**

the Elubs.



Zoological Elub.

Officers.

C. B. MORRISON, PRESIDENT.

A. PEARSON, VICE-PRESIDENT.

H. KNOWLES, SECRETARY.

E. PAYNE, CURATOR.

Members.

MISS PECKHAM,
MISS MCCRILLIS,
MISS BALDWIN,
DR. FIELD,
DR. WIGGIN,
W. L. W. CLARKE,
J. R. ELDRED,
R. S. REVNOLDS,
J. J. FRY,
P. K. BRADY,
MISS GODDARD,
MISS HUNTER.

Research Club.

The Research Club meets weekly for the purpose of studying forms of literature, not included in the regular college course.

Officers.

H. W. ARNOLD, PRESIDENT.
M. E. RICE, SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

Members

MISS PUTNAM,
A. W. BOSWORTH,
C. B. MORRISON,
JOHN WILBY,
MISS GODDARD,
MISS GODGE,

MISS PECKHAM.

Chemical Club.

Officers.

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W. J. TAYLOR, VICE-PRESIDENT.

H. W. ARNOLD, SECRETARY.

Members.

DR. WASHBURN,
DR. BUCHER,
DR. BUCHER,
DR. BUCHER,
DR. BUCHER,
DR. L. HARTWELL,
H. KNOWLES,
MISS BALDWIN,

MISS BOSWORTH.

Eclectic Society.

Officers.

HARRIET F. TURNER, PRESIDENT.

WILLIAM L. W. CLARKE, VICE-PRESIDENT.

EDNA M. CARGILL, SECRETARY.

Executive Committee.

HARRIETE F. TURNER, EDNA M. CARGILI,
WILLIAM L. W. CLARKE, BERTHA D. TUCKER,
WILLIAM F. HARLEY,

Engineering Society.

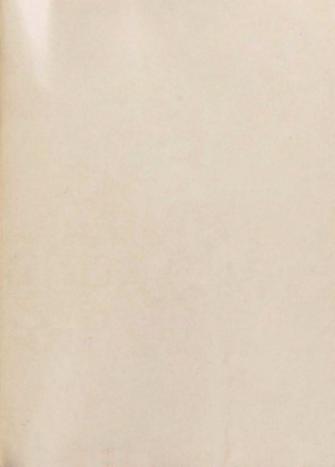
Organized under the direction of Prof. Drake, for conference on special and current topics on mechanical engineering. Society meeting every two weeks.

Officers.

PROF. W. E. DRAKE, PRESIDENT.

C. S. CLARKE, VICE-PRESIDENT.

A. C. SCOTT, SECRETARY.





INFANTRY DRILL.



the Associations.



College Alumni Association.

HOWLAND BURDICK,
PRESIDENT.

GEORGE A. RODMAN, SECRETARY.

CHARLES L. SARGENT, TREASURER.

2. m. c. a.

HENRY M. BRIGHTMAN,

PRESIDENT.

EDGAR R. PIPER, VICE-PRESIDENT.

ALFRED W. BOSWORTH,
CORRESPONDING AND RECORDING SECRETARY.

H. D. SMITH, TREASURER.

Young Women's Christian Union.

MILDRED HARVEY,
PRESIDENT.

BERTHA BENTLEY, VICE-PRESIDENT.

ELIZABETH PARKHURST, SECRETARY.

S. LILA JAMES, TREASURER.

Athletics.

THLETICS, as an established line of student effort, were introduced in our college, when, in 1892, a few spirited individuals organized themselves into an athletic association, which in the succeeding years has gradually been placed on a more secure basis by the student body. Many difficulties have been faced, but our association has proven itself equal to the emergencies, and as a result of toilsome labors has become one of the most prominent organizations in State College athletics.

It is greatly to our credit that we have developed teams that have been able to cope with others far superior in training, and have held them down to small scores, and in a number of cases have turned the game against them.

In base-ball we feel that our greatest progress has been made, and, with the combined effort of faculty and students, hope, in succeding years, to place teams on the diamond that R. I. C. may well be proud to claim.

This year has been one of our most successful years, and the outlook for the future is encouraging.

Athletic Association.

1897-98.

MORTON R. CROSS,
PRESIDENT.

HAROLD W. CASE, VICE-PRESIDENT.

WILLIAM C. CLARK, SECRETARY.

PROF. J. D. TOWAR,

Foot:Ball.

W. F. OWEN, MANAGER.

'Varsity Eleven.

R. S. DOUGHTY (Capt.), ℓ , ℓ , W. F. OWEN, r, ℓ , ... R. E. GRINNELL, ℓ , g, W. C. P. MERRILL, f, b, G. C. SOULE, ϵ . W. F. HARLEY, r, g, A. A. DENICO, ℓ , ϵ , J. R. EMMETT, r, ℓ ,

W. G. CLARK, r. e.

Substitutes.

J. J. Fry, H. W. Case,
D. N. Newton, Jr., W. S. Bacheller.

Games Played.

Oct. 16. R. I. C. 25. New London, at New London. 0-6.
Oct. 23. R. I. C. 25. Storrs Agr. College, at New London. 8-22.
Nov. 13. R. I. C. 25. Pawtucket High School. 22-0.

Base:Ball.

H. W. ARNOLD, MANAGER.

'Varsity Nine.

W. F. Owen, (Capt.), ε.,
 P. Brady, β.,
 R. S. Reynolds, s. s.,

H. P. WILSON, 1 b., A. A. TUCKER, l. f., E. T. ARNOLD, 2 b., W. C. P. MERRILL, c. f.,

C. S. Burgess, r. f.

Substitutes.

C. C. CROSS.

J. J. Fry, M. R. Cross.

Games Played.

Apr. q. R.I.C. vs. Bulkely School, at Kingston. 3-8.

Apr. 13. R.I.C. vs. Westerly High School, at Kingston. 19-4.

Apr. 16. R.I.C. vs. East Greenwich, at East Greenwich. 11-13.

Apr. 23. R.I.C. vs. Westerly Athletic, at Kingston. 22-3.

Apr. 27. R.I.C. vs. Bulkely School, at New London. 13-11 (10 ins.).

May 4. R.I.C. vs. Storrs Agr. College, at Storrs. 24-8 (6 ins.).

May 7. R.I.C. vs. Rogers High School, at Kingston. 7-5.

May 10. R.I.C. 25. Paw. High School, at Kingston. 14-7 (6 ins.).

Scheduled Games.

May 14. R.I.C. vs. Brown 1900, Kingston.

May 21. R.I.C. vs. Friends School, Providence.

May 28. R.I.C. vs. East Greenwich, Kingston.

June 4. R.I.C. vs. Rogers High School, Newport.

An Improved Opportunity.

T was a beautiful spring day in the country. The April wind was blowing gently over the hills and through the valleys. It was the glad awakening from the long, dismal, dreary winter. The leaves had not appeared, but the timy buds were ready to burst forth when the rains and sunshine had coaxed them a little more. Everything was fresh and clear. Could one but be thankful for living? But there is another side. Human nature is the same, no matter what the weather. When the sun shines the very brightest, there are aching hearts and passionate tempers. They do not wait for a cloudy day to manifest themselves.

A girl came away from the house at the foot of the hill, and walked slowly up the road to her favorite seat—a large, flat stone, at the bottom of the stone wall which separated the roadway from the fields on the hillside beneath her. Her mood was not a pleasant one. She always came here when there was anything troubling her. The pines above her usually murmured some sweet, soothing story in their own sad language, and she was comforted. It seemed as though she understood them. She gazed about her, but did not appreciate the beauty of her surroundings. It was plain that she was very much agitated, and she held, in her hand, a letter, which had been opened. Away in the west Mt. Wachuset loomed up, big

and round. The tiny house at the top was plainly visible. Further away, in New Hampshire, the mountains were enveloped in a charming purple haze. Trees, trees, hills and blue sky, were all that could be seen.

"The idea of their writing me such a letter! Why do they ask me to care for these children? They know perfectly well that I have more now than I can do. It does not seem as though I could give up everything. Was it wrong for me to make such rigid plans, with no thought of their ever being broken?"

Alice Hadly was a pretty, interesting girl of eighteen. When about to enter college she was called home to live with her stepmother on the farm. It was a bitter disappointment to her, but she tried not to drift backward. By studying she kept her mind alert and open. But another burden had been added. They were going to send the motherless grandchildren of her step-mother here for her to care for. She did rebel against it—out here alone—but when she returned to the house she was quite submissive. The sunshine and fresh air certainly had good effect upon her bitter mood.

The children were received some days later. Alice put forth every effort to reconcile herself to her fate, and to be kind and patient. But it was very hard work. Her life was a daily torture. No one in the house was in sympathy with her aims and desires. The atmosphere was cold and uncongenial. "How can I study when there is always someone at my elbow to say cheeringly: 'What good'll them things ever do yer?' It is worse than horrible!"

This girl was intellectual and imaginative. Of course the people around her did not understand. They had never been accustomed to looking at life from any other than the bread-and-butter standpoint. Her mind must have an outlet in some manner. There was no one to converse with. No cultured mind with which she could commune, so she wrote. Her desk was filled with stories. She sent one to a magazine, simply for the sake of knowing that she had tried. She expected it to be rejected, but hoped they would not say "Returned with thauks." But it was not so. The story was accepted, and accompanied by a very kind note from the editor. It was rare, and her first story too. But it meant so much to her. It encouraged her to try again. Up to this time she had been quite hopeless. One man had told her to read the lives of eminent men and women, to see that they had reached no great height until they had suffered. Her reply was defiant and pointed: "I have, and noticed that in almost every instance they had environment and hereditary culture in their favor. How do you expect me to concentrate my mind upon 'higher things' in this social atmosphere of mental depravity?"

She kept on, however, with her writing. Many of her stories gained a market. She lived a new life now. The home people were proud of her work. Proud, now! They had done all in their power to retard and discourage her, but, now that she had accomplished an end by her unaided efforts, they congratulated themselves that they had done so much.

The fuller, deeper seriousness of life now appealed to her. She knew that, unless she put out a supreme effort, her life would advance no further. She studied and worked, all for a definite object. The incongruities of the home life were easier to bear with this greater light in the distance.

The life was suddenly changed in the sleepy farm home. Her grandmother's children were sent to their father's sister. Alice was alone. She was free. A feeling of remorse came over her as she thought how often she had dared to wish herself free. "My hateful, selfish disposition! How unlappy I must have made them all."

When affairs were settled, Alice found herself penniless, with the exception of the money received from her stories. She was obliged to go to work, but there was little she was fitted for. A wealthy aunt wished to keep her and introduce her into society, but Alice's independent spirit revolted at the idea. For two years she worked in an office, among dry, prosy books. Her evenings and holidays were spent in study and writing. Her stories grew in favor, and she was nearing her goal.

It was a happy day when she left the office for the last time. Her examinations, for entrance to one of our most noted female colleges, were passed successfully. Her way was clear, at last.

There is a school and home in one of our large cities, where young men and women are educated for nearly every department in life. Great care is exercised in accepting students. Many who are not poor, yet are not rich enough to obtain a liberal education, are helped here.

Respectable poverty is the hardest to bear.

At the head of this grand work is a woman under thirty-five years of age. It is the girl, who, years ago, made such a desperate struggle for her advancement. Her money is the financial basis of the school; her talent and intellect the life of many restricted youths.

Did not her first story open a wide field? Who says we have no opportunities? N. H. P.