

Trinity College

Trinity College Digital Repository

Trinity Tablet (1868-1908)

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

6-23-1896

Trinity Tablet, June 23, 1896

Trinity College

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

Recommended Citation

Trinity College, "Trinity Tablet, June 23, 1896" (1896). *Trinity Tablet (1868-1908)*. 376.
<https://digitalrepository.trincoll.edu/tablets/376>

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

ESTABLISHED APRIL 11 1868

TRINITY COLLEGE

VOL. XXIX

JUNE 23 1896

No. 12

CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
EDITORIALS	273	VERSE	292
THE PASTOR'S CONVERSION	275	COLLEGE AND CAMPUS	295
ON CLASS-DAY	280	PERSONALS	296
TRANSMIGRATION	284	NECROLOGY	298
PADRE MATEO	285	THE STROLLER	299
WHERE IGNORANCE WAS BLISS	286	BOOK NOTICE	300

Commencement Number

HARTFORD

CONN.

TRINITY COLLEGE,

HARTFORD, CONN.

THIS College was chartered by the state of Connecticut in 1823, and as this result was chiefly due to the activity and sagacity of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Brownell, he may justly be regarded as its founder. This college does only college work. There is no divinity, law, medical or other professional school connected with it, as it is intended to give a liberal Education, adapted to fit young men to enter most advantageously upon the study of the Learned Professions or a business career after graduation. Its course of study is therefore conservative, adhering to that system which long experience has shown to be most effective. In all essential respects its course of study is similar to that of the leading American Colleges, its requirements for admission with those at Harvard and the twelve associated colleges, of which this college is one, according to the schedule adopted by them some years ago. Its situation is elevated, commanding a beautiful view, and very salubrious. Its buildings are new and unsurpassed for convenience and comfort.

COURSES OF INSTRUCTION.

The college offers four courses of instruction, viz.: I. A COURSE IN ARTS; II. A COURSE IN LETTERS AND SCIENCE; III. A COURSE IN SCIENCE; IV. A COURSE IN LETTERS.

The courses extend over four years, with the exception of the Course in Science, which is completed in three years.

Students completing the Course in Arts receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Students completing the Course in Letters and Science, or the Course in Science, receive the degree of Bachelor of Science.

Students who do not propose to pursue all the studies of any of the regular courses are permitted, under the name of Special Students, to recite with any class in such studies as, upon examination, they are found qualified to pursue.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

There are numerous Scholarships. These differ in value, some remitting the charge for tuition, and others both the charge for tuition and that for room-rent in whole or in part. For holders of Scholarships remitting the entire charges for tuition and room-rent, the Treasurer's bills are reduced to \$42.50; and the necessary expense of such students including board and other personal items will not exceed \$250, or \$300 a year.

For Catalogues apply to the President or Secretary of the Faculty.

E. J. SMITH & CO., 65-69 Asylum Street.

THE PLACE IS NOW TEEMING WITH SPRING FURNISHINGS.

Proper Shapes and Colors in SPRING HATS, \$2.40, \$2.90, \$4.00.	SHIRTS TO ORDER. PERFECT FITTING. \$9.00, \$11.00, \$14.00, \$17.00 FOR HALF DOZEN.	Superb Collection of SPRING SCARFS, Flowing and Tecks, and Four-in-hands, String Ties and Bows, 50c. and up.	"Starmount" German Linen Collars. Warranted not to shrink. Newest Shapes. Same in Quarter Sizes. 25c. or \$2.75 dozen.
SCOTCH KNICKER HOSE, \$1.15, \$1.50, \$1.87.	Novelties in Colored Shirts.	KID GLOVES, \$1.10, \$1.50, \$1.90.	CUFFS, 35c. pr. or \$4.00 doz.
SWEATERS, \$2.37, \$2.75, \$3.37, \$4.50.	MONARCH SHIRTS. READY-MADE. \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00.		PAJAMAS.

NOVELTIES IN WALKING STICKS.

EDWARD J. ROTTER, *Manager.*

Anti-Septic Shampoo Machine

Exclusively used at the Popular Barber Shop of

DAVID SEIDE,

242 MAIN STREET, *corner Grove Street.*

HURD, MELLEN & HEWES,

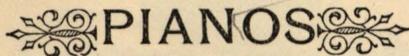
Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

CHINA, GLASSWARE, LAMPS, ROCHESTER LAMPS, BRIC-A-BRAC, TOILET SETS, ETC.

C. F. HURD.
M. MELLEN
D. N. HEWES.

255 Main St., Hartford, Conn.

GALLUP & METZGER,



PIANOS

201-3-5 Asylum St., Hartford.

EDMUND GOULET,

The Heublein Barber Shop.

Five first-class workmen.

Headquarters for

STATIONERY,
ARTISTIC PRINTING and
FASHIONABLE ENGRAVING.

New Plate and 50 Cards, \$1.25
Printing 50 Cards from old plate, 65c.
Printing 100 Cards from old plate, \$1.00

THE PLIMPTON MFG. CO.,

HARTFORD, CONN.

EDWARD LAWLER, SANITARY • PLUMBING,

HOUSE DRAINAGE AND VENTILATION,
ALSO HOT WATER & STEAM HEATING.
Personal Supervision. } 160 Main Street.

If you are in want of Wedding or Holiday Presents, make a visit to our Salesrooms. We have the stock of Solid Silver and Silver Plated Ware to select from.

WM. ROGERS MFG. CO.

Retail Salesroom,
66 and 70 Market St.



* Awarded above all others the HIGHEST and ONLY Award at World's Fair, 1893.

WE NEVER FORGET

Our responsibility in the filling of prescriptions.
There is no DOUBTING at all.
We're sure we are right, then we go ahead.

There is no hurry nor carelessness in our compounding department—nor in any other department for that matter.

We aim to be THE druggist to whom you can bring your prescription for serious cases with perfect confidence. Depend upon us.

RAPELYE'S

DRUG STORE,
On Main Street—325.

Trinity STERLING SILVER NOVELTIES.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Trinity Souvenirs.

∴ DIAMONDS, WATCHES AND JEWELRY. ∴

Repairing of Watches, Jewelry,
etc. a Specialty

MAYER, GRACE & MAYER,

Successors to David Mayer.

DIAMONDS, JEWELRY,
AND OPTICAL GOODS. 319 Main Street.

GEORGE PRUTTING, JR.,

MEMBER OF AMERICAN SOCIETY OF PROFESSORS OF
DANCING, NEW YORK.

Private Dancing Academy,

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO. BUILDING,
53 TRUMBULL ST., HARTFORD, CONN.
P. O. Box 808.

—PRIVILEGE LESSONS—

AND SELECT

CLASSES IN DANCING.

Season Commences Sept. 1, 1896. Academy Open Daily.
From 9 A. M. TO 10 P. M.

THE BEST PLACE IN TOWN

TO BUY PICTURES

And Artists' Materials.

Pictures Framed at Short Notice, and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

L. A. WILEY, 251 Pearl Street.

THE HEUBLEIN,

HARTFORD, CONN.

At the Junction of Lewis, Wells and Trumbull Streets,

FACING BUSHNELL PARK.

A Modern Hotel on the European Plan. Hot and cold
water in every room, also steam and open fire places.

The only House in the United States furnished
throughout with imported rugs.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Proprietors.

DEMPSEY & CARROLL'S

Fine Engraving and Society Stationery.

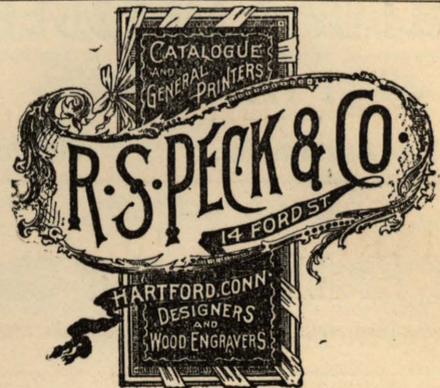
College Designs a Specialty.

Prices the same as New York.

The Ernst Schall Company,

—Jewelers and Silversmiths, —

Removed from 313 Main St. to 5 Asylum St.



A. G. Spalding & Bros.

Athletic Outfitters

To the Leading Colleges and
Preparatory Schools.

The words

“Spalding Highest Quality”

Is a guarantee that the article bearing them is the best
that can be produced.

Base Ball, Tennis and Golf Supplies,
and Uniforms of Every Description.

The Perfection of Mechanical Skill—

THE SPALDING BICYCLE FOR 1896.

A. G. Spalding & Bros.,

Largest Manufacturers of Athletic and Bicycle Supplies
in the world.

Send for Our Handsome Illustrated Catalogue.

New York,

Chicago,

Philadelphia.



N. B. BULL & SON,
189 & 191 Main Street.



HOT AIR
HOT WATER } FURNACES.

PARLOR STOVES { ALL SIZES
AND P. ICES.

Housekeeping Goods—all kinds.

H. E. PATTEN'S
DYE HOUSE AND CARPET CLEANING WORKS,
No. 37 WELLS STREET.

Laces, Curtains, Carpets, Kid Gloves, etc., cleaned or dyed. Ladies' and Gentleman's Garments of every description dyed or nicely cleaned without ripping. Also Carpet Warp, both white and colored, for sale. Feather Beds renovated.

Packages sent by express will meet with prompt attention according to directions.

C. B. BOARDMAN,

Hack, Livery and Boarding Stable,

No. 104 Main St., Hartford, Conn.

CHARLES H. BELL,

Druggist.

Large line of everything usually found in a first-class drug store.

213 Main Street, under City Hotel.

VACATION SEASON
AT HAND

GET your wants filled at headquarters for
OUTING SUPPLIES.

WEARABLES OF ALL KINDS.

Toilet Articles in great variety. Trunks, Dress Suit and Extension Cases, Hammocks and Bicycles, at the lowest prices possible for good goods.

Brown, Thomson & Co.

L. G. WILEY

156 Pearl Street, Hartford, Conn.

Pine Printing

AT BOTTOM PRICES.

SPECIALTIES Made of SOCIETY WORK.

MUSIC COUPON.

IN ONE HOUR you can learn to accompany on the PIANO or ORGAN by using our

LIGHTNING CHORD METHOD

a complete system of thorough Bass, giving the chords of all Major and Minor Keys.

NO TEACHER NECESSARY

Most wonderful musical work ever put on the market. If you have a Piano or Organ you can not afford to be without it.

IT IS A READY REFERENCE

to accompany any song or any music played on any other instrument. Indispensable to the thorough musician and a delight to all beginners.

IT WILL SAVE YOU MANY DOLLARS

and many months of hard study in harmony. The price of this book is \$1.00, but by **Special Arrangements** we will mail to all the readers of this paper a copy upon receipt of 25c. and this Coupon.

Address,

MUSICAL GUIDE PUBLISHING CO.,
CINCINNATI, O.

\$1.00 BOOK for 25c.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

Nos. 303-404-170-604,
And other styles to suit all hands.

THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

J. G. MARCH,

HAIR CUTTING PARLORS,

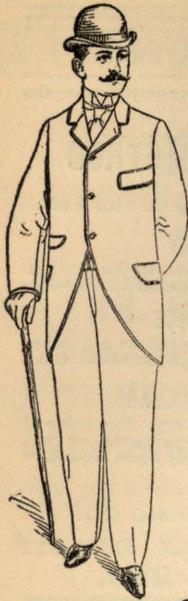
No. 9 Asylum St., Hartford, Conn.

J. M. HAYDEN,

..... STEAM LAUNDRY,

351 Asylum Street.

Agency at Trinity College Store.



**For
Summer
Suitings.**

We have an extensive line of Serges, Fancy Mohairs and Light Weight Tweeds in all shades and colors.

Made up very light or skeleton all through if desired.

Just the thing for neatness and comfort.

**To order from
\$16.00**

Nicoll

50 - 54 Asylum Street, Hartford, Conn.

**The
Crawford
Shoe**

*Is a Custom Shoe though sold ready-made.
It is sold by The Maker only to The Wearer
through*

Crawford Shoe Stores

HARTFORD, NEW HAVEN,
14 & 16 Asylum St. 808 Chapel St.

**No Guesswork
About Columbias**

The Department of Tests of the Pope Manufacturing Company, with its Emery Testing Machine of 100,000 lbs. capacity, has no superior, even among the Government testing stations.



Expert Engineers and Metallurgists watch everything that enters into Columbia construction. There are no untried devices in the Columbia. That is why * * * * *

**Columbia Bicycles
are Standard of the World**

Art Catalogue of fifty pages for two 2-cent stamps.

POPE MFG. CO.
* * Hartford, Conn.

Statement, January 1, 1896.

National Fire Insurance Company,

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Capital Stock, all Cash,	\$1,000,000.00
Funds reserved to meet all Liabilities,	
Re-Insurance Reserve, Legal Standard,	1,722,530.50
Unsettled Losses and other Claims,	352,439.16
Net Surplus over Capital and Liability,	522,561.81
Total Assets, January 1, 1895,	\$3,597,530.67

MARWICK'S DRUG STORE,

OPEN ALL NIGHT.

377 Asylum Street, Corner Ford.

Hurlbut's Building,

A. MARWICK, Jr. Hartford, Conn.

THE LATEST AT

**De Lamater & Son's
PHOTO STUDIO,**

15 Pratt Street.

The Trinity Tablet

VOL. XXIX.

JUNE 23, 1896

No. 12

Published every three weeks during the college year

EDITORS

H. R. REMSEN, '98, *Managing Editor.*

W. S. DANKER, '97, *Business Manager.*

H. W. SHULTE, '97, *Literary Editor.*

H. D. PLIMPTON, '97.

J. H. LECOUR, JR., '98.

R. A. BENSON, '99.

Terms, \$2.00 per year ; single copies, 20 cents. For sale at 15 Jarvis Hall, Trinity College.

Address P. O. Box 398 Hartford, Conn.

Entered at the Post Office at Hartford, Conn., as second-class mail matter.

EDITORIALS

WITH this issue of THE TABLET the cares and pleasures of its management devolve upon a new board. It is, then, a fitting time to express the appreciation felt for the efforts of our predecessors. Their work has not been free from discouragement, for the general indifference and lack of interest on the part of the college in anything not entirely trivial has been felt in every organization. The average undergraduate seems mentally incapable of any higher occupation than the building of bon-fires and hooting at passers on the walk. Thus the work of the board has been without the support of undergraduate sentiment. It goes without saying that this is an unfortunate condition of affairs for the college as well as the board. Under

these conditions THE TABLET cannot work to the best advantage; on the other hand, any imperfections in the paper reflect directly upon the college. During past years it has been unfortunately true that the majority of undergraduates have refused to acknowledge their responsibility in college affairs. Although willing enough to celebrate the victory of a team or accept whatever glory might accrue from success, they have not manifested a disposition to join in the preliminary labors. THE TABLET has been especially hampered by this inertia and thrown largely upon its own resources. Under these circumstances it is the more of a pleasure to congratulate the board of 'Ninety-six upon their energy and success, for to their efforts is due almost entirely the creditable showing THE TABLET has made during the past year.

* * * * *

TRINITY proudly boasts of being the first college to raise the Stars and Stripes over its campus and every day since that memorable one in June, 1894, when the flag was presented together with the pole with imposing ceremonies to the college authorities we have seen the proud emblem of freedom and liberty floating over our buildings. Unfortunately, there came a breeze one day in April and since then neither halyards nor flag has been seen. Memorial Day passed and yet no sign of activity on the part of the authorities, whoever they may be. However THE TABLET sincerely hopes that through its wide circulation this article may in some way reach the eyes of those modest personages to whom the care of the flag was delegated at the time of its presentation, that they may take some steps toward relieving our pole of its nudity.

THE PASTOR'S CONVERSION

THE congregation came slowly out of the little wooden church of Enderby into the chill Autumn air and separated into little gossiping groups, the more vivacious and social members of the gathering passing from group to group. The pastor had just preached on the text "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's."

It was late in the forties and the great question was just beginning to reach the secluded valleys of Vermont. Opinion was divided as to whether Canaan was or was not really a negro and in some cases scepticism was carried so far as to raise the question whether, even if Canaan was really a negro, the curse extended to his remote descendents in the Southern United States.

The pastor, strange to say, did not wear as satisfied a look as seemed to fit his oratorical triumph. He had written his sermon with care and it seemed to him when he reread it in his study that it was a perfectly logical argument based on texts of the Bible. But when he was reading it before the congregation it sounded less convincing. He saw the great head and broad shoulders of Deacon Brown before him in the front pew and once he thought he detected a glance of surprise and compassion from the mild gray eyes, a glance which made him feel like qualifying his extreme statements. In the depths of his soul the young pastor was troubled. The relation between him and his gigantic deacon was almost that between father and son. He believed Brown to be the best man he had ever known. Slow of speech and rather slow in mind the Deacon was by far the most influential man in the community. For miles around men came to him with their disputes. He was executor of all the wills and guardian of all the orphans of the county. When he told stubborn Ezra Hollis that his corner was ten feet on his neighbor's land, Hollis pulled up the fence and reset the stakes himself. And

now the Deacon was suspected of having aided a runaway slave on his stealthy journey towards Canada. He had said in his slow, ponderous, unsympathetic way that slavery was wrong. Ezra Hollis had said emphatically that "if the Deakin was on one side and the United States was on the other" that he was "agin the United States as soon as the Deakin said the word 'go'." But the majority of the elder men were steady, old conservatives who held that "you can't go agin the law." So the young pastor had preached his pro-slavery sermon at their representation, and the outcome of it was that the group gathered about the Deacon seemed to have gained in numbers and assurance, and a split in the church was evidently imminent.

The young pastor walked down the street accompanied by the other deacon, Wisdom Wilcox. He felt that the pro-slavery element in the congregation was numerically strong, he could not doubt that the other was ethically weak, sentimental, utopian. But it was with some misgiving that he acceded to Wilcox's proposition that they should call on Deacon Brown next day and tell him that it was the sentiment of the church to "leave unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's" and that no one could remain a member in good standing who professed abolition doctrines. Even when he agreed to go the next day, he said to himself, "Who am I that I should rebuke a father in Israel?"

On Monday afternoon the young parson and Deacon Wilcox drove to the Brown farm. Both felt the gravity of the embassy and said little. Deacon Brown came in from his corn-field and ushered them into the "sittin' room" with dignified but hearty courtesy. The three sat down, the Deacon in the large old-fashioned rocker made sixty years before for his father by the celebrated Burritt of Stratford. The Deacon's youngest boy impressed by the unwonted sight of two visitors in black coats during working hours, came into the room and sat by his father's side in a little rocking chair. The

child's feet were bare and scarcely reached the floor, but his attitude and immobile features reflected oddly the appearance of his gigantic father. The ambassadors sat on a hair cloth sofa on the opposite side of the room and looked and no doubt felt very ill at ease. The pastor had carefully thought out what he was to say but now all circumlocutions faded from his mind. He could not attempt to prove that the church had nothing to do with politics or that peace and unity were of permanent importance with those calm, gray eyes looking so gravely at him. After an embarrassed pause he blurted out.

"Deacon Brown, you know how all the brethren look up to you. But we have determined that you must be remonstrated with. Your sentiments on the fugitive slave law are a grievous offence to the church. I have to request on their behalf that you refrain from the propagation of abolition sentiments and especially that you cease to defy the law of the country by openly aiding runaway negroes to escape to Canada. We hope you will agree to this."

"Sposin I can't?" said the Deacon.

"You know the rules, Deacon, as well as I. We should be compelled, however reluctantly, to discipline you in the usual way."

The Deacon's expression changed slightly. "The church has been my home for forty years," he said. "It would come hard on me to be expelled. But," and here he raised his great right hand and his face was glorified by an expression of resolve at which the others stared speechless, "but right is right. I shall not alter my conduct. I cannot help it."

The little boy had been looking intently at his father and as he said this he rose and climbed into his father's lap and laid his head against the broad breast. The father's hand, held aloft for a moment, descended lightly as a snow flake and rested like a benediction on his curled and shiny head. There was an instant of absolute silence,

then the visitors rose and with hurried and awkward farewells left the room.

They drove silently back. The pastor said as he got out, "It can't be done, brother Wilcox. It can't be done." And Wilcox nodded, and added, "The Dekin's sot." *

The young pastor sat quietly in his study that evening. He ran over the arguments of the theology he had conned so carefully in the school. How empty and devoid of meaning they seemed and they were once so complete and satisfactory. Now they were shattered against something he had overlooked, something slow to rouse, something which sleeps for a century, but something which when once waked is of an infinite force—the underlying conscience of New England. He felt it stirring in his own heart, and he opened the drawer of his desk and taking his sermon on the text, "Render to Caesar the things which are Caesar's," he slowly tore it to fragments and casting the pieces into the fire-place he lighted a match and burned them to tinder. Then he mixed the charred paper with the ashes on the hearth, and as he rose said aloud, "Right is right." Then he added in his mind "Furthermore Deacon Brown knows what is right better than all the theological professors in the country."

* * * * *

Twenty years later the pastor, now a thin, middle-aged man, preached another sermon on the text "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's," which he felt no inclination to destroy. In this discourse, Caesar was the country and the things to be rendered were devotion, sacrifice, life, which were then rendered fiercely by hundreds. Deacon Brown was dead, but the preacher continually addressed his words to the corner of the pew where the old man had listened so many Sundays, while his son was a private in a Vermont regiment. On the next day the pastor was to go to Washington to

serve on the Sanitary Commission. Lee had crossed into Virginia and it was evident that a great and critical battle would soon be fought. Everybody was rendering unto Caesar the things that were Caesar's and all felt that everything was Caesar's and gave with feverish, unreflecting haste, regardless of the fact that much was wasted, much stolen, and that many of Caesar's enemies were those of his own household and wore his finest uniform and huzzaed for him the loudest.

Two weeks later the pastor returned. The battle of Antietam had been fought and Lee had retreated into Virginia. The pastor brought with him four wounded men and the body of Justin Brown. They buried him by his father's side. "When we found him" said the pastor, "he looked exactly as I once saw his father twenty years ago, when he said 'Right is right.' He must have died very suddenly. He lay on a little hillock with his face upwards. His arm was raised and his hand open as if he were grasping a hand extended to help him. It seemed to me as if he had died saying, 'Right is right, and I am ready to die for it.' And when I looked on his face it was borne in on me that the North will surely prevail. It may not be this year nor the next, but if such men as Justin Brown are so glad to die for it, it will surely come."

A FAIR RETURN.

HE made fine presents to his girl,
But always with the aim,
Of losing nothing, for he got
Face-value for the same.

M. R. C.

ON CLASS-DAY

IT was the morning of class-day. The carpenters were driving the last nails in the platform erected for the afternoon's speakers. The college buildings were gay with flags, which hung lazily in the hot June air. Students were gathered in knots, discussing the preparations. Members of committees were rushing aimlessly hither and thither, looking warm and worried, but accomplishing little—John Fairborn had returned to college for the decennial of his graduation.

Slowly he walked about the campus, and memories of that other class-day, ten years previous, crowded thick and fast upon him. Every step recalled other and happy hours, yes, the happiest he had ever known. Every nook and corner about the stately college structures spoke of the past, making the present gloomy in comparison. All the landmarks, that had become enshrined in his affection during the years of college life, still greeted his eyes. There was a difference, however. It was not merely that new buildings had been erected since his graduation; it was not altogether because the ivy his class had planted now spread luxuriantly over the stately front of the main college. Yet on that former day, the June sunshine had seemed to deck sky and grass with brighter colors, and to smile more kindly on college and campus. Even the preparations for the afternoon's festivities had seemed more tasteful. Could it have been because, then, another had shared his walk, had pointed out beauties that he had never noticed? He was forced to admit that it must have been her face, her form, her voice that had filled out the landscape, and made the fair seem doubly so.

Ah! There was the room, which had been the scene of most of his joys and sorrows during four years. A sudden impulse moved him to look in on his old quarters once more. He found the door ajar, and entered. Naught recalled the former occupant of the room, save the

initials J. F. cut in the stone over the window of the study. How different it had looked the day that he had proudly exhibited his den to *her* admiring eyes. How delighted she had been at the various decorations characteristic of a college room. To-day he was alone, and an intruder. Sadly he turned away, descended the stairs again, and once more strolled along the walk.

His expression grew more gloomy as the past flitted vividly before him. Then, as he walked about college with his fair companion, he had been constantly greeted. Sometimes stopping to chat with an intimate, he had been followed by the envious and admiring glances of students less fortunate than he. Now, no one knew him. Students who passed scarcely glanced at the tall gaunt figure that strolled along the walk with weary and purposeless steps. He chanced to meet a professor, who had been his special favorite, in undergraduate days. With the thought that here, at least, was one who would recognize him, Fairborn stepped up and greeted him, receiving a warm welcome. After talking a few moments, the professor said, "I have been trying to recall your name, but cannot, though I know you were in '89." "No, I graduated in '84," said John, with a chill creeping into his heart. After that he carefully avoided speaking to anyone. He found himself continually living over the happy past.

Class-day had been to him the culmination of a brilliant and successful career in college. How proud he had been then seated on the platform, the recipient of the greatest honor of the occasion, the position of class-day orator. He could still recall every word of that carefully written, and laboriously committed speech. He had put in its preparation the best efforts of which he was capable, and in its delivery, had received an inspiration that did not come from the words he was uttering, though their sentiment was high and noble. It was the consciousness of a pair of bright brown eyes that beamed encouragingly upon him, which had spurred him on to special effort. He had felt that much of the applause that

followed his final climax rightfully belonged to *her*. He was pleased and proud then, to be sure, but the applause he cared most for was when she said, "I wouldn't have missed hearing your oration for the world, John." Only a commonplace, but when one is young and in love, the most ordinary saying uttered by the object of affection becomes a priceless gem of eloquence. What a happy walk that had been, when the speech-making was done. What happy dreams of the future had been theirs, and how bright prospects had seemed. She had told him success in his chosen profession would come swiftly and surely, and he had believed the gentle flattery.

It would not be long before their joys and woes might be in common. What promises they had exchanged. He almost smiled, living once more those happy hours. But why was he recurring to those foolish dreams of boyhood? It was another self that cherished those fond hopes, those dear illusions. A gulf that was more than years lay between then and now. Those intervening years came up unbidden from the grave of the past with cruel distinctness. The promises made on class-day had been kept, while he was working his way through law schools and struggling to achieve standing in his profession. At length, success had crowned his efforts, and he had attained the consummation of his faithful love. Then came the few happy years of wedded life, the first misunderstanding, the quick reconciliation, subsequent differences, the growing coolness that at last supplanted love, the final angry interview, the agreement to avoid scandal by allowing the wife to travel. All this and more floated before his reminiscent fancy in panoramic succession.

How had all this trouble come about? He told himself it was inevitable, that he was not to blame, that his wife should have been more forbearing. He excused his own slight share of fault by the torment of business. Well, it was all over now, and he was glad it had been settled in a manner that so entirely obviated scandal. Yet when she had gone, and that to which he had assigned the cause of trouble

had been removed, his worry did not cease. Business weighed on him more heavily than ever; his deserted house became intolerable. At last, he had rushed away from the office for a few days, and now he was at college in the hope that here he might throw off the incubus that oppressed him. Yet even among these scenes, so widely different from the surroundings of his daily life, everything seemed to especially remind him of what he was so anxious to forget.

Why should the present be dark? He assured himself that there was nothing in his conduct to regret. He was called a successful lawyer. It had been rumored that he was likely to be a candidate for the next Congress. A man whose prospects were so brilliant should not be despondent. All that had marred his horizon had disappeared, yet something was lacking to complete the beauty of the outlook.

John was recalled from his reverie by the voice of the class president, who began his speech of welcome much like his predecessor of ten years previous. At length the orator was announced. A slender, dark-eyed youth, of sensitive, delicate features arose. In a round, though rather high-keyed, voice he addressed the assemblage. By a strong effort of the will, John concentrated his faculties to listen.

What strange illusion was this? The very first words seemed to carry him back ten years. It was no illusion; those were his words, but where did that young fellow discover his oration? Sentence after sentence flowed from the orator's lips as it had been uttered ten years before. John grew young again. As he followed the logically developed line of thought that led up to the climax, the illusion deepened. Those ten years were lost in oblivion. Once more he, John Fairborn, was the orator. Again he was looking on that face, once more those brown eyes met his. He was speaking for but one auditor, and he must do well to please her. The peroration was reached. A few more well-turned periods to release the

spell-bound audience, and the orator had finished. He sat down amid a grand burst of applause.

How intellectual, how mature, how original, were the various comments. John's illusion vanished. Once more he was a jaded, lonely man. The hopes, the passions, which but just now had been his, were dispelled. No, not quite. Why must the cruel dream still haunt him? For there was a voice that he knew, close beside him, that in low but clear tones said, "I wouldn't have missed hearing your oration for the world, John." He thought this also was but part of his illusion. But no, a girl stood close beside him; the look that he had known shining in her eyes for another John, this other orator of another class-day. And John Fairfax turned away. Then remembering his own happiness on a like occasion, and its utter extinction, and his lasting unhappiness, he blessed them unawares.

W. C. W.

TRANSMIGRATION.

THE plains of the Sombre are full fertile,
 Like a garden fit for a God—
 For the sword is but rust, and its owner is dust,
 And thousands lie under that sod.

The plains of the Sombre are full fertile,
 And as far as the eye can see
 The rise and fall of the barley tall
 Recalls the billowy sea.

The plains of the Sombre are full fertile,
 Where the brown-clad sky-larks call,
 And the peaceful knell of the curfew-bell
 From the slate-roofed towers fall.

H. R. R.

PADRE MATEO

THE Padre godly man and stout,
Would take a nap ; the day was warm indeed.
The Padre godly man was tired out,
Though to the gate still clung the starving rout
Of beggars, which the church for her soul's need
Each day at noon with scanty food must feed.
Their hungry, wolf-like eyes the Padre saw,
The lean, long fingers of each bony hand,
While through the court rose their discordant sounds.
" By Mary's blood plague take that begger band !
Like birds of prey, to fill whose eager maw
I, priest, must daily go the ceaseless rounds.
Should God's own servant be but serf to these ?"
Grumbling he turned, and looked beneath the trees
Where the round shadows slept—the poplars tall,
So still the day, showed not a silver leaf—
Only the fountain murmured in its fall,
As one who dreaming mumbles mixed words of joy and grief.

Outside the gates, close to the iron bar,
The bright sun beating on her blinking eyes
And forehead, where the deep-set wrinkles mar
Its smoothness, and the scanty hairs still cling,
A woman's voice begs with unceasing cries,
" For Christ's dear mercy some slight morsel fling !"
She stretches out one bony hand and fain
Fights for her place " For Christ's sake pity me !
Good Padre but a crust in charity ;
If thou expect his saving grace for thee !"
She plucks his sleeve, she will not let him go,
Her shrill voice jars his being to the quick,

Her hungry eyes ; the pallor of her sick
And pinchèd features—all the loathsomeness
Of filthy rags that showed her sloathsomeness.

He turned and gave her clinging hand a blow,
Then tossed an alms for what his wrath had done.

The lean face flushed, she tottered and sank low
And cried, " May Christ reward thee, even thus, my—son ! "

H. R. R.

WHERE IGNORANCE WAS BLISS

CRASH! with a jangling discord the uncanny, yet sweet and plaintive, strains of music ceased. " I hate him ! " Guido Cippala cried as he sprung up from the piano. He was tall, lithe, frail, and his clothes, which were not of the newest, although entirely respectable, he wore with an easy, unconcerned grace ; yet they seemed to hang a little loosely, as if the bleak, changeful climate of New York did not suit this delicate creature, born under the warm, equable sky of Italy. His thin, sallow face, with its mobile, impulsive mouth and weak chin was lighted up by his blazing, passionate black eyes. In fact when a person once noticed his eyes, all other traits were forgotten, and you thought only of him as the man with the eyes. Some people say that a man's room is a good index of his character. Cippala's certainly showed the artist everywhere. Each thing seemed to be in just the right place. The furniture and furnishings were scant, but the general air of unity displayed in their arrangement made this seem barely noticable."

" I hate him," striding up and down. " I'd like to kill him, the

hypocrite!" But with a sudden twinge of repentance, "Ah, the Blessed Virgin have mercy on me, wretch that I am!" This brought a momentary change of thought. "I will jot down that little thing I was just improvising. No, no! I cannot settle myself to anything. I can think of nothing but the maddening fact that he is engaged to her. She loves him!" and he flung himself on the couch.

After a few seconds he began to pace along the room more fiercely than before. "I hate him" ever dinning it into his brain with awful insistency. Just then an antique sword fell with a clang. For an instant he stood looking at it, then his eyes flashed. "Kill him?" "Kill him?" he repeated. "Yes—I will kill him. But how? The dagger? Oimè! no. Imagine the awful blood, my flesh crawls! Ough! How then? Poison? Yes that's it. I'll send him a poisoned book, as our forefathers did to their enemies. As he wets his finger on his tongue to separate the sticking pages, he will get enough of the deadly stuff to—to kill him. I will write the story I have been thinking of for weeks past and send it to him. To think that he should be editor of a magazine! Oibò! what does he know of literature or art, the Philistine, with his snug contentment and condescending air?"

* * * * *

The editor in his shirt-sleeves, with frowseled hair and knitted forehead, was seated at his desk amid a litter of papers. Harry Murray was a wholesome looking fellow in the glow of healthy, happy, busy manhood, from his clear blue eyes and earnest brow and firm mouth to his well-knit and athletic body. Although all around the desk in the light, cheerful office was confusion, yet it was orderly. There were the wells of red and black ink; the blue pencils; pens variously dilapidated; the large, writing-covered, white blotter; the bulging pigeon-holes; the heap of unopened

mail; and in its cut glass well, the wet sponge, which apparently the editor had just been using, to judge from the pile of letters, their uncanceled pink stamps standing out in pleasing contrast to the black superscriptions and the white paper. He was now busied in looking over his morning's mail, putting a few enigmatical marks on this letter, tossing this into one pigeon-hole, that into another, crumpling a fourth and throwing it into the waste-basket. Finally, all unwittingly, he picked up the tale that bore an unwritten tragedy in itself. He settled himself, just to glance through it, but before he had finished the first page he was deeply interested and charmed. At the bottom of the sheet Murray tried to turn over, but the paper stuck together. Hastily he moistened his finger—on the sponge—and separated the sticking manuscript. This he had to do at the end of almost every leaf. So when he came to the page before the last, hurriedly and inadvertantly instead of dampening his finger on the sponge, he stuck it into the ink-well, making an ugly blot on the paper. With an exclamation of impatience, he dried it on the blotter and continued the story. When the end came he laid the manuscript down with a sigh, got up and carefully washed the stain from his hand.

“Gad! that's a great story,” said he reflectively, leaning back in his chair and pressing the finger-tips of his right hand on those of his left. “There's a good deal of power and fine description in it, but Jove! the writer's as mad as a March hare. No, it can't be accepted. It's a pity that this decadent school is becoming such a fad. But perhaps this would interest Dorothy, I'll send it to her.”

* * * * *

The next morning after breakfast Murray, throwing aside the paper and looking at his watch, said, “H'm, I have plenty of time, I think I'll walk down to the office.” In a few moments he was on

his way, feeling a keen delight in the crisp morning air, the bright day, the brisk exercise, the awakening life about him; noting the sparrows gaily chirping, fluttering and fighting.

A little later, Cippala, who lived further down town, left the house. "Confound this chilly weather," ran his thoughts as he came down the steps, "and the dirty streets and this brawling babel, I detest this whole crude, Mammon-serving country."

By some strange happening these two men met. Cippala did not see his hated rival until he was within a few feet of him. Then drawing his hand over his eyes he thought, "Dio! it can't be his ghost come back to haunt me." He faltered. Still the next instant he had to return Murray's friendly "Good Morning." He did so in a half-dazed, perfunctory manner, wondering if he had been found out. Murray's words, however, soon convinced him, that the other was entirely unsuspecting. Had his manuscript then failed to reach its destination? After a few minutes talk, to which Cippala had replied in monosyllables, Murray said, wishing to please him by the little attention, "O, bye the bye, Mr. Cippala, I should like to have your opinion about a certain story I received yesterday." Cippala's every muscle grew tense with excitement. Then it had reached the editor after all. But how had it failed in its object?

"It's a strong story," Murray went on, "the style is fine, but the thing is the dream of a crazy man."

"Indeed," said Cippala stiffly.

Murray was struck by a sudden thought, he said laughingly, "You mustn't attribute a big blot towards the end to the madcap author, I did that myself. The pages stuck together—"

"Yes," interrupted the other, stretching forward eagerly.

"In separating the leaf, instead of moistening my finger on my wet sponge, as I had been doing, absent-mindedly I put it into the ink-well."

“The foul fiend watches over his own,” thought Cippola, relapsing into indifference. Aloud he said without animation, “When can I have it?”

“O, I’ll send it to you in a day or two; I thought Miss Lansing might be interested in it, so I sent it to her.”

A look of anguish tore the Italian’s face, and Murray, who suspected he had cared a great deal for Dorothy Lansing, and so attributing the expression to his disappointment, thought that it would be kindest to leave him, and with a hasty “Good Morning” he was gone.

“Oh! Oh! Oh!” cried Cippala, like a child in pain, “I must get it from her! I must if it’s not too late. Fool that I was! Fool!” He rushed uptown to the home of Miss Lansing, his eyes so fiercely flaming from under his lowering brows that even the unobservant passers by wondered at him, and then—became as absorbed as ever in their own cares. As Cippala neared the house he saw a doctor coming out with his business-like little satchel, looking very grave.

“It is too late!” wailed he, “I have killed her.” He staggered back to his room stunned. “What shall I do. I have killed her.” “Kill yourself, villain,” answered a voice within. “Yes, yes, I will die by the same means that brought death to her. It is retribution!”

* * * * *

That very evening Murray called on his fiancée. “Yes, she’s at home, sir,” said the maid smilingly. A few moments wait alone, then a tripping footstep, the bewildering rustle and swish of a gown and Dorothy was in the doorway. As she came forward, giving him her hand, she said,

“Oh Harry, I’m so sorry!”

“Indeed?” inquiringly.

“But really I couldn’t help it.”

“All of which is quite incomprehensible to me.”

With a charming little laugh, “Of course, as usual, I begin in the middle. I received your note and the story with it, yesterday afternoon; and I’m ever so much obliged to you.”

“You forget that it is more blessed to give, you know. Well, did you enjoy it?”

“Don’t be so impatient, Harry. I’ll come to that in a minute. I laid it aside at the time, for Bert was not feeling well and I had to do my best to keep him amused. You know that he has the measles don’t you? But no, of course you don’t, the doctor came for the first time this morning.”

“Naturally not.” But with a tone of concern, “Is your brother very ill?”

“No, the doctor says it is a very light case. Where were we? Oh, I know. I put the manuscript carefully away, and it was not till after dinner that I had a chance to look at it. Then I went to my room and lighted my lamp, very obediently—you know you told me that I should ruin my eyes if I read by gas or electric light—then I sat down for a comfortable read. I hadn’t been seated two minutes before Fido came frisking into the room. He barked a ‘good evening’ and jumped up into my lap. I caught the paper out of his way and somehow or other it went right over the lamp and caught fire. I was looking at him and did not know that it was on fire till I felt it burning. I dropped it, and yes, I screamed. But I managed to put it out somehow. And O, Harry, I am so sorry, you’ll pardon me won’t you.”

“Dorothy, do you take me for an ogre? It doesn’t matter anyway, it would never have been accepted. It is of much more importance whether you burned your fingers or not.”

“O, no. Pshaw! it was only a trifle. And now that I find I haven’t done something very dreadful, I can laugh at it.”

And they laughed sympathetically.

* * * * *

At that very moment, the yearning spirit of Cippala gave one last flicker, and then went out.

J. H. L.

MOVIS

SHE saw him gleaming across the night,
 When her heart was full of the moon's faint charms,
 And he kissed her—filling her eyes with light,
 And he held her lovingly in his arms.

And he wooed her there to the stream's glad song,
 Till she yielded him all of her heart's delight—
 Ah, would that the fates could her joy prolong—
 For he faded away at the morning's might.

But she sought him ever in faithful love,
 Through forests cool or on mountain height,
 And her spirit seeks him forever above,
 In the starry places of the night.

So be it chastity lost at last ;
 So be it wealth with its jealous eye ;
 Or the lust of the heart for a vanished past ;
 Or the praises of fame that have blown us by ;

Somewheres our souls are seeking in vain,
 Through the forest shade, or the sun's fiece glow,
 The unfound goal of our sorrow and pain.
 We are wedded to Movis, the bridegroom of snow.

H. R. R.

A SONG

AFTER sun-shine, rain ;
After pleasure, pain ;
After rain, the fairest weather ;
After pain, the calmest pleasure,
Sun on plain and purple heather
In the heart joy's merry measure.

But again—

After sunshine, rain ;
After pleasure, pain.

After night, the day ;
After peace, the fray ;
After day, an endless sleeping ;
After fray, the battle keeping
Still its lease of deathless weeping
Through the ages worm-like creeping
On their way.

After night, the day ;
After peace, the fray.

After darkness, light ;
After weakness, might ;
After light, an endless glory ;
After might, in good grown hoary,—
Deathless light in song and story—
Powers still more laudatory

In earth's night.
After darkness, light ;
After weakness, might.

H. R. R.

WHITE LETICHE

“ He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children,
For he told them . . .

of White Létiche, the ghost of a child,
who unchristened
Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children.”

Evangeline.

“ **A**H mother, mother what is that, that lies within my bed ?”
“ Ah hush my darling 'tis the moon that shines so white o'erhead,
The harvest moon of Arcedie, that gleams across thy bed.”

“ Ah mother see, a child it seems with hair so silver bright,
It holds its hands as if in prayer, its eyes are large with fright,
It makes the sign the village priest made o'er my head last night !”

“ Oh mother, mother, hear its voice ! It seems to call to me !”
Ah hush my darling, 'tis the wind or else the moaning sea,
The restless moaning of the wind—the waves of Arcedie.

The Loup-garou around the house is prowling, mother dear—
I feel its footsteps coming—hear, oh hear—
And the shining child is hiding and shivering with fear ;
It whispers I am White Létiche—
Oh mother save me from its reach !

“ Ah hush my darling, 'tis the moon, the wind or moaning sea.”
But a mothers's heart is breaking in peaceful Arcedie.

H. R. R.

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS

NEW plank walks have been laid in place of the old ones, and new halyards are soon to be put up on the flag pole.

Prof. Hart preached the anniversary sermon, a memorial to Bishop Seabury, before the Episcopal Diocesan Convention, held at St. John's Church, Hartford, June 3rd.

Sparks, '97, and Baxter, '99, competed in the Mott Haven games.

Wood, '99, has left college.

Waterman, '98, who was obliged to leave college on account of ill health, has returned.

By vote of the Senior class, Underwood, '96, has received a prize of \$50 for the most interested student of Metaphysics.

Among the alumni who have recently visited the college are Rev. G. I. Brown, '88; Rev. M. C. Mayo, '92; Broughton, '95; and Merwin, ex-'97.

The *Nation*, of June 4th, contains a very flattering notice of "Trinity Verse."

Sheriff, '97, and Wood, '97, have been appointed chapel monitors for next year.

Austin, Blakeslee, Cartwright, Cook, Graves, Lecour, Pratt, Remsen, Smithe, compose the '98 *Ivy* Board. Remsen has been elected Literary Editor, Cook and Cartwright, Business Managers.

At a meeting of the Glee Club, on Friday, June 12th, Graves, '98, was elected president of the musical organizations; Page, '97, leader of the Glee Club; Carter, '98, manager; and Littell, '99, assistant manager.

The Track Team was photographed on Northam steps, Saturday, June 13th. Owing to the stringency of the new rules, the only eligible men were: Hicks, '96; Sparks and White, '97; Cole, Lecour, Remsen, Woodle and Woodward, of '98; Baxter, Littell and Warner, '99. At the subsequent meeting of the team, Sparks, who has proved a very efficient captain, was unanimously reelected.

CONCERT

The musical organizations gave the last concert of the season before a fair-sized audience at Alumni Hall, Monday evening, June 8th. An interesting programme was presented, one of the features of which was the singing by the

Glee Club of "Dear Old Trinity," with music by Safford Waters '87, and words by H. M. Belden '88, which recently appeared in the '97 Ivy. The Banjo and Mandolin Clubs rendered several selections. After the concert, dancing was enjoyed. The proceeds will lessen considerably the deficit which exists in the treasury, and make the work of next year's manager much easier.

A MODERN MIRACLE

THEY say the "Miracle Age" has passed—
 I think they hadn't ought'er,
 For I dropped a burnt match from my boat
 And it *lit* upon the water.

H C. O.

PERSONALS

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

On the 3rd day of June, in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Middletown, Conn., Bishop WILLIAMS, '35, ordained to the diaconate T. H. YARDLEY, '92, E. B. DEAN, CHARLES JUDD, M. C. MAYO and G. H. WILSON, '93, and R. C. TONGUE, ex-'95.

C. J. HOADLEY, LL.D., '51, has been unanimously reelected president of the Connecticut Historical Society.

The Rev. S. F. HOTCHKIN, '56, has published a volume entitled "The Unseen Christ."

The Rev. B. E. BACKUS, D. D., '70, has been presented by his parishioners with a loving-cup and purse, on the twentieth anniversary of his entering upon his rectorship.

Professor F. S. LUTHER, '70, has been elected a trustee of the Episcopal Academy of Connecticut.

DONALD T. WARNER, '72, has been appointed State's Attorney for Litchfield County, Connecticut.

R. A. WHITE, '81, is Auditor of Disbursements in the office of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company.

A. P. BURGWIN, '82, was one of the speakers at the recent dinner of the General Alumni Society of the University of Pennsylvania.

BULL, '83, is editor of *The Washington Wheelman*, a weekly published at Tacoma, in which the interests of other sports are upheld as well as those of cycling.

The office address of SHANNON, '87, is 903 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

CHARLES MILLER BECKWITH, a member of the class of 1888 in the course of science, died at Los Gatos, Cal., June 4th, aged 31 years.

A dissertation on "The Sources of Gnosticism," presented for the degree of Ph.D. at the University of Colorado, by the Rev. F. F. KRAMER, '89, has been published.

The address of the Rev. CHAS. H. REMINGTON, '89, is St. Mark's Church, Fort Dodge, Iowa.

The sermon at the opening of the recent Convention of the Diocese of East Carolina, was preached by the Rev. I. W. HUGHES, '91.

ARTHUR L. GREEN, '91, should be addressed as care of John W. Green, New York Life Building, Chicago, Ill.

For the summer, the address of ELWYN, '92, will be Beechwood Inn, Jenkintown, Pa.

M. C. MAYO, '93, was one of the three honor men in this year's graduating class at the General Theological Seminary, and read an essay on "Truth and Grace Objective," at the Commencement. He was awarded the degree of Bachelor of Divinity.

C. C. BARTON, JR., '93, has received the degree of Bachelor of Laws from Boston University.

L. AVERELL CARTER, '93, has returned to his law-office at 65 Wall St., New York.

P. B. STAUFFER, ex-'93, has been graduated from the Philadelphia Theological School.

REGINALD PEARCE, '93, was ordained to the diaconate in Portsmouth, R. I., on the 28th of May.

EDWARD S. ALLEN, '94, should be addressed at 61 Willard street, Hartford.

The sermon at the annual meeting of the alumni of the Berkeley Divinity School, June 2nd, was preached by the Rev. W. A. BEARDSLEY, '87.

Mr. FOSTER, for several years past our gymnasium instructor, was married to Miss HELEN WYMAN, on June 10th, at Newcastle, Me.

NECROLOGY

The Rev. SANFORD JACKSON HORTON, a graduate in the class of 1843, died at his home in Cheshire, Conn., June 7th, in the 79th year of his age. Dr. HORTON devoted a large part of his life to educational work, first having a private school in Windham, Conn., and then for thirty years, from 1862 to 1892, holding the position of Principal of the Episcopal Academy of Connecticut in Cheshire. Dr. HORTON's degree in divinity was received from his *alma mater* in 1868; and he was a trustee of the college from 1878 until his death.

CHARLES MILLER BECKWITH, a member of the class of 1888, in the course in Science, died at Los Gatos, Cal., June 4th, aged 31 years.

THE STROLLER

THERE are times when we are oppressed with a sense of transi-
tiveness, when even THE STROLLER feels convinced that mutability alone is permanent,
that even art is unenduring. For is not the "old gym." gone? THE OLD
STROLLER too, has finished his wanderings, and it seems the battered walk worn
by the constant passing of his feet is not long to survive him. Unfortunate old
walk! Never again will you instruct Freshmen in the difficulties of the road
that leads to knowledge. How much better had you perished with your aged
confrère, the "old gym." as Priam in the flames of Troy. But now your ancient
form lingers untimely on the scene, having outlived usefulness and beauty, like
the white-washed pole in front of Northam, which has long since ceased to be
adorned by the stellate bit of rag. Though perhaps in this case it is not all a
loss, for the weary reveller may now return home by star-light without danger
of becoming confused as to the true pole-star.

* * *

AMONG the rumors which have reached THE STROLLER'S ears is the report
that Evening Chapel is to be abolished. Though the heavens fall, yet the just
man remains undismayed amidst the ruins. THE STROLLER is waiting for the
shock. It is difficult to grasp the far-reaching importance of this revolutionary
step; our grandchildren, perchance, will attend chapel only every other day.

* * *

IT is with feelings of sadness that THE STROLLER views the fragments of fur-
niture and broken pottery—truly "broken potsherds of the past"—with which
the walk is beginning to be strewn. For they are the encumbrances from which
those who are aspiring to graduation are freeing themselves. They have served
their purpose, and that fulfilled, are departing to take their places by many a
memory of happy days. And there comes before THE STROLLER'S mind the
time when he shall stand at the end of the walk, to behold a long line of depart-
ing figures vanish in the distance; and with a sigh he turns to the contempla-
tion of vacant places which even "the largest Freshman class that ever comes to
college" can hardly fill.

BOOK NOTICE

The Industrial Army. By F. S. Giles, p. p. 173. \$1.25. [New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.]

In his preface Mr. Giles states the purpose of his book to be the endeavor to find a solution for the grave questions suggested by the recent increase in poverty and crime. Holding that the social and economical sciences have not kept pace with the rapid advance of physical, the author finds a remedy for these evils in an improved organization of industry. See chapter I, the agreement is outlined as follows:

"In elucidation of these questions, we shall attempt to prove that the vast actual and potential industrial forces of labor, and the resources furnished by the natural media, may be so organized, under just, equitable, and desirable sociological conditions, that the material necessities of each normal individual may be provided for, against full equivalents rendered by him, without infringing the law of individual freedom, conditioned by the law of right, and without doing violence to existing civil institutions."

"Under the head of *The Industrial Army* we shall endeavor to demonstrate in detail, that, without unjust or harmful curtailment of individual liberty or industrial freedom, an equitable and attainable form of annuity, or a co-operative savings fund, may be devised, and maintained by feasible and just individual equivalents rendered, which shall guarantee and furnish upon demand, to each acquitted member of society, reasonable material comforts during the term of his natural life."

The right of the state to require service in the Industrial Army is set forth in chapter II.

The moderation and reasonableness of the author lends weight to his argument. If we hesitate to endorse entirely his views, it is due solely to a doubt in the moral capabilities of the race at large. Mr. Giles writes in a clear and pleasing style, which together with the excellent press-work of the publishers, goes to make the book attractive as well as instructive.