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Trinity College
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

The Trinity Tablet

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EDITORIALS

THE TABLET expresses the feeling of the whole college when it deplores the failure of pushing through the agreement with Wesleyan for the continuance of the dual games. The most important track event of the season and also the greatest stimulus to the college's life in this branch of sport is but temporarily we hope in abeyance. It does seem necessary to review briefly the facts of the case so that no further discussion of them will arise. It has always been the college's policy, advocated by the Graduate Athletic Committee, to give in to all demands made by its opponents—in order to facilitate the athletic meetings, the cry has been "Athletics for Athletic's sake." A true feeling when not carried too far. This year the original agreement, made by Captain Leffingwell, expired and Trinity was the first to ask for the renewal of the old compact with

some slight alterations. This was spoken of at the time of the football game between ourselves and Wesleyan. On February 22d, in a letter written by Captain Sparks, it was stated that the feeling here was that the fairest way between the colleges would be but to count two places—urging a return to the original terms of agreement, which were hastily changed but two or three days before the first meet. No formal demand was made though until March 5th, in a letter stipulating the conditions of this year's meet, in which the manager of our team stated that we desired that "first and second places count respectively two and one." Wesleyan did not receive favorably either the proposition for the length of the agreement or of the scale of points, but finally decided to yield to the latter proposition if the bicycle race was ruled out. The ground held by our captain for this demand of but two places was that third place ought not to count because the two colleges were rather small and did not turn out a sufficient number of good athletes to supply three good men in each event. The third men in the two meets held previously, usually finished a long distance behind the first two men. At any rate, it seemed rather incongruous that half the men entered in an event should get places. This, it was rightly maintained, puts a premium on mediocre ability and on quantity rather than quality. Wesleyan said that such a course was unprecedented and cited Worcester and the Yale-Harvard meet. They failed to grasp the truth that what is one man's meat is another man's poison. At Worcester the athletes are drawn from a dozen or so colleges aggregating 4,800 men, more than ten times as many as at Wesleyan and Trinity, and in the other case the number of men to draw from aggregate 6,000 or 7,000 men. Wesleyan also said that as thirds have been counted for two years the practice should continue. As a matter of fact the

original agreement between Wesleyan and Trinity was to count only firsts and seconds but was changed a day or two before the meet. It was maintained by us that two places would be the fairest on account of the smallness of both colleges.

* * * * *

THE production of "Prince Nit" was in every way highly creditable to Trinity men, and the Southern trip brought the College organizations and the College prominently before audiences composed of the very best people of the cities visited. Nevertheless to keep up the custom of giving an opera of this sort each year, would be a doubtful expedient. Entirely too much financial outlay and hard work are required, and the returns must be very large indeed if anything is really made for the College organizations. Then, too, the management of such an undertaking should be entirely in the hands of the students themselves, and, unless this is possible, an elaborate production should not be attempted. As has been shown by the work of the "Jesters" in the past, the most successful plays are those comedies and farces in which from seven to nine characters take part and in which the expenses are kept well down. In the future, from the success of such an organization which has represented the college in the past, several performances during the year of a first-rate comedy of this kind and a well managed Southern trip by capable student managers would be the proper solution of the dramatic question, and, serving the same purpose as a comic opera, result in real financial gain to the various organizations.

A SONNET

WEEP not that all alone thy course must run,
League-long, unending in the mists of earth,
Within thy soul thou seest the morning sun
Before the Day has knowledge of his birth.
Within thy ears the morning larks engirth
The sleeping stars with symphonies of song,
Long e'er the dew diamonds the laces spun
To deck Dawn's Bridal with her lover strong.

Aye, like the swallow speeding e'er the spring,
Weary with toiling in the upper air ;
Or like the pied wind-flower clinging where
The March wind woos it, while its kisses bring
Trembling and blushes born of wild despair,
So thy life trembles though thy true lips sing.

H. R. R.

" HATRED "

" HARRY, don't let me hear you say you hate anyone again. I once hated a man and it has rested on me like a cloud throughout my whole life. If you have half an hour to spare and care to hear about it I will tell you the story.

" As I said, I once hated a man, and I thought I hated him so bitterly that nothing in the world could make me leave off hating him. I was a boy then, about your age, eighteen. The man, or rather the boy I hated was fourteen months older than I. We were in the same class at college. The reason of my hatred was mostly jealousy though, of course, I did not think so at the time.

" Well, one day I felt especially blue and out of sorts and John—for that was his name—was especially provoking and irritating. He

was a smart boy but very sarcastic and could cut deeper with words than any man I ever knew. I was bad tempered and nervous as a boy and he acted on me like oil on fire. When night came I was in anything but a good humor. I felt lonely and wretched. I had no one I cared to go to for comfort because I had never made a chum in college and was not at all popular, so I moped in my room planning how I could get even with John.

"My utter loneliness and dejection pressed on me so hard that I longed to be able to cry but couldn't even do that; and every now and then I could hear a burst of laughter or the chorus of some heartily sung song come from one of the rooms, and it made me feel all the lonelier.

"In this very unenviable frame of mind I went to bed and, after tossing about restlessly for what seemed like an age, I fell asleep. I don't know how long I had been asleep when I awoke with a start. It was quite dark and there was no noise; but I had had that peculiar feeling that there was someone in the room. I was not as a general rule a coward but this time I was thoroughly frightened; chills chased each other in quick succession up my spine and a cold perspiration started out on my forehead. My excited imagination pictured all kinds of images in the room. I tried to reason with myself but I could not; fear had entire possession of me. I made up my mind to lie there till morning came; and so with my eyes stretched open as wide as they would go, I lay on my back and waited. The time seemed interminable and I waited and waited what seemed to me many hours but still no daylight and still the same oppressive, ghastly silence and mysterious, enveloping blackness. I had never felt anything like it before. I can't begin to describe the feeling. I had awakened in the night many times before, and even in my younger days had been frightened at it. But this was something very different. There was an indefinable sense of horror about it

which I couldn't explain. The darkness was so complete and oppressive and withal so sepulchral that I seemed to feel it pressing on every inch of my body as a heavy mist sometimes clings to you. And then the quietness was just as complete and just as oppressive. I felt as you might imagine the world would feel if it became a burnt-out cinder and the sun no longer gave out light, and you were the only living thing on this cinder, not even an insect or a plant alive, nothing except yourself. All the sound there was, was the beating of my own heart and that sounded preternaturally loud, and merely increased the awfulness of the surrounding quiet. And then it struck me that I ought to hear the ticking of the clock, and I tried to think if I had wound it up when I went to bed. I remembered having done so quite clearly, and yet, why didn't it tick? I strained my whole attention to listen for it but not a sound could I hear. I tried to raise myself a little but seemed frozen stiff. I could not stir an inch. I tried to shout but that was equally futile; my throat and tongue refused to work.

"I laid in this condition for what seemed to me to be many hours, aye, no whole day seemed half as long. I tried to reason how long I must have laid there and after making what I thought was the most extravagant allowance for mental excitement and fear, I reckoned that it could not be less than ten hours, and why then didn't daylight come? And then I thought of the clock too and a terrible thought came to me—was I dead? The idea was so awful that the shock seemed to free my body from its paralyzed condition and I sat up. I also managed to shout; but it made no noise, the darkness appeared to smother it. Then how I longed for some fellow creature. Oh, John, I could even have loved you then. My greatest enemy seemed a treasure too great to even hope for.

"I sat there for another period of agony too intense to describe. My eyes ached from long straining in the dark but although I seemed

to know that they ached, and in one sense felt them ache, yet in another sense I didn't feel it, because my mental agony smothered all other pain. Then it struck me for the first time that I was not in bed. I tried to feel what I was on, but, although my hand seemed to encounter resistance because I could push it no further, yet I felt nothing at all. My whole body was benumbed and incapable of feeling. I think this inability to feel was even greater agony than the darkness or silence. I couldn't see, I couldn't hear, I couldn't feel. I couldn't cry or pray or move. I couldn't think and yet the feeling that I couldn't was most terribly keen.

"How long I sat this way I don't know. When I began to be able to think again I could not determine whether I had been sitting there for a minute or a year. But now I was no longer sitting. I seemed to be moving without any volition of my own and in an upright position as if walking but I couldn't feel the ground with my feet. How I knew I was moving at all puzzles me when I look back at it. I had another blank period and when I came to myself I appeared to be standing still and a new horror seized me, that indefinable and unaccountable terror which sometimes possesses one when alone in the presence of death. Then a kind of colorless, luminous mist seemed to settle right in front of me, and for a space of about ten square feet the darkness gave place to this spectral light, and there—Oh! I shall never forget the horror of that moment—right before my feet in the midst of that phosphorescent light lay the body of John, the fixed, glazed stare of death on his eyes which seemed turned on me with a look of fear and dread and his hand half raised as if to avoid a blow. I stood for a moment transfixed to the spot, and then the whole place seemed filled with shooting, darting streaks of light, and I remembered no more.

"When I awoke I was in a strange place, which I soon made out was a hospital. I learned that I had been there six days in a de-

lirium from brain fever. Slowly the incidents of that terrible night returned to me, and I nearly brought back the fever when I thought of John and wondered if he were really dead. I didn't dare ask. I tried to persuade myself that the whole thing was but a nightmare and dreams were seldom ever true. One of the professors came to see me as he had done every day, so the nurse told me. I finally screwed up enough courage to ask him to take a message from me to John Farrington. At the mention of John's name I saw the professor start, and my heart beat like a sledge-hammer. 'Mr. Farrington,' said the professor slowly, 'died the same night that you were taken sick; it is supposed of heart trouble.' The professor's voice seemed to get very low towards the end and the professor himself to be gradually getting smaller and farther away and then all was dark. When I came to, the doctor and professor were standing at my bedside talking. I heard the doctor say, 'You should not have told him, especially as you say he was picked up unconscious in the dead man's room.'

"I heard nothing more for a time, and when I recovered the nurse only was there, placing fresh ice near my head.

"Well, to cut the story short, I finally recovered, but my hair was quite white and never regained its color. I have never quite got over the feeling that I was responsible for John's death. This is why I keep these two texts framed in my room:

'He that hateth his brother is in darkness.—1 *John*, 2, 11.'

'Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer.—1 *John*, 3, 15.'

"Since that time I have never consciously hated any man."

R. N. W.

UNDER THE APPLE-TREE LYING

UNDER the apple-tree lying,
 'Mid blossoms part white and part red,
Death, ill content, with Love vying,
 Death with pink Love being fed,
Sapped is my heart-soul and dying;
 So cover with blossoms my head,
Under the apple-tree lying,
 'Mid blossoms part white and part red.

So cover with blossoms my head,
 Weaving a song of desire
A-glitter with shimmering thread,
 Half-flushed with its faint flaming fire
Until my sick heart-soul has fled,
 Death sounding boldly his lyre,
So cover with blossoms my head,
 Weaving a song of desire.

D. H. V.

LA PLACE DE LA CONCORDE

“YOU laugh, Monsieur, but I know it for a fact. It does come like a warning whenever something dreadful is to happen to France. Yes, I have seen it once.

“You know that in the days of the Terror, here the guillotine stood. Indeed have you never seen the picture of his execution? Ah, the poor man! But I'm a *citoyen*, and yet my grandfather often told me how it happened—and with the picture—*tout la*. I know it well. I have felt it. It was the day of the execution—*vous le savez*—and the guillotine stretched its frame towards heaven. My grandfather said it looked like a demon in the moon-light—

and he saw it often. On high the bright knife gleamed along its edge like a silver cord, the other part was a dark red from the frequent baths it took in the richest red dye.

“That day every entrance to the place was blocked. Men and loose-haired women fought and swore together; priests even struggled with the peasants to get a closer view. Suddenly a rolling like the muttering call of a tempest arose. The crowd became still as when the host is elevated. None kneeled though, but strained their bodies to look in one direction. A tumbrel turned the corner. A man, a priest, a rumbling tumbrel—but at the sight the crowd like fiends howled and swayed forward. All for a man, a priest and a jolting tumbrel! Closer and closer the cart crept, surged about amongst kisses and groans, the gendarmes hardly able to make way for it. On and on, past the line of knitting women, it struggled. At last the guillotine.

“For one moment the mob slacked its imprecations, while the victim’s eyes were being blindfolded, and in that pause clearly rose a woman’s piercing cry. A struggle at the center of the crowd—the man on the scaffold turned—tried to speak—but his voice was drowned by the heavy rolling of the drums. Again a struggle and as the knife falls, my grandfather said a woman plainly dressed in black burst through the line of gendarmes and stood stupefied at the foot of the scaffold. Already a bright ribbon was running from the block to the pavement and spreading like a small red square at the woman’s feet. With frantic haste she took her handkerchief, dipped it in the blood, and pressed it all ruddy to her lips, crying, ‘Louis, My King! My King!’ And my grandfather distinctly heard the knitting women count ‘One.’

“*Oui Monsieur*, as you say, it looks quite different now, and yet it is almost the same to me, because I saw it here. Believe me, *Monsieur*, it does come like a warning when something grave is about to come upon Paris. You laugh, and yet I saw it. I was

walking late on *La Place de la Concorde*—you see they rechristened it. *Pour quoi?* Some say to stop possible ghosts—but who can say. *Monsieur*, they roam there still! I was walking there, noticing the noisy sparrows fluttering about, and the coming of men and women laughing and chaffing good naturedly until I was tired with thinking on the army besieging our gay capital. Yes, and for thinking so seriously I got sleepy and sat down.

“Suddenly I awoke and started homewards, when the square seemed strange to me. The modern houses had vanished, while half dead with fright, I saw almost at my feet a phantom guillotine rise slowly from the ground. Weird lights gleamed on phantom forms which struggled about me, cursing each other. I was jostled and pushed by invisible hands. Suddenly all became quiet and a tumbrel crept into view. On it sat the murdered king—*mais*, I am a *citoyen*—the King and a Catholic priest mumbling not prayers—*Marie*, bless me—but what seemed dreadful imprecations. The victim’s face was calm and shone with a light stronger than the moon-beams in the square. Nearer and nearer they came until they stopped beside me. The King mounted the scaffold, a kindly look on his face, but as he gazed about his eyes were full of tears. He raised his hands as if about to speak, when the distinct roll of many drums drowned his voice. Phantom fingers bound the martyr’s eyes, the knife was about to fall, when the great bell of St. Germain rumbled as it did on the day of St. Bartholomew, and slowly struck ‘One.’

“Instantly all became as usual. The square was empty. The moon-beams whitened the silent colonades and threw their weird shadows over the ancient obelisk and the playing fountain. And yet, *Monsieur*, I saw my grandfather there distinctly, in his drab coat, as he is in the picture there. And do you know, *Monsieur*, eight days later Paris capitulated.”

H. R. R.

RONDEL

A LITTLE birdie said to me
All on a summer's day,
Pray listen to my roundelay,
Pray listen unto me.

I bear a message sweet, a plea
Found in the air astray,
A little birdie said to me
All on a summer's day.

It is a love-song glad and free,
A love-song light and gay,
That stealing from her heart away
Told of her love for thee,
A little birdie said to me
All on a summer's day.

W. T. O.

"TRUSTS"

I WAS seated, as before, by my open fire, pipe in hand, when my wife, who had laid down his Bacchantes of Euripides, said, suddenly :

"I cannot help thinking how natural it was that the Bacchants after a night spent in costly revelry, should rend the morning hours with their sad cry, 'I owe! I owe! Io!'"

"Indeed," said I, "it was most natural. Do not even we after our four years of college life—given us, as we are often told by worthy preachers, 'in trust,' and upon which credit we discounted most fully—do not we rend the quiet air of our paternal dwelling with cries of Bacchanalian frenzy, 'I owe! I owe! Io!' I cannot graduate."

"And yet," said my wife laughing, "you always did rail at 'trusts.'"

"I rail at trusts! Never, except when they failed," said I. "Let others like Dr. Parkhurst do so. My prayer is and has been that all complaints, like the 'extra-rail' in our trolley system, might but add power to those who taking the motto of our glorious country for their 'add,' leaving out the first two words as unnecessary, nay even detrimental to business, rejoice our hearts by publishing abroad, 'We Trust.'"

"Yes," said my wife, "the finest adverb to my mind in the English language is 'trusty' and that is a man in whom trust reposes."

"One," said I, "who is ever ready to lend."

"The grandest adjective in the English language," continued my wife, "is 'trust-full', and that is a man replete with humanitarian instincts."

"One," said I, "who is ever ready to tap his pocket at need."

"And," exclaimed my wife, waxing eloquent, "the most glorious verb in the whole new Century Dictionary, unabridged in numberless volumes is the verb 'to trust.'"

"Yes," said I, "especially when preceded by the word 'we' from the lips of a smiling store-keeper."

"In many cases that creditor is truly sublime," mused my wife, lighting his pipe. "Christian in his hope for the future; Christ-like in his faith. It is the most hopeful sign of the 'leveling process' of the Socialistic system; it is the first 'tick' announcing the golden time of the 'credit system.'"

"Therefore," said I, looking severely at my wife who had on a dollar necktie, for which at a bargain he had paid fifty cents down—"Therefore, we should wage war on all 'cash' stores and 'cash sales' as destroying further credit which is unsocialistic, and all hope for the future which is unchristian-like."

“Yes,” said my wife, weakly, “I think you are right in principle, but—I had to get this—stroking her necktie, or go without. My ‘trust’ had failed.”

A TRIOLET TO R—— McF——

MY marks I vow are 69.
 Hold chapel I am coming,
 A curse be on that head of thine;
 My marks I vow are 69.
 Thou'rt twenty seconds 'head of time,
 I needs must cease this bumming.
 My marks I vow are 69,
 Hold chapel I am coming.

H. C. O.

TO ——

ECCLESIASTES: See it says,
 “He who breaks his neighbor's hedge
 Him the sleepless serpent slays.”
 That was said of olden days.
 Swift your laughing lips allege—
 Sweet heart, nay. E'en now 'tis true
 I have felt its sting for you!

H. R. R.

TO say that animals are dumb
 One must needs stipulate.
 The mouths of all the little fish
 Are open for “de bait.”

H. C. O.

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS

THE Easter recess closed May 3rd. The "Prince Nit" trip occupied the attention of many of the students, while others spent the recess in Boston or New York. A few staid at college.

C. A. Johnson, '92, was at college May 13th.

Littell, '99, who has been absent from college for several weeks on account of his eyes, has again resumed his duties.

Rev. Mr. Hulse, Vicar of the Pro-Cathedral Mission of New York, addressed the Missionary Society on the subject of College Settlements, Monday, May 17.

Nearly all of the prize essays were submitted to the judges the first week of May. The prize version declamations will be held Thursday, May 20th.

The ball games which were to have been played with Williams and Amherst Wednesday and Thursday, May 12 and 13, were cancelled on account of rain.

Mrs. Dr. Riggs gave a tea to the upper class-men at her residence on Forest street Friday afternoon, May 14th.

At the trials held at Charter Oak Park, Saturday, May 15th, Sparks, '97, broke the college record for the 440-yard dash and L. A. Ellis, '98, broke the record for the two-mile bicycle. The record made by Sparks was 51 seconds, while that of Ellis was 6 minutes 12-5 seconds.

DRAMATICS AT QUINCY, MASS.

The Jesters presented the "Bicyclers" and "Between the Acts" in the Unitarian chapel, Quincy, Mass, Saturday, April 24th, before a crowded house. Owing to the "Prince Nit" trip the original cast was somewhat changed, but considering the short time given them for preparation, all the men did remarkably well. The cast was as follows :

"The Bicyclers."

Mr. Robert Yardsley	An Expert	H. B. Pulsifer, '97
Mr. Jack Barlow	Another	R. A. Benson, '99
Mr. Thaddeus Perkins	A Beginner	W. S. Danker, '97
Mr. Edward Bradley	A Scoffer	M. J. Brines, '00
Mrs. Edward Bradley, . . .	An Enthusiast,	J. H. Lecour, Jr., '98

"Between the Acts."

Dick Comfort,	M. J. Brines, '00
George Merrigale,	J. H. LeCour, Jr., '98
Alexander Meander,	W. S. Danker, '97
Harris,	E. S. Travers, '98
Mrs. Clementina Meander,	H. B. Pulsifer, '97
Edith Comfort,	H. C. Owen, '99
Sally,	R. A. Benson, '99

Neither of the plays went as smoothly as they would had there been a few more rehearsals. This was especially true of the "Bicyclers," in which several awkward pauses occurred.

The Jesters were royally entertained by the people of Quincy, a tea being given in their honor on Saturday afternoon, at which many of the society people of the town were present. A lunch was also given at the Episcopal Rectory after the performance. The proceeds were for the benefit of the Quincy Hospital.

"PRINCE NIT" AT HARTFORD

The first two performances of the comic opera, "Prince Nit," were given in Parson's Theatre, Monday and Tuesday, April 19th and 20th.

The audiences were not large, but they were composed of society people and were very appreciative.

The performance on Monday night was decidedly slow, as is nearly always the case with a first performance, and this perhaps created a rather unfavorable impression. On Tuesday night, however, there was a great improvement, both among the principals and the chorus and the opera was carried through with a snap and vigor which was worthy of professionals.

Honor, '00, as King Magoosylum, was a decided success, his action on the stage being remarkably easy and natural. Both of his songs were encored again and again, his execution of the Bicycle Song being especially good.

Graves, '98, as Prince Nit, sang well, but his action was not nearly up to the standard set by Honor. His costume, although elegant, was not as effective as it might have been had more care been exercised in its selection.

Brenton, '99, and Fuller '00, as the two tramps, were a decided hit, and their songs were received with much enthusiasm.

Pulsifer, '97, as Miss Hope, was, as he always is in female parts, a striking figure and a sure success. In Pulsifer, the "Jesters" will this year lose one of their best actors.

Danker, '97, as Dr. Buggs, was handicapped by exceedingly poor lines, and this is a fault which cannot be overcome by even the best of actors. Considering this difficulty, however, the part was remarkably well done, and much credit is due Danker for the hard work and study by means of which he raised it above the commonplace.

Page, '97, made a charming Betty Sweet and sang excellently, but this part should have been made more prominent and should have been introduced before the third act.

The music was by A. L. Ellis, '98, and was tuneful and sweet. The score is to be published.

The Libretto, which was written by D. Parsons Goodrich, was of the ordinary comic opera style, which begins anywhere and leaves off when everyone is married and comfortably settled for life. It answered its purpose, in that it carried along the music, but had it been a little above the commonplace and introduced a few more humorous situations, we should have had nothing to regret concerning the opera.

The chorus was well trained and well costumed, and the Amazon March by sixteen men was equal to the best of those given by professionals, and was enthusiastically received.

Kendall, '99, did a skirt dance which was very well rendered, and was encored.

The introduction of the Mandolin Club in the Court scene was a hit and they were heartily applauded, and should have responded.

Much of the success of the performance was due to Mr. Goodrich, and had it not been for his push and energy as well as his musical experience, the opera would probably never have been given. The Amazon March was under the instruction of J. M. O'Neil of Hartford. The opera was managed in Hartford by A. L. Ellis, '98, manager of the "Jesters," and J. S. Carter, '98, manager of the musical organizations.

From a financial point of view the opera was not as successful as it might have been, although there will probably be nothing lost by it.

ATHLETICS

THE Sixteenth Annual Field Day of the Athletic Association was held at Charter Oak Park, Saturday afternoon. The track was very soft, some of the distances too long. Two records were broken, each by a wide margin. White, '97, knocked eleven seconds off the two mile run and Ingalls, '99, added eleven feet to the hammer record.

In the two mile bicycle race the men went so slowly that it was hard to see how they had steerage way. The last quarter of a mile was a sprint, in which Ellis, '98, spurted ahead of his competitor and won by a good margin.

The mile run was something similar; the men only jogged round the track. Sparks ran a very fast quarter for the track, with Henry a good second.

Littell with three firsts and Sparks with two firsts and two seconds, Schwartz with two firsts and one second had the best individual records.

There was a fair attendance and the meeting was a success, although there should have been more entries in some events. 'Ninety-nine won the Leffingwell cup. They have now both the indoor and outdoor cup. One thing that was very noticeable and commendable was the quick manner in which the events were run off. This was a great improvement over other years and the committee should be congratulated. The new medals of silver in bronze were very pretty and in exceedingly good taste.

The summary of events :

100-Yard Dash—Won by Sparks, '97; second, Lchwartz, 1900; time, 11 seconds.

Half-Mile Run—Won by Lecour, '98; second, Bradin, 1900; time 2 minutes 10 seconds.

Two-Mile Bicycle Race—Won by Ellis, '98; second, Dobbin, '99; time, 7 minutes 28 seconds.

120-Yard Hurdle—Won by Littell, '99; second, Sparks, '97; time, 18 1-5 seconds.

440-Yard Dash—Won by Sparks, '97; second, Henry, '99; time, 53 3-5 seconds.

Mile Run—Won by Lecour, '98; second, Sturtevant, '98; time, 6 minutes 12 seconds.

220-Yard Hurdle—Won by Littell, '99; second, Sparks, '97; time, 28 1-5 seconds.

Two-Mile Run—Won by White, '97; second, Addis, '99; time 10 minutes 39 1-5 seconds, breaking college record held by Allen, '94, of 10 minutes 50 1-8 seconds.

220-Yard Dash—Won by Schwartz, 1900; second, Henry, '99; time, 25 seconds.

Pole Vault—Won by Ellis, '98, 8 feet 8 inches; second, Danker, '97, 8 feet 7 inches.

Putting 16-Pound Shot—Won by Ingalls, '99, 34 feet 3 inches; second, Johnson, '98, 34 feet 2 inches.

Running High Jump—Won by Littell, '99, 5 feet 5½ inches; second, Flynn, '97, 5 feet 2¾ inches.

Throwing 16-Pound Hammer—Won by Ingalls, '99, 107 feet 2 inches; second, Johnson, '98, 86 feet 10½ inches. Ingalls afterward made an exhibition throw of 110 feet 1½ inches. Both throws broke the college record held by Carter, '94, of 99 feet.

Running Broad Jump—Won by Schwartz, 1900, 19 feet 8½ inches; second, Flynn, '97, 19 feet 4¾ inches.

The officers were—Committee: Hayward, Sparks, Sanford. Judges: Prof. R. B. Riggs, Prof. Henry Ferguson, F. R. Sturtevant. Measurers: J. K. Davis, '99; A. Pratt, '98; M. F. Chase, '97. Scorer: J. R. Benton, '97. Timers: Steve Daly, Austin Cole, '98, L. W. Allen of the Y. M. C. A. Announcer: W. M. Austin.

PERSONALS

The Hon. H. T. WELLES, '43, has published a new volume of essays under the title of "Open Leaves."

ELISHA TRACY, '55, resides at 501 Fifth Avenue, New York; his business address is Lock Master's Office, foot of Canal Street.

The Rev. H. H. OBERLY, '65, and W. D. McCRACKAN, 85, are among the recent special contributors to *The Churchman*.

Bishop NICHOLS, '70, officiated as Chaplain at the laying of the corner-stone of the affiliated Colleges of the University of California.

The Rev. Dr. G. W. DOUGLAS, '72, was a speaker at the annual banquet of the Connecticut Society of Colonial Wars.

The address of W. D. McCrackan, '85, is 174 West 58th Street, New York.

F. E. HAIGHT, '87, is Deputy Secretary-General of the General Society of Colonial Wars.

The Rev. F. C. WAINWRIGHT, '88, has become Rector of St. Luke's Church, Chatham, N. Y.

The Rev. T. H. YARDLEY, '92, was ordained to the Priesthood in Christ Church, New Haven, on the first day of May, by Bishop NILES, '57.

MARRIED—In Grace Church, New York, April 26, the Rev. CHARLES ALBERT HORNE, '93, and Miss BARBARA LORENZE.

NECROLOGY

FREDERIC GOODRIDGE, for two years a member of the class of 1857, died after a very short illness at his home in New York City, on the 28th of April. He was a successful merchant, retiring from active business nearly twenty years ago. His brother, the Rev. EDWARD GOODRIDGE, was a graduate in the class of 1860.

THE STROLLER

THE STROLLER has observed with satisfaction that at length the grass on the campus is in a fair way to be cut before Commencement. At one time, however, it seemed as though the minds of our autonomous janitors had hit upon a new labor-saving device, and were intending to abandon the old idea of a lawn before the buildings and raise hay instead, as being a measure more

congenial to this practical age. But this anticipation has been dispelled by the unwonted energy recently displayed in that quarter ; so forcible indeed have been their exertions that already one of the elms would appear to have fallen a victim to the mowing-machine, and unless more care is taken to distinguish those remaining from the long grass, the campus will be in danger of losing some of its most attractive decorations. But in any event it is a pleasant and a cheerful sight to see the grounds beginning to assume an aspect of neatness and order, and one's heart swells with pride involuntarily and in spite of the conviction, that once the temporary occasion passed, it will soon again be a case of *canis ad vomitum*.

* * *

THEN, when the cutting of the grass is finally accomplished, there may yet remain sufficient energy to attack the ash heaps which adorn the approaches to our various buildings. To be sure, we ourselves are but dust and ashes, and it may be well to bear in mind the fact, but in this connection these cinders have associations decidedly unpleasant, and their ubiquitous deposit cannot but give rise to thoughts of the dreary wanderings beside the Styx, of shades so unfortunate as to suffer a like exposure of their remains. There is a capacious depression at the south end of the campus where refuse might be deposited with the double advantage of removing from view unsightly rubbish, and filling ultimately the pit even with the level of the grounds. THE STROLLER has often been told that the present buildings are based upon a bed of lava and volcanic ash, but he cannot admit that this is sufficient warrant for the promiscuous deposit about the grounds of the cinders from our stoves and furnaces ; if the circumstance has any bearing whatever, it would seem to point that such ashes should strictly be confined to the lower strata, as in the above-mentioned pit.

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THE STROLLER has been much impressed in glancing through the columns of *Life* at the number of clubs and libraries which announce with proud consciousness of virtue that they no longer subscribe to the *World* and the *Journal*. Undoubtedly these periodicals possess objectionable characteristics, and THE STROLLER is glad that there are some who do not read them, but why make such a to-do about them ? Our reading-room does not take them—not even “single

copies for private consultation"—and many less degraded journals, which it would be long to tell, are never seen within its walls. It was probably a deep conviction of the instability of the "new journalism" which prompted the resolve of our Trustees to have nothing to do with any form of literature so modern as a weekly or daily paper, at least not to give the open sanction of providing them for the use of their students. Yet we are not particularly proud of this, and THE STROLLER is not aware that anyone has communicated to the New York papers that our reading-room does not take the *World* and the *Journal* and a hundred other publications of more or less repute. In fact the general sentiment seems to be one of thankfulness that there are still left a few periodicals of sufficiently moral character, and of so moderate price that they can be purchased for the reading-room out of the scanty means subscribed by the undergraduates.

BOOK REVIEWS

Cap and Gown (second series), selected by F. L. Knowles ; published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

It is seldom that a man speaks absolutely the truth, especially in the preface of a book printed by himself. He may assure us that "we look in vain for epic or heroic strain" and that the verses included in his volume "seldom pretend to the dignity of poetry." Yet he has a sneaking hope that the confidant will clap him on the shoulder with praises in converse ratio to his own humility. This surely cannot be said of the compiler of "Second Series of Cap and Gown ;" the contents of the volume bear out his modest statements.

The book containing 368 pages, is divided into five departments loosely arranged, and one division, at least, "College and Campus," will have a familiar, homelike sound to all readers of THE TABLET. To those who look to college men for the solving of the problems in after life, who have given of their substance to educate their sons into sane-minded American citizens, the department en-

titled "Comedy" will be a revelation. Out of the one hundred and fifteen pages, containing what the editor conceives the highest gems of American college wit and humor produced in the days when men are, according to his statements, best suited to these efforts, there are only thirty-two squibs worth reading. The rest are but poor attempts at humor mostly culled from reputable papers such as *Puck* and *Judge* and put into college publications to fill some odd corner. Among these gems might be quoted the following :

A PARADOX

"'Tis a curious fact, but a fact very old,
You can keep a fire hot by keeping it coaled."

EVIDENCE

"Of all the lines that volumes fill,
Since Æsop first his fables told,
The wisest is the proverb old
That 'every Jack must have his Jill.'

But when the crowd that nightly fills
The down-town places, hillward goes,
To hear them sing, one would suppose
That every Jack has several Jills."

Also lines "To Her," at which any woman might be warranted to dissent ; and the verses beginning

"Far off in the waste of desert sand
The Jim-jam rules in the Jou-jou land"

are quite worthy of a place in the annals of even our Senate effusions. Can the English be right when they maintain that our wit is only exaggeration? If this were a fair representation of what the future holds in store, one might almost agree with them. Not that there are not pieces that would make even a Mark

Twain reputation for a wit certain but that the preponderance of poor stuff so far swamps the good as almost to water-log it. But as soon as we leave the division given up to this straining after a gnat of wit and the enforced swallowing of a camel's load of nonsense, one cannot but be struck with the deeper note that is sounded, especially in "Love and Sentiment." Here often the expressions of love are trite and the sentiment crudely expressed. The earnestness and self-abandon of the college-man's passion carries him far above the commonplaceness of his other effusions. There are a score of verses in these one hundred and thirty-two pages that are well worth the price of the book—most of them by Guy Wetmore Carryl, to be sure, and yet there comes an "oasis" to the tired reviewer in lines like those entitled "Mendicants," and "When Margaret Laughs." Under the "Index of Verse Forms" we see that the "Quatrain" and "Rondeau" hold the chief attention of the college poet, and in order that any aspiring American Alfred Austin may not be led away by the apparent ease of such writings, he is warned by frequent "asterisks" that the poem which he may long to imitate departs from the strict "verse forms." Yet he has no warning given him to beware of following a poem like "A Summer Campaign," whose simple "hymn-book" metre is murdered by losses of feet in corresponding lines of different verses. It is like instructing a child not to wear out his shoes, when he does not yet know how to walk.

We cannot end this slight review better than by quoting the first verse of this exquisite poem, placed by the compiler's insight under the department entitled "Nature. It is called "A Panacea."

"When life proves disappointing
And sorrow seems anointing
 Brows of care,
*Take a brace and go a sailing,
Either dolphin back or whaling*
 ANYWHERE."