

OBITUARY.

[Continued from 3d page.]

the time of its joining the West End Company, Mr. Child was counsel for the Middlesex Horse Railroad. He was also counsel for the City of Boston in the many damage suits growing out of the appropriation of Sudbury river by the Water Board twelve years ago. Mr. Child was a member of the law firm of Child & Powers.

Mr. Child was twice married. His second wife and three children by his first wife survive him.

Linus Child was one of the most genial and popular men in the Class of Fifty-Five, a class remarkable for the amount of useful work its members have accomplished. Of unfailing good humor; of cheerful and kindly bearing; of ready sympathies and a free hand; a faithful friend and a generous opponent; an industrious and able lawyer and an honest public servant; he has maintained throughout his life the measure of reputation with which he went forth from his Class, and has left an honorable name. His life has not been strikingly eventful, perhaps; aside from the loss of his wife and his only son, it has been singularly even in its tenor. But he has well served his generation, and will be sincerely mourned by his classmates and by a multitude of friends, not the least by many whom in various ways he has befriended in their adversity, and assisted in their perplexities.

He has filled places of trust and served large interests, with fidelity and integrity. In the City Council of Boston, in the Legislature of Massachusetts and in the front rank of his honorable profession, he won public confidence and esteem.

BURR KELLOGG FIELD, '77 S.

The following more complete record of the life of Burr Kellogg Field, whose sudden death on Jan. 13th was noted in the last issue of the WEEKLY, has come to hand:

Mr. Field was born at Auburn, Ind., on May 5th, 1856, and entered the Sheffield Scientific School in 1874, graduating in 1877. From March, 1878, to the latter part of the year he was connected with the Department of Tracks, Bridges and Buildings of the St. Louis & South Eastern R. R. In January, 1879, he entered the employ of the Denver & Rio Grande R. R., being engaged in surveying through New Mexico and Colorado. The same year he was also engaged in the construction of the Omaha extension of the Old Northern Missouri R. R. Afterwards he entered the Engineering Corps of the St. Louis & San Francisco R. R., where he was engaged on the construction of the Wichita extension until March, 1880, at which time he was appointed Assistant Engineer. He remained with the St. Louis & San Francisco R. R. until the early part of 1882, when he was appointed Assistant Engineer of the Northern Pacific R. R., having charge of the construction of the Yellowstone Division, and later in charge of tracks and bridges on the National Park Branch. In January, 1884, he was appointed Superintendent of bridges in the Highway Department of the City of Philadelphia, which position he held for two years, when he accepted an appointment as Assistant Engineer of the Berlin Iron Bridge Company of East Berlin, Conn. His advancement with The Berlin Iron Bridge Company was very rapid, and at the time of his death he occupied the position of Vice-President, having the general charge of all sales. Since his connection with The Berlin Iron Bridge Company, its business has been much extended, and its product introduced in all parts of the world, the business increasing very rapidly each year. Mr. Field had no small part in the making of the enviable reputation which The Berlin Iron Bridge Company now enjoys, and his death will be a severe loss to his associates. In the flush of manhood he was taken away without an instant warning. Mr. Field was an indefatigable worker, not only for the Company which he so faithfully served, but in every walk of life; he was a friend of his fellow men, a devoted and earnest worker in the Church, a staunch friend to the cause of temperance, and active and energetic in every public position that engaged his attention. He was a Mason of high standing.

A FOOTBALL FORECAST.

The Yale-Harvard Game of 1902—A Laboratory Trick.

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I.

"This is no ordinary crisis," said the president. "The university is being swamped. Students from all parts of the country have crowded in on us year after year in numbers so rapidly increasing that, already greatly embarrassed, we are threatened with the gravest complications. No student, as you know, pays the university more than half the cost of his training. Our resources, strained five years ago to the extreme limit of their capacity, have each year since fallen more and more short of the demands made on them. Another defeat in football will bring down upon us further hordes of youth hungry for culture. As you know, two years ago I withdrew my objections to legislative interference, and suffered the Massachusetts General Court to pass an anti-football bill. When the Governor vetoed it on the ground that there were too many enthusiasts in the world anyhow, and that football didn't dispose of half enough of them, my last hope of legislative relief was killed. Unless the eleven can win the game with Yale this year, and divert some part of our annual increase to New Haven, measures will have to be taken which it is most repulsive to me to contemplate. Do your best, Duval. Do a great deal better than your best. You must win this year—you really must!"

"Dr. Eliot," replied the football captain, shifting the bandage on his head so that one eye was partly uncovered, "you know the situation. You know what sort of football material we are getting. What good are all those platoons of grinds to football? Since the broken pieces of Keene's spectacles were driven into his eyes two years ago the near-sighted men have refused to play. Out of the remaining rump I have gathered what I could. The repairs on last year's team have gone on so slowly, and are still so far from complete, that our reliance must be almost wholly on raw players. Melledge is left, but the eight ribs he broke last year compel him to wear a steel jacket, which is stiff and heavy, and handicaps him. Still, the utmost has been done, and the coaches have a new stratagem that they seem to think well of, and which is now being perfected in the laboratory."

"I am sure, Duval, you will do your best."

"Thank you, doctor."

"And if you fall, your name shall go on the new football tablet in Memorial Hall."

II.

It was a great spectacle. The Soldiers' Field had never seen a throng quite so mighty. On the seats around the gridiron tumultuous myriads ranged. Close by, the long rows of waiting hearses and ambulances lent intensity to the landscape. In the permanent field-hospital, lately given to the college by Congressman Roosevelt, the surgeons were arranging their instruments and laying bandages out. In the Carey Athletic House the eleven were parting from friends and relatives, not all of whom could keep back their tears. The parents of Duval and his aged grandmother had come from Dubuque to bid him farewell. They were a Spartan group. "Do your duty, Harry," cried the brave father. His mother kissed him, but she could not speak. The grandmother patted his cheek with a wrinkled hand. Age has few tears, but they are costly.

Yale was strong on the benches. Her continuous athletic triumphs had kept down her registration to a number well within her means. She was very prosperous. Her professors' salaries had all been raised. Her students, now drawn largely from the leisure and sporting classes, were for the most part in easy circumstances, and had come on in considerable force to back their team. A great roar greeted the players as they came on the field and as the ball rolled out upon the gridiron and the whistle of the referee shrilled on the air, the drivers of the hearses and ambulances stood all alert and

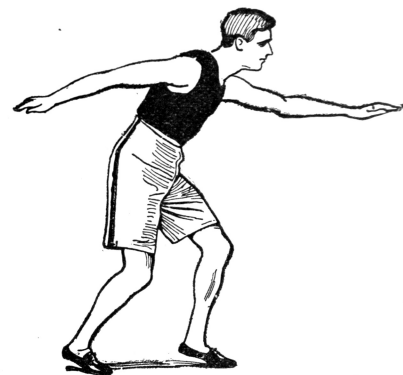
ready to draw their blankets from their horses.

III.

It was nearing the end of the second half. In the first half neither side had scored, but the execution had been terrific. The Harvard group of substitutes, which had numbered thirty at the start, had dwindled down to three. Weeping players had been led off the field by dozens, the ambulance horses were dripping with sweat, and only one of the hearses was left. Yale had made one touchdown in the second half, and the score was 4 to 0 in her favor. A group of Harvard assistant professors and instructors sat together watching the game with pitiable anxiety. Many sympathetic glances were directed toward them, for it was well known that if Yale won, the necessity of increasing the teaching force at Harvard would compel a sweeping reduction in all salaries not provided by specific funds. Of the eleven with which Harvard had begun the game only the veterans Duval and Melledge were left. Three times the rest of the team had been replaced with fresh men. Ten fleeting minutes were left. Suddenly a signal by Duval was followed by a quick and curious movement by four players. In an instant a dark, clinging vapor enveloped the referee and his assistant spotters, obscuring their view, and causing them to gasp and cough. It lasted but the fraction of a minute, but in that instant a well-directed kick from Duval had caught the mighty Higginbotham, the great Yale half-back, just below the ribs, and stretched his huge form inanimate upon the earth. Simultaneously and by analogous means four other Yale players had been instantly disabled, and Melledge, the ball hugged against his glittering corselet, was speeding, with Duval at his elbow, across an almost open field toward the Yale goal-posts. Thompson, who tried to stop him, was struck full amidships by the head of Duval traveling with immense velocity, thrown sixteen feet, and left a palpitating mass incapable of sense or motion. Duval himself went down, but the touchdown was made directly behind the goal-posts. The enthusiasm of the crowd was stupendous, and when one of the surviving Cabots kicked an easy goal, the firmament was rent with shouting, and nearly half an acre of Harvard benches dripped with unrestrainable tears.

There were but three minutes left, and the Yale team, groggy and demoralized, could barely hold its own, and almost immediately were led weeping from the field. Duval's neck was found to have been broken by his impassioned meeting with Thompson, but his funeral was the largest and most enthusiastic that Cambridge ever saw, and the statue of him by St. Gaudens promises to keep fresh in the minds of future generations the precious memory of the devoted soul who checked the stampede of learners towards Harvard, and saved that good old nursery of learning and true sport from being overwhelmed.

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