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Trinity College
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

The Trinity Tablet

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EDITORIALS

WHEN any institution takes as a matter of course events which affect its welfare, and acts in a way which shows that no one cares whether a thing happens or not, a strong and progressive spirit cannot be said to exist in that institution. Trinity should be alive to all topics which interest her welfare or tend to increase the efficiency of her organizations. For instance, the way in which the Gymnasium Exhibition was conducted was not only slipshod but also unathletic. A notice was posted on the bulletin-board previous to the Meet, that after two o'clock on Wednesday the 16th of March all entries would be closed. This was signed by the committee which had the Meet in charge. Yet almost half of the competitors in the gymnasium did not pay their entry fee or even enter until after that date. In fact, one member of the committee entered the

last event only fifteen minutes before the event took place ! No one protested these competitors, although they ran, jumped, etc., in direct violation of the most important condition, rightly imposed by the committee. The excuse has been given that these men could not have been disqualified for pecuniary reasons, and so not only a vicious precedent was established, making all future regulations of the athletic-committee a mere farce, but every record, if any had been made by one of these late-entering men, could not legally stand. And since a man cannot always break a record at will, it is of immense importance to him that he should always contest under absolutely legal circumstances. It besides opens the possibility to men who before have not taken any interest in the Meet, to enter just previous to any event, if they see that one point more is needed by themselves or their class, to get the McCrackan or Class Cup, and so defraud those men who only have a legal right to compete because they gave notice to the committee long before the Meet, of their intention to compete. If, besides, it were an understood fact that men who had complied with all the regulations thought necessary by the committee to keep our athletics pure, and that only such men would be allowed to compete, every man would be very careful to comply with these regulations, not wishing to be disqualified and disgraced before the other competitors. And, although the ages of the men who enter college each year seem to be younger, yet this college is not, and should not be, a primary school, with its organizations run in a way which generally suggests an institution of that kind. The babyish manner in which most things are done here is not confined by any means to indoor meets, but can be seen by the slip-shod and unbusiness-like manner in which most college organizations transact their dealings.

* * * * *

THE low state of interest taken in literary matters by the students at present is evidenced by the small attendance on the lectures

given in Alumni Hall this winter. The Faculty can hardly be expected to recommend them another year. Dr. Bingham's lectures on Italian literature also have been very meagerly attended. If these lectures were given in Harvard large audiences would be present. Again, not more than a dozen students heard the Whitlock prize speaking, our one oratorical contest. Even the personal friends of the speakers did not help to make up an audience. The reason for this indifference is not easy to discover, but it is certainly lamentable, and we hope, temporary.

* * * * *

A NOTICE tacked on the bulletin-board with a lot of flapping papers, scheduling the loss of a knife, or the mysterious disappearance of an important text-book, is apt to be lost to sight; it does not create that indellible impression warranted by its importance. Lectures by men like Mr. Bingham or Dr. Cunningham are poorly attended and why? They are not sufficiently brought to the notice of the men; they have a flapping or rain-blurred existence for a day or so before the event takes place, but the notices of cuts and recitations are far more important. If on Sunday morning a dignified notice of the event, with a few words on the personality of the lecturer could be given out by the officiating professor, with the other notices, they would instantly claim our attention and remain in the mind of each listener.

* * * * *

THIS is a church-college par excellence—not belonging to one diocese, but drawing its men from Maine to California. For this reason it is not too much to suppose that what happens in this college will be of interest to church men over all this land. Other church colleges, like Hobart, University of Pennsylvania, and the University of the South, have full notices in church papers like the *Churchman*, of all the lectures, missionary meetings and talks given

before the college men. This is a legitimate way of advancing the idea of the activity of the college in men's minds. All other colleges do this, Trinity excepted. It should be the duty of the President or some other college officer, a duty inspired by love and appreciation of our college life, to report fully to the church papers under the diocesan news all these happenings. It should be the duty of the President or some other college official, because first of all he knows more fully what these courses of lectures are to be like, when they are going to take place, and who is to deliver them, and secondly, news sent in under his signature carries more weight and surety of fuller acceptance than notices sent in by any undergraduate. This also should be done systematically, and not delegated to the sporadic efforts of irresponsible parties.

* * * * *

THE Faculty of this College have always shown a splendid college spirit, and an unalienable love for it which cannot help being an inspiration to every graduate and undergraduate. Their interest in the men does not cease here with graduation, as it must necessarily do in larger colleges where a multitude leave their Alma Mater each year; but a man's efforts in after life, his successes and failures claim their attention. This is well shown in the invitations received by graduates to come back and give to the student body the benefits of a graduate's experiences through which he has passed. The talks given us by Mr. Miel and others fully justify the wisdom and the interest of this course of action. Whatever a graduate does, in whatever field he enters, he should be recognized by us, and claim our hearty sympathy and encouragement, while the Faculty should give us a chance to hear often what Trinity men have done, what Trinity has done for these men, and so foster our college spirit and inspire us to do likewise.

MERE DREAMERS

THERE are some souls, God makes a few to be
The dreamers of His universe, who sit
All listless seeming, while their brethren flit
In hurried circles, striving ceaselessly
For what they deem their doom, their destiny
To run this world and make the most from it
Upon whose faces sleepless cares have writ
Dark tittle deeds—deep-furrowed as the sea.

While they, the dreamers, idle down earth's ways,
Through traffic lands, and learn the heart of things.
For them the glory of the autumn days ;
For them the brightness which the spring-tide brings.
Ay, many prophets, martyrs, priests and kings,
Have sought those rights which greet each dreamer's gaze.

H. R. R.

IN A VOLUME OF HOOD'S VERSES

WHEN his trifling is all ended,
When his dust with dust is blended
Shall a hand with Glory's token
Crown him for his jests well spoken ?

God shall greet him for the part
Which he played with palsied heart.

H. R. R.

THE WHITE SQUADRON *

FAR in the offing, sharp against the blue,
Six firm-webbed, stately swans they hold their way,
Skirting Mount Desert of an August day,
Cruiser and battle-ship in sequence due,
On dress-parade, slow—steaming for review—
Which destiny is theirs? Only to play
At war? Or, likelier, shall we say,
For cause, at last, their long reserve break through?

Yet, should the guns of the republic speak,
I would they spoke with judgment. Be their lips
Mutely indifferent to the Jingo's nod,
Stern toward the cruel, potent for the weak,
Aflame to guard the honor of the ships,
And shotted with the arguments of God.

William Reed Huntington.

September 11, 1897.

A SONNET

"The Madrid papers say we dare not fight."

BECAUSE these latter years have been for Peace,
Progress past understanding, and for Art ;
Because our Nation's hand, our Nation's heart.
Has toiled and throbb'd to gain the Golden Fleece,
Forgetful of all else save Wealth's increase,
The high-piled city, and the teeming mart ;
Think ye she cannot play the hero's part,
But Shylock-like is slave to bond and lease ?

* Sent by Mr. Huntington to Admiral Sicard and by him to his personal friends.

Ye fools and blind ! Still in each heart there lies
Behind all boasts of falsehood's flaunting lips—
Mere words that dim men's souls with dark eclipse—
Our Country's courage, deep beyond surmise.
Tyrants have quailed before her flashing eyes.
Rouse her,—and dare the thunder of her ships !

H. R. R.

HOW I CONVERTED THE BURGLAR

To the Editor of THE TABLET :

YOU said that you were very desirous of receiving some communications from under-classmen and when I told you that I could not write a "short story" you said that, if I would describe in a truthful and realistic manner any of my personal experiences as a school boy, you had little doubt that it would prove interesting. So I am going to tell you how it happened that I came to Trinity, and although I do not know exactly what "realistic" means I will try to be absolutely "truthful."

I was at a school preparing for Harvard, and though I do not wish to state realistically the name or location of the school, I can truthfully state that if you drew a circle of five hundred miles with Boston as a centre it would not lie in the ocean part. I was rather a small boy and the big boys had introduced the English idea of fagging as far as they could, and made us little boys run errands and chase balls for them. I and six others rebelled and as a punishment we were taken up into the schoolroom and made to run in a circle round behind the desks. The big boys of the upper form

sat at one end with apple-tree switches, and as we passed them they cut at our legs. The masters allowed this because it was "so English." They called it the "ordeal by switch"; we passed them once and I got a nasty cut on my calves. I was the last of the line, and when we were getting ready to pass them a second time I skipped into a little recess where some of the books and slates were kept. There was a door in this into the hall but it was always kept locked. In a sort of desperation I tried the handle and found the door open and the key on the outside. I passed out and locked the door. I was now in the hall in which was a circular stair-case with a strong net to catch anyone who fell over the banisters. I knew my persecutors would soon miss me and look for me, so I ran up the stairs to the fourth story. This top story contained a single large room used for storing trunks and I meant to hide in it, but I noticed that the trap door which led into the loft was slipped a little to one side, a thing that I never knew to be the case before, so I ran up the ladder and went into the loft. Right under the eaves were some old mattresses in a pile, and I lay down on these and felt quite secure. I heard the big boys running about the trunk room, but they never thought of the loft. Then I heard the bell ring for supper and it grew dark. I fell into a light slumber, for I was rather frightened, and about nine I woke up. Somebody was coming up the ladder. I slipped between the mattresses and presently some one came into the loft. In a moment a light was struck and I saw two men. One was our head-waiter and the other was a rather fat man whom I had never seen. They could not see me because I was under one mattress and my head was in the shadow. They whispered together a little and then the head waiter went away. The other man sat down on a box. Then I heard the master who was on duty for the day making his rounds, and then all was still. I think three hours must have passed, for I saw the moonlight creeping half-way

across the floor from a window in the gable. Then the man got up and came over and threw himself down on the mattress. I was squeezed over against the eaves under it, and you may imagine I was anything but comfortable besides being terribly frightened. The man went to sleep at once and snored frightfully. I wriggled a little and he woke up and said, "Who's there?" I was so frightened that I could scarcely speak but I gasped out, "Prepare to meet thy God." I have not the slightest idea why I said that, but I had seen it painted on a fence, and somehow I said it without thinking. I suppose my voice must have sounded very queer, at all events the man was terribly frightened and rushed for the trap door and went down the ladder. I followed him to the door, but neither of us made any noise for I had sneakers on, and he seemed to be able to move without the least noise though he was so heavy. Looking down the trap-door I saw him throw himself on the circular rail head foremost with his elbows and legs on each side and slide down. He went so fast that he made a sort of hissing noise, and I remember thinking that his stomach must have got awfully hot. He made three turns in going down and checked himself just before he reached the bottom and landed opposite the doctor's study door. Then I went back to the little window and looking out I saw the man run down the avenue at a tremendous pace. I called after him, "Do you wear pants?" I do not know why I said that either, except that it was sort of a by-word the boys were using. It sounds very silly but it had the effect of making the man run still faster. He fairly flew over the ground.

Fortunately no one waked in the house and I went softly down the ladder and down the stairs, and, finding the front door open, I ran away from school. I am not going to trouble you with an account of how I got home. I had one silver dollar in my pocket and I got on a train. The first conductor was very good, he wouldn't take my dollar and he made the train boy give me a sandwich. The

next one put me off and I had to walk thirty miles without anything to eat and when I got home I was a pretty tired boy. Father was disposed to send me back to school, but I told him I was not learning anything and when he examined me in Cæsar I made some awful mistakes. So he got me a tutor and at the end of the month my tutor told father that he never knew a boy learn so fast. You see I could not remember to make mistakes all the time, but when I came to go to college, father said, "Ethics is what you need, young man, and I am going to send you to a college where ethics is compulsory." So here I am.

But the strangest thing is that I went to a mission in New York last summer and there I saw the man who slid down the ballustrade. He was converted and told the audience how he had been let into a house by a confederate and was intending to rob the school safe, but in the night an angel appeared to him and said in a loud voice, "Prepare to meet thy God," and then when he ran away from the house a voice from the sky called to him, "Beware! repent!" I think that he must have been a man of fine imagination and a good deal of a natural orator, for he scared me and all the people in the hall by describing the angel, and he seemed to believe every word he said. A man next to me said to a man who sat in front of him that he had "heard Bill tell that story ten times and the angel got bigger and louder every time." I thought of telling him that the angel was only a scared, little boy under a mattress, but as they said, "Bill had become a honest, hard-working man and didn't drink a drop," on second thought, I concluded to keep still. But I am proud to think that I have done some good in this world. It is not everybody that has converted a burglar before entering college.

I have tried to be "realistic and truthful," as you told me to be, but I think I have made it plain that I cannot write a short story.

Under-Classman.

THE PESSIMIST

ONE journeys pensive through the deepening gloom
That darkens over all the rugged road
On which the helpless race of man has trod
For years its fruitless journey to a tomb
On which the drooping opiate poppies bloom,
And says that poison snakes and horned toad
Are truest emblems of the normal mode
Of life in Nature's all-creative womb.

Another treads life's highway cheerily,
Finds violets by summer breezes kissed,
And simple wayside flowers fair to see.
Pleased with these little things he never cares
That hope is left behind with every mile he fares ;
Near-sighted, hopeful, shallow optimist.

C. F. J.

CREDO

BLEAK and barren, bare and brown,
Leafless lies the maple's crown,
Bleak and blasted hill and down—
Hush ! but Spring will come again !

Dry and barren, or at least,
Starving at its scanty feast,
Sits the Muse, with Want as priest—
Hush ! but Spring will come again !

H. R. R.

PRIMAVERA

ALL the land goes wild to-day,
Blue-birds sing, and black-birds chatter,
While the peevisish, prattling jay,
Seems as mad as any hatter.
Bright-eyed sparrows dressed in brown
Have convened a special meeting—
Latest gossip of the town,
Nesting nooks, and dainty eating,
Each and every one is telling,
To his friend who too is yelling.

E'en the pond'rous cawking crows,
Two by two are out for airing,
Watching where the ploughman goes,
Anxious for his farm's well-caring.
While the frightened meadow-larks,
Show their specks of winter's whiteness,
Wan against the maple's sparks,
Redder than the robin's brightness ;
While at Spring's commanding gesture
Each hill dons its azure vesture.

Up my soul ! Earth's high command
Bids thy wandering spirit waken !
Take thy pilgrim's staff in hand,
Hie thee to the ways forsaken,
Save by those whose feet have trod
Far from strife and gold's vain glories,
These same pathways up toward God,
Seeing Him in Nature's stories—
Fleeing ways which conscience harden,
Prove this world, God's pleasure garden !

*" THEN SMOKE AWAY
'TILL "*

" PIPE," she says, " Let smoking go !
Lay aside the filthy weed ! "
Wonders why I whisper, " No,"
Though her blue eyes plead and plead.

If her lips to my lips could be
As frequent as thy lips to me,
Equal comfort I might find,
Equal zeal her prayers to bind
Like a fetter 'round my will,
Until then—until !—until !—
Pipe ! My source of comfort be,
Kiss my lips 'till her's kiss me !

H. R. R.

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS

THE " Jesters " have in preparation a Shakespearian burlesque entitled " The Shakespeare Water Cure." This was given by the dramatic association with unusual success some few years ago, and the coming performance promises to be even still more successful. The cast is a strong one and is doing excellent work under the direction of a professional trainer whose services have been engaged by the management. The play will first be presented in Pittsfield on April 11, and will be given in Hartford shortly afterwards. An extensive trip is being planned for the spring vacation when the " Jesters " hope to play in New York, Albany, and several other cities.

The humor of the play lies principally in the clever burlesquing of well known Shakespearian lines and the introduction of famous scenes from the tragedies under very unusual conditions. The argument as taken from the author's introduction is as follows :

Staying at a water-cure establishment are : Hamlet, for his health, with his wife Ophelia ; Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, for economical reasons, in need of the needful ; Mrs. Bassanio, enjoying a legal vacation. The Montagues having been disowned by both their houses, Mr. R. M. has taken to the stage, and is here with his traveling company and his wife. Shylock, wishing to possess Portia's gold, bribes Lady Macbeth to incite her husband to the murder of Bassanio, so that Shylock may marry the fair heiress. All of which is accomplished, and a wedding dinner, under the superintendence of Othello, is giving by the patients to the happy bride and bridegroom.

After several changes the following cast has been selected :

Hamlet, gloomy and poetic	Brenton, '99
Macbeth, sulky and henpecked	Austin, '98
Romeo, stage-struck and quarrelsome	Sherwood, '00
Shylock, crafty and greedy	Owen, '99
Othello, loquacious and passionate	McIlvaine, '00
Lady Macbeth, destitute and fierce	—————
Ophelia, dull and clinging	Wheeler, '01
Juliet, flippant and discontented	Walker, '01
Portia, learned and ambitious	Ellis, '98
Ghost, mute and innocuous	Eaton, '99

The play will be presented in three acts, the time required being about two hours.

The Rev. Mr. Gammack, of East Berlin, delivered a most interesting address in the Latin room on the evening of March 21, on missions, using the Crusaders as an example of the first missionaries.

Littell, '99, is ill with pneumonia.

Davis, '99, has returned to college after an extensive absence due to an injury received last June.

Captain Sutton has issued a call to all candidates for next year's football team so he may confer with Mr. Lake.

Warner, '98, has passed his canonical examinations for the diocese of New York.

Professor Honey has recently resumed work with his classes after being absent for some time on account of illness.

Mr. John B. Burnham, '91, who has just returned from the Yukon, delivered a most interesting lecture in Alumni Hall on Thursday evening, March 31st, on his travels into the Klondike region, illustrating it with numerous stereopticon views from photographs taken by himself.

ATHLETICS

THE annual indoor games were held in the gymnasium on the night of March 18, in the presence of about four hundred people. Although there were no records broken and in some events little competition, the athletic standard of the meet was unusually high. The contest for the class cup was close and exciting, '98 and '99 having almost the same number of points. The cup has not been awarded at the present date, owing to some doubt about the interpretation of the rules. The all round work of Ellis, who won 6 1-2 points, and Littell, who won 7 points, was excellent. Ingalls showed his versatility by winning the dash in record time and almost eclipsing Carter's indoor record in the shot. One of his puts was four inches better, but unfortunately was a foul. Johnson also showed up well in the shot and would have undoubtedly done better had he not just recovered from a bad attack of the grip. Brinley and Bellamy did the best work for the Freshmen, who showed commendable spirit. The meet revealed much good material which with careful training should be developed into point winners at Worcester.

The summary of events is as follows :

Pole Vault—Tie between Ellis, '98, and Bellamy, '01. Height 8 feet, 8 inches.

Rope Climbing—Won by Brinley, '01 ; second, Lecour, '98. Time 8 4-5 and 9 secs.

20-yard Dash—final heat—Won by Ingalls, '99 ; second, Rich, '99. Time 3 secs.

Horizontal Bar—Won by Woodward, '98, 10 3-4 points; Ellis, '98, 10 1-2 points.

Putting 16-pound Shot—Won by Ingalls, '99; second, Johnson, '98. Distance 35 feet 11 1-2 inches; second, 35 feet 5 inches.

Parallel Bar—Won by Ellis, '98, 11 1-2 points; Woodward, '98, second, 10 3-4 points.

Standing High Jump—Littell, '99, first, 4 feet 7 inches; Sturtevant, '98, second, 4 feet 6 inches.

Running High Jump—Littell, '99, first, 5 feet 1 inch; Bellamy, '01, second, 5 feet.

Fence Vault—Won by Littell, '99; Brinley, '01, second. Height 6 feet 7 inches; second, 6 feet 6 inches.

High Kick—Won by Ellis, '98; Sturtevant, '98, second. Height 8 feet 6 3-4 inches.

Potato Race—Won by Henry, '99; second, Prince, '00.

Score—'98, 12 1-2; '99, 11; '00, 0; '01, 5 1-2.

Referee, Professor J. J. McCook; judges, Percy S. Bryant, F. W. Davis and Dr. J. B. McCook; judges of bars, P. J. Ziglitzki and W. Winkleman.

Committee of arrangement, William M. Austin, '98, J. H. Lecour, '98, and E. G. Littell, '99. Scorers, J. Nichols, '99, M. G. Haight, '00; announcer, W. M. Austin, '98; starter, George B. Velte.

BASKET BALL

The second game with Yale, which was played on March 9th at New Haven, proved a worse defeat than in the first game. Yale's excellent team work, which was even better than in the first game, and Trinity's lack of training, accounts for the large score. No one of Yale's players excelled in individual work. For Trinity Captain Glazebrook played well, allowing his man but one goal and throwing the two goals made by Trinity in the first half, but could not continue in the second half owing to injuries. The final score was 61—9. The team lined up as follows:

YALE.		TRINITY.	
Peck, captain, } Lockwood, } Sharpe.....	guards..... centre.....	{ Sutton Brown Bellamy Lecour	
Clarke, } Beard, }	forewards.....	{ Glazebrook, captain Brinley	

Time, two twenty minute halves.

Referee, Mr. Velte.

At a meeting of the basket ball team on Feb. 11 it was decided to cancel the games with Holyoke and Chicopee.

An exciting game of basket ball took place in the college gymnasium on March 15 between the Olympics of the Hartford Y. M. C. A. and the Freshmen. The playing was fierce and the score close, which made the game very interesting to the spectator. The first goal was thrown by Bellamy after three minutes of play. Brinley threw the next goal for the Freshmen. Velte caged a pretty goal on a long throw. The score at the end of the first half was 7-4 in the Freshmen's favor. The play was close in the second half. The game ended with the score 11-10.

The line up :

OLYMPICS.		FRESHMEN.	
Velte, } Curtin, }	forwards.....	{ Mitchell Nichols Clement	
Smith.....	centre.....	Bellamy	
Oakes, } Purdy, }	guards.....	{ Brown, captain Brinley	

Time, two fifteen minute halves. Referee and timekeeper, Glazebrook, 1900. Goals, Brinley 2, Oakes 2, Velte 2, Bellamy 3. Goals on fouls, Mitchell, Smith and Oakes.

PERSONALS

The Rev. A. B. JENNINGS, '61, is rector of St. Stephen's church, Denver, Colo.

Professor FERGUSON, '68, has contributed to the *Protestant Episcopal Review* a learned article on "The Great Councils."

Professor LUTHER, '70, has given a course of Lenten lectures in Trinity Church, New Haven, on "Christian Faith in the Light of the Modern Views of the Natural World."

H. CAMPBELL BLACK, '80, has published a volume on the legal subject of "Removal of Causes," taking the place of a new edition of Dillon on the same subject.

The address of the Rev. F. W. WHITE, '79, is Montclair, Colo.

E. L. PURDY, '84, has published an article on "Recent Results of Property Tax."

The law office of LOUIS H. PADDOCK, '88, is at 242 Griswold street, Detroit, Mich.

Rev. E. T. SULLIVAN, '89, is one of the editors of a new church paper in Massachusetts, known as *The Church Militant*.

ARTHUR GREEN, '91, is conducting a private school at Newport called the Cogne House.

V. C. PEDERSEN, '91, has contributed to the *New York Medical Journal* an article on "Dose Determination on the Basis of One-twentieth."

HEYWARD SCUDDER, '91, is taking a graduate course in chemistry at the Boston Tech. and lives at 29 Newbury street, Boston.

The address of LAMSON ALMY, ex-'92, is 75 Prospect St., Providence. R. I.

CHARLES E. TAYLOR, '92, has recently returned to Nashua, N. H., after traveling for several years.

LEWIS HENRY PADDOCK, of the class of '92, will be married to Miss JESSICA FERGUSON, on Tuesday, April 12, at 12 o'clock, in Christ church, Detroit, Mich.

The Rev. R. L. PADDOCK, '94, took a prominent and useful part in the recent meetings of the Church Students' Missionary Association and of the Students, Volunteer Movement.

MARRIED—In the Church of the Redeemer, Minneapolis, Minn., February 22nd, ALBERT WILLIAM STRONG, ex-'94, and Miss GRACE FULLER SWIFT.

A daughter was recently born to R. H. MACAULEY, '95.

DAVID WILLARD, '95, recently gave a talk before the students of Vassar College on his work in the slums of New York City.

The address of R. W. CURTIS, '96, is 4 Girard avenue, Hartford, Conn.

On account of his recent illness, S. FERGUSON, '96, will not be able to return to the School of Mines at Columbia, and has accepted a position temporarily with the Hartford Electric Light Company.

NECROLOGY

The Hon. HENRY TITUS WELLES, a graduate in the class of 1843, died at his home in Minneapolis, Minn., March 4th, aged 77 years. He was a native of Connecticut, and after graduation studied law in Hartford. In 1853 he removed West and was one of the first settlers of St. Anthony, or Minneapolis, of which he was in 1855 elected the first mayor. He was much interested in the welfare of his city and state, but retained an affection for his early home. Mr. WELLES published three volumes of miscellaneous papers, one of which contained his college addresses.

THE STROLLER

ABOUT the middle of the morning THE STROLLER was idly sauntering down the walk, which seemed to be unusually quiet and deserted. But at eleven o'clock there was great change, and for a few minutes the walk presented a scene of great animation. A motley horde of men poured out from recitations, made its way to the sections and then dissipated. Another stream of fellows was hustling and jostling in the opposite direction. About the bulletin board

gathered a knot of men, not because they expected to find anything of interest there, but just as a mere matter of form ; except perhaps in the case of one or two Freshmen who were animated by the hope of seeing some such notice as this : " The recitation in —— will be omitted to-day. The class will take the next chapter in advance in addition to the lesson already assigned." These, too, at length scattered to their rooms. A few belated unfortunates scuttled along, stumbling in the little gullies of the walk and finally disappeared head-long into the doors leading to the recitation rooms. Then all was still again, and THE STROLLER was the only person about, with the exception of a woman in a red shawl, carrying a clothes-basket, and a lone enthusiast out on the campus tearing up the turf with a golf stick. How silent everything was ! The only sounds to be heard were the chittering of the sparrows fluttering around the peaked dormers, the far-off crow of a cock, and the faint yelp of a dog. The flag hung limp, merely from time to time giving its end a little flip, like the graceful and sinuous motion of the tail of a fish.

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A night or two later, as THE STROLLER was coming up Vernon street, he became aware of certain dark forms flittering along in the shadow and bearing huge burdens, apparently barrels of some sort. THE STROLLER thought of gun-powder plots and such grewsome things, till he happened to look towards the college, where he saw a large, blazing bon-fire. The mystery was explained and he smiled as he thought of the many times he himself as a Freshman had "shagged" wood. Quickening his steps, THE STROLLER made for the fire. Standing around it, the blaze lighting up their faces, was an hilarious group of men, enthusiastically if not too melodiously, singing Trinity songs. Between each song there was an interlude, during which a number of steins mysteriously made their appearance and then as quickly disappeared. There seemed to be a point of peculiar interest immediately behind the Bishop and men were continually going and coming between it and the fire. The songs and yells waxed fast and furious, and the last sight that met THE STROLLER'S eyes as he turned in for the night was a wild dance of howling men circling around the fire.

Such are the lights and shadows of college life.