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Trinity College
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

The Trinity Tablet

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EDITORS

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

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

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

H. D. PLIMPTON, '97.

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

R. A. BENSON, '99.

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EDITORIALS

AT the beginning of a new college year the TABLET extends its oft-repeated invitation to literary work, claiming the support of every man in Trinity. Nor is this an unreasonable demand, for every student availing himself of the privileges of the college, incurs obligations not easily discharged. It should then be his aim to advance the interests of the college in some way more materially than by the tacit approval of his presence. The TABLET represents the college at least as widely as any other organization, and the degree of its excellence to many people measures the standing of the institution. By reason of its publication throughout the year, there is a continued demand for contributions in verse and prose, while competition is not so severe as to discourage effort. Moreover the nature

of literary work is such as to ensure its reward. With graduation, college honors often fade, but the experience thus gained in writing is of permanent value. It is to the Underclasses that THE TABLET especially addresses itself, for they contain the material upon which Trinity must one day rely, and it trusts that the hope is not a fond one, that in them a few men may be aroused to exertion for their own good as well as in the interests of the college.

* * * * *

TRINITY'S foot-ball prospects this year are exceedingly bright, both from the fact that we suffer from the loss of only three men and that we have some excellent new material to choose from. But while the outlook for the team from an athletic view is very encouraging, we cannot expect the highest degree of success unless the remainder of the college exert themselves to place our representatives on a firm financial footing and also stimulate them with good, systematic cheering. The management have adopted a new and exceedingly good departure from that of former years by offering to the students free admittance to all games when the sum of three hundred dollars is raised ; therefore making it for the interest of every man to pay up his subscription at the earliest possible time. We should not be discouraged over the team's failure to win every game which they play, for it must be remembered that all of our games are with colleges which, in point of size and numbers greatly overshadow us ; thus it is all the more to our credit that we win the games we do. Only give the team the proper support and encouragement that they need and the team will maintain the high stand that Trinity has had in athletics among the smaller colleges.

* * * * *

BUT foot-ball practice is of very little use if there is no consolidated for the 'Varsity to play against. Often, when the notice for a strong consolidated is posted, unless a special call is made or it is the

last practice before a game, only half a dozen men respond. This should not be. If it is worth while to have a team the college should support it not only with subscriptions but by coming out to play against it as well. Let everyone turn out then and help build up the material at hand into*the best eleven Trinity has yet produced.

* * * * *

IT is only a year since the Faculty introduced those changes into the college curriculum which have proved of such advantage to the undergraduates, giving them increased freedom in elective courses, and thus allowing each man to prepare at once for his future occupation. This year, afternoon chapel on Sundays has been made voluntary and the morning service is held at an earlier hour. It seems to be the wish of the Faculty to mark each year by a decided improvement. Yet those to whom this recent action has so much commended itself should not forget that the afternoon service is still held and may with propriety be attended by college men. As the present arrangement may in a sense be considered provisional, it is desirable that its working should prove satisfactory; and no better argument for making all chapel voluntary could be adduced than a reasonable attendance at this service.

THE CASTAWAY

AS one who storm-tossed on the angry waves
Beholds the land, and with each quick drawn breath
Breathes now new hope of life; whose thought out-braves
All hidden rocks, and grim, unconquered Death;
So, too, for one brief moment, I conceived
A life with all its cherished aims attained,
Bounded by nobler love; nor yet believed
That life might be forsworn, that honor stained.

“THE KEEPER OF THE HOUSE”

MY house stands on the hill beyond the church, and from its windows the island spreads itself like an open hand before the eyes of the gazer. On the south, shaggy hills covered with coarse grass and clumps of heavy bush rise up and fall into bottom lands of green grass and golden corn in summer time, and beyond you see the low fringe of sand crawl into the ocean, unless a heavy hill breaks off against the sky line, when the eye stares into space beyond by day or sees the glimmer of the stars by night. West and north, groups of cottages and scattered houses cluster amid the hills, or on the bluffs. Networks of dusty roads wind along, leading one knows not whither. One sees the Great Hay, with its docks and meadows which sweep down to its shores in a gentle roll, and further away the Little Hay pushing itself in nooks and cran- nies of the land until it runs against the high bluffs dotted with cot- tages, and the yellow sand stretching itself in flat expanse upon its bosom when the tide is low. Beyond this and the bordering bluffs more meadows and rocks and sand and the squat light sitting stolidly in the race.

Perhaps these may seem of little value to you, only so much earth and sand and sea, neither sweeter or more beautiful to gaze upon, nor so gladsome to dwell upon as other lands you know so well, but to me who have lived here many years they have become something of my life. If I could not of a morning look out of my window over the geranium pots at the church and the school-house and the fields, I should feel like an exile without friends or home. The land smiling up to the sunshine, the hills rising upward to the face of the heavens, the sea ever singing the praise of its Creator; yes, and Old Crookshanks as he hobbles over the road to the store in the early morning, and the Captain and Bettie Buckleworth and Andy Dinehart fill places in my life nought could fill elsewhere,

and with them I am content. And if I sometimes make long digressions over a touch of the Creator's hand, be it a stretch of road, a break amid the hills or a passing moonrise, humor me in the making for what would it matter except what my Anne has said to me, or what Bettie Buckleworth does, or how this man or that has lived and died, if they were not made to go their way and make their speeches amid the scenes which they have loved with me so long and well, and will love I trust, until they close their eyes to them forever when the time shall come.

Just now when I looked over at the church and the school-house and saw the road that sweeps by and beyond them to the south and east, I knew the burden of my tale, for I know whither that road leads, and though it is many years since I traveled it day by day in summer heat and winter's snow, I could even now start out with bandaged eyes and know just when to open the gates, and when to turn to right or left, where the hollows end and the hills begin or the cross paths make the journey short, though indeed all roads are short if the heart lies in the journey. All men love some road, either because of the place to which it leads, or because of a view along the way or because of memories sad or sweet which travel with it. There is a spot by the side of the meadow-wood where Old Crookshanks often rests and looks about him with sad eyes, and this path over the hills is dear to me because it has led me many times to Anne. And so it shall be of Anne that I write—and though well I know how little justice my pen may render her, yet I trust my heart will carry my hand along like the sweeping pulse of the race-tide at its coming in. Now I will not tell of the years in which these things befell, lest you guess my Anne's age, and a woman is vain of the number of her years, and not over fond to have them bruited about, and this I take not as a vain thing in them, but a simple desire, being young at heart, not to seem old in years. Also because women as a rule, love mysti-

cism. But it was before the church was built, before cottages arose on every joint and bluff, before the island boys coming down the road at dusk caught their breath at the corner of the school-house, and scooted past the cemetery with hair erect and coat-tails out behind, and were very proud at the bottom of the hills because nothing had caught them by the heels in the coming down. It was before these things but after they built the life station. Now I was a lad in those days, and an orphan as well, with only Bettie Buckleworth to keep me well in hand and Jabez Wheeler of Noank, to look after the little property my folks had left me. He was a little, wizen-faced man, filled to overflowing with quaint mannerisms, and had a queer way of drawing up his mouth in a pucker which always made me snicker, but this I concealed as well as might be lest Bettie should send me to bed early and not let me play with the other boys. I believe he was courting Bettie at that time, for he came over very often and took tea with us; and indeed he was a very kind-hearted man with gentle ways about him, so that once you came to know him at all well, you could not help opening your heart to him; and I have heard since that he was a good man and an honest, although not a very shrewd one, being too high souled to understand the meanness of those about him. Suddenly he ceased from coming, and Bettie looked very sadly for a while and took to reading her Bible every night, which practice she has continued ever since. He had died, it seemed, very suddenly a few days after his last visit to us, and that was the end of Bettie's courtship. When I learned of it I was sad a while and sorry that I had ever laughed at him for his funny ways; and that was the first time I knew what it meant to love a friend, or what it meant to mourn for one.

Capt. Haff taught me to sail a boat, and how to rig her and calk her, and what lines to use for this fish and what for that, where the mackerel loved to moot around and the blue fish run. In fact all the lore of trolling and of deep sea fishing.

There were books in the house, history and travels and Shakespeare and Scott and Cooper and the poets, besides many others, all of which had been my father's, who loved them well, perhaps next to mother and me, more than anything else in all the world except his pipe ; and with all these things and the clear air and the good food and sleep, the sea and the hills and the stars, I came to know the fullness of life and to love it well. As I look back on those days and remember the long walks among the hills, with the sound of the sea beating ever in the ears and the soft touch of the fresh air laving the face, the fishing days spent listening to the swopping of lies between Capt. Haff and Ishmael, the nights passed looking up into the star-decked skies and even the bitter storms and the wrecks and the drear winter evenings when cuddled up before the fire with book in hand, while the wind howled and the snow drifted up against the panes,—I say as I look back on those days my heart grows sad because I cannot live them over again and because they are gone forever. The fall of the year in which these things befell, I remember was full of sudden changes of heat and cold, and the snow fell before the last of November, which is very unusual for the island and happens not more than once in a dozen years. The day had opened clear, though a trifle cold ; but late in the afternoon the clouds began to blow up from the north and the white caps were dancing down the sand, while the boats close-reefed beat for shelter. About five in the afternoon Capt. Haff and I went up the hill by the Cuddle to watch a boat beat into the Big Hay. She was having a rough run, keeling over on her side, and burying her nose deep as the gusts of wind struck her.

“Thar's a New London boat,” said the captain, peering under his hands and bracing himself against the wind which blew hard in our faces, and he added, “a fool-man to beat over here in seech weather.”

"Can you make her out, captain?" I cried, raising my voice high to be heard above the whistling of the wind.

"Dunno, might be a Mr. Scroon, him as is to take the farm-house up yonder." He waved his hand toward the north and then made a grab for his hat which had almost gone. We continued to watch her in silence for some time as she went first on one tack then on the other, for the tide was running strong and carrying her down toward the point.

"So," he said at last, "she'll make out now I guess, let's be gettin' down." And pulling his cap hard over his ears he led the way down toward the road. The clouds were sweeping up fast and the flakes of snow were beginning to flutter down as we reached the path.

"It'll be a hard night for those who are out," said I, when we had reached the lee of the hill.

"Dunno but what it will," he answered; "I be goin' home this way, good night," and we parted.

That night Bettie Buckleworth had corn cakes for supper, of which when made thin, so they bake crisply and covered with good syrup, I am very fond, and having eaten many, for to the love of them was added the appetite born of facing the cold wind, I hauled my chair before the fire and settled myself for a good evening's reading; and Bettie having put things to rights took up her knitting on the other side of the fire. The logs crackled with the heat or hissed as the flames struck through their seams, and the wind blew in gusts and drove the sleet against the panes with a continuous rattle, while Bettie's knitting needles galloped along with a click! click! which broke the silence of the valley of Sinbad the Sailor shamefully. Now I had just seen Sinbad crawl under the shadow of the roc's egg and was all of a tremble about what was to happen next, when two heavy knocks upon the door came echoing down the hall, and Bettie laid aside her knitting to answer the knocker. I heard the sound of Capt. Haff's voice and Bettie's in

reply, and after a short pause the voice of another man. Then the door clicked, and the sound of Bettie's skirts came down the hall with the footfall of heavy boots to keep them company. I rose up from the chair and stood facing the door as they entered Bettie first with a heavy bag, and then a tall, powerful man, in a long, heavy coat, with riding boots peering from beneath, and behind him a young girl who reached not quite to his shoulder. She was enveloped in a long, gray coat, with hat to match, and her hair as it caught the lamplight shone with a golden tinge and her eyes filled with dancing light, smiled as they met mine, and then she edged a little nearer to her father. These things I saw in a shorter time than it takes to tell them, for after a quick glance around the room the man turned to Bettie.

"Are you the keeper of the house?" he asked, abruptly.

"It's no tavern," replied Bettie, and I saw the light of anger kindle in her eye at the thought of keeping a public house. She turned and nodded toward me; "He is the owner." And after a moment, "I'm a-keepin' house for him, just as I did for his father before him, when the mother was dead."

He was warming his hands before the fire, but began to tap his foot on the floor, and broke in impatiently: "Well, well, it makes no difference, keeper or house-keeper, can you take us in? I can pay you well."

What Bettie would have answered I know not, for he suddenly raised his eyes and looked her quickly in the face. She told me afterwards she could not speak under the gaze of his eyes, they were so cruel and hard, but she stood gazing at him with her mouth open. It is years since these things happened, but the scene stands clear to my eyes as if I had but just turned my face away. The man cold, indifferent, with those eyes, the like of which I have seldom seen in any man, one moment cruel and piercing, flashing into your very soul as if to read it, the next soft, dreamy, filled with some

strange suffering. His figure had a certain military bearing, his voice low and soft had the ring of a trumpet in it, and this night, seen in the fitful light of fire and candles his long coat falling from his shoulders, his heavy boots reaching to his knees, he looked the picture of some soldier of fortune stepped from a frame. His face was handsome but for a certain haughtiness and cruelty which stole into it now and then. Indeed in the days to come when I knew him for better or for worse, I could never divine his real nature. By flashes it was warm and almost gentle, and then in a breath, cold, mocking, and indifference itself. And though he is dead and buried these dozen years, for all that, I find myself still trying to puzzle him out, but this I know that if in all the world there were none who loved him except his child, yet she clung to him fondly. When he turned to me it was with a little more courtesy in his voice and manner.

“I am sorry to trouble you. It is almost impossible to get to the farm to-night with my daughter. I see no other way.” He turned to the fire again as he spoke, as if he cared for no answer, but considered the matter finally arranged. Indeed it was his way to act up to his own pleasure in a thing and to ride rough-shod over all who opposed him and this not from any lack of breeding, but as I afterwards learned, from the habit of command among barbarous natives, for he had been for many years an officer of rank in the Indian army.

I was not a whit sorry for their stopping the night, for we had but little company during the winter, and a strange face now and then is like salt to the meat of daily living, and I told him so, and asked Bettie to get them supper by way of showing myself the host. This must have appealed to him, for a scarcely suppressed smile played about his lips as if he were amused, but he thanked me kindly and sat down with his daughter to the milk and cheese and bread and Bettie's butter, which has no equal, and which when he had tasted

he praised. This pleased Bettie greatly, and she told me the next morning that he was a pleasant gentleman even if he were a bit fearsome at first. Bettie waited on them deftly while I stood by the table behind Mr. Scroon, for such I now know him to be, with my fingers keeping place in my book and my eyes fixed as much as I ventured upon the girl. The talk ran at intervals, about the voyage over, the condition of the farm buildings, and the climate in winter and summer time; and though I answered Mr. Scroon's questions and volunteered some things on my own account, I mostly watched his daughter. She must have been somewhat younger than myself but reached hardly to my chin, with deep, large eyes, ever placid; her face indeed, though finely chiseled, was sweet rather than beautiful, but her smile like a touch of mellow sunshine as it played upon you, would choke a harsh word before it reached the tongue's end. Even Mr. Scroon was gentle with her, and the light would leap into his eyes at that smile, though once when he saw her look at me the shadow of a frown deepened on his face, but faded at some passing thought, as if it mattered little after all. When they were gone upstairs for the night I sat in the room long in the silence, and even the rattle of the windows in the wind, the long howl of the fog horn at the light and the answering tootings of the coasting boats, arose unheard amid my thoughts.

Jim Copples who drove them over to the farm the next day, told me on his return that Mr. Scroon had referred to me as "a very decent lad," for which I was dutifully thankful, and said I, in an off-hand and indifferent way, "I don't suppose, Jim, that the daughter said anything."

"Wall," he drawled, "she weren't tickled at the farm, thought it kinder drear like. I thought it kinder so myself."

"But," said I, a little more unconcerned than before, "did she say anything about me?"

Jim screwed his face to a pucker and deliberated, trying to find

some thought as it were. "Can't say, David," he answered after a pause; "maybe she did, then agin maybe she didn't. Don't think it likely she did, 'cause she weren't no great shakes at talkin', but was kinder quiet like. It warn't any great shakes to you, were it?"

"Oh no," I said; "no, I was only a bit curious; good-bye."

"Ah," said Jim, "good-bye;" and as I went up the hill I heard him whistling across the fields.

In the days that followed I often came upon Mr. Scroon riding down the road, for he was ever in the saddle and loved it more than I did sailing, as I came to know; but never a glimpse did I catch of her until long after the new year, though twice I took my gun which Jabez Wheeler had given me when he was courting Bettie, and wandered up over the hills to make believe shoot rabbits which then were none too plentiful.

Andy Dinehart was postmaster in those days, though there were not two score people on the island and all of these not able to read or write more than their names. Andy was a very absent-minded man, and to this trait I owed my first chance to go up to the farm. For one day as I sat whistling in his room, having come down for a paper which I took, I heard him exclaim, "Wall, Mr. Scroon, if I didn't forget to give it him!"

"A letter for Mr. Scroon?" queried I.

"Yes," said he.

"I'll take it up, I'm going up to see Old Crookshanks."

"Old Crookshanks; maybe 't is Old Crookshanks," he drawled.

"Maybe 't is," said I.

"And maybe 't aint," cried he, with a twinkle in his eye, "and maybe as I've had my eye on you and seen symptoms, and maybe your a tall and shinin' bit of a liar, David. The Lord forgive ye the deception of an old man and the sudden love for another, but I know a thing or two, and maybe I havn't had the symptoms myself long before the sun ever shone on your boy." And he continued

with a chuckle over the top of his paper. "I'm thinking you're the devil of a lad and the business lies with a lady."

"If you think that," said I, "you can take it yourself, but I'm not patient to be called a liar nor to have folks interfering with my affairs, and you can put that in with your tobacco when you come to smoke," and with that I arose with much dignity and made for the door.

"Hoot, toot," he cried, falling into broad Scotch, as he ever did when excited. "Maybe its wi' auld Crookshanks, I dinna say nay, though the love of his be over sudden, take it with my blessing," and he passed it over.

I had not gone a hundred yards when he called out after me; "Davie! Oh, Davie!" and then he began to sing "Wha lives th' lad that love na lass," at which I shook my fist, and he cried to me to bring the letter back, he would take it himself. Now, of late, I had been in a drear mood, neither eating nor whistling like my old self, and that morning, at the table, Old Bettie had said to me:

"Anne's no on the end of the fork, David, you had better make other use of it," and I had been so angry that I went out and slammed the door after me with a crash. But as I went by the house on my way to the farm, I threw a chunk of dirt against the front window and whistled lively to let Bettie know I was myself again, and for the first time during the month felt a call that Spring was coming.

Along the road I went, over the hill beyond the turn where one looks down upon the Cuddle and then on across the long moor, drear in coarse grass and rugged with heavy boulders, and so up the cliffs above the long beaches of yellow sand where the sea sings below one's feet on summer days or roars with the crash of charging hoofs in days of storm, but ever making man's mood to chime with it; and then across the hills to where the bridle path finds the road again, and I trod it gaily whistling to myself anon the snatch of song with which Andy had sung me from his door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BEARDS

UNLESS the German Club claims its own or some other social *de function*, as my wife persists in calling it, forces us out of an evening, it is the custom made early in the connubial state of college companionship, that, after supper, there shall be if possible a quiet hour's talk on the *subjects* of the day.

To-night, sitting by the hearth, I saw my wife gaze long and fixedly at the leaping flames, and stroke affectionately what in time he hoped might develope into a respectable mustache. His solicitude was strengthened, I flattered myself, by the fact that I had also been nursing, as a mother might her only child, the few scant hairs barely visible as yet and the thought found its expression in me aloud, "What's in a beard?"

The answer came quickly from my wife, who, I have said, was complaisantly stroking his upper lip: "It's a primal instinct in man."

"A decoration the love for which Darwin might have explained" I exclaimed.

"Yes, and which you affect," answered he; and then without giving me the time to reply he continued; "If you did not study always so attentively your Greek Testament—in English—you could not have failed to notice how early beards are mentioned in the Old."

"You are hardly logical" interrupted I; "especially after having taken Prof. Johnson's——"

"Leviticus," continued my wife, striking his usual attitude before any bluff on his part—"Leviticus gives these rules by which priests shall wear and train their whiskers." 'Ye shall not round the corners of thy beard'—and again, 'They shall not make baldness upon their heads; neither shall they shave off the corners of their beards.' It was the mark of the 'Reverends' among men. The Prophets how they would have looked clean shaven!

"In the days of Rome's greatest glory beards were not looked upon as burdens; although, as Livy tells us, 'they wore them very thick

and long.' It does not speak well for your memory of history to forget that memorable scene where an uncivilized Gaul insulted the flowing beard of M. Papirius. He was probably jealous, as you are of me, and had been trying like you to raise a respectable crop, and wanting to see if the 'barba' of the Senator was real and 'all his'n' and if not, led by the hope of personal acquisition, he stroked and gently pulled at the long mane of M. Papirius. Then the old man, rightly it seems to me, bearded at this profane touch, struck him with his ivory scepter, and Livy cheerfully adds, '*Ab eo initium, cædis ortum.*'"

"About the first instance of shaving was practiced as a wily and unsoldier-like trick of Alexander the Great. He ordered the Macedonians to be shaved lest their beards should offer a handle to their enemies.

"The East as well as the West has from olden times recognized the sanctity of the beard. In the East the Mohammedans to this day swear by the "Beard of the Prophet," an oath most sacred to them. And in the Middle Ages a sovereign when he wished to add greater sanction to his mandates, embodied in the seals three hairs from his royal whiskers. John de Castro, the great soldier, thanked his lucky stars many times that he had a noble beard; for, once when his fleet was short of provisions, he pledged the half of his moustache to the people of Goa as a security for the repayment of a sum of money; a sacrifice which the ladies of the town would not permit; but relying on the honor shown by his willingness to render what in those days was considered the symbol of manhood they raised the money, and without demanding so valuable an hostage begged him to keep it and the required sum."

"But," I interrupted here, "beards, as old Fuller says, 'were never the true standard of brains' and he might also have added 'valor.' And here Beatrice says, 'Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face. I had rather lie in the woolen!'"

“Don’t interrupt, especially when you don’t know what you’re talking about,” continued my wife savagely. “Beatrice was an ass. Why, even the women in Lombardy trained their hair to look like beards—and don’t you remember, to quote your friend Shakespeare, that Rosalind said: ‘I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me . . . ’”

“She was weak minded anyway. Does *she* like yours?”

“That’s none of your business” said my wife blushing. “But you may find out for yourself some day. So don’t despair and I will give you some old receipts on beard raising which date back to the beginning of the century.”

“Well, that’s a give away. What did you want with receipts? Find any of them efficacious?”

“No,” said he, “or I would not recommend them to you. But here they are. This one from the ‘Complete Housewife’ gave me great hope when I found it. It sounded most authoritative:

‘Take two ounces of Boar’s-grease, one dram of the Ashes of burnt Bees, one dram of the Ashes of Southernwood, one dram of Oil of Sweet Almonds, and six ounces of pure Musk, and according to Art, make an Ointment of these, and *the day* before the Full Moon, shave the place, and anoint it every day with this Ointment. It will cause Hair to grow where you will have it. Or wash your hair often with the laft essence that is drawn from Honey, and it will render the Hair a fine fair Colour, but it ought to be scented with some Spirits of fragrant Scent, because it has a strong Odor.’

“If you wish the mustashes which this ointment has produced to be fair, there is one method which you may try—and be equally successful:

‘Take a good Quantity of the Roots of Hyssop; burn them to Ashes, make a strong lye, mingle them with the Ashes, and wash the head with it. The Ashes of Goat’s Lye Mingled with Oil will have the same effect.’

“If the effect should prove a partial failure—of hair—this treatment may be supplemented by still another application of pigeon’s lye:

‘Make a Lye and put in the Ashes and wash the head with it. Also the Leaves and Middle, and Rind of an Oak foddren with water.’

“There is but one more way known to the ‘Complete City and Country Cook or Accomplished House-wife,’ and that is a preparation of

‘Ashes of Southernwood, the Bark of the Hazel Tree, Maiden Hair and Rosemary’—which, confidently assures the user, “is more effectual than Bear’s Grease or any sort of Pomatum, and will Kill the Worms, which are at the Roots, which some others rather feed.’

“Doubtlessly,” said I, “judging from what the other prescriptions contained, they also hoped to ‘kill the worms which are at the roots,’ by giving them severe and continuous attacks of indigestion.”

“Well, you see,” said my wife, still stroking his upper lip, “that the more you read and think on this subject, the more you feel that a certain idea of superiority has been attached to those men who have whiskers, from earliest times to those degenerate days in which the Roman Emperor Nero enclosed his shaving papers, with the remnants of his beard in a gold box set with pearls and consecrated them in the Capitol.”

ATHLETICS

YALE 6—TRINITY 0

TRINITY opened the football season on Saturday, September 26, with Yale. Never before in the history of the college has the team done as well against Yale, and Captain Langford should be congratulated on the excellent showing so early in the season. The attendance was not all that could be desired, only about 500 being present. The playing as a whole was clean throughout, and little or no offside play, but Yale evidently had not learned the new rule, that the center should not be interfered with until the ball is put in play, being penalized twice for that offence. There was less fumbling than usual in a first game, and that little was principally on Yale’s part. Trinity’s greatest fault seemed to be a lack of a good system of interference and the only noticeable weakness was at left end. The defensive work was much better than the offensive and in one or two instances poor judgment was shown in giving signals.

The day was an ideal one for the spectators, but for the players it was rather too warm, many showing the effects when time was called. Murphy, the Yale captain, did not play, but confined himself to coaching from the lines in company with Walter Camp, Butterworth, Thorne and other noted Yale coaches.

The game started by Trinity's winning the toss and choosing the north goal, having the wind in her favor. Bass kicked off to Cogswell, who ran to the 50-yard line where he was downed by Hazen and Chadwick. Sutton bucked the line without gain, then Burchard kicked forty yards to Yale's 20-yard line. Chauncey tried the center but was stopped without gain. Benjamin made fifteen yards around Beecroft and Chauncey made ten more. On the next play Brown made an excellent tackle and, Yale dropping the ball, obtained it for Trinity. Trinity received five yards because of McFarland's interference at center. Woodle made two yards. Burchard made three yards. Woodle made two more and Langford two. Trinity received five yards for interference in the center. Sutton made three more and the ball was on Yale's 30-yard line. On the next four downs Trinity failed to gain the necessary five yards, lacking six inches, and the ball went to Yale, who kicked to the center of the field. Bass and Hazen broke through and tackled Burchard before he started. Sutton made ten yards on a fake kick and Ingalls made three more. Yale got the ball on a fumble and made gains around Trinity's left end until Trinity's 30-yard line was reached, when Langford broke through and tackled Chauncey for a loss. Yale continued to gain until the 8-yard line was reached, when good work by Lord and Sutton held then for three downs, but on the fourth Goodwin broke through and score a touchdown after twelve and one-half minutes of play. Bass kicked a goal, the ball, with the proverbial "Yale luck" attached, hitting the pole and glancing over the bar. The ball was again put in play in the center by Lord kicking to Chauncey, who ran ten yards before he was downed by Lord. Benjamin gained five yards through tackle. Here Yale was held for three downs by good defensive work on Trinity's part, and Chauncey kicked well against the wind for thirty yards which was caught by Burchard. Woodle broke through the Yale line for five yards, being stopped by Chadwick. Time was called with the ball in Trinity's possession on Yale's 30-yard line.

In the second Yale made several changes in her team, but in spite of the comparative freshness which she gained, Yale's playing was no better than in the first half, while Trinity kept the ball in Yale's territory during the entire time and played a much better aggressive game in spite of the injuries which some

of the men received. Lord kicked off and Yale secured the ball, but on the next play lost it on a fumble. Trinity kicked. Butler fumbled and Woodle dropped on the ball on Yale's 8-yard line, Yale's center being weak, and yet the signal was given for a fake kick. Trinity lost the ball on a fumble and with it lost an elegant chance to score. Soon after Rich was hurt and was replaced by McCook. Wright made ten yards around Beecroft. Brown was hurt and Travers took his place. Burchard sprained his ankle, but pluckily played the game through. After more playing Lord obtained the ball on Yale's 50-yard line. Trinity worked the ball to Yale's 30-yard line but lost it. Wright again made fifteen yards around the end and time was called with the ball in Yale's possession on her 45-yard line.

The teams lined up as follows :

YALE.	POSITIONS.	TRINITY.
Bass } Conner }	right-end-left	{ Rich { McCook
Post } Rogers }	right-tackle-left	(capt.) Langford
Chadwick } Cadwalader }	right-guard-left	Bacon
McFarland } Drummond }	center	Lord
Sutphin } Alport }	left-guard-right	Cogswell
Rogers } Hazen }	left-tackle-right	Ingalls
Gerard } Ely }	left-end-right	Beecroft
Goodwin } King }	quarter-back	{ Brown { Travers
Chauncey } Wright }	right-half-left	Woodle
Benjamin } Butler }	left-half-right	Sutton
	full-back	Burchard

TRINITY 12—W. P. I. O

TRINITY went to Worcester to play the Technology team and succeeded in defeating them without much trouble. During the first half the game was characterized by much loose playing on both sides, neither side scoring. Trinity at one time had the ball on Worcester's 10-yard line, but lost it on a fumble.

The second half was marked by much better work on Trinity's part, during which two touchdowns were made from which goals were kicked. Most of Trin-

ity's gains were made through center and tackle play, showing that a good interference needs to be developed to make gains around the ends. During this half Worcester had the ball but once, gaining it on a fumble, but, however, losing it again immediately.

The score :

TRINITY.	POSITIONS.	W. P. I.
Beecroft	left-end-right	{ Birge
Ingalls	left-tackle-right	{ Allen
Cogswell	left-guard-right	Booth
Lord	center	Curtis
Bacon	right-guard-left	Thomas
Langford (capt.)	right-tackle-left	W. H. Perkins
McCook	right-end-left	Clark
Travers	quarter-back	Walsh
Woodle	left-half-back-right	Ferry
Sutton	right-half-back-left	Morse (capt.)
Robbins }		Reball
Sparks }	full-back	F. C. Perkins

Score—Trinity, 12; W. P. I., 0. Touchdowns—Woodle, Sutton. Goals—Cogswell, 2. Referee—Peterson, U. of P. Linesmen—Smith, W. P. I.; Heywood, Trinity. Time—Two twenty minute halves.

UNDER-CLASS MEET

THE annual fall track meet between the two lower classes took place on the campus, Wednesday, September 30. The contests were one-sided and for the most part unexciting, '99 scoring an easy victory, but the main object of the meet was achieved. It determined the amount of new material in the freshman class. For '99, Baxter, Littell and Ingalls did the best work, while Schwartz carried off the honors for 1900. The summaries :

One Hundred Yard Dash—First, Schwartz, 1900; second, Baxter, '99. Time, 11 seconds.

Half Mile Run—First, Sterling, '99; second, Taylor, 1900. Time, 2:20 2-5.

One Hundred and Twenty Yard Hurdle—First, Baxter, '99; second, Morse, '99. Time, 18 2-5 seconds.

Running Broad Jump—First, Schwartz, 1900; second, Baxter, '99. Distance, 18 feet, 11 inches.

Four Hundred and Forty Yard Dash—First, Littell, '99; second, Henry, '99. Time, 65 1-5 seconds.

Putting Sixteen Pound Shot—First, Ingalls, '99; second, Brynes, 1900. Distance, 30 feet, 9½ inches.

Throwing Sixteen Pound Hammer—First, Ingalls, '99 ; second, Bacon, '99. Distance, 98 feet.

One Mile Run—First, Warner, '99 ; second, Brynes, 1900. Time, 5:45.

Running High Jump—First, Littell, '99 ; second, Baxter, '99. Height, 5 feet, 7½ inches.

Pole Vault—First, Baxter, '99 ; second, Underdonk, '99. Height, 7 feet, 6 inches.

Two Hundred and Twenty Yard Dash—First, Littell, '99 ; second, Schwartz, 1900. Time, 24 2-5 seconds.

Ninety-nine won the Undewood cup by a score of 25 points to 8.

Referee, Sparks, '97 ; judges, Beecroft, '97, L. A. Ellis, '98 ; starter, J. H. Lecour, '98 ; timers, Cogswell, '97, and Mr. Velte.

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

The football manager has announced the following schedule:

Sept. 26—Yale at Hartford.	Oct. 17—M. I. T. at Hartford.
Oct. 3—Worcester Tech. at Worcester.	Oct. 24—Tufts at Hartford.
Oct. 7—Harvard at Cambridge.	Oct. 31—Amherst at Amherst.
Oct. 10—West Point at West Point.	Nov. 3—Open.
Oct. 14—Amherst Aggies at Hartford.	Nov. 7—New York Uni. at Hartford.
	Nov. 14—Wesleyan at Middletown.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT

THE annual college tennis tournament began on Wednesday, September 23. From the number of entries the tournament was no more of a success than last year, the standard of play, however, was of a much higher order. The results :

In the preliminaries Reynolds beat Langford, 6-2, 9-11, 7-5 ; Carter beat Starr, 6-2, 6-4 ; Page beat Cogswell, 6-3, 6-4 ; Allen beat Grinnell, 6-1, 7-5 ; Glazebrook, 1900, beat Fisk, 6-3, 6-4 ; Littell beat Plimpton by default.

In the first round Carter beat Reynolds, 6-2, 6-2 ; Allen beat Page, 6-3, 6-4 ; Littell beat Glazebrook, 6-1, 6-3.

The semi-finals resulted in Carter's defeating Allen, 6-4, 6-3 ; Littell's defeating Jewett, 6-0, 6-0.

In the finals Littell beat Carter, 6-4, 7-5, 6-3.

For the college championship Graves, the former holder, beat Littell, the challenger, 6-2, 7-5, 7-5 ; thereby retaining the championship.

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS

ON Thursday, September 17, college opened with forty-five new men. After evening chapel the new comers were greeted in the usual manner.

The next night the Push Rush came off, '99 winning in spite of plucky work on the part of the freshmen. The push over, adjournment was made to Sammy Weller's, where a very enjoyable evening was spent, several of the Rig-Zag-Zigs adding lustre to the occasion.

Evening chapel service has been abolished on week days and made voluntary on Sunday. Sunday morning service is held at 9 : 15, giving the men a chance to go to church down town afterwards.

The "Jesters" have elected the following officers; Pulsifer, '97, Stage Manager, Travers, '98, Assistant, A. L. Ellis, '98, Business Manager, and Lord, '98, Assistant. The executive committee is composed of the above and Owen, '99, and Warner, '99.

A new building for French Recitation Room, Drawing Room, and Reading Room, is in course of erection south of the College, and shortly will be ready for use.

On Sept. 23, a meeting was held for the formation of a Sound Money Club. White, '97, was elected President, Plimpton, '97, Vice-President, and Remsen, '98, Secretary. After the elections Prof. Martin kindly gave an excellent talk on the Silver Question which was attentively heard and roundly applauded. The executive committee consists of White, '97, Plimpton, '97, Lecour, '98, Owen, '99, and Brooks, '00.

Library hours are not yet fully made out, they will be announced later. Pulsifer, '97, Walker, '97, and Smith, '98, are Librarians.

Goddard, '96, is assistant in Physics, Chase, '97 in Chemistry, and Benton, '97 in Astronomy.

The following alumni have recently visited the College: Pelton, '93, F. C. Edgerton, '94, J. W. Edgerton, '94, Paddock, '94, Phair, '94, P. Hamlin, '95, Yeomans, '95, Broughton, '95, P. J. McCook, '95, Beach, '96, Coggeshall, '96, Ferguson, '96, Gilbert, '96, Gunning, '96, Hicks, '96, Holcombe, '96, W. Langford, '96, Paine, '97, Potter, '96, Thomas, '96, Wood, ex-'99.

At a meeting of the Glee and Dramatic Clubs, Mr. Goodrich of Hartford presiding, it was voted to accept Mr. A. L. Ellis, '98 comic opera and to intrust the

entire management of putting it on the stage to a committee. The following committee was chosen and the meeting adjourned : Cogswell, '97, Pulsifer, '97, Carter, '98, A. L. Ellis, '98, Graves, '98.

The Tablet decided at a recent meeting to hold an election of new editors between Dec. 1 and 15. Men trying for the Board should hand in as much work before that time as possible.

Carter, '98, Graves, '98, and Littell, '99, will represent the College in the Tennis Tournament against Wesleyan on Saturday, Oct. 10.

Harvard defeated Trinity at Cambridge on Oct. 7, by a score of 34 to 0. Several men were injured so that the game with West Point on Oct. 10 has had to be cancelled.

The Officers for this year German Club are as follows : President. Cogswell, '97, Vice-President, Page, '97, Sec. and Treas., Graves, '98.

The subjects for First Theme, *Juniors and Seniors*, due Nov. 1 :—

1. Popular Delusions—religious and political.
2. Howells and Hawthorne—a contrast.
3. Political Satire—Dryden and Lowell.
4. Points of contrast in practical methods between Parliament and Congress.
5. Political Effects of the Black Death.

Subjects for Theme No. 2, *Juniors and Seniors*, due before Christmas vacation :—

1. The Nominating Convention and Party Machinery.
2. Mr. Gladstone.
3. Was Edmund Burke's attitude towards the French Revolution consistent with his earlier attitude towards the American Revolution ?
4. John Wycliffe—the first Protestant.
5. What benefit to Spain was the control of the American mines ?

Themes should be about 1500 words in length. To the best five themes the Alumni prizes of \$10 each will be awarded but not more than three prizes will be given in either class.

The five students who receive the Alumni Prizes will deliver their themes in competition for the Wycoff Prizes before the close of the term, the date to be announced hereafter.

CHARLES F. JOHNSON,
Professor of English.

PERSONALS

A volume on The Inspiration of History, by the Rev. JAMES MULCHAHEY, D.D., '42, has been recently published.

A volume of essays by HENRY T. WELLES, '43, has been printed under the title of "Uncut Leaves, or Lights and Shadows."

H. K. OLMSTEAD, M. D., '46, has removed to Jackson, Mich.

The Rev. Dr. C. F. HOFFMAN, '51, has received the degree of doctor of civil laws, from the University of the South.

A window in memory of the Rev. T. B. FOGG, '52, has been placed in Trinity Church, Brooklyn, Conn.

The address of the Rev. H. F. GREGORY, '54, is Southern Pines, N. C.

A volume entitled "Walks in Our Churchyards," relating to those of Trinity Parish, N. Y., by the late JOHN F. MINES, LL.D., '54, (Felix Oldboy,) has been published.

E. N. STODDARD, M. D., '60, is emeritus professor of materia medica and therapeutics in the medical department of the University of Buffalo.

The Rev. A. S. HULL, '66, has completed twenty-five years rectorship of Trinity Church, Morrisania, N. Y.

Professor FERGUSON, '68, is to deliver a course of lectures on The Christian Church and the Roman Empire in the Summer School of Theology at Saratoga.

General STEWART L. WOODFORD, '69, has been appointed by Governor Morton one of the commissioners representing Brooklyn under the law creating the Greater New York.

The Rev. O. H. RAFTERY, '73, delivered the address at the recent commencement of the Episcopal Academy at Cheshire.

W. R. BLAIR, '75, of Pittsburgh has been appointed a special master in chancery by the Circuit Court of the United States in the P. and W. (Baltimore and Ohio foreclosure) proceedings.

The Rev. C. C. EDMUNDS, Jr., '77, has become rector of Trinity Church, Trenton, N. J.

An historical work by SIDNEY G. FISHER, '79, has just been published under the title of "The Making of Pennsylvania."

The Rev. M. K. BAILEY, '79, delivered an address at the dedication of the Blackstone Public Library in Branford, Conn., on the 17th of June.

The firm of J. B. Lippincott & Co. have bought a new work by SYDNEY GEORGE FISHER, '79, entitled the "Making of Pennsylvania." The book treats in a philosophical way of the formative influences exerted by the different nationalities and religions of the early colonists of Pennsylvania. The work has met with a flattering reception from the reviewers.

The Urst Publishing Co. of St. Paul has lately published a new work by H. CAMPBELL BLACK, '80, entitled "Construction and Interpretation of Laws." Mr. BLACK has published a number of other legal works, including one on Constitutional Law and a Law Dictionary, and is recognized as one of the leading legal authors of the country.

The oration at the unveiling of the commemorative tablet on Governor Trumbull's war office in Lebanon, Conn., on the 17th of June, was delivered by the Rev. R. H. NELSON, '80. During the Revolutionary war over eleven hundred meetings of the Council of Safety were held in this building.

A. E. PATTISON, '80, has been obliged by ill health to resign the office of secretary of the Pope Manufacturing Co.

Married, in St. Paul's Church, Buffalo, N. Y., June 18th, HARLOW C. CURTISS, '81, and Miss Ethel Mann.

F. E. MILLER, M. D., '81, has been appointed consulting and visiting physician of the St. Francis Hospital, New York City. Dr. MILLER is also the first tenor in the choir of St. Thomas' Church.

The Rev. L. C. WASHBURN, '81, has received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from Hobart College.

H. P. BURGWIN, '82, was one of the speakers specially selected to represent other colleges at the commencement alumni meeting of the University of Pennsylvania.

The Rev. J. ELDRED BROWN, '83, has entered upon his duties as rector of Trinity Church, Norwich, Conn.

E. L. PURDY, '84, has become assistant secretary of the New York Tax Reform Association. He is about to enter upon the study of law. His office is Room 130, No. 111 Broadway, N. Y.

E. S. VAN ZILE, '84, has a novel in the current number of Lippincott's Magazine.

A new work by W. D. McCracken, '85, has been published under the title of "Little Idyls of the Big World."

The Rev. B. E. WARNER, '86, has received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of the South.

The Rev. O. APPLGATE, Jr., '87, has become rector of St. James Church, Keene, N. H.

Married, in Christ Church, Oyster Bay, L. I., September 5th, W. H. C. PYNCHON, '90, and Miss Carrie Moyses.

The address of the Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, '90, is No. 551 Fifth avenue, New York.

A. L. GREENE, '91, is to be addressed at Cloyne House, Newport, R. I., where he is opening a new school for boys.

W. S. KINGSBURY, '91, has taken the degree of M. D. at the Yale Medical School.

Married, at Donna Vista, La., August 4, WILLIAM HUGH McCULLOCH, '91, of Wilson Point, La., and Miss Bessie Rhodes.

E. K. HUBBARD, '92, was a delegate from Connecticut to the Democratic national convention at Indianapolis.

The Rev. ERNEST A. PRESSEY, '92, has accepted the charge of Gethsemane Church, Marion, Ind.

Of the members of the class of '93 ordained in June, the Rev. E. B. DEAN is assistant in Trinity Church, Geneva, N. Y.; the Rev. CHARLES JUDD is curate in St. John's Church, Stamford, Conn.; the Rev. G. H. WILSON is an assistant in the parish of Holy Trinity, Middletown, Conn., and the Rev. M. C. MAYO should be addressed at 13 Vernon street, Hartford.

NECROLOGY

The Right Rev. Dr. ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, bishop of Western New York, who died at Clifton Springs, N. Y., on the 20th of July, aged 78, was a trustee of this college from 1843 to 1854 and lecturer on English literature from

1845 to 1854; in 1860 he declined an election to the presidency; he received here the degree of Master of Arts *ad eundem* in 1845, and the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1868. He should be especially remembered here for having secured for the college, Bishop Seabury's mitre, for which also he wrote an inscription and a commemorative poem, and for having given the name of Soracte to a prominent eminence on the hills to the west of Hartford.

The Hon. JOSEPH MABBETT WARREN, the last survivor of the graduates in the class of 1832, died at his home in Troy, N. Y., on the 9th of September, in the 84th year of his age. He was engaged for a large part of his life in mercantile pursuits, but was also prominent in public affairs, as warden of St. Paul's Church, mayor of Troy, and member of Congress in 1870-72. His family is always to be remembered as among the liberal benefactors of the college and he himself was a generous contributor to the Alumni Library Fund. Several of his grandchildren have been students here, bearing the names of Warren, Thompson, and McConihe.

JOHN GARDNER WHITE, a graduate in the class of 1854, died at his home in Cambridge, Mass., September 6th, in the 64th year of his age. After graduation he practiced civil engineering, but later entered upon a mercantile career. He was earnestly devoted to church work, and was a member of the board of visitors of the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge. Few graduates of the college had a wider acquaintance of their fellow-graduates. Mr. White was president of the Boston Association of the alumni from its organization until the present year, when he declined a re-election. One of his sons, the Rev. GREENOUGH WHITE, was an instructor here three years ago.

The Rev. CHARLES HENRY GARDNER, for some time a member of the class of 1870, died at Bayfield, Wis., on the 8th of July, aged 46 years. He had been for some years dean of the Cathedral at Omaha, Neb. His father, the Rev. HENRY VIBBER GARDNER, was graduated here in the class of 1843, and a brother was in the class of 1890.

At the decennial meeting of the class of 1886, holden in Hartford on Wednesday, the 24th day of June, 1896, the following resolutions were unanimously agreed upon:

Resolved, That we, the members of the class of 1886, Trinity College, take this opportunity to express our heartfelt sorrow for the death of our classmate, FREDERICK HUBBARD WOLCOTT, M. D., late of New York City.

The memories of our intercourse with him in college days are of the pleasantest and best; and it is with very genuine grief that we learn of his untimely loss.

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to draw up the foregoing resolution and to send a copy of the same to Dr. WOLCOTT's surviving relatives; and also to arrange for the publication of these resolutions in the next number of the TRINITY TABLET.

HERMAN LILIENTHAL,
EDWARD BUCKINGHAM HATCH, } *Committee.*
JAMES GOODWIN,

THE STROLLER

IT is with a feeling of strangeness that the STROLLER resumes his walk. The sameness of material surroundings serves only to emphasize the changes which the summer has wrought among his fellow strollers. Not only are the old faces missing, but many of those present, whose childlike innocence is recalled with pleasure, are rendered scarcely recognizable by the fierce growth of beard which now endears them to their owners. The STROLLER remembers the pride with which he donned his first knickerbockers, and cannot repress a feeling of gratitude to those who recall that day to his memory, although his pleasure is mingled with regret that for it there must needs be sacrificed the beauty of any "smiling morning face," and he fervently hopes that though "bearded like a pard" no one of these his fellow players may either be filled with "strange oaths" himself, or feel impelled to fill with them the neighboring air.

* * *

AMONG the hopes awakened with the spring was one for a new walk before the buildings, while rumors reached the STROLLER's ears that plans had been ordered and it was confidently expected that the present structure with its infinite and picturesque variety would have to go. But it was not to be. If a demonstration were required of the existence of substance apart from qualities, an approximation might here be found. Long has this object lost all the properties of a walk, yet no one who had stumbled along it as often as the STROLLER could doubt its existence. Of a truth, Trinity, like another place of discipline of wide repute, is paved with good intentions. However, there is little opportunity to apply the remedy suggested in that case, for our trustees, though sometimes considered reckless seldom venture within stone's throw of the college.