source of weakness, but the men clearly out-classed Trinity. The end work was good on both offensive and defensive, Captain Morse's running being especially conspicuous. Team and individual work was very good considering the stage of training, and justifies at once the choice of Mr. Locke for coach. The team is very worthy of the hearty support and interest of every student, and seems in a fair way to receive it.

The only serious injury was Heckle's, who strained a ligament in his knee in a tackle play, and will be out for a week, at least.

The line-up was as follows: Chubb, r. e.; George, r. t.; McDonald, r. g.; Laws, c.; Nesmith, l. g.; Heckle and Evans, l. t.; Stebbins and Stevens, l. e.; Blake, q. b.; Morse, r. h.; Jouett, l. h.; Nolte, f. b.

Anson Phelps Stokes, Yale, '96.

MR. ANSON PHELPS STOKES, who will speak at the meeting of the Y. M. C. A. of Technology, Friday afternoon, is one of the most brilliant men who has graduated from Yale in recent years.

Mr. Stokes comes from a prominent New York family. He was the recognized leader of his class and Editor in Chief of the Yale News, a member of Phi Beta Kappa, leader of the Freshman Bible Class, and for two years Chairman of the Bible Study Committee of the Christian Association. It was largely through his efforts that its present effectiveness was attained. Mr. Stokes was also a member of the first Yale Debating Team that defeated Harvard, and was voted by his class the man who had done the most for Yale. After his graduation he spent a year in a trip around the world. Previously he had visited Palestine, and made himself familiar with the Bible land. Mr. Stokes is especially interested in Bible study, and the Technology Association is fortunate in having him speak upon this important topic.

Harrington's Spectacles.

(Concluded.)

PART II.

FIFTEEN years have passed away, bringing with them many changes; not so many, however, that we cannot recognize our old friend Dick Rogers as he stands leaning over the side of a Mississippi steamer. His eyes are scanning, with visible interest, the shore, with the moss-hung oak trees, back in whose midst can, occasionally, be seen a small town, with its white houses and gabled roofs. As dusk settled down on the surrounding scene Rogers turned away from the side of the vessel, and wandered aimlessly to the guards; here his eyes were attracted by the busy deck hands beneath, as they hustled around attending to their duties. The red glow from the boilers and the rhythmic beat of the engines had a strange fascination for him. He forgot about the scenes which had so long occupied his thoughts, and wandered down into the engine room, where the hands seemed too busy to even look up from their work.

After a few moments examination of the engine, Rogers turned his attention to the men. As his eyes ran over the dusty, dirty figures his attention was particularly attracted by a broad-shouldered fellow. He was a well-made-up chap with dark curly hair sprinkled with gray, which covered a well-shaped intellectual head; his face, though black and dirty, gave full evidence that its owner was a handsome man, and it was easy to see that he had not always been used to the hardships of this life he was leading.

As Rogers stood scrutinizing him, he thought he noticed something familiar about him; he was trying to decide what it was when the workman turned his full face toward Rogers, whose eyes fell upon a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles the man had on. "How