E.
Broughton, s. s.,	4	2 2	Gunshannon, l. f.,	0	1 0
Coggeshall, p.,	2	3 0	Henry, 2b.,	0	2 1
A. Gage, l. f.,	3	2 0	O'Brien, s. s.,	2	1 1
Graves, 3b.,	2	2 1	Butler, lb.,	2	0 0
Grinnell, 2b.,	1	3 0	Sullivan, 3b.,	0	1 1
W. Gage, c.,	0	0 0	Moran, c.,	1	0 1
Flynn, c. f.,	0	2 0	Meade, p.,	0	1 0
Langford, lb.,	2	0 0	Wallace, r. f.,	0	1 0
Smithe, r. f.,	2	2 1	Ward, c. f.,	0	0 0
Total,	16	16 4	Total,	5	7 4

Two-base hits—Broughton (2), Graves. Three-base hit—A. Gage. Double

plays—A. Gage—Grinnell, Grinnell—Langford, Sullivan—Henry—Butler. Bases on balls—by Coggeshall 7, by Meade 5. Struck out—by Coggeshall 6, by Meade 3.

HARTFORD 2—TRINITY 14

May 25th.—Trinity readily took the third game from the Hartfords, although the latter had somewhat strengthened their team. Graves was in the box for Trinity and pitched a nice game, only allowing five hits; he was well supported by W. Gage and the rest of the team, but four unimportant errors being made. The score:

TRINITY.			HARTFORD.				
	R.	I. B. E.		R. I. B. E.			
Broughton, s. s.,	1	2	1	Gunshannon, l. f.,	0	0	2
Coggeshall, 3b,	1	1	1	Henry, 2b.,	1	1	1
A. Gage, l. f.,	1	2	1	Butler, lb.,	0	0	1
Graves, p.,	1	2	0	Sullivan, 3b.,	0	0	1
Grinnell, 2b.,	1	0	0	Moran, c.,	0	0	0
W. Gage, c.,	3	2	1	Garvey, c. f.,	0	1	0
Young, c. f.,	2	1	0	Knox, s. s.,	1	1	3
Flynn, r. f.,	2	2	0	Shugaro, p.,	0	2	1
Langford, lb.,	2	3	0	Martin, r. f.,	0	0	0
Total,	14	15	4	Total,	2	5	9

Struck out—by Graves 4, by Shugaro 5. Bases on balls—by Graves 4, by Shugaro 1. Two-base hit—Henry.

JASPERS 17—TRINITY 12.

About 500 people witnessed the game on Thursday, May 30th, between Trinity and the Jaspers of Manhattan College, New York City.

The Jaspers having won the first game played on their grounds by the score of 6 to 4, it was greatly hoped that Trinity would turn the tables on the home ground, but although coming very close to victory the team was doomed to disappointment. Both Driscoll and Coggeshall were batted hard, and it was a see-saw game until the end. Trinity led until the third inning 4 to 2, when the score was tied. In the fourth Manhattan forged ahead, leading by 7 to 5. At the end of the seventh, Trinity, amidst much enthusiasm, tied and passed the Manhattan team, the score standing 12 to 11, but there Trinity stopped; Manhattan managing to score five more in the eighth and ninth innings. Double plays by each team and the closeness all the way through made the game an interesting one, although both teams made too many errors; some of these how-

ever, were excusable, owing to the roughness of the ground and the hardness with which both teams were batting. The score :

TRINITY.				JASPERS.			
	R.	IB.	E.		R.	IB.	E.
Broughton, s. s.,	2	3	2	O'Brien, Ib.,	2	1	1
Coggeshall, p.,	2	3	0	Glennon, 2b.,	4	4	1
A. Gage, l. f.,	2	0	0	Driscoll, p.,	3	3	1
Grinnell, 2b.,	1	2	1	Brennan, c.,	2	3	2
Graves, 3b.,	1	2	4	Shea, 3b.,	1	1	1
W. Gage, c.,	0	0	2	Cotter, l. f.,	3	1	1
Young, c. f.,	0	2	0	Castro, s. s.,	1	1	1
Flynn, r. f.,	3	1	0	Colahan, c. f.,	1	3	1
Langford, Ib.,	1	2	0	Henry, r. f.,	0	0	0
Total,	12	15	9	Total,	17	17	9

Struck out—by Coggeshall 3, by Driscoll 6. Two-base hit—Grinnell. Double plays—Broughton—Grinnell—Langford, Castro—Glennon—O'Brien, Cotter—Glennon. Bases on balls—by Coggeshall 3, by Driscoll 1. Umpire—Dr. Butler.

WESLEYAN 17—TRINITY 5.

The second game with Wesleyan was played at Middletown, Saturday, June 1st. Trinity could scarcely hope for a victory with four regular men still gone from the team, but it was necessary to take a strong brace and not allow another shut-out, which was done. Both Graves and Meredith were hit hard, nineteen hits being made off the former and fourteen off the latter. Trinity had twelve men left on bases, Wesleyan seven. Had the ball been kept on the ground instead of having flies continually going to Wesleyan's out-field, many more runs would have been scored for Trinity, and this point should be kept in mind in the future by every man on the team. The score :

TRINITY.				WESLEYAN.			
	R.	IB.	E.		R.	IB.	E.
Broughton, s. s.,	0	3	1	Beeman, c. f.,	3	5	1
Coggeshall, 3b.,	2	1	2	Lapham, l. f.,	1	1	0
A. Gage, l. f.,	1	3	0	Norton, Ib.,	1	2	0
Grinnell, 2b.,	0	2	0	Yaw, c.,	2	1	2
Graves, p.,	0	0	0	Powers, 2b.,	0	1	0
W. Gage, c.,	0	2	0	Tirrell, r. f.,	3	4	0
Young, c. f.,	0	2	0	Rockwell, s. s.,	2	1	0
Flynn, r. f.,	0	0	0	Davis, 3b.,	3	4	1
Langford, Ib.,	2	1	1	Meredith, p.,	2	2	0
Total,	5	14	4	Total,	17	19	4

Struck out—by Meredith 2, by Graves 4. Two-base hits—Beeman (2), Lap-

ham, Norton, Davis. Three-base hit—Beeman. Bases on balls—by Meredith 2, by Graves 3. Umpire—Mr. Brady.

THE 'NINETY-SEVEN-'NINETY-EIGHT MEET.

'Ninety-Seven defeated 'Ninety-Eight in track games, held on the campus, Wednesday, May 29th, by a score of 17½ points to 15½, firsts counting two and seconds one. The high hurdles, the two mile run, the walks, and the bicycle races, were not contested; otherwise the full Intercollegiate programme was run off. On the whole this omission seemed to favor 'Ninety-seven, and but for this 'Ninety-eight should have won, barring accidents. No records were broken and there were no brilliant performances, though Lecour and Sparks made good time in the half-mile, considering that they had both run the quarter previously.

The winners and seconds were as follows :

100 Yards.—Won by Sparks, '97; Page, '97, second. Time, 11 4-5 sec.

220 Yards.—Won by Graves, '98; Travers, '98, Beecroft, '97, tied for second place. Time, 26 sec.

440 Yards.—Won by Sparks, '97; Lecour, '98, second. Time, 59 sec.

880 Yards.—Won by Lecour, '98; Sparks, '97, second. Time, 2 min. 16 sec.

One Mile Run.—Won by Quick, '98; White, '97, second. Time, 5 min. 16 sec.

220 Yards Hurdle.—Won by Page, '97; McCook, '97, second. Time, 29 2-5 sec.

Putting 16-lb. Shot.—Won by Johnson, '98; 30 ft. 2½ in. Lord, '98, second; 29 ft.

Throwing 12-lb. Hammer.—Won by Johnson, '98; 81 ft. 7 in. Foote, '98, second; 80 ft. 2 in.

Running Broad Jump.—Won by Flynn, '97; 18 ft. 3 in. Allen, '97, second; 17 ft. 8 in.

Running High Jump.—Won by Flynn, '97; 5 ft. Sturtevant, '98, second; 4 ft 10 in.

Pole Vault.—Won by Danker, '97; 7 ft. 11 in. Sturtevant, '98, second; 7 ft. 9 in.

NOT EXACTLY COMPLIMENTARY.

“ACCEPT the apology maiden, I pray,”
 She remarked “I don't see how I can,
 For that would be the same as accepting yourself
 An apology poor for a man.”

A NIGHT IN APRIL.

NIGHT'S murky mantle as a pall
Spreads over all ;
The flickering street lamp's lurid beam
Is as a dream
That flits across our slumbers deep,
And leaves no trace in realms of sleep.
The wind blows strong in fitful gusts ;
Half in mistrust
The naked branches moan and sway,
Like witches they
Who crooning, moaning, cast a spell
'Mid incantations doggerel.
A dash of rain is in the wind ;
Seems but designed
To lend its color to the scene ;
To intervene
To make the picture wilder still,
The touch that baffles painter's skill.

AN OUTRAGE.

WHY does the man who deals in furs
Make it his only aim
To swindle honest men forsooth
By running a skin game.

PERSONALS.

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

C. J. HOADLEY, L.L. D., '51, has been re-elected President of the Connecticut Historical Society. Dr. HOADLEY is the only graduate of the College whose name is on the membership roll of the American Antiquarian Society.

The Diocesan School for Girls at Indianapolis has been named in honor of the late Bishop KNICKERBACKER, '53.

The Rev. T. M. N. GEORGE, '80, having declined an election to the Monumental Church, Richmond, Va., is still Rector of Christ Church, New Berne, N. C.

P. H. FRYE, '89, has returned from Europe, and his address is Andover, Mass.

J. W. FELL, '89, has received an appointment as chief accountant in the office of the superintendent of documents, department of public printing, Union Building, Washington, D. C.

The address of A. E. DOUGLASS, '89, is at the Astronomical Observatory in Flagstaff, Arizona.

The Rev. C. N. SHEPARD, '91, was ordained to the priesthood in Middletown, Conn., on the 25th of May. Mr. SHEPARD is to continue as a Fellow and Instructor in the General Theological Seminary, New York.

MARRIED—In St. Paul, Minn., May 29th, ROLLIN S. SALTUS, '92, and Miss EVELYN MCCURDY NOYES.

The address of R. P. BATES, '93, is 428 North State St., Chicago, Ill. GRAVES, '92, and ELLIS, '94, were recently in town.

NECROLOGY.

The Rev. WILLIAM GLENNAY FRENCH, a graduate in the class of 1837, died at his home in New York City, May 27th, aged 81 years. He was ordained in 1843, and was at one time a member of Bishop Ives's community in Valle Crucis, N. C. For forty years before his death he was engaged in faithful work for the New York City Mission, his special field of duty being of late on Blackwell's Island. His brother, the Rev. LOUIS FRENCH, was a graduate in the class of 1853; and his son, WILLIAM LESLIE FRENCH, was graduated in 1883.

THE STROLLER.

THE walks about the college buildings are THE STROLLER'S peculiar precinct. Plodding along them he derives his chief amusement. On them he meets his fellow classmates, and by them he lingers and loafs, watching the ebb and flow of college life as it passes him over the walks seeking who can tell what joys in the town into which with ever converging and narrowing vistas they disappear. THE STROLLER, in a meditative mood to-day, sits by the walk and watches the passers. Now a man smartly dressed, evidently "going out" stubs the narrow point of his patent leather against a protruding board, his silk hat, nicely brushed, falls off, and rolls in the dust, at which the student, Godless wretch! consigns the old boards, endeared by having been trodden upon with similar results by many generations of students, to immediate annihilation by fire. Another passer less scrupulously dressed, and running by in tennis shoes, steps on a protruding nail, of which the walk is full, and if the iron has not entered into his *sole*, the student's remarks belie him. And now a veteran, disabled on the baseball or football field, hobbling by on crutches, is suddenly stopped in his uncertain gait by a splinter in his well foot, whereat he curses the injustice of Fate at *splintering* both his feet, and with great difficulty hobbles on. These incidents arouse THE STROLLER from his meditations. He feels a certain amount of responsibility for, has he not paced the walk more often than they all? And with a guilty feeling he determines that too many doctor's bills have already been presented to his class mates, necessitated by *bad board*, and he firmly resolves to advise a new walk being laid from the President's house to the college.

* * * * *

THERE is no breeze to greet THE STROLLER on the walk, and render his few words light and airy. They must be heavy, unsympathetic, and unacceptable as is the weather. Even the flag hangs limp and tired from its pole, and this leads THE STROLLER on to a digression. Not long since, on looking over a number of the *Bowdoin Orient*, THE STROLLER was struck with a brief notice in that paper of the Trinity Flag Day held last June. Our patriotism was held up to the admiration of our fellow-collegians at Bowdoin, and the question was asked, "Why has Bowdoin no flag-staff?" Doubtless the recent celebration of Memorial Day stimulated these ideas, and THE STROLLER, gazing up at the lifeless emblem of our independence, which, in this stifling weather is inert, congratulated himself and his fellows that Trinity had been first in the field, and instrumental in fostering and suggesting sentiments of patriotism.

BOOK REVIEWS.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, have recently issued two little text books, prepared by A. S. George, A. M., *Burke's Speech on Conciliation with America*, and *Webster's Speech on Bunker Hill Monument*. The books are edited with a very good preface and careful notes, and their prices, viz : 30 and 25 cents respectively, bring them within the reach of all students.

Princeton Stories, by Jesse Lynch Williams. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons.

These tales resemble Post's *Harvard Stories* in their treatment of college life. They are not marked however, by that light, easy humor, which makes the *Harvard Stories* so attractive. On the contrary, we find here and there throughout the book deeper touches, which betoken a more serious conception of college life, and which render the book of value as a true representation of college spirit and action. *The Hazing of Valliant* may be mentioned as one of the best stories if not the best in the book, and *When Girls come to Princeton* and *The Man that Led the Class* are also very attractive tales. The book compares very favorably with any other collection of college stories which we have seen for some years past.

EXCHANGES.

AN IDYL OF THE SEA.

THEY stood beside the sobbing sea,
They drank deep of love's wine,
He froze a dado on her lips,
His charming Emmaline.

"You'll write?" she wept. "I will," he swears,
As his arms around her twine,
"Forget your fears and doubts and tears,
I'll drop my Em a line."

Ah, fickle, fickle sands of the sea,
And man as false and fine!

The billet doux is still a due,
For he dropped his Emmaline!—*The Lafayette.*

IN LAUREL TIME.

IN laurel time we often strayed
 Together on the twilight hills,
 And watched the lazy sun go down,
 Heard the soft murmur of the rills
 That laughed beneath our feet,
 And dreamed sweet dreams, alas, too sweet !
 In laurel time.

But tears may fall while flowers bloom,
 And sorrow come and dreary gloom,
 In laurel time.

And now I walk alone. And where
 The laurel grows in silver drifts
 No longer do I hear her voice ;
 And where the mellow sunlight sifts
 I twine sad wreaths to her,
 And mourn the happy days that were
 In laurel time.

—*Harvard Advocate.*

“OH hum !” yawned young Willieboy,
 Waking one morn,
 And his watch ticked at ten and a quarter ;
 “I find if I would
 Be up with the sun,
 I mustn't sit up with the daughter.”—*Student Life.*

NO VERDURE THERE.

“What are grass widows, ma, I pray ?”
 Ten-year-old Tommy pleads,
 At once the lady answers, “They
 Are widows without weeds.”—*Bowdoin Orient.*

THE NEEDFUL THING.

“OH, ye plains of broad Sahara,
 Rich in witchcraft's cunning art,
 Pray tell me how to win a kiss
 From her who holds my heart.”

Then the plains of broad Sahara
 Sent an answer to me, and
 This the whole of what they told me,
 “Come and get a little sand.”—*Yale Record.*

As providence willed
 By her bicycle killed,
 'Twas thus that her epitaph ran ;
 “In bloomers and cap,
 Though sad the mishap,
 She went to her death like a man.”

—*Union School Quarterly.*

To write this verse my pen is *driven*
 Without much aid from my poor head,
 But it is different with a pencil
 Which does much better when 'tis *lead*.

—*University Courier.*

EXAMS.

EXAMINATIONS were being discussed
 By a Classical and a Tech.
 “Applied Mechanics,” the latter said
 “We got right in the neck.”
 The Classical student then declared,
 On his brow a heavy frown,
 We Classicals got far worse than that—
 “We got Demosthenes on the Crown.”

—*The Lafayette.*