

FRESHMEN GET THE FENCE

ANNUAL FENCE ORATIONS DELIVERED LAST EVENING.

J. H. Hamilton Spoke for the Sophomores and E. T. Noble for the Freshmen—Jolly Orators on Both Classes and Their Members Listened to by a Large Crowd—Both Orations Were Excellent.

Last evening, according to the custom followed every year on the evening of June 15, the Yale freshmen class handed over the sophomore fence to the new sophomore class, that class on this occasion being '95. As is generally known, there are three class fences on the campus—a senior fence, a junior fence and a sophomore fence. The present "fence" extends along the walk from North college to the west end of Durfee. The original "old fence" was, however, the fence which enclosed the southeast corner of the campus before Osborn hall was built on the site. When the old fence was torn down to make room for Osborn hall there was no "fence" for over a year, but finally the frequently expressed regrets of alumni and undergraduates at the loss of that time-honored institution led the faculty to decide upon building a fence which would take the place of the old one, and in the fall of 1893 the present fence was built.

The sophomore class each year selects a member to act as its spokesman, who in an appropriate oration hands over the fence to the freshmen, while the freshmen in turn select a member of their class to accept.

The orations began last evening at 7 o'clock, and at that hour a crowd of several hundred students occupied the space in front of Durfee, where the orations were to be delivered, while in the windows of Durfee were numbers of ladies on hand to hear the orations and see the fun.

The orator selected by '98 to hand over the fence was J. H. Hamilton, and the one chosen by '99 to accept was E. T. Noble of Weichta, Kan. Mr. Scranton spoke as follows:

MR. SCRANTON'S ORATION. We have no doubt, gentlemen, that you want the fence. You're always wanted it. It is perfectly natural that a class like yours, which always wants anything that it can rest its hands on, should occasionally want something upon which it may rest its feet. Yet, believe me, gentlemen, you almost failed to get it. Ninety-eight saved it for you. You were so obstinate when you came here that the rest of the college wanted you to get off the face of the earth, so we decided to put you on the fence. At the first faculty meeting held last fall the president exclaimed with a sigh of relief, "At last we have a fresh subject for discussion." But after you had been here awhile and they knew more about you the faculty didn't want you to stay. They said they could get along without a freshman class this year. But '98 objected. We told the faculty that such a course would take away from them a great source of pleasure and would also spoil our beautiful system, for at present '98 sits on her fence, soon '99 will sit on her fence, while the faculty sit on '99. And we thought the good old customs ought to be kept.

But I must leave these general remarks, and like the Greeks before Troy, I must hasten to the horse. Yet in disclosing your history to a forswearing college it is hard to know just where to begin. You have so many stars, some shooting stars, some stars that often get lost. Like Long Island sound you offer room for many jibes. As the best way out of my predicament I'll begin at the beginning. That ought to suit you, for where are you yourselves but at the beginning?

Before you came here last fall we heard large rumors of your greatness. People said you were to be the biggest class on record. We said the freshest. And after you had arrived we found the rumors were correct. You certainly were the biggest class when counted per capita. And often as we looked across the freshman gallery in chapel and observed the sea of nodding heads we were tempted to remark with the girl upon the seashore, "What awful swells."

You had not been here long before it was generally known that you were an athletic class, yet you were very quiet about it, and you increased rapidly in modesty. We visited you often and helped you to get acquainted with each other and with the town. You were shy and often retiring (or about to retire), but we urged you on. We praised you—we even flattered you. When you shook your fists at us, refused to go out, and declared that your heads were level, we gently asserted that they were absolutely flat, and that your faces were built upon the architectural lines of a common pie. Thus, as I say, your gentleness increased until you even blushed victorious whenever you were obliged to turn up your trousers.

It was at about this stage of your existence that in large herds you wandered to the lake, and like the snail of wise instincts, you crawled into your shell. But right here let it be said that as between the shell of the snail and the eight-ored shell of the freshman crew, '98 offers odds on the snail, with good prospect of winning. And yet we would not underestimate your oarsmen; they are a roodly lot of men. Though like the duck when moulting it is rather hard for them to feather, yet they are a noble set. It is with some trepidation that I venture to speak of them. I know that Windy Abbott has his eagle eye fixed on me. I do not dare to smile lest he smile too. Those of you who have seen Windy smile probably understood the paragraph which appeared in a New York paper last fall declaring that since the advent of the new freshman class certain

things at Yale had been expanded in every direction. Windy in the man of whom they say that he goes to sleep each night with his mouth wide open as to have his chief weapon of defense ready in case of emergency. But I must not indulge my remarks freely to him, for he does not constitute the whole crew. There is, however, some one else, the one who is called the "sun-blessed" one, who says the crew is like his grandmother's cat, because you have to stroke it to make it purr. Then you have the fellow with his fingers crossed for fear of getting a good average occasionally. He is even given one himself, and as a member of the crew he is quite too small a matter to mention. In fact, I should not speak of him, but every little counts.

But now we must pass to football, for after all like Trilby you get there largely with your feet. You did well upon the gridiron, we honor you for it. You proved in fact that although you may not often do make a bull of athletics yet you stand in no fear of the tiger, and this under the present circumstances is very encouraging. In speaking of football, you doubtless expect me to mention Harvey, and Harvey probably expects it too. They say that Clark regarded himself as so essential to the success of the team that he used to look him over each night and go to bed with his fingers crossed for fear somebody would steal him away. There is another story, however, which says that his brother, one of the few men on the team who did not belong to the medical school or the Bible class, I may dare to mention these two institutions in the same breath. Connor is that well known gentleman who was refused admittance to Dwight hall because he contended that Abraham went to the Valley of Shechem for the purpose of seeing a dog fight.

Upon the diamond you are famous for lots of things. Lack of space and perhaps lack of appreciation of the ridiculous prevent me from mentioning all of them. Even early in the spring when the beautiful snow, spotlessly white, was decorating the campus, you were to be seen flitting, lightly clad about the town. And when a respectful constituent asked you who you were and was told that you were the Yale freshmen baseball team just beginning to work in the cage, "Cage," said he, "well they ought to be kept in their cage." Yet the team could not conceal its identity long. We soon learned, for instance, who the Heckers were, a name of which we had heard in the dim past as identified with stand against the last and best class of the century—a class whom the Good Book did not forget to mention—Ninety and Nine. You are proud of your athletic record, but alas! we have beaten every record you have ever made—a football team that went through the entire season without losing a game; a baseball team that defeated you with ease; and a crew that will lead Wisconsin from start to finish. But I cannot put up with your own-room-mate West. Yes, you have a strong pull, but unfortunately, it is not with the faculty. The mental strength of your oarsmen is not in equilibrium with their physical. When they exercise they lose the other. Accordingly, you have to call upon '99 to fill the empty places in your boat when you wish to row.

Your only real track athlete, your hurdler, obtains his wonderful form from nature. When a small boy he dreamt that he saw the cow jump over the moon. This seemed a favorable portent, and ever since he has been imitating that graceful animal admirably.

High, the silver-tongued orator, from Honolulu, is next on the list of your loud men. He and Buck, and Weston, blow gales about the campus. Whoever writes "Man wants a little love below" nor wants that little love," didn't know Buck. They changed writers at his table at commons, the other day, and when Buck came in and yelled, "Bring me four dinners and a gallon of soup," in direct contrast to your prim-nicely fitted men, like Frederick van R. and William Whiting A., whose blue blood is easily discernible under a microscope, is the strawberry blonde, who is always so conspicuous on great occasions. After a careful diagnosis of his case, we have come to the conclusion that his tailor is blind. He is especially noted for the fit and number of his golf suits. While speaking of your valiant marshal and great occasions let us stop a moment and consider how and why it happened.

Chiefly, Cavalry, artillery, infantry, from the amount of fuss you made one would think that you really thought you could play baseball. As the poet has so fittingly said, "On your coat with banners flying, and your gear was almost dying. Stately tread and great ad, simply that and nothing more. While you wildly thought us napping, we were you more sure entrapping."

Either base ball, or at scrapper, you're not in it any more. Why why it thus, I muttered, and the bird it simply uttered, "Hecker's Oatmeal," nothing more. Can there anywhere be found one as "beautiful as sweet!" And young as beautiful, and soft as young! And gay as soft, and as innocent as a day? Whenever you go it is hard to dodge Marshall and his pipe. He first became attached to it, because it placed him beyond the possibility of a doubt, and now there has grown up in his kind and tender little heart a genuine love for his inanimate idol.

"Discord off in music makes the sweetest lay." And of your singers— "Swains sing before they die; 'twere no bad thing Should certain persons die before they sing." There is Gren, who— "Utters such dulcet and harmonious breath," "that mighty orb of song, the divine Brewer," Marshall, the boy soprano, and last but not least, George otherwis known as "Dutch." "His voice more gentle than the summer breeze That mildly whispers through the waving trees."

In a literary career you started out boldly. "The Kipling club was founded for the purpose of promulgating a literary appreciation in the sophomore class." All well and good. "The Stevenson club began on a somewhat different basis, meetings being held once a week, at Billy's restaurant, but after a time this plan was found impracticable." Outsiders are left to draw their own conclusions. The question is now, whether Mr. Kipling cast any reflections when he wrote,

"That youth is fractious and whiskey's inclinations, An' tho' there's nothin' certain but the assassin's head. With fat beavers you are well supplied. There is Herbert D. G., warbler of poetic prose. Lord, what a man is he, and "Trilby, whose name shall live in epic song. While music numbers, or while verses verse ye feel." "Give these extraction from an ancient line. Give hope again that well-born men may shine." Poor bald fat Jack, if work and perspiration will do it. "Our homespun authors must forsake the field. And Shakespeare to the linsey-woolsey yield." Scrawny Tommie of Vanderbilt, is a horseshoe, has a keen insight into the hearts of the ladies. He fuses and loves to analyze prominent men. He has submitted a few samples, on condition that I do not use last names.

Gren was born under a full blast of the constellations. Torsichore seated at the harpsichord, Orpheus singing, "Just tell them that you saw me," with calypso on that base. He has a good figure, in fact, with Hobnobles, somewhat with nutmeg. Is below the medium height for children of his age, and should wear knickerbockers to keep up appearances. Has blue eyes, a sunny disposition, and curly hair. Would do well as a professional ball player, but will succeed as leading lady in Steve Brodie's "On the Bowery."

Del was born during hay-making time, in the Egyptian fields, the sun shining at a distance, and Venus' footling clung to his neck. He was named Charles Delaney, Mullin Food, with a silver spoon. He has not reached his full growth, and will rapidly decline if he eats more than three meals a day. His Roentgen photograph shows a hashed brown complexion, and a fat skeleton. Should wear a chest protector, and earrings. Will do well as a soubrette.

Thim, from Madison, was born under the sign of himself, the milky way candle, and Venus' footling clung to his neck. He is a fine fellow, an Archibald reciting poetry on the top of Mt. Athos. He is tall and fair, with black hair and a manufactured smile. He is gentle, refined, courteous to others, and has traces of genius. Talks through his hat with ease, and does not think enough of himself. Is the soul of generosity, frequently giving himself away. Should avoid writing poetry and putting himself on record. Looks best dressed in his right mind, and if forced to it will give offense.

And now, in all seriousness, gentlemen of '99; let us feel that our meeting here and talking and singing and smoking (if needs be) will make a stronger bond of sympathy and friendship between us. And when it comes our turn to hand over this fence to the first class of a new century, may we be able to say: "We give to you a tradition which has for many years fostered the manly, democratic spirit of this university. It has done much for us; may it do so for you. Gentlemen of '98, I thank you."

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR TO MEET.

The Eminent Commander of New Haven commandery, No. 2, Knights Templars, has issued a notice of a stated convocation to be held in Masonic hall at 57 Church street next Friday evening. This will be the last stated convocation before the summer vacation. He also notifies the members that an invitation has been received from Washington commandery, No. 1, of Hartford, asking the New Haven knights to assist in the celebration of their centennial Tuesday, July 14, next.

OF LOCAL INTEREST.

President Clark of the Consolidated road has recovered from his illness and was at his office in Boston yesterday. Mrs. T. E. Guy and daughter, Miss Mable E. Guy of Meriden, left for Boston yesterday morning. Miss Guy will be married to Attorney Joseph J. Feely at the Hotel Vendome on Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

BANK PRESIDENT SHOT.

Attacked by a Crank—Shot and Dangerously Wounded—The Crank Then Shoots Himself.

New York, June 15.—A crank walked into the Bank of New Amsterdam, at Thirty-ninth street and Broadway, shortly before 1 o'clock this afternoon, and, after demanding \$3,000 from President George H. Wyckoff, shot him in the abdomen. The man then shot himself in the neck. Both are dangerously wounded and may not recover. The crank afterward described himself as George Clark. He refused to give any address. Before shooting, President Wyckoff, Clark handed him this note: "I want \$6,000, five in \$1,000 bills and ten in \$100 bills. I will shoot if you make a false move. Be careful. My partner has you covered, and if you make an alarm within three minutes after I leave he will throw a stick of dynamite through the front entrance. Put the money in an envelope. Don't talk."

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The genuine Carlsbad Sprudel Salt must have the signature of EISNER & MENDELSON CO., New York, Sole Agents, on bottle.

o'clock yesterday forenoon with a regular high mass. Rev. P. Mutholland of St. Francis' was celebrant. Rev. E. Keating of Norwalk, Conn., dean; Rev. J. Bannon, Lakeville, sub-deacon; and Rev. J. P. Corcoran of St. Francis' orphan asylum master of ceremonies. Bishop Tierney was present, and pronounced the eulogium. Many of the local clergyman and several from out-of-town were in the sanctuary. Every seat was taken, and many of the large congregation were obliged to stand.

The bearers were John P. Buckley, W. R. Carroll, J. J. Hussion, Richard Doyle, Joseph Hussion and John Keenan. The interment was in St. Bernard's cemetery.

FUNERAL OF JOHN MILLER. The funeral of John Miller took place from his late residence, 416 Congress avenue at 9 o'clock yesterday morning. Services were held at St. Boniface's church, George street, and were attended by many friends of the deceased. Until a year ago Mr. Miller was engaged in the grocery business, and has since been succeeded by his sons, Louis E. and Frank Miller. He leaves a widow, one daughter and three sons.

The C. S. G. Troopers.

The following order has been issued by Quartermaster General L. R. Cheney to the commanding officers of the Connecticut National Guard: Captain; In accordance with section 29 of the militia law the trousers now in use by the enlisted men of the Connecticut National Guard shall be changed to conform with the United States army regulations. You are therefore directed to send to the state arsenal immediately all trousers issued to you for these men in your command, except those worn by sergeants. All trousers returned must have the company number, company letter and number of regiment indelibly marked and corporals' trousers must be so designated. Place the endorsed blank invoice, properly filled out, in the package. These trousers will be returned to you when the necessary alterations are made.

You are further directed to send to this office at once, measurements for new regulation coats and trousers for your trumpeters and drummers, who expect to go to camp, for whom also new cap devices will be issued.

THE NAVAL MILITIA.

Governor Coffin has decided to order the naval militia, C. N. G., the First (New Haven) and Second (Hartford) divisions, with the engineer division, New Haven, to "call the ocean blue" in a United States man-of-war, leaving New Haven Friday, July 19. The militia will be given a cruise at sea of three days on one of the vessels of the North Atlantic squadron, and the remainder of the time will rendezvous in Long Island sound for gun practice, boat drills, etc.

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PERSPIRATION. IRRITATION. Warm Weather. Stout People. Every pore discharging secretions that irritate, burn, chafe, and cause the entire body to feel as if it had actually been parboiled. frequent bathing only increases the discomfort. This suffering is useless. Use

Comfort Powder

By its antiseptic and medicinal qualities the skin at once ceases to smart, the unpleasant effects of profuse perspiration are counteracted, and the flesh is left as soft, cool, and sweet as a baby's. A volume of "comfort" for you in a single trial. See if this is not so.

The Comfort Powder Co., 250 and 260, Hartford, Ct. All Druggists sell it.

A GREAT STIRRING COLOSSAL CLOTHING SALE. A noted and remarkable offering of the entire stock of C. & H. COHEN & CO., NEW YORK CLOTHING MANUFACTURERS, —AT— Panic Prices!

5,000 Men's Suits of the latest styles, in the finest genuine Imported Scotch Homespuns, English Cheviots, French and German Fancy and Plain Worsteds, English Serges, Clay Diagonals, Fine Cassimeres, Clay Serges, pin checks, stripes, plaids and nobby effects, made and trimmed equal to the best Tailor Suits, in sizes from 33 to 44.

Worth \$7.50 10.00 12.00 13.50 15.00 20.00 To be sold at \$3.88 \$4.75 \$5.90 \$7.75 \$9.90 \$13.50

BOYS' SUITS. Ages 4 to 14 years.

\$1.24 300 All wool Double Breasted Suits, Blue, Black, Brown and nobby mixtures, well made and stylish patterns; not a suit among them but what is worth \$3.00.

Children's Blue Sailor Suits, ages 3 to 10 years, deep collar, shielded fronts and nicely braided, worth fully \$1.75. Sale price, 89c

We Defy You to Equal These Bargains. Your money back if you can match our prices.

OAK HALL 49 1/2 51 CHURCH ST. 121 CROWN ST.

James Finley, a sailor, aged forty-three, died at the hospital yesterday morning. While walking on the street Sunday night he was taken with a fit. The Connecticut delegation to the democratic national convention is completing its arrangements for the trip to Chicago. The delegates will meet in this city either next Friday or Saturday. At this meeting the attitude of the delegation on the matters which are likely to come before the Chicago convention will be talked over and the question of candidates will be probably settled. The delegation will leave for Chicago on special cars on one of the fastest expresses of the road, making the trip over the New York Central and Michigan Central roads. The Chicago headquarters of the Connecticut delegation are to be the Palmer house. A Hartford machinist was killed by the cars at Burrville on the Berkshire division of the Consolidated road yesterday. He was walking on the track and was tramping in search of work. Captain Charles L. Bissell, commanding Company G, First regiment, died of appendicitis at his residence in South Manchester yesterday.

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING. EPPS'S COCOA BREAKFAST-SUPPER. "By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast a deliciously flavoured beverage which will save us many heavy doctor's bills. His judicious use of such articles is such that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal ailment by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.—Civil Service Gazette." Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pint tins, by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England. ot tu&we ly

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WEST HAVEN.

David R. Dingwell of West Haven was run over by a team yesterday morning and sustained a fracture of two ribs. He was taken to the hospital. H. Mather Brooke, an architectural draftsman employed by L. Hayne, through his attorney, J. P. Goodhart, yesterday notified the selectmen of Orange that he is about to bring suit for damages received by a fall in Beach street, West Haven, about two weeks ago. Mr. Brooke, while riding a bicycle, ran into a hole in the street and was thrown down the embankment and sustained very severe injuries.

Buried Yesterday.

The funeral of Rufus S. Chandler, colored, was largely attended from the Dixwell avenue church yesterday afternoon. The deceased was a member of St. Paul's commandery, Christian Star lodge of Masons, Masonic Mutual Aid association and the Custer club, and delegations from these organizations attended the funeral. The societies also contributed several floral pieces.

OPENING. Midsummer Millinery Opening AT E. MOSES & CO., Tuesday and Wednesday, June 9th and 10th. A display of the latest midsummer styles in Trimmed Hats and Bonnets for street and seaside wear. Also new shape in Leghorn, Panama, Neapolitan and Sailor Hats. Roses, Wreath Flowers, Wings, Ribbons, Laces. Ladies are respectfully invited to call. E. MOSES & CO. 841-843 Chapel Street,

H. M. MANWARING, Jobber and Manufacturers Agent No. 179 Crown st., opposite Grand Opera House, New Haven, Conn. Y. M. C. A. Building, Bridgeport, Conn. STEARNS, EAGLES and BOYDS, 100 new '96 model wheels, ladies' and gents', other dealers in this city are selling for \$80 and \$85, we place on sale to-day at \$57 \$57 \$57 \$57

