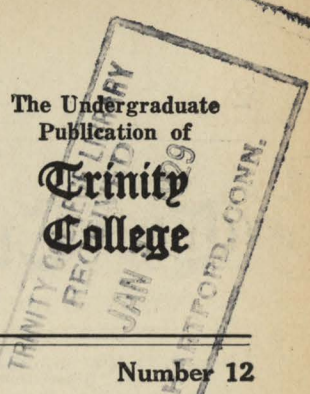




The Tripod

The Undergraduate
Publication of
**Trinity
College**



Volume XXV

HARTFORD, CONN., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1928

Number 12

JESTERS' FIRST PLAY PROVES BIG SUCCESS

"The Private Secretary" is Fast, Clever Farce Comedy

SCAIFE AND ABBOTT STAR

Other Members of Cast Also Do Well

The Trinity College Jesters gave their first play of the season, "The Private Secretary", by Charles Hawtry, at the Hartford Club last Monday evening, December 17, at 8.15 before a good-sized and appreciative audience. The play was a peppy and swift-moving farce comedy, and the many very humorous lines and situations caused the house to burst into gales of laughter from time to time; there was hardly a moment when there was not at least a titter going on.

The main scene, which is the same for the second and third acts, is in the morning-room of the country home of Mr. Marsland, an English country gentleman. The location is somewhere presumably not far from London. The scene of the first act is set in the apartments of Douglas Cattermole at Mrs. Steads's in London.

The two most prominent parts were those of Mr. Cattermole and the Rev. Mr. Spaulding. Scaife, '31, as Cattermole, and Abbott, '32, as Spaulding, were easily the hits of the evening in their superbly depicted interpretations of two very humorous characters. Mr. Cattermole is a very irascible old gentleman who is continually having his name mispronounced, and he is at great pains throughout the play to correct errors on this score. Scaife played the part of this lovable old spitfire with great realism. Abbott gave a tremendously effective comic characterization as Spaulding, who is an extraordinarily meek and mild-mannered young man. His many "goods and chattels" were widely scattered about the premises most of the time.

Harwood Loomis, '29, President of the Jesters, gave a fine performance in the role of Douglas Cattermole, nephew of old Mr. Cattermole. In the play Douglas takes the place of Mr. Marsland's new private secretary, while Spaulding, the real secretary, is taken to be the nephew of Mr. Cattermole, to the great mutual disgust of these two. Isherwood, '31, nicely played his part as the English country gentleman, Mr. Marsland. His nephew, Harry Marsland, played by Man Innes, '30, showed the latter in some of the best acting he has ever done. Coles, '30, a veteran Senior Jester, was as amusing as he always is in his character role, this time as Sydney Gibson, a London tailor who wants to be a gentleman and only succeeds in being a very great nuisance. His intoxicated scene with Cattermole was very funny indeed. Two minor parts, those of Knox, a writ-server, and John, the butler, were well done by Hey, '29, and Twaddle, '31, respectively.

The feminine portion of the cast was very ably supported in the persons of Linn, '30, as Edith, Mr. Marsland's daughter; Klurfeld, '29, as Eva Webster, her friend; Bronstein, '32, as the governess, Miss Ashford; and Guckenbuehler, '31, as Mrs. Stead. Linn and Klurfeld made a very winsome pair of young ladies who were

(Continued on page 3.)

Open Letter to "Tripod" from President Ogilby

The Deanery, Canterbury,
December 1, 1928.

To the Editor of "The Tripod":

Every time I climb the winding staircase to my little room in the tower here, dating from the 13th century, I feel very insignificant and strangely new. I look out over the ruins of the Priory in the moonlight and wonder what Trinity College will look like six hundred years from now. Will the archaeologists of future ages crawl through our ruined subways and speculate upon our civilization? What deductions will they draw from finding a Ford crank-case in what to them will be a pre-historic junk heap? To us these ruins of old England are filled with meaning, for they give us occasional light in the origin of our institutions.

In some such spirit I have spent two profitable Saturday afternoons watching Rugby football. It is the great-grandfather of our game, and I must confess that the descendant seems to me somewhat degenerate. English 'Rugger' is a much better game to watch than ours and as far as I can tell, it is much more fun to play. I rode home in the bus with the St. Augustine's College team this afternoon after a game they had played with an Army team at a nearby airport. The soldiers had won, due in large measure to superior weight and a much larger constituency to draw from, but the college boys seemed quite jolly over the short end of a nine to three score. They chatted about it with me over our pipes (they made no fetish of training), and were in no sense despondent. They had enjoyed the afternoon greatly.

It was not easy to see at once all the fine points of the "scrum", the direct ancestor of our scrum, in which the eight forwards of each team push and strive to heel the ball out to the backs, but the brilliant passing of the seven backs to each other as they tried to get clear for a run was a constant source of thrill. It was a marvel to me to see a back on the dead run confronted by several tacklers punt the ball down the field, usually into "touch" over the sidelines, or even try for a goal by a drop-kick without slackening his stride.

What I do want to pass on to the pampered athletes of American football is a few remarks on the physical condition of the English players. In both the games I have seen, the teams played for two forty-minute periods without time being taken out, the ball almost continuously in play and both backs and forwards constantly called on for dashes and bursts of top speed. The ball would pass from one end of the field to the other with much greater frequency than in our game, and though all our interference is barred by rule, there was plenty of physical impact. Yet there was no time taken out for injuries or rest, and no substitutions. Once this afternoon I saw an Army forward, after a harder jolt than usual, stagger over to the sidelines and drop on his back. His team paid no attention to him and went on playing with one man short until finally he picked himself up and flung himself once more into the fray. In the five-minute rest between the halves both teams stay on the field, standing up and chatting with their opponents. And there was no water-boy on the field! I may be

(Continued on page 3.)

TRINITY GETS STONES FROM ENGLISH COLLEGE

On Thursday, November 29, the Warden, Subwarden and Fellows of the Missionary College of St. Augustine voted to present to the Trustees of Trinity College, Hartford, two pieces of stone for the new Trinity College Chapel. St. Augustine's is the second oldest college in England and occupies the site of the old monastery founded by St. Augustine over 1300 years ago. The stones are:

1—A piece of Caen stone from Normandy, formerly part of St. Ethelbert's tower, the N. W. tower of the Abbey Church of St. Peter, St. Paul and St. Augustine, built about 1080. During the 19th century this tower was taken down and the stone bought by the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church Cathedral, Canterbury, and made into a screen behind the Great Altar. Later this screen was taken down and the stone returned to St. Augustine's College.

2—A piece of Roman tile from the Chapel of St. Pancras, within the precincts of the Abbey Church. This Chapel of St. Pancras is said to have been a pagan temple, and to have been made into a Christian Church in 598; it is just conceivable that the building was of Roman date and that it was an ancient British Church before it became a Saxon temple. This tile may therefore be over 1700 years old, carrying with it a long history.

Trinity Second Team Wins from Hartford High

The Blue and Gold second team started its basketball season auspiciously last Saturday night at the Hopkins Street gym, with a win over the Hartford Public High School Second team by a score of 18 to 11. The game, which was a preliminary to the 'Varsity-Alumni affair, moved quite swiftly and the first half ended with Coach Oosting's players on the long end of an 8 to 6 score, which wasn't very long, no matter which way you look at it. In this half, Galino and Adams each made a field goal and a foul, and Meier and Andrus each helped things along with one foul shot apiece. For the Hartford team, Garino made two field goals and Schofield made one.

In the second half, Dann, who was substituting for Gooding, made two nice shots from the floor, and Meier and Galino each made one, and a foul

(Continued on page 3.)

Debating Club Elects

A meeting of those interested in debating was held last Monday in Seabury 8, and Joseph Ronald Regnier, '30, of Hartford, was elected president of the Trinity Debating Club. The other officers elected were Philip Morba Cornwell, '30, vice-president; Charles Jacobson, '31, secretary, and John F. Walker, Jr., '29, debate manager. Professor J. L. Leonard of the Economics Department spoke of "The Value of Debating." In his talk Professor Leonard stressed the value of being able to speak in public as one of the primary requisites for later success, especially in the practice of law.

The club will meet every two weeks, and at the next meeting, which will be held the first Monday after the

(Continued on page 3.)

Brill Gives Lecture to Freshmen on Journalism

On Monday, December 10, Mr. Brill addressed the Freshman class and upper classmen on the subject of journalism. His extensive experience with newspapers enabled him to give a comprehensive outline of the history of newspapers, as well as description of the organization of a modern newspaper.

Mr. Brill showed how the original newspaper was actually an organ devoted entirely to the printing of news. It was usually a one or two-page sheet, printed very closely. This paper soon added advertisements to pay expenses and was now a four-page paper. Then some enterprising persons started to express their personal opinions in the paper—thus initiating the present editorials; first a column and then a separate sheet. This development led to the period of great editors, including Charles Dana, Horace Greeley, and Charles Clark.

Papers kept developing and growing, the number of advertisements increasing with the paper. Eventually, the newspaper became a profitable business organization. Stock was formed and investors earned money from dividends. Thus, advertising was more strongly emphasized and the value of a paper depended upon its advertising strength or distribution. This led to the question of publishing a paper which might have the greatest appeal to the majority. And so we have our modern newspaper.

The manner of getting news is very systematic. The editorial department, which is the department printing all news, is divided into the city, state, and national divisions. The city department has reporters assigned to "beats"—police news, fire news, hotel news, sporting news, etc. The state department has representatives in all cities of the state. These correspond or communicate by telephone. The national and universal news is telegraphed from central points in Boston and New York to newspaper offices throughout the New England states. Other cities are the central points for different sections of the country, in this way giving a complete network of telegraph communication. Oversea news is cabled to New York and from there spread over the United States. A bit of "flash" news (an important news item in one sentence), may be sent to every small town in the United States in less than a half hour.

Of course, as Mr. Brill explained, every bit of news is carefully scrutinized for statements which would needlessly offend persons or races since a paper must keep a large circulation to hold its advertising value. The news is sent to the linotyping room where the type is set. The proofs are corrected and the matrix is made from the type forms. The matrix is a metal alloy which is given the impression of the type and then set in the printing presses; each sheet having its own matrix. Mr. Brill then explained how the papers come off the huge presses and are distributed into circulation.

This lecture was very interesting and Mr. Brill touched upon subjects which would explain the "romance of journalism."

TRINITY 'VARSITY TRIMS ALUMNI IN FIRST GAME

Team Opens Basketball Season with 39-12 Win

BISSELL PLAYS FINE GAME

Whitaker and Taute Star for Alumni

After an unimpressive first half during which the 'varsity attack seemed to lack aggressiveness and team play, the Blue and Gold rallied in the second canto to swamp the Alumni team by a score of 39 to 12. At the half, the 'Varsity led only by the slim margin of 7 to 5, and the "grads" seemed to be holding their own quite commendably. However, in the closing half Coach Oosting's players started a scoring spurt and this, coupled with the fact that the older players were getting slightly "pooped", culminated in a decisive victory for the undergraduate team.

The highest scorer of the evening and the outstanding player of the game was Johnny Bissell, who scored five field goals from every angle of the court, and four out of four tries from the foul line. Bissell who was on the squad last year, and who reported for practice only three days before the opening game, was also strong on the defensive. His passing, however, was rather ragged at times and far below his scoring ability.

The game went on for about five minutes before any score was made by either side. Finally "Bub" Whitaker, 'Varsity player for three years and captain in his junior year, made a long spectacular shot from the center of the floor, and a short time later "Nick" Mastronarde, captain of last year's quintet, added a point for the Alumni from the black line. This lead of 3 to 0 the "grads" held for about fourteen minutes, until "Joe" Fleming made the first score of the season for the 'Varsity with a long field goal from the side of the court. Fleming followed with two foul markers and "Bill" Nye likewise added a point. At this point in the game both teams substituted and Bissell made his first basket of the evening, and "Walt" Riley hooped one for the Alumni. The half ended with the 'Varsity leading, 7 to 5.

Coach Oosting's lecture during the intermission must have had some effect on his team, for they played with more spirit and aggressiveness when the second half began. Practically everybody on the team started making field goals. Bissell hooped four, Nye and Slossberg three apiece, Fleming two, and DesChamps one.

The defensive work of the 'Varsity also improved noticeably. "Rudy" Taute was the only member of the Alumni team, who had any success, making three field goals. Mastronarde added the last point from the foul line. The defensive game played by the "grads" was also very strong. Nye, the tall 'Varsity center who scored many points at that post last year, and who has showed up well in practice, was held practically scoreless during the first half by the superb playing of Whitaker and Adolph Taute. His only score was a foul shot, and they kept him covered

(Continued on page 3.)

The Tripod

TRINITY COLLEGE.
Hartford, Conn.

Member, Eastern Intercollegiate Newspaper Association.

Published twenty-six times during the year.

Subscribers are urged to report promptly any irregularity in the receipt of THE TRIPOD. All complaints and business communications should be addressed to THE TRIPOD, Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. The columns of THE TRIPOD are at all times open to alumni, undergraduates, and others for the free discussion of matters of interest to Trinity men. No anonymous communications will be considered, though if the correspondent so desires, his name will not be published. THE TRIPOD assumes no responsibility for sentiments expressed by correspondents.

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Literary Editor

Karl König, 1929

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William Bradford Gardner, 1930

John Kazarian, 1930
Kenneth Allen Linn, 1930
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Entered at the Post Office, Hartford, Conn., as second-class matter.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in paragraph 4, section 412, Act of October 28, 1925, authorized October 14, 1926.

Subscription Price, \$2.50 per Year. Advertising Rates furnished on application.



THRU THE EDITOR'S TRIPOD

A LITERARY CLUB.

We have printed in this number of "The Tripod" a letter from Mr. John Kazarian concerning the possibility of forming a literary club and possibly a literary magazine at Trinity. We wish to express our entire agreement with the writer of this letter in the sentiments which he embodies in his communication, and to assure any who may be interested in such an organization of our enthusiastic support.

Some years ago there existed at Trinity College a magazine devoted to the publication of literary contributions from the student body, and known as "The Tablet." After a long period of success, this publication was discontinued, suffering the fate which so many other worthy movements on our campus have shared. We do not know whether or not this was due to the disturbing influences of "the war", of which we hear so much in connection with the failure of other organizations, but the fact remains that "The Tablet" failed. Last year there was an optimistic effort to revive this forgotten institution, but for some reason it was not a success. The literary column which was instituted in "The Tripod" at the time was the only fruit borne by that futile effort. This column may have its defects, and it certainly has very definite limitations, but its very existence shows potentialities for a magazine devoted entirely to literary contributions. Such a publication would, of course, have a scope and position utterly outside that of "The Tripod," which is, and should be, primarily a news organ.

A literary publication would certainly have plenty of opportunity for development at Trinity, and we do not doubt that there is sufficient literary talent in the college at present to assure the quality of its contents. It might be difficult to finance such

an undertaking at first, but greater obstacles than that are being met and overcome by some of the other organizations on the campus.

In any case, there can be no doubt that a literary club, such as is suggested in Mr. Kazarian's letter, would be of great value, and we sincerely hope to see some action taken in this direction before long.

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

To the Editor of "The Tripod":

Sometime last year there was a movement to establish a literary magazine for Trinity College. I am not quite sure what was the outcome, but nothing further has been said about it; and students have not shown any particular enthusiasm in forming a magazine.

I think that it is desirable for any liberal college to have a literary magazine, which might serve as an organ through which the creative ability of its students might be developed. The literary column of "The Tripod" is at present an agency toward this end, but it is an evidently inadequate organ for this purpose.

Now it appears clear to me that we not only lack a literary magazine, but there is a definite need for a literary club. There may be tangible obstacles against the establishment of a magazine, but I fail to see what can prevent the formation of a literary club. It does not matter how small our college body is; there are at least five men with literary ability. If it is not possible to afford any literary opportunity to students through a magazine, it is possible through a literary club.

The literary club would be so organized as to be active, intelligent, and useful. Each member might be required to read a paper, whether it be fiction, drama, essay, poetry, or criticism, once in two weeks, at which time the club would meet. Qualification for membership might be based on literary ability, activity, or on any other conditions that the members provide in their constitution.

We should not only like to have this club be useful for its members, but it is desirable that it have the ultimate purpose of being valuable to the student body as a whole. This the club could accomplish by working toward the creation of a literary magazine to be edited by its members. All contributions to the magazine would be submitted to the editors and published upon approval.

A literary club with ideals such as I have roughly outlined would be valuable to the entire college body as well as to a select few. Students interested in it might take immediate steps for its creation.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN KAZARIAN.

ALUMNI NOTES

George R. McCune, who was badly injured in a mill accident at Vandergrift, where he was superintendent, has recovered from his injuries and is now about to enter a new employment. His present address is 1619 Shady Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

* *

The Church Club, of Cleveland, Ohio, recently gave a dinner in honor of William G. Mather, of the Class of '77. Mr. Mather was the original founder of this club a number of years ago. It has since grown into one of the strongest laymen's organizations of any diocese in the United States.

* *

Joseph Wellington Shannon spent last summer touring with his wife in England and France. He is practicing law in Philadelphia, and his address is 133 South 12th Street. Later graduates of the college do not know the fact, but older ones do, that Shannon was one of the original college pitchers in the United States who developed the curved ball.

LITERARY COLUMN

NEW ADVENTURE.

"Come ahead, follow me!"

A voice sounded clear as a 'cello through the darkness, and the beam of a pocket flashlight flooded the narrow path leading from the Mission School of St. Mary the Virgin.

The small group standing at the school door let their eyes trace the light to its source, and there, dimly outlined behind the flare, they saw the form of Father Macdonald. His robe melted into the darkness about him, and some of the light, casting shadows on his pale face, glinted on the silk tassel of his biretta.

"Come ahead, follow me!"

At this second bidding the teachers groped down the path, cautiously watching the ground before them, making sure that no uneven space came under their feet.

The rainy season in the Mountain Province had begun, and late that day great clouds had rolled from over the mountains and, extinguishing the fire that the sinking sun had kindled in the sky, belched torrents on the mission country. The rain pounded the earth and carried away loose rock and soil from the slopes, making the trails hazardous.

Even the footpath that twined from the school, through the church square, and on up to the cottages, had been scarred and torn. Now the light of the stars, too feeble to pierce the heavy clouds, faded in the sky, and the moon with its greater strength was so weakened that, instead of throwing its silver web over the earth, it cast wreathing shadows.

"Watch the hollow about five paces ahead. I'll play the light on it."

With the voice urging them forward, and the flash lighting their way, the five American women and the two men, natives who had been trained to teach their people, proceeded toward their quarters. The men were the first to leave; they entered the low house near the church square. Then by twos the group grew smaller until Father Macdonald and Mrs. Barter, who, with her two boys, lived with the priest, were alone. As they walked with the light flashing before them, Mrs. Barter spoke of the meeting that had just been ended.

"Father Mac, I think the Mission is to have a happy year. The plans for the school and out-stations are well organized."

The priest walked with slowing pace, and he replied, with thoughtful tone, expressive of his great enthusiasm for the work, "Yes, Mrs. Barter, the coming year will see the fulfillment of many of my plans. John Roblin is to come from America during this next week; he will relieve me of much of the school routine, and I shall have more time to give to out-station work. I am anxious to know the tribe at Sagya. They are Igorotes,"

(Continued on page 3.)

INTERCOLLEGIATE NEWS

Girls and Football.

Girls who come to the game today should be very careful not to ask too many foolish questions. The psychology department states that one's mental alertness, good-nature, and patience is at its lowest ebb between ten and fifteen hours after a prom. In order to reduce all such mistakes to a minimum we suggest that you remember a few of the major points of the game, as follows:

1—Baseball is a slightly different game. For instance, there is no pitcher in a football game.

2—The word "holding" should not be interpreted in its modern sense.

3—The numbers on the jerseys have nothing to do with the players' ages.—Daily Princetonian.

* *

"What's the matter with your brother's voice?"

"Oh, he lost it working in a speak-easy."—Ram.

* *

Don't.

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the inventor of the phonograph, first entered Boston, he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depths of winter.

Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretentious. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log cabin.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because he stutters. Demosthenes, the greatest orator of Greece, overcame a harsh and stammering voice.

Don't snub a boy because of physical disability. Milton was blind.

—Searchlight.

* *

Stage Manager—"All right, run up the curtain."

Stage-hand—"Say, what do you think I am—a squirrel?"

* *

"We're laying for you," cackled the tough little Chicago chicks, as the farmer passed by.

* *

"Marry him? No college man can marry me."

"Of course not, you have to go to a minister."

* *

The master who comes to class ten minutes late is usually in a class by himself.

* *

"College Humor" is no longer to be leader and dictator of American collegiate wit, so far as the Western Association of College Comics is concerned. The editors and managers of these publications, in convention at the University of Washington, voted recently to break their contracts which give "College Humor" sole reprint rights.

(Continued on page 4.)

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Trinity College

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"Whatever I study, I ought to be engaged in with all my soul, for I will be eminent in something. I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in Literature."

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TRINITY VARSITY TRIMS ALUMNI.

(Continued from page 1.)

closely at all times. During the second half, however, he succeeded in sinking three baskets from the floor. "Dave" Slossberg, who was also held scoreless during the first half, broke away in the second period for a like number.

The team as a whole played quite well, considering the fact that it was the opening game of the season. But there is much room for improvement in the passing and team-play departments. DesChamps, who was acting captain, and Slossberg, both played strong defensive games. Adam Knurek was a disappointment in one of the forward berths, missing many shots, while on the other hand, Fleming, his forward mate, accounted for eight points.

The summary:

Trinity.		B.	F.	Pts.
Fleming, lf,		3	2	8
Glynn, lf,		0	0	0
Knurek, rf,		0	1	1
Nye, c,		3	2	8
Bissell, c,		1	0	2
Slossberg, lb,		3	0	6
Bissell, lb,		4	4	12
DesChamps, rb,		1	0	2
Totals,		15	9	39

Alumni.		B.	F.	Pts.
A. Taute, rb,		0	0	0
Riley, rb,		1	0	2
Burr, rb,		0	0	0
Whitaker, lb,		1	0	2
Mastronarde, c,		0	2	2
Ebersole, c,		0	0	0
Burr, rf,		0	0	0
R. Taute, lf,		3	0	6
Totals,		5	2	12

Score at half time; Trinity 7, Alumni 5; referee, Waters; 20-minute halves; timekeeper, Brill; scorer Doublier.

DEBATING CLUB ELECTS.

(Continued from page 1.)

Christmas recess, a debate will be held on the question, "Resolved, That the Jury System in Trying Civil Cases Should Be Abolished." The affirmative side will be argued by Regnier and Cornwell, while Walker and Jacobson will uphold the negative. All those interested in debate should make it a point to come out for the club, for debates will be held later in the year with other colleges.

TRINITY SECOND TEAM WINS FROM HARTFORD HIGH.

(Continued from page 1.)

shot. Giraitis, who replaced Schofield for a time on the Newell team, made a foul shot, and then gave way for Schofield, who made another shot from the center of the court. Garino hooped the last score of the game for the losers.

The summary:

Trinity Seconds.		B.	F.	Pts.
Adams, lf,		1	1	3
Galino, rf,		2	2	6
Adams, c,		0	0	0
Newberry, c,		0	0	0
Gooding, c,		0	0	0
Andrus, lb,		0	1	1
Neir, rb,		1	2	4
Dana, rb,		2	0	4
Totals,		6	6	18

Hartford Seconds.		B.	F.	Pts.
Stack, rb,		0	0	0
Clark, rb,		0	0	0
Mayer, lb,		0	0	0
Kirinskey, c,		0	0	0
Giraitis, c,		0	1	1
Schofield, rf,		2	0	4
Gavins, lf,		3	0	6
Totals,		5	1	11

Score at half time: Trinity seconds 8, Hartford seconds, 6; referee, Waters; time, 10-minute periods.

JESTERS' FIRST PLAY PROVES BIG SUCCESS.

(Continued from page 1.)

fully appreciated by Douglas and Harry. The women in the audience as well as the men undoubtedly enjoyed the efforts of these two young "ladies" to be ladylike; this is always one of the most amusing features of a college show. Bronstein gave an exceptionally fine characterization in the part of Miss Ashford, the motherly old friend of the family and governess, both in the delivery of his lines and in his actions. Guckenbuehler was also applauded for his work in the role of the landlady, Mrs. Stead.

The play went along smoothly and without any noticeable breaks, and there was no place where the action could be said to drag; it was consistently interesting throughout. At the close of the play, Miss Hope Brunson and Mr. Alan Larkum, coaches of the cast, were introduced. They are certainly to be congratulated on their fine work in producing such a piece as was the "Private Secretary." Following the performance, there was dancing, in which most of those present took part. It was only a semi-formal affair, and while the majority wore evening clothes, there were many present who did not. Dancing continued until 1 o'clock.

OPEN LETTER TO "TRIPOD" FROM DR. OGILBY.

(Continued from page 1.)

wrong in my supposition that the English game is as hard as ours: it looked like a test almost as severe. But I was forced to wonder whether our constant rests, frequent substitutions, and regular attention to the water-bucket are not partly an unwise habit.

It certainly is a good feature of the English game that fifteen players who have never practised together can go out and play a game, and a good game, against a regular team. I saw Oxford University play Major Stanley's XV, the latter team including a number of old stars. Is it not worthy of comment that our best players, after four years of careful drill and training at college, never think of playing again after graduation? The worst of it is that they do not want to play again.

If I can arrange it, I want to go to the Oxford-Cambridge game on December 11. Seeing that may make up in some slight measure for the Harvard-Yale game I missed this year!

All Canterbury is stirred by the prospect of the coming Enthronement of the new Archbishop on December 4. There will be a crowd here, prominent people from all over England, prominent in literary and political circles as well as ecclesiastical. The Cathedral will hold about 4000 people, and it will be filled. The climax of the service will be when the Archbishop is seated in St. Augustine's chair in the sight of all the people to the sound of trumpets, followed by the Te Deum and the Doxology. I imagine the pageantry of ancient raiment will make it a great sight.

Naturally I have spent much time in the Cathedral. It is a wonderful building, with the most glorious tower. Last Sunday I preached in the Cathedral at a special service for the boys of the King's School, the oldest educational institution in England. Perhaps my greatest thrill came when one of the Canons took me through the Cathedral by moonlight the other night. We thought we might see the ghost of the murdered Thomas a Becket, but he was resting in peace. We did go down into the crypt and were stirred by what we supposed was the approaching step of the great Lanfranc, who built the massive Norman arches in the days of William the Conqueror. But it was only the night watchman after all.

R. B. OGILBY.

LITERARY COLUMN.

Continued from page 2.)

and Bonifacio's brothers and mother live there."

As they climbed the slope that led to Father Mac's cottage, they were silent. Mrs. Barter thought of the advance the young man at her side had wrought in his one year at Sagada; but he thought of all that was to be accomplished in the year before them.

The moist air grew heavy with the scent of rambler roses. A yellow glow crossed the beam of the flashlight. Father Mac and Mrs. Barter abandoned their thoughts, and, looking up, saw Bonifacio standing at the cottage door, an oil lamp held above his head to guide them. He was barefooted, and the white linen knickers he wore were unbuckled and hung loosely below his knees. His white shirt fitted snugly across his broad chest, and the tails dangled outside his knickers. The lamp shone directly on his face, making it like burnished copper. His coarse hair was parted and brushed smoothly to one side, in direct imitation of his master.

When the two people had entered the living room, Bonifacio showed due attention to Mrs. Barter, but his desire to please the priest was very apparent.

Father Macdonald settled into a low wicker chair and stretched his body until his head rested in the curve of the rounded chair-back. The lamp-light was mellow and crept over the priest's face; it lingered in the lines of fatigue that stretched from his stubby nose to his full, set lips, and reflected the light that came from his brown eyes that looked so tired, and yet, calm, too. At his bidding, Bonifacio brought a glass of water.

Mrs. Barter glanced over some magazines that had come from America that morning, and Father Mac twirled the glass in his hand nervously.

After Mrs. Barter had tip-toed out of the room where her boys were sleeping, she looked at the priest, her eyes aglow with respect and admiration, and said, "Good-night, Father. If you were just a little younger, and not quite as important as you are, I'd tell you, as I tell my boys, it's time for bed!" Then she turned and went to her room.

Father Macdonald smiled and closed his eyes. He lived again one of those early morning hours, when, two years before, he was a curate in America. He saw himself working in his well-appointed library, on a sermon, a play for the Sunday School, or a plan for the young people of the parish. Then he saw his mother standing in the door-way; her hair in wisps forming a gray halo; her long-sleeved night dress falling in loose folds, and her eyes blinking, even in the dim light of the study, because sleep was still in them. With her lips moist and pouted he heard her say, "Wilson, how can you ever work tomorrow unless you get some sleep!"

He remembered how he used to tease his mother. "Well, Mary-Augusta," he would say, "I was just wishing for someone to comment on this scene." Then for hours they would work together, until his mother realized she had been caught by the spell of her son's work.

A smile still played on his lips as Father Macdonald walked over to his typewriter. How glad Mary-Augusta would be to know the year's plans.

He had not typed very much before the priest felt somebody's presence. He looked up from his work and saw Bonifacio gazing at him. Father Mac walked over to the boy, grasped his shoulder in small, strong hands, and in a chuckle said, "Well, young fellow, it's time you went to bed." Then pulling Bonifacio toward him, the priest looked deep into his eyes. "I'll want nothing more, son, good-night."

About an hour later Father Macdonald finished his typing, and after arranging the papers on his desk, he took his Book of Offices. With a

steady stride he paced the room, repeating the prayers of the Office in tones not even whispered. This done he washed his hands and bathed his face, and made ready for bed.

The priest sat on the edge of the bed, and was about to kick off his slippers, when he saw Bonifacio standing in the portal. He was fully clothed and held a china basin in his hands; over his arm hung a clean face towel. Father Macdonald was puzzled until Bonifacio spoke to him in half pleading tones. "Father, Miss Taverner say you bathe nose before sleeping. I have heat water so you do as she say."

The whole procedure cleared itself in the priest's mind. He remembered that the mission nurse had advised him to care for a slight infection in the nose. She had told him, in Bonifacio's presence, to bathe his nose with a solution of what she gave him. The day had been so crowded with events, that he had given only passing attention to the stiletto jabs that pierced his nose. Then, at the end of the day, exhausted from overwork, he was about to retire, but Bonifacio had remembered the nurse's words, "Infection spreads quickly, Father, and you must take care of yourself."

Father Mac took the gauze that Bonifacio gave him; he saturated it with the heated solution and applied it to his nose. All the while the boy watched with interest, following every move that the priest made, even the slightest.

Father Macdonald patted his face dry, looking at Bonifacio as he did so. The boy knew the meaning of that look. He knew that, when those soft eyes kindled with a dancing glow, they expressed an unspoken gratitude.

The cottage on the hill was quiet; the rain pounded on the eaves and ran in rivulets down the leader pipe.

Through the cold, still rain that came with dawn, the languid call of the church bell sounded in the hills. The boys from the school came across the church square gaily, their varied costumes adding a gala touch to the gray morning. From the house opposite the church came the sisters, black-robed and veiled. Along with them were native girls dressed in tight native skirts of flaming red and black. Groups came from the hill villages. All answered the call to mass.

Inside the church, the sweet, faint smell of incense lingered. The altar candles sputtered, flared and then burned low. The people prayed, some muttering aloud, others meditating. They waited for the priest to enter.

Long after the five tolls had sounded, the people still waited for the priest. A stir that bespoke uneasiness rose among them, and the tapping of the rain re-echoed from the rafters of the high roof.

Suddenly Bonifacio came into the church. He was girded with his g-string, and his body glistened as the rain fell from his head, across his shoulders, and nestled in the muscles of his back and chest. He was breathing hard. For a moment he stood at the door, seeming to sway; then he shook as if to free himself from the clutch of some invisible foe. With firm stride he walked down the aisle until he came to the sisters' pew. He genuflected and seated himself beside one of the nuns. With a dismayed look in his eye he spoke to her. She was startled by what he said to her, and her veil rippled from the sudden turn of her head. As Bonifacio continued to speak, the look of dismay in his eye changed to one of horror, then pity, and finally one of rest.

The nun walked to the foot of the chancel, her starched ruffs swishing against her black veil. Her face blanched as she turned toward the people, and her lips trembled as she spoke: "Father Macdonald cannot celebrate mass this morning; he has been ill during the night. Your prayers are asked for him."

(Continued on page 4.)

LITERARY COLUMN.

(Continued from page 3.)

Like the drone in a hive of busy bees, a low murmur filled the church. Then silence fell, and the people kneeled. An acolyte snuffed the candles. The sanctuary lamp glowed like a great red eye in the dimmed chancel.

Long after the church had been deserted, Sister Faith kneeled before the Lady Shrine. In her mind, over and over again, she turned the scene of what Bonifacio had told her. She saw the cottage snuggled on the side of the hill. She saw the sudden confusion when, late in the night, the master of the household, wreathing in pain, summoned Bonifacio to call Miss Taverner. The picture of Bonifacio running with lightning pace across the hill path flashed before her. Then she felt the agony of long hours of watching, and finally, the calm of sleep.

Sister Faith knew the ravages of infection and made a fervent prayer. Her tone was soft, yet it rang clear to the rafters, mingling with the spattering of the rain: "O, Holy Mary, breathe thy strength and peace in him who serves thy Son."

The morning hours passed quickly. Father Macdonald slept most of the time, but his sleep was troubled, and he tossed his head, steady as a pendulum. Miss Taverner remained with

him, and when he opened his eyes she questioned him: "Father, has the pain increased? Is it in your nose alone?"

The priest spoke in breathless tones; the stabbing pain was felt in his speech. "No, Miss Taverner, the pain is much the same, but now it seems to have spread to my eyes. I guess the nerves react in sympathy." Then he closed his eyes.

About three o'clock that afternoon, Miss Taverner and Bonifacio came down the narrow path and walked toward the school. They came to get Manuel and Alfredo.

Bonifacio spoke to the boys, telling them what was to be done: "Miss Taverner says Father go to Bontoc where doctors care for him. He is weak, and we must carry. Come, first must be made the carrier."

The two boys followed him to a large room in the school. There they found two long, flexible poles. Bonifacio instructed them to bind these poles together at one end, making sure to use heavy fibre. While they did as he told them, he selected three large fibre mats that the boys had used for sleeping before Father Macdonald's friends had sent them blankets. Two of these Bonifacio wove together with a rapid shuttling of heavy fibre. This done, he took the mat and stretched it between the poles so that it formed a litter. Then followed several tests of the litter's strength. Bonifacio sat in it, and commanded his comrades to joust and jostle as if running down the mountain trail. After Bonifacio was satisfied that the bearer was strong enough, he took the third mat and used it to cover over the top.

In the midst of all this, Alfredo asked him why he had bound the poles together at one end. Bonifacio stopped his weaving and replied, "I carry front end alone. It must be held high that Father may be easy."

Toward evening the rain ceased, and the sun in its waning strength shed a golden haze through the mist that rose from the mountains. Again the church bell sounded, again the people thronged from all quarters.

Inside the church they waited, silent and devout. Then Sister Faith stood up before them.

"Father Macdonald is to be taken to Bontoc in the morning," she said. "It is best, for there he shall have proper care. Father Dauntun from Grands will celebrate mass in the morning."

Early the next day, long before the five long tolls had sounded, there was a stirring in the cottage on the hill. Miss Taverner packed her kit and made hot bouillon which she poured into a thermos bottle. Then she fitted the litter with blankets and pillows. Bonifacio did all that the nurse told him to do, and often he stood at his master's bed, his eyes wide in amazement at the sight of the agonized priest.

Mrs. Barter watched them as they left. Bonifacio led the group, the stout poles of the litter fitting his stout neck like a yoke. Manuel and Alfredo supported the rear, one at each pole. Miss Taverner rode Father Mac's pony, because it was sure-footed and gentle. Soon they disappeared over the ridge that led to the main trail.

As Mrs. Barter turned into the cottage, only one thing was in her thoughts. She saw Bonifacio carrying the priest in his arms; she saw him place Father Mac in the litter, and then she heard Father Mac's voice ring out in attempted gaiety: "I feel like a knight setting out on a new adventure." Mrs. Barter wondered what the new adventure might be.

It was necessary to travel with slow pace along the trails. The uneven slopes were dangerous, and the litter had to be carried with the least possible jarring. No one was more careful than Bonifacio. He kept an even pace, cautiously slow, and when the grade was steep he held his yoke high above his head, his strong arms firm, his body quivering under the strain.

After, along the trail, Miss Taverner had to walk across some rugged hollow, and they made many stops to see to the comfort of the priest.

He showed little reaction to the attention given him, and when he showed the least sign of consciousness, it was only for a short interval. Then he would inquire, "Are things all ready? John will be here soon, and I must go to the out-station."

Weary from the long journey, their bronzed skin heavy with rain, the three boys arrived at Bontoc. Miss Taverner had ridden ahead just as soon as they came to a more level stretch, and she had arrived long enough before to have things made ready.

Dr. Austin took charge of matters immediately. He had the priest placed in a quiet room at the hospital. After Miss Taverner had given him the details of the case he told her to rest and then report to him. The boys were quartered and fed, and given dry gee-strings.

Bonifacio was the first to return to the side of the priest. Dr. Austin allowed him to stay in the sick room, because, once before, Father Mac had told him how fond he was of the boy. So Bonifacio stayed at the bedside continually. He watched his master closely. He saw the priest's face change from smooth, soft whiteness to mottled red; he saw a purple swelling rise around his nose and eyes; and when Father Macdonald breathed or groaned aloud, Bonifacio's lips drew tight as if he, too, felt pain.

The priest's body was straight and still. Dr. Austin spoke in whispers to Miss Taverner, and Bonifacio kept his vigil so intently that the voices which came from the corridor were not heard by him.

"Yes, Mr. Roblin, all the people loved Father Mac, and his work with them has been just short of miraculous."

The priest turned his head; the lips which had been twisted in pain grew straight, then curved in a smile. Like the vibrant hum of a sanctus bell, he spoke:

"John has come. Now I must go to the Out-station."

—W. D. Guchenbuehler.

INTERCOLLEGIATE NEWS.

(Continued from page 2.)

"Our reason for breaking the contract," said Albert Salisbury, president of the association, "is that we feel that 'College Humor' is painting a picture of flaming youth which is not real, and which gives the average reader a false idea of college life.

"The magazine takes all of the gin and sex jokes and plays them as representative college humor, with no mention of any other type."—The Wisconsin Alumni Magazine.

In the October number of the "Bookman" there is an intensely interesting section devoted to the "Credos" of America's leading authors. The college student will discover many pertinent truths in these short statements of belief.

H. L. Mencken.

"All of my work barring a few obvious burlesques, is based upon three fundamental ideas. 1—That knowledge is better than ignorance; 2—That it is better to tell the truth than lie; and 3—That it is better to be free than to be a slave. All of these ideas are taught in the American school books, but every effort to give them practical reality is excessively offensive to so-called 'good' Americans. I am thus somewhat unpopular in my native land, and the hope of becoming President is one that I may not cherish. But my aspirations in that direction are very faint, and so I do not repine. All I ask of 'good' Americans is that they continue to serve me hereafter, as in the past. In that role they have great talents. No other country houses so many gorgeous frauds and imbeciles as the United States, and in consequence no other country is so amusing. Thus my patriotism is well-grounded as impeccable, though perhaps not orthodox. I love my country as a small boy loves the circus."

Upton Sinclair.

"It is my idea that a writer, to be of any consequence, should have something to say which is likely to be of use to other men in understanding how to live."

* *

Conrad Aiken.

"When I was 10 years younger, I used to think that the only fellow who could write understandingly or sympathetically of an author was the author himself; and obeying this notion I wrote a good deal of nonsense about my work, usually in the form of apologetic or explanatory letters to misguided friends or enemies. But now when I am asked to say something about my 14 years of miscellaneous literary activity, I see how extraordinarily and bewilderingly little I know about myself. I suspect, indeed, that the author himself is the last person to consult on this question. All I can say is that I seem to myself to have moved steadily in one direction. What exactly this direction is, Heaven only knows; nor do I know whether it is a good direction or a bad one. Perhaps to an outsider this miscellaneous activity of mine might present an appearance of unity, or seem to present a personality. My own feeling today, however, is that all this has been one long experiment, an experiment which hasn't yet come to an end."

John Erskine.

"To be intelligible, life must be an art.

"Nature, our heredity, our environment, all that others have done in the world, are for us only so much raw material from which to create our own experience, personal and peculiar to ourselves. The tragedy of life is either our indifference to our opportunity, or delusion that we are getting somewhere simply by remaining in an original state of nature, or it is the failure of our intelligence to discover by what laws this raw material may be changed into something rational and beautiful. This is the essence of my philosophy, by which I try to find standards for living, and standards for art."

James Weldon Johnson.

"Looking at life, it appears to me an absorbing game; a game in which I have been dealt several varying hands, that were not played as well as might have been, but with which I have taken, it seems to me, a shade the best in tricks. This, of course, is purely an emotional reaction and has no reasoned relation to the question of whether or not the game is worth playing or winning.

"Yet, in spite of rational lapses, I find, pardon the mixing of metaphors, that life tastes good. And I find the world, in spite of what this civilization and its predecessors have done to spoil it, as good a place to live in as any I have reliable information about."

* *

There's more than one way of putting pep in the chapel period. Three girls, students at Adelphi College, recently entertained the students at chapel at that place by giving several exhibition matches in fencing. Moreover, they displayed the technique of the Italian, French, and German schools of fencing.—Bucknellian.

* *

Jack's laundry had been stolen and he was very hard up for some clothes. He sent this home on the wire: "Send B. V. D., C. O. D., P. D. Q."

* *

A Parody on the 23rd Psalm.

The Ford is my auto. I shall not want. It maketh me lie down in muddy roads; it leadeth me into trouble; it draweth on my purse. I will go into the path of debts for its sake; yea, though I understand my Ford perfectly, I fear much evil lest the radius rods or the axles might break. It hath a blowout in the presence of mine enemies. I anoint the tire with a patch, and the radiator boileth over; surely, this will not follow me all the days of my life, or I shall dwell in the house of poverty forever.

—D. S. in Hi-S-Potts.

A columnist's life is a tough one. It is now ten minutes after one, and he is everlastingly damned if he will write another line.

NEW KIND OF GRAMMAR.

Grammar without long rules which must be memorized may well be described as probably the schoolboy's idea of paradise. Such a grammar, which treats English as a living tongue and not as page after page of "do" and "don't," is now being written. In the opinion of some authorities, it may take the place of the old-fashioned syntax book and reorganize the study of English in American schools.

Dr. George Oliver Curme, Professor of Germanic Philology at Northwestern University, is the author of this, a three-volume work. The book grows out of the study of American literature and the author's examples are taken from all credited sources. When there are several ways of punctuation or of sentence structure, Dr. Curme merely sets down the work of living writers whose style emphasizes the points. Idioms, colloquialisms, dialects found in America and various pronunciations are all collected in the new grammar. No attempt is made to say which is right or wrong, but every effort is bent toward showing the student how the living language is being used.

Dr. Curme's book was wanted by an English publishing house which insisted that the American speech be treated as a dialect and not as the English language. Dr. Curme refused to treat a language spoken by 120,000,000 people as a dialect, and so the volumes will be published in this country next spring.

A German grammar, published in 1926 by Dr. Curme, is considered by German scholars as perhaps the best grammar for the student not a German by birth. The University of Heidelberg conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy upon Dr. Curme when the book was published. Dr. Curme has been a member of the faculty at Northwestern University for thirty-nine years.

Toward Pan-American Understanding.

New York, N. Y. (by New Student Service)—A student of Latin-American history remarked last summer that the day is not far off when young North America will have the opportunity to study a high school course in "United States History" conceived in terms of the total influences and results of the general migrations of the western nations in the wake of Columbus.

Certainly we are beginning to discover that there is a rich and significant history and an important literature below Texas, as well as bananas and oil and rubber. And while Mr. Hoover set out in his battleship to strengthen commercial relations the historians of several colleges are making possible a more enduring friendship through understanding. Last year the Duke University Press published the first of a series of monographs on Spanish-American history, and this year an even more important contribution is being undertaken by the University of North Carolina Press. An Inter-American Historical series is being planned, consisting of fifteen volumes of histories of the Spanish-American countries. The histories will be those generally used in Spanish-American countries. There will also be an atlas of Hispanic-American history.

If we print jokes, folks think we are silly.

If we don't, they think we are too serious.

If we publish original material, we lack variety.

If we publish things from other papers, they say we are too lazy to write.

If we don't print the contributions, we don't show proper appreciation.

If we do print them, the paper is filled with junk.

Like as not some fellow will say we purloined this from another paper.

We did, and we thank him.

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