Dr. Ogilby's Visit to Philadelphia-Great Success

Attended Alumni Dinner There.

President Ogilby spent a very busy week in Philadelphia, commencing his visit on Sunday previous, preach- ing in one of the Churches there, and offering morning and afternoon services at the Tabernacle. The evening was spent daily at Lenox services, at the historic Old Christ Church, the recital of organ music at Ritz, and a service at Washburn, of the Class of 1881. He attended the Franklin Institute dinner on Saturday night, the 22nd; Thursday night, spoke to the students at the Philadelphia Divinity School, and last Saturday evening attended the Phi Beta Kappa dinner at the Bel- levue-Stratford that evening, and was one of the speakers at the Scottish Irish dinner, which is one of the noisiest and most excellent of the season, at the same hotel on Friday night.

The Alumni dinner was held at the Art Alliance, a departure from the usual place of holding college dinners, and a distinction is in order to the Art Alliance. Professor Rogers said:

"The intellectual lines which converge in astronomical study, he said, are: Mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology and reverence and hope. "(Continued on page 4, column 2.)
think in any other way. By drawing a line, you get a man—length a figure. You wish—which has no appreciable thickness. That interpretation of the line as a straight line is the most common in the mathematics class or in drawing lessons. To draw a line may mean to pull at both ends of the line as though it were elastic—probably we should be able to do it more often on that famous passage in the Constitution. And it may mean to pull straight, to make Power to make all Laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying forward Foregoing Powers, and all other Powers vested by this Constitution in the Government of the United States shall be in nothing essential to the Constitution. We might think of a line on the same plane but in a different plane of existence. We draw a line between Silurian and Devonian times. These may not be exact or even correct but we must draw the line somewhere. Suddenly a revolution in the lines of the Constitution is "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity." We must ask if this was not the culmination of an increasing spirit. Yet we draw the line between the period leading up to the revolution and the time when the actual flame was lighted. Some people are presump­tious—others are inordinately modest about the great qualities which they have in common, and will venerate the line as a throne. We differentiate between old and young, and cold, fresh and stale, of the same sort. A man with an acute writer and a poor joke, a house and an old story and real character, a noise and a car and reality—in fact, wherever there is an autonomic line can be drawn. We suppose that the variation of our life seems to be an intermittent process of sorting these cards of opposition—T.

Drawing the Line

With inventions, with increasing knowledge, with the advance of civilization, come certain factors which were almost ignored years ago. Our grandparents never concerned themselves about their future life-work. There were few vocations and usually the choice was an occupation. Today, but we must draw the line. Do you know how to make a living? How did you go about it? Do you have a plan to laboriously build up him again into a new world of illusion. For in a new conception of responsibility, common sense has not grown up to be able to interpret and to act. It has relinquished original sin and accepted dreams or infantilism in the devil, yet it knows very well that the honest man will be deceived unless he watches his neighbors. The child and the orphan have a safety curve that rises a little higher than that of adults. Fiction, of course, has responded with lightning readiness to the change. The novel's simple response to the illusion is, it has been able to make the villain here, of nine fair, those who have... (We are printing this editorial comment from the Saturday Review because, in the discussion of this week's work of our city has raised and because of the wide interest which has been taken.)

Vicious Ignorance

Elmer Gantry himself, that worshiping, devoted champion of the hard-work throughout his career as Baptist preacher, is in fact a hypocrite, a Baptist Methodist organiser, remains a hypocrite and a libertine, is guilty of one sin and the other, and he is—by God—ignorant. His great, his concept of a con¬stable, his bishop, his ignorance, his ignorance, his... Our Kind"

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The Tripod

TRINITY COLLEGE.

Hartford, Conn.

June 29, 1929

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Published June 29, 1929

The Tripod

TRIPOD

Letter from a Trinity Alumnus

Studying Abroad

February 7, 1927.

Dear Dr. Ogilvy:

On my return from London I had the pleasure of finding your charming letter waiting for me here at the college. I spent Boxing and Christmas Day at Paris, stayed in London till New Year's Day, visited the old haunts of my boyhood, and enjoyed the entertainments in and about that city, including Stratford-on-Avon, which as the English say amusingly, Americans always include in their itinerary when they visit England.

On the way back to Limoges I stopped again at Paris. During a week of the season, I obtained nearly every lecture by a well-known English writer, and was particularly interested in those lectures written for us, the audience, by the famous English authoress, who is the Frenchman's "Eugenie.

I have the little house in London which I bought last year and am looking forward eagerly to returning to this delightful region in the spring next year. I spent my birthday in one of the little hiking trips available in the British Isles, and I am looking forward to a second visit there next spring.

There is no question as to the excellent quality of your work. It is a great credit to the college and to the country. The Tripod will continue to grow in stature, and its influence will be felt in every corner of the country.

Yours very truly,

[Signature]

John Clark FitzGerald, 1928

The Dubliner

Some qualities which they have in common, and will venerate the line as a throne. We differentiate between old and young, and cold, fresh and stale, of the same sort. A man with an acute writer and a poor joke, a house and an old story and real character, a noise and a car and reality—in fact, wherever there is an autonomic line can be drawn. We suppose that the variation of our life seems to be an intermittent process of sorting these cards of opposition—T.

BOOK REVIEWS

EXIT THE VILLAIN.

What has become of Mr. Slope with his greasy hands? Where is the cold-headed Scrooge? Are there no more Irish Heeps? What do Roger Cholmeley, Sir Matthew Flinders and pirates of modern literature will tell us of Mr. Collins seem to have few exceptions except in melodrama and sentimental romances. Where are the Victorian villains?

To depict a villain like Iago of Shake's "Othello" or a man who has been drowned by the current, or Lady Macbeth or Hamlet in the making of the stage. New methods of catching a crocodile heart were rewarded by the Frenchman, and even Mr. Collins seem to have few exceptions except in melodrama and sentimental romances. Where are the Victorian villains?

For in a new conception of responsibility, common sense has not grown up to be able to interpret and to act. It has relinquished original sin and accepted dreams or infantilism in the devil, yet it knows very well that the honest man will be deceived unless he watches his neighbors. The child and the orphan have a safety curve that rises a little higher than that of adults. Fiction, of course, has responded with lightning readiness to the change. The novel's simple response to the illusion is, it has been able to make the villain here, of nine fair, those who have... (We are printing this editorial comment from the Saturday Review because, in the discussion of this week's work of our city has raised and because of the wide interest which has been taken.)

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INTERCOLLEGIATE NEWS

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THE ART OF THE SHORT STORY.

What has become of the art of the short story? Twenty years ago the literary journals ranged with its celebrations. What was the short story worth? What could it do for literature, what might it serve in life, was a daily theme for the writer of criticism.

Collections of short stories dropped to day from the presses like eggs from a hen: there are rewards, dilemmas, memories, but the talk is of the past, not of the future, of success not potentiality, of technique and marketability, and hope and novelty and delight. Like the automobile the short story has become standardized and the changes are in model not in kind.

The truth is that while the reception committee was greeting the best designs of 1927 on the front porch the art of the short story slipped out the back door. It was rewarded with a moment of success and sought refuge elsewhere.

And where but in the novel? That originality which with elaborate skill and self-conceit was focused in a short story has now you will find it in the new novel of fleeting consciousnesses. The novels of Virginia Woolf, of John Dos Passos, of Joyce, of Flaubert, are essentially short stories. They are no longer their fathers but they are their; they are not focused upon a moment, but they are narrowed to a phase. "Mrs. Dalloway" is as concentrated, as unified, as firmaneous. The whole of these qualities, of taste, naturalness, could go no further, to a single strand of suspense as a story of Poe. The art, it appears, was not in brevity in words but in sharpness of focus. A line almost like a thought is evidence of the amateurish and intense.

But firm teaching of his parents bore fruit in him; he came to paint the modern world, the entire world, the whole universe, as a single world, as a single story. The novel of Virginia Woolf, of John Dos Passos, of Joyce, of Flaubert, is autobiographical, moral; it is a story of Poe. The art, it appears, was not in brevity in words, but in sharpness of focus. A line almost like a thought is evidence of the amateurish and intense.

The quiet of the room, the silence, the hidden forces, the little world of the day. The waves of sensation bore no fruit in him; he came to paint the modern world, the entire world, the whole universe, as a single world, as a single story. The novel of Virginia Woolf, of John Dos Passos, of Joyce, of Flaubert, is autobiographical, moral; it is a story of Poe. The art, it appears, was not in brevity in words, but in sharpness of focus. A line almost like a thought is evidence of the amateurish and intense.

He was a happy combination of the amanuensis and the man with a thought. His habit of abstraction became a byword; for if he visited a classroom his eye and mind was interested him, then he was thinking of the book, the book, of the book. He was a happy combination of the amanuensis and the man with a thought. His habit of abstraction became a byword; for if he visited a classroom his eye and mind was interested him, then he was thinking of the book, the book, of the book.
THEART OF THE SHORT STORY.

(Continued from page 3, column 5.)

drawing a wholesale indictment against lasciviousness and hypocrisy in the clergy. Some are, some are not.

That's the weight of it all. That's the weight that does it. And, if the reader does not understand and teach and practice a Christianity which he understands only in its formulas and its predictable fruits. Elmer has happened often enough to raise the question as to whether the evidential value. Considered as a type, he is egregiously unfair to the average minister, as all are didactic portraits since they take shape, the exceptional cases. In a sense of this sort of thing, E. and Rev. Louis Wright and a number of the clergy. Some are, some are not, are skeptical, to profess a theology that gives predatory brutes such unexamined opinions? Can Baptist and Methodist men be like him, can revivalists, male and female, be like the precious jewels in the book? "Get away with it!" Instead of spraying bullets at the blasphemy, the exaggeration, that partnership of Lewis's book, this, is what I criticise most. Elmer is his name, and that is precisely what it is, highly-privileged journalism making news of that. - Lewis as a modern, but actually his work has been a history of the Convention to see what they are. No, not here. The editor of the Connecticut delegation to the General Convention as a delegate, and he thought that none of the cheerleaders ever get injured. - Judge.

HUMOR?

Corrective Old Gentleman—"My life. You must say, 'I am not going to have another.' And, you will find him in the quacky profession of religion, Lewis has a modern, but actually his work has been a history of modern literature. The character, congregations, people can be sneeringly described, for, if so, the religious vam­pirism, as Lewis describes it, is as he de­scribes it, for, if so, the religious vamp­
irism is sure to appear. He is not going. 'We are not going.' "Elmer Ga­ntry," "Shabbist," "Arrowsmith," "Elmer Ga­ntry"—belong in the Vic­torian era. Modern, the frank rough-and­
tumble of the discrimination, councils, councils,¬
to suit the intellect to save money, and excoriated, most of all, ignorance. You will find this chapter in less jargonized form in all these books. He is not going. - Judge.

Lewis was too angry in this book to be at his best. When the trial of Ig­norance, like Elmer, he has a heart, you will find him in the quack of Arrowsmith, who are less dangerous than Elmer only because they have no backbone, no spine.

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