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Trinity College
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT

The Trinity Tablet

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EDITORIALS

THE universities and colleges have, from time immemorial, reflected and fostered the great movements that have agitated the world. It was from the universities that the revival of Protestantism sprang ; it was from the universities that the wave of German liberty and unity had its greatest stimulus, and in our own days the fraternities which have made themselves synonymous with brotherhood and an active love for their Alma Mater, its progress and welfare, have started in college that something which makes college men carry these principals of loyalty and love of liberty and purity out into the life of our Republic. It is natural, then, that in the

colleges of our land the intrepid spirit should again be felt and that college men should be among the first to enlist, among the first to form botteries and companies to carry on this war, a war whose issue thinking men best understand and whose principles of warring for sentiment college men best appreciate. It is impossible that all should go to war; it would be unadvisable if it were possible; and yet, the college man's attitude should be one of active preparation, but not in bursts of wild excitement and rash hurry, spending the nervous force, and submitting himself to a great nervous strain. The athlete who expects to win a race trains for it, it is true, but before the event he rests, and never runs for many weeks the whole distance that he expects to cover on the day of the race. So he stores up energy, so he fortifies himself for the last trial. This is the spirit in which all men should prepare themselves for the war. Fierce excitement, high words, bursts of martial enthusiasm leading to premature action, are but weakening—"Let business be full of confidence and enterprise, it will in this serve the nation best; let women keep to their housewifery and *students to their books* and the workmen to their tasks; let us not talk too much about the war or waste our energies, all our common life must move on as before, and for that life we need the steady heart and brain." So when the time shall come, we may be strong, not weak; shall understand fully the principles which underlie the war, not blindly and rashly hurry into it, ignorant and unstable.

* * * * *

THERE is, besides, a personal view to the question of enlisting, perhaps a commercial view. Every man represents an investment, an investment of thought, of love, of hopes, as well as of actual money. The man who pays the price of an investment, generally considers himself the absolute owner of the stocks, yet he

willingly pays government taxes on it. The father and mother, besides holding a son in fee simple—he being flesh of their flesh and bone of their bone, have also a right to him superadded to this consideration, given the parents by the pains and sacrifices they have born in the bringing up of their children, and to them, as well as to the country, a full return is due. A man is born into his family in a more personal and intimate way than he is ever born into his country, although none can gainsay that it is his country which makes this birth valid and which protects his family rights. Yet the family consideration is the primal one, and the man who loves his family best, fulfills best the duties and obligations of this family relation makes the best citizen also. Let no man think, as many hot-headed enthusiasts will try to make him do, that by harkening to the call of his family, first of all, he is dishonoring the call of his country. Is the call of his country greater than that of his family, then go! If the call of his country is equal in urgency to that of his family, then go! But if, as is the case mostly to-day among college men, the consideration of his family is greater than the necessity of his country, the man who shirks present duties is not a hero, at least in the best interpretation of the term.

* * * * *

AS for those who have gone, believing it to be their duty, who have sacrificed, to answer the Nation's first call for volunteers, their education, their comforts and their homes, to them the College offers her hearty "God-speed," knowing well that if the necessity shall arise more of her sons will follow to the front, ready to suffer, as these are doing, all extremities in a cause everyone must deem to be just and noble. Let us hope that no such necessity may arise, but if it should, let the honor-roll of the American-Hispanio War be equal to the glorious record Trinity made in the War of the Rebellion.

“AS we go to press,” it is rumored that the training table will probably have to be given up on account of the reluctance, nay the refusal of certain candidates for the nine, of leaving their accustomed places at their “joints” and eating with the other men. The training table is a college institution, operated to fill a long-felt want in the College; in fact a necessary adjunct in making our nine worth even the poor diamond on which is is forced to practice. THE TABLET hopes that every one will have enough college spirit to support heartily Captain Graves in any measure which he sees fit to adopt in the present crisis, even if the crowds as a body will have to leave their accustomed eating-places on account of diminution in their numbers, and be forced to the painful necessity of eating at Commons. Besides, it should be a feather in the caps of any crowd that, on account of having so many of their men on any organization representing the College, they should be forced to sacrifice their comforts, and are as a whole willing to do so on account of their Alma Mater. In fact, any one who willfully, for his own special benefit, puts a stumbling block in the way of making any College organization efficacious, is acting contrary to College spirit, and hurting, by this despicable conduct, not only himself but his crowd and College.

TO OUR BLACK BOYS IN BLUE

THE four black regiments of United States regulars were ordered from the Western army posts to Southern points, to be in readiness for active service on the Southern Atlantic and Gulf coasts and in Cuba in the war between the United States and Spain. The members of these regiments have spent the last twenty years in army service in the Western States. When the Twenty-fifth Infantry reached Chattanooga they found that they were debarred by law and custom from entering all places of common resort, amusement and entertainment, and were really free from insult and arrest nowhere except in the camp at Chickamauga. On the public streets they were insulted and arrested upon flimsy prettexts. The uniform of the United States Army was no more protection than if they had been a lot of black loafers and scrubs, as they found upon more than one occasion.—*N. Y. Sun.*

YOU tilled the land of their fathers,
You turned its Southern soil.
You drained its marshes of fever—
Yet your lot was a lot of toil,
While their homes were full of plenty
And their lily-fingers white.
If the earth's heritage is the worker's wage,
Good God you've the better right!

Because your skin is yellow,
Or tinged to a blacker hue,
While theirs is a few shades lighter
They are shamed if they march with you?
Though you wear the self-same uniforms
And fight with freed-men's hearts
For the flag that floats from our forts and boats
To shield the white man's marts.

If you recounted your lashes
 From the days of your bondage yet,
 The prison-gloom of your pilgrimage
 Which the world will not forget,
 And the recent blood in Georgia,
 The fire and bullets and sod,
 Then refused to go, with their skins of snow—
 You could stretch clean hands to God !

But He, when He marshals His army
 To the trump of earth's reveille,
 Shall touch with an equal glory
 The graves where the black troops be ;
 While they with the white shall gather
 And march with the boys in blue,
 For the flag that floats, o'er our forts and boats,
 To the flag of the black troops, too.

H. R. R.

THE UGLY DUCKLING

TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY

Hawkes University, June 17, 189—

DEAR BOB :—

I was very glad, you may well believe, old man, to get your welcome letter and to hear that you are making such a success of your undertaking. I should have written you more than a month ago but I have been so busy with baseball that I haven't had time. You know yourself from experience that it is no light matter to captain the team. Oh ! How well I remember when you were

captain ; it seems only yesterday. And although you were a Senior, how good you were all that year to poor little freshman me. You took me right under your wing like a father—I'm a little mixed in my dates, here, I guess, but you know I never was much in the literary line. But I sha'n't forget in a long time how you got me out of the clutches of that mucker, Bender, at that little hazing bee when he tried to make me eat soap. And how I did use to look up to you, the Captain of the Ball Team ! Why, my idea of supreme bliss was merely to be on the team ! But to be Captain ! I thought that was the summit of human ambition. I never even dared hope that I—well, I've been captain, and it doesn't seem much after all. Bob, do all our ambitions that our imagination has pictured in such bright colors turn to somber gray when we have achieved them ? I suppose I'll be on the way to settle this question and many others in a few days. Just at present though—it is lazy week—I am busy getting dances for my sisters who are coming to see me graduate, and in dodging those creditors whom I can't pay and in paying those whom I can't dodge. I am glad of these diversions, none the less, for they keep me from thinking of the thing that has rather embittered my last days here at dear old Hawkes, and has made me eager to lay down the burden of college life and to make a fresh start. I suppose I'll have to come to it at last and tell you all about it.

It all has to do with the ball team, as you may have guessed. We have had in most respects a very successful year of it. Started with more than three-fourths of the old men back and plenty of good material. Everything went fairly well ; of course there were ups and downs, but the team has won almost all its games. The thing I can't get over, though, is the fact that we were beaten by those yaps from Trinity. Yes, that is the truth in all its appalling baldness. How it happened ? "Aye, there's the rub." Those

confounded farmers didn't have half as good a team as we had. At first we didn't want even to give them a game, although they were anxious for two, a practice come down from the remote antiquity when they used to be our traditional rivals. Of course now we have outgrown them; they are no longer quite in our class, a fact which they cannot seem to realize. In the end, though, we patched up a date towards the end of the season, for our fellows, as you know, always take delight in "doing them dirty" to the tune of twenty to nothing or something of that kind. During the season we did not pay much attention to their record, beyond noticing that they were playing pretty well for them; you see we had no idea that they would give us any trouble. We thought their game would be a walk-over, and we gleefully expected to fatten up our batting averages at the expense of their pitchers. For, just as it was in your day, their athletics are way out of date; they are years behind the times. They train in a sort of a six-day, go-as-you-please style: smoke when they feel like it, attend Germans the night before important games, half the time they do not have a training table, never a trainer or a coach. The marvel is not that they don't do any better, but that they are able to play as well as they do. Though, to be sure, they always play the game of their lives when they run up against us.

Do you remember Dick Holmes? He is their star pitcher. You know he used to go to prep. school with us; he was in the class after mine, way behind you, but he used to be such an awful darn fool that you may have a vivid impression of him. Gawky Holmes the fellows used to call him, you remember, because he was so awkward and ugly. Lanky and tall, scrawny, big hands and feet, face full of pimples, shambling and uncouth, with a ha-ha! like water running up hill over stones, he was a whole comic almanac to all the school. Add to this that he was a no good dub at all athletic

sports, though he persisted in trying all of them, and you have about as unpromising a specimen as you could find on a long trolley ride. Why, I remember the last year I was at school when we played our great rival, Saulsbury School, he struck out every time he came to the bat, muffed everything that came his way, and at last when he missed a dead easy fly right in his hands, which gave the game to Saulsbury, I was so mad that I gave him a tall call-down. I told him that he was no use on earth, that he would never be able to play ball in a month of Fourth of Julys, that he would better go learn tiddledy-winks. Ugh! I don't know of any fellow I ever met who went so badly against my grain as he did. Well, that was about the last I saw of him 'till a few weeks ago. I had heard in the meantime that he had left school and staid out for a couple of years, and last autumn I was told that he had entered Trinity, which I thought was a good place for him. I thanked Heaven that he had not come to Hawkes.

But I am digressing from our game with Trinity. To make a long story short, we met them a week ago Saturday on their grounds. There was the usual crowd on hand with flags and ribbons; Grace, my favorite sister, was there with a party of friends, and the Trinity farmers were out in full force. Just before the game Jack Ebbets, our Manager, you know, came up to me. "Say, my boy," said he, "this isn't so worse after all; the gate receipts are rolling in and the game will be a little Roman holiday for our boys. Oh, I'm not sorry that we came." The game began just then and we went to the bat. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw Gawk Holmes in the box. With a whoop I gleefully called out to our team, "Boys, this is meat, their pitcher can't even play marbles, we'll make runs till the cows come home and it's milking time for the Trinity farmers." Gawky pitched pretty well, but he was nervous and wild at first. We got a run in the first inning and another in

the second ; then he took a brace and we didn't score till the fifth. But in that inning we fell on him and pounded out five runs, with only one man out ; the bases were full and our best batters coming up. I thought we were just about going to put Gawky out of the business, and, to tell the truth, he was pretty badly rattled. "Steady, steady, Dick !" came the calm voice of the Trinity Captain, and he did steady. He struck out big Reddy Dunn, our heaviest batter, and got two strikes on the next man, who only saved himself from a strike-out by scratching a slow grounder to short-stop and he died an easy death on first. After that inning Gawky pitched great ball and not a man of us saw third base. Really, it was as fine an exhibition of pitching as I have seen for a long time. At the end of the fifth, the score stood seven to three in our favor, and we let up a little on our playing ; that is in the field, for at the bat we were at the mercy of that confounded yap. By the beginning of the ninth, the score was seven to six, and, though we should have liked a larger lead, we thought we were sure to carry off the honors, for our twirler, Billy Webb, was pitching his usual old reliable game. In our half of the ninth we were blanked, and when, in Trinity's half, there were two men out and a man on second, the crowd, thinking it was all over, began to leave, and our fellows on the bench packed up our bats and got our things together in readiness to leave. Then Gawky Holmes came to the bat. "Here's an easy mark, boys," cried I, and addressing our pitcher, "Billy strike the Freshman out, just to show that it isn't as if you couldn't." But just then Gawky poked out a two-bagger along the right field line and the man on second came home, tying the score. Gawky staid on second though, for the next man was an easy victim. Now, here comes the bitterest part of all. In our inning we got a man around to third, on a base on balls and two sacrifices, then I came up and a little single would win the

game. The boys all looked to me to do it ; for I don't think I have told you I am leading the batting list. But, Bob, just think of my shame and disgust, when, before I fairly knew it, that ass and yahoo struck me out ! After that nothing happened 'till the end of the twelfth inning, when Gawky hit a measly single between first and second, that our second base man would have had if he had only played where I had repeatedly told him to play ; he then stole second, went to third on a sacrifice and came home on a long fly. The game was theirs, eight to seven.

When it was all over, Holmes came up to me. He has lost his pimples and, like a mastif puppy, he has grown up to his hands and feet. "Well, Harry," he said, "you fellows had hard luck. But I know the game a little better than I did when we last played together." At this point my sister came up. Of course, I didn't want to have her know such an awful chump, but he didn't have the decency to leave me, and she brazenly said, "Harry, I don't believe I have ever met your friend," and what could I do? Devil take the girl ! Then we talked together for a minute or two, or rather they two chatted, and I stood by with what dignified resignation I could command—"sulked in moody silence," as my sister remarked afterwards. I was actually surprised at Gawky, to tell the truth ; to a person who didn't know him, he gave quite a fair imitation of a gentleman and good fellow. Though, of course, knowing him as I do, I saw right through the cad's double-faced deception. I haven't come to quite the worst yet, either. Grace is badly gone on him ! If it wasn't my sister, I'd say it was actually the best joke I had ever heard. She says he is so clever and athletic and handsome. Handsome ! mind you. That is all girls think of, I do believe—I used to think they had more sense. And would you believe it? She has been seen to wear a Trinity, pin as my kid brother disgustedly told me. You know he is on to take his entrance exams ; he comes to Hawkes next fall.

I really can't control myself to write another word. I shall have to go over to the "gym" and punch the bag for a whole hour before I can regain my usual sweet and placid urbanity. Good-bye, old fellow, and good luck to you,

Sincerely your friend,

HARRY STYLES.

THE CRICKET

WHEN all the summer's cheer had fled,
A blithe-souled singer, almost dead,

With autumn's sky and earth frost-bound,
Bright warmth beside my fire found.

'Twas "chirp, chirp, chirp," its cheery note
It ever sang as if by rote.

'Twas "chirp, chirp, chirp" till summer came,
And warmed itself at my hearth's flame.

So, dear, when days of youth are past,
And Life's long autumn comes at last,

May some one sit and sing to me,
Just "love, love, love,"—and spring must be!

H. R. R.

AN AUCTION

GOING ! GOING ! GONE !

“THE Journal” has broken up shop
And has left me its lumber to sell.
Of Extras !! I have a large crop—
All lies that would reach down to—Well
Here's a picture ; a Jew, their dead boss,
It's almost as cheap as the saint.
Come ! buy ! 'twill be greatly your loss
If you miss knowing news as it ain't !

Here's scandals just fit for a quean,
And served in the daintiest style !
Here's scenes of a fight that ain't been !
Here's blood !! sh—it's only red ile.
Here's millions just stolen from tramps !
Here's murders to make your flesh creep !
Here's pictures of ladies with cramps !
Come ! Gents buy these Journals, they're cheap !

Here, Gent ! Buy a journal ! What ? No ?
You're only just chucking a bluff !
Don't care for a paper that's low ?
Dead sick of their lies and like stuff ?
Come ! I won't be jollied that way !
Here's a Journal, sir, only one cent !
Good Lord ! I'll expect *soon*, you'll say
That you're backing our President !

A SONG—MY HEART

TAKE it or trample it, sweet, my sweet,
Take it or trample it, still 'tis yours,
Take it and make it coronal, meet
For your broad, bright brow, while my life endures.

Love is not mocked, though my gift you spurn,
Love's sum is more for my love I know.
Add to it, add to it, dear, and turn
To life's red rose, from its rose of snow.

H. R. R.

LOVE'S NAME

AS if one touched a secret spring some day,
And lo ! a treasure hidden with all care,
By crafty hands long turned to craftless clay,
Should suddenly in all its beauty rare
Flash on the eyes, amazed to find it there ;
Or like the change that comes when winter grey
Flees over night and leaves each hill-side bare
For spring's bright garlands and the kiss of May :

So sweet, so sudden in thine eyes there came—
I know not when it was or why or whence—
One single look that flame-like spelt Love's name
Upon Life's blackness when it seemed most dense,
That brightened all my past, burned out its blame,
And to my pauper state brought Love's large opulence.

H. R. R.

CONCERNING A SO-CALLED SPRING TIME

FROM ONE EX-SOPHOMORE'S POINT OF VIEW

A POPULAR novelist in one of his most popular novels speaks of "those golden hours of youth that glow so warm, and shine so bright, and fleet so soon." This is but one of a thousand instances that might be cited of what may be called an apotheosis of youth. You find much in literature about the "period of hope and happiness called youth," but very little of the same in life. In theory, youth is all sunshine and roses; in reality there is much sadness and foreboding. Much talk there is about the conceit and self-assurance of "young men." We often hear reiterated Horace Greeley's remark "Of all horned cattle deliver me from a young college graduate." While the fact is, nine of the aforesaid "young graduates" out of ten reach the end of their college life with a feeling of despondency in regard to the future. It does not seem that young men usually need suppression so much as they do encouragement. Is there anything more discouraging than hard work which *per se* is only "discipline" in eternally getting ready to do something? There is no lie more frequently and believably uttered than "school days are the happiest of one's life." Look at the variety and enjoyment of the ordinary school boy's life. Five days in the week the wonted monotony and grind from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. enlivened perhaps by punishment for bad behavior or severe treatment on the part of the teacher, induced by a semi-monthly attack of dyspepsia. Out of school, the school-boy "helps" at home; goes on many disagreeable errands, and plays a little with the boys. Saturday, after the performance of sundry tasks which have been accumulating during the week—tasks of a congenial nature, such as cleaning the barn or helping at the office—our typical school-boy

manages to get in a few hours of what he imagines is fun. His Sundays are of a very various description. 'Tis the glorious period of existence! The "golden hours" aforesaid. But he is getting discipline. He will profit by it. True, and he will continue in the same course of discipline to the grave. It is a good thing in its way, but an extremely poor kind of enjoyment. And so he gets an excellent common-school education. Then come three or four years of "getting ready" for college; years of Latin composition and Greek verbs; years of "laying a good foundation;" years of Greek and grind! Then college where a faithful student has forty hours work a day constantly on hand. And at last after twelve or fifteen years spent like Mr. Mantalini's in "always turning, perpetually turning, like a derved old horse in a demnition mill," he comes to the beginning of life and finds himself—nowhere. "You conceited fool," says the complacent self-made man, "do you expect to find bank presidencies waiting for you? Begin as I did and in eighty or ninety years if you have got it in you, you may succeed as I have." Once more those golden hours of youth and hope!

Being now ready to commence life in earnest, he looks for something to do. If he is not the one man out of a hundred who has some influential relative or friend that has a "good place" waiting for him, our young friend has his choice of business or a profession. If he chooses business, he finds himself where he would have been had he begun five or ten years earlier, only worse off in several respects. His education and training have made especially repugnant many of the disagreeable details of business, which fact the "practical man" knows; and, accordingly, said "practical man" takes unspeakable delight in inflicting upon him every disagreeable task possible. If one has spent ten years and several thousand dollars in study, there is something peculiarly discouraging in then knowing that as far as money goes he can in business command often

eight and sometimes ten dollars a week with the prospect of ultimately increasing to twelve. But our friend may not choose "business." Suppose he choose a profession—Law for example. Without following him through the Law School and the subsequent years of "getting ready," we can clearly see that, if he succeeds, he "will win to hearth and saddle of his own" some ten years after the date which found his capitalist brother a Trustee and Director in a dozen "Great Companies."

But "What are we going to do about it?" As the Professor of "Economic Science" says: "You may not like it—but you can't help it." The answer is as great a puzzle, as far from complete solution, as the whereabouts of Hurree Chunder Mookerjee.

"What became of Mookerjee? Ask Mahommed Yar,
"Prodding Siva's Sacred Bull down the Bow Bazar:
"Speak to placid Nubbee Baksh—Question land and sea—
"Ask the Indian Congress men—*only don't ask me!*"

Ex-Under-Class-Man.

MY WIFE AND I

"I WISH," said my wife, "that I were even the most uninteresting newspaper." "The *Journal*," suggested I, looking calmly into the fire. "You could do for the *Waterbury Herald*. But really, think what a boon it would be when you are talking to an irresponsive woman?" said my wife. "There always turns up something to keep them a-going when on the verge of bankruptcy. First comes hard-times extras on the latest stock quotations and failures. Then the football season—pictures of players and scenes

of dreadful accidents!—then comments on the brutality of the grid-iron game—and now its war—war—war! Battles in the air—plans of campaign. The Ledville Spy bloomed out with an original suggestion of a battalion of elephants.”

“A good idea,” said I. “They always do fight tigers on elephants—I—My uncle—” “Which one?” said my wife, “the one in Hartford or Singapore? Has he enlisted and raised a battalion of Arians, to be made a Colonel? He would not be the first one whose patriotism is—Why, our minister who gets a salary of eight hundred a year, he’s offered his services as chaplain of the army at twelve hundred dollars a year—quite a good call for him.”

“Well, you need not laugh at patriotism because you have none. It’s a fine thing to see college men enlisting, casting aside the whole of their education”—“Bills and exams.,” chirped in my wife—“to have an outing at Niantic or Chickamauga.” “Well, if they did not go, who would?” said I angrily. “Why, the jingo senators and papers who have been so anxious to show their wounds to posterity. It’s the only way to decrease that exuberant population. For my part, when the need comes, I go, but until then, I’ll stay at home and help pay the taxes. By the way, here’s a clipping and it shows my ideal of womanhood:—

SHE DOETH WHAT SHE CAN

“SHE sits alone in the window seat,
Watching the soldiers who throng the street.
A tear clings fast to her gentle eye,
Her bosom heaves with a sudden sigh,
And her slender fingers that clutch the sill
Wave proud adieu with a royal will.
But her mouth in its motion never slacks
O’er the gum she cheweth to pay the tax.

There are women who go to the battle front,
Women in hospitals bearing the brunt,
Women who serve 'neath the Red Cross sign,
Women whose mission seems half divine.
But Annabel sits at the widow high,
She cannot go where the bullets fly,
But steadily onward through packs and packs—
She cheweth the gum to pay the tax."

"Well, if she can do that, can't I stay at home and drink the beer?"

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS

DR. ROBB has been called to New London by Major Smith S. Leach, who is in charge of the government work of providing adequate defenses for Long Island Sound. The exact nature of the work intrusted to Dr. Robb is not definitely known, but it is well understood, however, that it is the placing of electric mines and torpedoes for the coast defenses. During Dr. Robb's absence Mr. Benton will have charge of the Physics department.

The baseball schedule, corrected to the present date, is as follows; May 14, West Point; 18, Hamilton; 19, Syracuse; 26, Amherst; 27, Dartmouth; 28, Williston Seminary; June 4, Wesleyan; 8, Amherst at Trinity; 15, Williams.

Clement, '00, is at Mount Gretna with Company E, Twelfth Regiment, N. G. P., of which company he has been a member for over four years.

During the absence of Dr. Robb, Dr. Martin will act as the Senior class officer.

Green, '99, and Owen, '99, have enlisted in Company F, First Regiment, G. N. C., and are now in camp at Niantic. Mechtold, '99, has enlisted with the Seventy-first Regiment, N. Y. N. G., and is now with his company at Hempstead, L. I.

Sparks, '97, has recently been visiting friends at college.

Eaton, '99, is acting manager of the "Jesters."

Sutton, '99, who has joined the New York Naval Reserve, is on board of the "Nahant."

Arvedson, '01, is in camp at Springfield, Ill., with the N. G. I.

The "Jesters" will give the "Shakespeare Water Cure" at Parsons' Theater on the evening of May 16. The cast is the same as last published with the exception that Hornor, '00, has been assigned the part of "Shylock" in place of Owen, '99, who has joined the Connecticut National Guard.

ATHLETICS

HARTFORD 16, TRINITY 1.

THE opening game of the season was played on April 13th, at the Hartford grounds. Trinity put up a ragged game, both in team and individual play, but due allowance must be made, as it was the first time the nine had played together and several of the players were green. Ames, Bowen and Brandt pitched for the Hartfords, Bowen being the only one Trinity could hit. The run was tallied in the fourth inning when Graves lined out a clean base hit. Sutton attempted a sacrifice with a clever bunt. O'Brien got the ball in time, but overthrew first. When the ball was finally recovered, Graves had crossed the plate, and Sutton was on third. He was caught napping, however, and spoiled Trinity's only other chance of scoring, as Fiske singled after Bunn had struck out.

Graves had fine control of the ball and pitched a good game, striking out five men. He injured his ankle in the sixth inning and was compelled to retire. Bunn taking his place. Graves, Sutton and Brown put up the best ball for Trinity, and Purvis, Tate and Connor for Hartford.

TRINITY.							HARTFORD.						
AB	R	IB	PO	A	E		AB	R	IB	PO	A	E	
Graves, p.....	3	1	1	2	0	0	Wolsifer.....	5	1	1	0	0	0
Sutton, c.....	3	0	1	7	0	0	Bottenus.....	5	3	1	0	0	0
Bunn, 2d p.....	3	0	0	1	3	1	Purvis.....	6	2	4	11	0	0
Fiske, 3b.....	3	0	1	1	3	1	Tate.....	6	1	1	2	0	0
Glazebrook, ss..	3	0	0	2	0	3	Doherty.....	5	1	1	3	3	1
Brown, lf.....	3	0	0	2	0	0	Childs.....	5	1	0	2	2	1
Bellamy, rf & 2b.	3	0	1	0	0	0	O'Brien.....	4	3	1	0	2	1
Waterman, cf....	3	0	0	2	0	3	Roach.....	2	0	1	2	0	0
R. Peck, 1b.....	3	0	0	7	0	2	Connor.....	3	1	2	6	2	0
Cooke, rf.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	Ames.....	2	0	0	0	1	1
							Bowen.....	2	2	2	0	1	0
							Brandt.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	28	1	4	24	6	10							
							Totals.....	46	16	14	26	11	4

Score by innings :

Trinity.....	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1
Hartford.....	1	6	0	1	3	3	1	1	16	

Two base hits, Purvis 2, Tate ; three base hits, Bottenus ; stolen bases, Doherty ; double play, Childs to Purvis ; bases on balls, by Graves 3 ; hit by pitched ball, by Graves 2 ; struck out, by Graves 5, Bunn 1, Ames 1, Bowen 4 ; passed balls, Sutton 1 ; wild pitches, by Bunn 1 ; time of game, two hours ; umpire, Vickery.

HOLY CROSS 14, TRINITY 2.

Trinity played a far better game with Holy Cross than the score indicates. Graves went in to pitch with a strained shoulder and did remarkably well considering the fact that he should have been on the bench. He kept the hits well scattered in all but two innings when his arm gave out. The outfielders played superb ball, accepting every chance. The diamond was very muddy and the infielders had a hard time in starting for the ball, thus allowing many hits, but notwithstanding they put up a good game. A marked improvement, both in team and individual work, was noticeable. Graves, Sutton, Bunn and Brown played the best game for Trinity, and Fox, Gaffney and McAllister for Holy Cross.

TRINITY.							HOLY CROSS.						
AB	R	BH	PO	A	E		AB	R	BH	PO	A	E	
Graves, p.....	4	1	2	2	6	0	Lavin, c.....	6	0	1	2	0	1
Sutton, c.....	4	0	2	1	0	1	Curley, 2b.....	3	1	0	2	4	1
Bunn, 2b.....	4	0	1	4	3	0	McAllister, cf. . .	5	2	2	1	0	0
Fiske, 3b.....	4	1	0	1	3	0	Dyer, ss.....	5	1	2	1	4	0
Glazebrook, ss..	4	0	0	3	4	2	Fox, 3b.....	4	2	4	0	2	0
Brown, lf.....	4	0	2	5	0	0	Gaffney, 1b.....	6	1	2	10	1	0
Bellamy, cf.....	4	0	0	1	1	0	Brennan.....	6	2	3	2	0	1
Brines, rf.....	4	0	0	0	0	0	Kenney, rf.....	6	2	3	2	0	1
Peck, 1b.....	3	0	0	10	0	0	Linnehan.....	4	0	1	4	2	0
Totals.....	35	2	7	27	17	3	Griffin.....	1	1	1	1	2	2
							Totals.....	47	14	20	27	17	7

Score by innings :

Trinity.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1—2
Holy Cross.....	0	1	0	4	0	2	2	8	2—14

Two base hits, McAllister 2, Kenney, Brennan, Griffin, Graves, Bunn, Brown ; stolen bases, Lavin, Brennan ; double plays, Griffin-Curley-Gaffney, Dyer-Curley ; bases on balls, by Graves, 3 ; bases on hit by pitched balls, by Graves, 2 ; struck out, by Linnehan 1, by Griffin 2 ; time of game, 2 hours, 15 minutes.

PERSONALS

The Rev. C. E. PHELPS, '42, has been made Rector Emeritus of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, New Brunswick, N. J.

The report for 1897 of the Connecticut State Board of Health, of which Dr. C. A. LINDSLEY, '49, and GEORGE P. INGERSOLL, '83, are members, has been recently published.

The Rev. EDWARD SEYMOUR, '52, has been appointed missionary at Carlyle and Centralia, Ill.

A tablet to the memory of the late J. GARDNER WHITE, '54, has been placed in the Church of the Ascension, East Cambridge, Mass.

The sermon at the opening of the late convention of the Diocese of New Jersey was preached by the Rev. H. H. OBERLY, '65.

The preface to the new edition of Trumbull's History of Connecticut has a complimentary notice of the researches of Professor HENRY FERGUSON, '68, into the subject of Witchcraft Trials in Connecticut.

The Rev. Dr. G. W. DOUGLAS, '71, has resigned the rectorship of Trinity Church, New Haven, Conn.

The Rev. JOHN GRAHAM, '72, has accepted the rectorship of the St. Paul's Church, Troy, Penn.

HARLOW C. CURTISS, '81, is a charter member of the University Club of Buffalo and a member of its council.

The *Church Eclectic* for May has as frontispiece a portrait of the Rev. WM. WALTER WEBB, '82, Professor and Acting President of Nashotah House.

The address of ARTHUR C. HALL, '88, is 601 Lexington Avenue, New York.

JOHN B. MCCOOK, M.D., '90, has been appointed Assistant Surgeon of the First Regiment, C. N. G.

MARRIED—in Trinity Church, Tacoma, Washington, April 29th, WILLIAM ANDARIESE BULL, ex-'91, and Miss HELEN FORSYTHE LITTLE.

CLARKE CHURCHMAN, ex-'93, has been graduated at West Point and assigned to artillery duty.

Lieut. J. M. WAINWRIGHT, '95, of the First Regiment, C. N. G., has been promoted to be Adjutant, with the rank of Captain.

G. S. MCCOOK, '97, left his position as master at Holderness School to enlist in Company F, First Regiment, C. N. G.

The Trinity men in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, New York City, reflect great honor on their Alma Mater. All the Trinity men in the graduating class have made hospital appointments upon competitive examination, as follows: Bellevue Hospital, Fourth Division, F. C. EDGERTON, '94, made first appointment; First Division, H. H. PELTON, '93, made fourth appointment; New York Hospital, W. W. VIBBERT, '94, and V. C. PEDERSON, '91, made respectively third and first appointments.

THE STROLLER

THE STROLLER sees with deep regret that the Trinity Battalion has ceased to drill and is practically defunct. Has all our military enthusiasm and patriotic ardor oozed out with the departure of the mere handful of men who have enlisted in various volunteer organizations? Or did we just go into the thing for buncombe? Of course, THE STROLLER feels with most of us here that there is no occasion for us to go to the front just yet. The Spanish embargo is a mere bagatelle. But if the logic of events,—call it destiny or providence, as you please,—has placed in our hands as a nation great power, power unselfishly to be exercised for the good of humanity, the spread of civilization and enlightenment, the eventual peace of all mankind, we cannot shirk our plain duty, and America will have to take her place among the great countries of the earth. With nations as with men, when maturity comes, willing or unwilling, we have to assume responsibility and perform the work thrust upon us. Whether America, whether the English-speaking race, is to bear the torch of progress to the end, or like the races that have gone before, is to pass it on to other hands, we cannot say; what we do know is, that our turn has come. Doubtless complications may arise in years to come, and the country will need the intelligent and ready service of all her sons. Unnatural as it is, in the world as at present constituted, superior force, readiness for war, is the surest guarantee of peace. And we, as educated men, ought to be prepared to respond to our country's call at once and with knowledge of what we have to do. Where a better place to learn than at college? THE STROLLER sincerely hopes that the Battalion may not be allowed to die, but that it may be taken up again as a permanent organization with renewed enthusiasm. The President of the college has expressed his willingness and ability to obtain a military instructor and equipment from the government if the organization showed signs of lasting. Perhaps in time military drill might take the place of the not too popular gym work. At any rate, for the good of our country, for the honor of our college, and last and least for our own advantage, let us do our best to push to a successful end the Trinity Battalion.