AN EPISODE IN BAIÆ.

A NARRATIVE FORMING THE BASIS OF ONE OF THE OPENING LECTURES OF THE ANNUAL COURSE DELIVERED AT RUSH MEDICAL COLLEGE, CHICAGO, BY PROFESSOR JAMES NEVINS HYDE A. M., M. D.

It was, according to our mode of reckoning, the 12th day of July, Anno Domini, 160; and the sun-dials were marking the fifth hour of Roman time, or, as we should compute it, near ten o'clock in the morning. At the moment in question, the sun was smiling as brightly on the sea and on the shore, as ever during the centuries since passed. The Mediterranean at the Northern limit of the Gulf of Naples lay blue as an amethyst under the rocky slopes of Baiae, and presented the brilliant contrast, almost peculiar to Italian scenery, with the azure of the over-arching sky and the rich green of the abundant foliage on the shore. At this date, Baiae was, during the hot season, the popular resort of the wealthy citizens of Rome, and was now enjoying to the full the flood of its summer-tide of visitors. In that part of the little town devoted chiefly to business and pleasure, the main street was suddenly thrown into a confusion that for a moment diverted the course of its busy traffic, and explained why the laws forbidding the driving of vehicles in the city of Rome except on special occasions, were so rigidly enforced. A gaily-decorated two-wheeled chariot, to which were yoked four well-groomed Parthian horses, was dashing up the smooth road, swaying as it passed in a most dangerous fashion from side to side. Its owner stood within, just behind his charioteer, his body reeling with every plunge of the vehicle. He had evidently not yet recovered from a prolonged debauch of the previous night, for his face was deeply flushed with wine and a chaplet of roses depended from his left brow. It was to his drunken freak alone that was due the disturbance of the street, for he had seized the whip from his driver and laid its lash viciously over the flank of the trace-mate horse nearest his right hand. The frightened animal had with a plunge broken his outer trace fastened to the top rim of the chariot-bed, and had thus been borne over to the right by the two yoke-steeds and the further trace-mate.
The cry, "Cave equos!" (Beware of the horses!) flew before them up the crowded street, where match-peddlers, sausage-sellers, and a curious group surrounding an Egyptian snake-charmer, scattered in every direction. Just ahead, a litter was passing supported by poles, carried on the shoulders of eight stalwart Scythians. One could tell by their bright red livery, that they were in the service of the prætor of Rome, Sergius Paulus, whose summer villa lay just beyond the next turn of the road. Behind the litter walked two female slaves. It was not difficult to surmise that they were following home from the bath the only child and daughter of the prætor, Julia, even though the silken curtains at the side hid her figure, for above them could be seen the white sun-shade that protected her head. Evidently she too heard the warning cry on the street, for at the precise moment when the Scythians moved to one side in order to escape the flying chariot in whose track they were, she suddenly leaped out of the litter. But, though she landed on her feet, she sank at once to the ground, and, even on a second attempt at rising, her ankle turned and she fell helpless on her side. Meantime the chariot swept harmlessly by, and the slaves, some of them keeping off the crowd, moved to the assistance of their mistress.

She had not uttered a cry, but was white with pain, the color of her cheek being scarce distinguishable from that of the snowy palla with which her figure was girt. A dirty little beggar, peering between the legs of the slaves, gazed with wide wonder upon the long golden chain encircling her shapely neck, fastened with a buckle representing a wild boar with brilliant rubies for his angry eyes.

The maiden was evidently accustomed to assume command, for at her bidding one of the female slaves lifted her again without difficulty into the litter, while the other hastened forward up the road. The Scythians then hoisted again to their broad shoulders the long poles run through the rings of her vehicle, and marched with it sturdily up the ascent of the hill. The scene was ended in far less time than it has taken to describe it.

Beyond the next turning of the gravelled street, one who watched the red liveries could see them entering on the left the broad marble stair-way leading up to the villa of the Roman prætor. On either side, at every winding of the carved balustrade, rose statues of Flora, Vesta, Fauns, and Satyrs. Between these, one caught glimpses of a smooth-shaven sward, with interspersed beds of gladiolus, hyacinth, and narcissus, bordered by lines of box. Here and there were plane and myrtle trees, their foliage artificially trimmed in the shapes of lions, tigers, and bears. From the top of the stair-way rose the two-storied villa, its lofty turrets so placed that from them, one could look on one side, far over the blue of the Mediterranean, and on the other across the Lucrine Lake to Nauplia and Puteoli. Nature and Art had here in fact conspired, in order to furnish refreshment for the senses and a charm for the spirit in the heats of the summer.
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The litter with its attendants was met at the open door of the entrance-hall above, by the praetor himself, accompanied by a young man who was at the time his guest, and evidently one of high social position. The clean-shaven face of the elder was seamed with the furrows worn there by the stern struggles of political life in the Roman capital. His head, quite bald above and fringed with a line of whitened hairs at the temples, was somewhat bowed upon his tall and slender figure. He had, however, the commanding presence of his social rank, and the regular features of a typical Italian of his period, with such an expression as might be looked for in a president of the judges of the city courts.

He greeted his child, as she was removed by the slaves to her own apartment, with a mixture of grave dignity and repressed emotion which betokened in one of his character and training, far more than could words, his sympathy for her suffering.

The young man at his side strove less to hide the anxiety awakened by the accident. He had scarcely more than attained his majority, but his figure exhibited in a high degree the muscular development resulting from systematic ballista-training and military exercise. His curly hair was cut close to his head; his face was smooth-shaven; and the expression of his dark features suggested that the education of his intellect had not quite sufficed to soften a sternness for which his square jaw and firm lips were in part responsible. Both gentlemen wore as an outer garment, merely the light tunic adapted to indoor life and the summer season. These were white and of the finest linen, the front of each being marked by a narrow strip of purple woven into the cloth and running from the neck to the lower border in front, a mark of the order of knighthood to which they belonged. Severus, the younger of the two, wore his tunic caught to the waist with a belt of gold whose links were so fine that it was as pliant as the product of the loom. To it was fastened a short Roman sword.

While the daughter of the house was gently carried by her slaves to her own chamber on the sea-ward side of the villa, in the rear part of the ground floor, the praetor sought his library, a spacious apartment looking to the east. It was divided down the middle in two parts by a double row of cedar-wood presses placed back to back, containing rolls and parchments. Above these cases were the busts of a number of Roman and Greek authors who had attained distinction in the world of literature. At a table near one of the windows, sat the scribe, or secretary, of the praetor, who had been engaged, just before the news of the accident reached them, in taking down, by aid of abbreviations, from the lips of his superior, a decision about to be rendered in one of the Roman courts. The secretary was evidently a freedman, who looked in his neat but worn attire, as though many years of his life had been passed in the service of the great house to which he was attached.
"Britanicus," said the prætor, as he threw himself into a studying-couch at hand, "fetch me the roll on which I have had written a number of prescriptions for domestic use. My daughter has just suffered a serious sprain of the ankle, and I would have an embrocation that might be used for it."

"Noble Sergius," responded the freedman, as he sought one of the cases and began examining the red tickets on which were written the titles of the rolls contained within, "I have heard from the slaves that the lady Julia, whom we all love to honor, is suffering grievously. And now I remember that yesterday, when in town purchasing some new parchments, I heard of a learned physician but lately come to Rome, who is spending a few days at Baiae that he may study the effects of the sulphur water of the springs. They say of him that he is both wise and skillful, and that already he has had success in relieving the empress of a malady. Would it not be prudent to summon him?"

"By Jupiter! I thank you for your careful memory, Britanicus," responded the prætor, a look of relief lighting his contracted brows. "Have the slaves call him at once and, look you, see that I am warned of his coming!"

With this the master of the house sought his daughter's chamber which he did not leave till a slave announced that the physician whom they had summoned was approaching. As Sergius strode between the double rows of fluted marble columns through the atrium, he found there also the young soldier, his guest, awaiting with no less impatience the coming of the stranger.

They looked to see an aged person, humble of exterior and servile of demeanor. The surprise of each was almost unbounded on perceiving the approach of a young man, who looked to be, as he actually was, in his twenty-eighth year, and who was evidently possessed of wealth, for he was wrapped in a red-bordered toga of the finest and whitest wool. He was also attended by two slaves in light blue livery, who relieved him of his outer garment and foot-gear, as he passed through the ostium. In doing this, it was noticeable that he took care to put his right foot foremost, as he crossed the word, "SALVE!" wrought in elegant mosaic on the lower threshold; and that at the same moment his lips moved as though he were repeating something to himself. He had soon passed the line of slaves in the vestibule and was cordially greeted by the two gentlemen who awaited him.

It is difficult to describe in words the impression he produced upon the two inmates of the villa. The latter had expected to greet an inferior not an equal, yet, after brief conversation, each of them had asked himself whether really the new comers were not the superior of both. After the removal of his toga, the physician stood before them in his short-sleeved and crimson-bordered tunic, which dropped to the knees and exhibited bare
arms and legs rounded with the muscles of an athlete. His hands, though large, were plastic and full of expression. He was, like his hosts, close-shaven, and his blonde hair was cut short over his well-shaped head. His forehead was broad and high; his cheeks ruddy; his chin well-rounded; the dark grey eyes under his sweeping brows seemed to suffer no object within their range to escape study. He had a Greek rather than a Roman type of feature. His expression was variable, with always a generous and kindly light beaming from his brows and a quaint humor mingled with sterling common sense lingering about the somewhat irregular curves of his lips. It was impossible not to be favorably impressed with the grace of his manner, the refinement of his features, and the culture expressed in the tones of his voice. He spoke the Latin language with marked ease and elegance but with the slight accent then occasionally noticed in educated persons of Greek nativity.

As the master of the house accompanied him to the sleeping-apartment of the daughter, the eyes of the physician took note of all the surroundings. He saw the low and then modern bed-stand, of inlaid ivory and tortoise-shell, which had not to be ascended by steps but was easily accessible from the tessellated floor covered with rugs. He saw the bronze-lamp on one side, representing Venus drawn in her chariot by twelve silver doves with out-spread wings, the body of each dove holding the oil for the wick that protruded from its upraised beak. He saw the polished metal mirror on the other side, and, hanging above it, the waxen mask which was a fac-simile of the features of the girl's dead mother. He gathered every detail of the costume of the patient as she lay on the purple coverlet of the couch before him, wrapped in a soft white stola gathered at the waist by a pink-tinted cord and tassle of silk, with pearls gleaming in her shell-like ears. Nor did he fail to take note of the small and curly-haired pet dog that, fondled by its mistress' hand, nestled on the tapestry of the pillow where rested her head.

While the details of the accident were related to him, the physician drew a stool to the side of the bed, seated himself so that the light from the mica window-panes should fall upon his patient, and then proceeded to make a deliberate and methodical examination of the limb. One of the female slaves, meanwhile, removed the white sandal from the swollen foot, and the bath-towel, wrung out of cool water, which had been placed about the ankle.

There is no better test of a surgeon's skill, than that set up by a patient with an injured limb, when the latter is manipulated either for the purpose of examination or of dressing. In the present instance, that test was well met. The surgeon deftly passed his left hand beneath the knee of the injured leg, and gently but firmly grasping the foot with the other, raised the limb so that it was fully in his control. Meanwhile, his patient scarcely wincing at the movements, he performed flexion and extension of both knee and ankle-joints, slid a sentient finger down the line of the bones, and
produced abduction and adduction of the foot on the leg. While thus engaged he seemed not to hear one or two of the remarks addressed to him by the praetor who anxiously superintended the operation.

The examination completed, he laid the limb again upon the bed and spoke as follows:

"This is not what it has been assumed to be, a simple sprain of the ankle, but is a fracture of one of the bones of the leg. There are two of these, both named because of their resemblance to our musical instruments, viz: the tibia and the fibula. Here, on the outer side, lies the fibula, and you see that when I come to a point about a finger's length from the lower extremity, there is a lack of continuity in the line of the bone, and a slight depression in the flesh. As a result, the foot is slightly inclined outward, there is great pain and considerable swelling. So much for the nature of the injury, which is one not rarely produced by just such sudden shock of landing upon the feet as in the present case. For the future, we cannot now determine, whether the resulting inflammation will be pneumatoid because that the pneuma has insinuated itself along with the blood; or oedematoid, because accompanied by phlegm; or erysipelatoid, because united with bile; or scirrous, because joined with atrabile. But of this we may be sure, she will speedily recover and that without resulting deformity or lameness. Nature," he continued, "shall be our good physician in this case, and we shall content ourselves with merely placing these parts in the position where they can most readily return to their natural condition, acting thus only as humble servants of the great healing power."

This said, he ordered the slaves to fetch him the material which he wished to use, and taking a soft pillow of the sort used on the bed, he laid the limb lengthwise along the middle. He then skilfully moulded a mass of soft wool over the tibia and, gathering the pillow well about it, fastened a light strip of wood to the inside. The whole was finally secured in place by linen bandages encircling the ankle below and the knee above. The patient sighed with relief on the completion of this dressing, which not only did away with the slight degree of deformity due to the fracture, but produced sufficient extension to give complete relief of the pain.

His task completed, the surgeon rose from his stool and was rewarded with a grateful smile on the sympathetic face of his patient. "May I ask," she said with marked respect, "for the name of him whose skill has served to give me such prompt relief? I would not soon forget it."

"My name is Galen," he answered simply, "Claudius Galen."

"It is a name I shall remember," was her response. "My father will reward you with gold; but you must permit me to return you the grateful thanks of one who appreciates to the utmost your gentle and efficient service."

"Indeed," he rejoined, "in that case your return to me will be greater than that of your father. Though placed by fortune beyond its need, I may not
for the honor of my profession, refuse just compensation for my service; yet without the thanks and gratitude of his patient the physician is indeed always unrewarded."

"Spoken like a young gallant of the Court," she smiled in return, "albeit with the manner of a parent and the expression of a friend." With this she beckoned to her slave Geta, who at once handed her from a table near by, a finger-ring in the shape of a delicately carven golden lizard set with precious stones. "I pray you to keep this," she said, "as a souvenir of the gratitude of Julia."

"You will at least" interposed the prætor, as soon as the physician had expressed his thanks for the gift, "you will at least order her to take some hellebore that the severity of the inflammation may be reduced?"

"No!" answered the physician promptly and cheerfully, "no hellebore this time. We shall do well without it."

"That is just like my papa," interrupted the girl. "He is always anxious to do just a little more than is actually needed. When he was Ædile and had charge of the public games in the Circus Maximus, he ordered nearly a score of panthers to be kept in the city, when one alone would have been sufficient to astonish the people and worry the elephants. But," she went on, "the water-clock in the atrium must be marking the hour for our noon-day meal. Do you know," she said turning to the physician, "out here by the sea we have such appetites that we eat at mid-day almost as heartily as at dinner in town. I am sure that you will not refuse to join the gentlemen at this repast?"

As this invitation was cordially seconded by the host, the physician accepted, and was at once escorted to the triclinium, one of the smaller dining-rooms situated on the sea-ward side of the villa, where a delicious sea-breeze swept over them through the windows. The frescoing of this room was in Egyptian patterns. It was furnished with a large inlaid cedar-wood table, surrounded by richly embroidered sofas and two ample side-boards covered with gold and silver plate. Here they were joined by Severus, who took the sofa on the left, while the physician was bidden to that on the right of the host, who reclined at the head of the table. The butler at once placed before each flagons filled with Falernian wine, while the slaves removed the sandals of those who reclined on the couches and washed their feet with scented water brought in silver bowls, drying them afterward with linen towels.

The table, covered with a purple cloth, was adorned with vases of bronze filled with flowers. On it were also placed small dishes containing white and black olives and several kinds of cheese. The first course consisted of broiled oysters from the Lucrine Lake, dressed with a garum, or fish-sauce. "I admire," began the prætor, "your excellent skill, my good Galen, which I recognize as far superior to that of all our physicians here. To
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which of the sects by the way, do you belong, to the pneumatics, the episyntletics, the methodists, the eclectics, or——.

"A plague on all sects in medicine:" broke forth his guest. "I abjure them all! Know, O Sergius, that I am only a disciple of my great master, Hippocrates. He was the faithful, loving, and patient student of nature herself, in whose sovereign power only, the vis medicatrix nature, we put our trust. This is my creed, and my practice is based on it alone. My mission here is to bring back to the old paths those who have been straying from them for nigh four hundred years. What your great Trajan did for the Roman empire, when he re-built its ruined highways and repaired its broken aqueducts, that I purpose doing for the men of my profession and my day."

"Good!" responded the pretor, "but I marvel that you should understand the bones of the leg when, as you well know, in all, even in barbarian countries, it is forbidden by law to open the human body for the prosecution of such studies."

"Ah! there speaks the lawyer," rejoined Galen. "In consequence of a dream had by my father, a wealthy architect of Pergamus, named Nicon, I was from my earliest youth devoted to preparation for my profession. Since that time I have studied in the great medical school of Alexandria, and have on foot travelled through Cilicia, Palestine, Thrace, Italy, Syria, Crete, and Cyprus, yet have I altogether seen but two skeletons of the human body, both of these in Alexandria; one, that of a robber condemned to exposure. Judge if I have not spent days in the study of these! But there are other resources. I have opened hundreds of bodies of apes, which most resemble those of the human race, and then there are also the corpses of our enemies slain in battle, of children exposed by inhuman parents, and of slaves. After all," (this with a certain quiet smile lingering at the corner of his mouth,) "the few make the laws; the many must suffer and die. It is the duty of the physician to obey the highest law, in his efforts to alleviate that suffering and to postpone that death."

"Touching that question," interposed Severus, "you do not seem to be superstitious, yet, unless I greatly err, you took pains to enter this house with the right foot in advance, and to mutter a charm as you crossed the threshold. For one, I was glad to see it, as I put a great deal of faith in these things."

"As to the first charge, it is true," returned Galenus, "but that is a practice I have adopted solely for the benefit of superstitious patients, who insist that it should be done; and I am ready to oblige them with so trifling a favor. But as to the second charge, it was not a charm that I uttered as I came in, but only one of the aphorisms of my master, Hippocrates, which I am fond of repeating."
"And would you object to repeating it to us?" enquired the young soldier.

"By no means," was the response. "It runs in this way: 'Life is short; the art is long; occasion sudden; to make experiments dangerous; judgment difficult. Neither is it sufficient that the physician do his office unless the patient and his attendants do their duty. and that externals are well ordered!'"

"By your god, Esculapius!" ejaculated Severus, as he took a tablet and stylus from his bosom and made a note of the words he had heard uttered, "That is a charm good enough for me, and is worth trying some day in a predicament!"

At this moment the slaves brought in for the second course, a large, well-seasoned turbot dressed with eggs and garnished with a number of small sausages no larger than marbles, all smoking hot. Rolls of fine wheat bread were also placed in silver bowls near the hand of each as he reclined at the table, and also smaller dishes of dressed lettuce.

"They tell me," resumed the praetor, "that you have been in attendance upon the family at the palace, and have had in your charge the empress Faustina and the young prince Commodus. These are among my friends."

"You are right," said the physician, his genial smile suddenly changing to an expression of gravity. "The emperor, his wife, and the prince have been lately in my care." Here he stopped rather abruptly. It seemed that he preferred to talk of his profession rather than of matters at court. Severus, noticing this hesitation, was diplomat enough to change the subject.

"What you say of studying anatomy from skeletons is well enough, but, by Hercules! how can one know all about broken bones, if he has not seen and handled many! We have no schools for such study as this."

"For this," replied Galen, "I am indebted to my native Pergamus, where, by the grace of the Pontiff, for many years I had surgical charge of the school of gladiators. Perpol! if the gladiators and wrestlers do not serve for the study of broken bones and wounds, who in the world do! Here I was first to observe the popliteus muscle and the platysma myoides, and first also to describe the origin of the tendo Achillis."

"How distant and far separated," continued Severus, "are the places where one must study all the details of your art, while my poor profession can be acquired in the camp of a single legion of the Roman Army! When yours is mastered, study and skill do the rest; but the soldier, after completion of his training, is still only a suppliant to the goddess of Fortune!"

"Ah, my friend, do not talk in that way," interrupted the physician. "Only a crowd of fools pursue that false divinity. She never remains for any time in one place, since the pedestal of her statue is moved about from one situation to another; now above a precipice, again over the uncertain waves

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1 It was a favorite saying of the Empress Faustina, that 'there was but one physician in the world and his name was Galen!"
of the sea. And when her followers have lost all hope and fall dying at
the base, to all their groans and appeals for aid the goddess, safe and sound
above, has for an answer only a scornful laugh!"

"I admire your philosophy," interjected Sergius.

"Every true physician is a philosopher," returned Galen. "In order to
understand the human body, its different maladies, and the indications for
their relief, one must be a master of logic. But in order to study this with
ardor, one must despise wealth and practice temperance; that is all there is
to philosophy, logic, physics, and ethics. A man who cares not for riches
and practices temperance can never commit a shameful action; for all the
iniquities of which man is ever guilty are the fruit either of his avarice or of
his appetites. Your true philosopher necessarily possesses all the virtues,
for they are all so indissolubly linked together that he who has one must
have all. This is the only way in which a man can even begin the study of
medicine."

"Well," added the soldier, "what a grand thing it would be for the phy-
sicians of Rome, if all could be philosophers; and if in some such vast building
as the baths of Hadrian, one could collect and study the victims alike of
accident and disease!"

"Ah!" said Galen thoughtfully, his eyes fixed upon vacancy, "all that is
yet to come. To-day, there is but one religion that encourages the care of
the sick and of the poor. It is that of the unfortunate and persecuted Nazare-
es. But they are rapidly multiplying in the East and in the West. They
fill the palace of the Emperor and lodge in the cell of the slave. If the
time ever comes (and come I think it will) when a Nazarene shall wear the
imperial purple, then the men of my profession shall care for the sick and
the destitute in asylums as large as your public baths; and the knowledge
which they ask me to impart in public lectures at the capital shall be used
for the benefit of the rich and the poor alike."

As Galen finished with these words, he chanced to notice a Libyan slave
who had been serving his vis-a-vis at table, the young Severus, and who
was then standing behind the sofa on which the soldier reclined. As he
catched the words uttered by the physician, a tear gushed from the slave's
dark eyes and rolled down his swarthy cheek. He at once turned aside his
head to conceal his emotion.

"Well," ejaculated the praetor, "it is all one to the most of us, whether
it be the Master of the Thunders, Isis, or the Jewish hero, whom we exalt
to the pinnacles of religion; the Pantheon is large enough for all."

"I once suffered from an accident," said Severus, "for which I was treated
by one of my slaves with their sacred oil, and the result was simply marvel-
ous. I have a great respect for the Nazarenes, and would not, if I had the
power, permit their persecution."

At the sound of these words, Galen regarded the young man with fixed
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attention. "Of course," Severus continued, "you have no more faith in
the gods, excellent Galen, than have the most of us!"

"If you are at all interested in my creed," said Galen, "I can best give it
to you, by repeating the words in which I have expressed it in my treatise
entitled De usu partium; they are these:—In writing this book, I
compose a true and real hymn to that awful Being who made us all; and,
in my opinion, true religion consists not so much in costly sacrifices and
fragrant perfumes offered upon His altars, as in a thorough conviction im-
pressed upon our own minds and an endeavor to produce a similar impres-
sion upon the minds of all others, of His unerring wisdom, His resistless
power, and His all diffusive goodness. For, the fact that he has arranged
everything in that order and disposition which are best calculated for its
preservation and continuance, and that He has condescended to distribute
His favors to all His works, is a manifest proof of His goodness which
calls aloud for our hymns and praises. That He has found the means
necessary for the establishment and preservation of this beauty, order,
and disposition, is as incontestible a proof of His wisdom, as that He has
done whatever He pleased, is of His omnipotence."

Never before had his auditors listened to words like these. The phy-
sician had spoken with a feeling that betrayed itself in the tones of his
voice and the expression of his clear grey eyes. The lawyer and the soldier
even caught something of his inspiration as they looked with mingled awe
and admiration upon the man who was their guest.

Meanwhile the attendants upon the table served them with the last course,
consisting of pieces of pastry baked in the shape of pigeons and hawks,
together with dried figs.

With this the luncheon was concluded, and the physician, now attended
by his own slaves, took leave of his host, promising to visit his patient again.
Severus, however, having evidently conceived an attachment for a com-
panion so nearly of his own age, accompanied the latter down the marble
stair-way of the villa, leading to the street below. As they were about to
part, the young soldier expressed the hope that they might again meet in
Rome.

"Noble Severus," responded Galen, "friend, if I may dare to employ
such a name, I am sure that we shall meet again and that often. Before we
part, however, I have a word to say to you, under the rose. I know well,
as who in the Capital does not, the story of your African birth, your modest
origin, and your reputation as a gallant soldier, which has well earned your
advancement. Even now your name is mentioned in the city as the probable
Consul for the coming year. I can read your character in your face; and

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2The most of these responses of the Master are translations of his exact language as found in his
works.
have but little difficulty in guessing the height of your ambition.” The cheek of the young man glowed, as he heard these words.

“I know also that you are superstitious, and that your dreams have been favored by omens. There is that in you which persuades me of your future. The empress is, as you know, the cousin of the Emperor, and it ill becomes me to speak of her character. But the Prince Commodus has received a fatal inheritance that renders him as despicable in his youth as he will be odious in his manhood. Fit yourself therefore, for the responsibilities of the future by a life of strict self-denial. Despise gold; put a strong hand upon all your appetites and passions; preserve by exercise your physical vigor, and” here he hesitated a moment, “and you shall yet prove of inestimable value to your country!”

With this the physician received again his toga from his slaves, and bade farewell to Severus, who was not only profoundly stirred by the words he had just heard, but also astonished at the revelation they made to him of the keen insight possessed by the extraordinary man from whom he was parting. Before we bid them both farewell ourselves, it will be interesting to note that Galen was practicing medicine in Rome, years after the vile wretch Commodus had been strangled to death in a drunken stupor by a professional wrestler, and Septimius Severus, Galen’s life-long friend, after revenging the death of the gentle Pertinax, had himself attained to the imperial purple of the throne of the Cæsars.

THE REORGANIZATION OF THE UNIVERSITY.

The reorganization of the University, intimated in the Inaugural Address of President Roberts, has been consummated, at least in outline, and has received the formal sanction of the Board of Trustees. The changes made are of far-reaching importance. The organization adopted is designed on the one hand to harmonize and adjust the relations of the schools now under the University management, and on the other to outline a plan sufficiently broad to provide for the enlargement of the University, as contemplated in the charter, by the founding of professional schools.

Among the more striking changes to be noticed are, the designation of the college as Lake Forest College; the co-ordination of the collegiate department of Ferry Hall with Lake Forest College, under the name Ferry College for Young Ladies, while the preparatory and seminary departments are retained under the name of Ferry Hall Seminary; the grouping of these schools and the Lake Forest Academy together in an Undergraduate Department; and the establishment of a Professional Department, comprising the four University Faculties of Philosophy, Theology,
Law and Medicine. A general view of schools and courses as now arranged is here given:

**Undergraduate Department:**

**Lake Forest College:**
- Classical Course; Degree, B. A.
- Scientific Course; Degree, B. Sc.

**Ferry College for Young Ladies:**
- Classical Course; Degree, B. A.
- Literary Course; Degree, B. Ph.

**Ferry Hall Seminary:**
- Classical Course, Preparatory; Diploma.
- Literary Course, Preparatory; Diploma.
- Seminary Course; Degree, B. L.
- Music Course; Diploma.

**Lake Forest Academy:**
- Classical Course, Preparatory; Diploma.
- Scientific Course, Preparatory; Diploma.
- English Course (General); Diploma.

**Professional Department:**

**The Philosophical Faculty:**
- Advanced Courses in Philosophy; Degree, Ph. D.
- Advanced Courses in Classical Philology; Degree, Ph. D.
- Advanced Course in Biology and Geology; Degree, Sc. D.

**The Theological Faculty:**
- Not yet organized.

**The Law Faculty:**
- Not yet organized.

**The Medical Faculty:**
- Advanced Courses in General Theory and Practice of Medicine; Degree, M. D. **Rush Medical College.**
- Advanced Courses in Dental and Oral Surgery; Degree, D. D. S. **Northwestern College of Dental and Oral Surgery.**

The following considerations are among those that have led to the adoption of this University System:

1. It is simple, showing at a glance the relation of all parts to the general whole.
2. It is comprehensive, providing a place for the present schools and courses, and for all schools and courses that in the future may be added.
3. It is symmetrical, giving each school and course a distinct place, without encroaching upon the province of another.
4. Apparently revolutionary, it is really conservative, returning from the disorder prevalent in the adjustment of departments in American institutions to the acceptance of the organization of the university faculties developed through the centuries of educational progress in Europe.

5. It embodies the best features of both the American and the European organization of higher institutions of learning, for

a. It replaces the gymnasium of the Continent, which is generally acknowledged to be weak on the side of philosophical and moral training, by the American collegiate courses, which are equal to the gymnasium as regards discipline and superior in point of general culture;

b. By means of elective studies in the last two years of all collegiate courses, and the distribution of courses under the care of the four faculties of Philosophy, Theology, Law and Medicine, it affords the widest opportunities for the pursuit of specialties, which is the principal recommendation of the European university system;

c. It provides for the education of both sexes alike; in the Undergraduate Department, by parallel courses; in the Professional Department, by raising no barriers to women becoming candidates for degrees. No European University has so generous a provision as this for the higher education of women; no American University can now afford to ignore her claims.

Full information regarding the changes in the University and its courses will be found in the new catalogue, which will appear in December.
funny and deserving of being called a good joke, than to remove the Bible from the chapel pulpit and put a box in its place, as was recently done, we with all earnestness say such a person truly deserves some externally applied force for his own edification and his neighbor’s pleasure. And those young men (we can’t believe they are from among our numbers) who take such pleasure in roosting upon the Mitchell Hall veranda and making themselves generally a nuisance, surely are utterly lacking in any of those noble qualities that go to make up a gentleman. They need instruction and are liable to get it.

Nor do we approve of tricks that involve the destruction of property, whether of the students or the University. We make due allowance for accidents, but cannot call it an accident for a young Freshie to deliberately walk up to a door and kick the panel out, merely because the boys were having a good time otherwise. He had too much of the Adam in him, and, let it be known, we have declared war against the ways and meanness of old Adam. And this practice also of yelling and singing in the halls during recitations is being repeated too often to be appreciated either by a majority of the boys, or the girls, or the Professors. The first two or three times it occurred it caused hearty laughter, but now it only arouses a weary and sickly smile induced by mournful pity for those who so plainly reveal the calf nature from which they sprang, by blatting through the halls.
We have it under consideration to take up a collection for the purpose of buying some skimmed milk for these little calflings. If any desire a bottle, just send in your names.

We hope "these few remarks will be sufficient" to improve the tone and spirit of those actions that are in themselves neither funny nor elevating.

A small volume has been laid on our table which is well worthy of being read by all young men, as it is the account of a young man’s life written by a young man. *

In it is told the story of a young Englishman’s home and school life and his subsequent voyage to the South Seas, where he met his death by the terrible volcanic eruption in New Zealand, June 1886. The first part of the book is of more interest, perhaps, to the friends of the young man than to the general reader, but the greater part consists of a very interesting narration of his travels in lands too little known by us and the details, graphically recounted, of the wonders and terrors of the last fatal night. The chief attraction, however, is Bainbridge’s character. One so young but yet exerting so manifest an influence for good is seldom found. Grandeur of character must always have its influence, and so no one who has thoughtfully read this work can go back to his tasks without having more earnestness of pur-

pose in life. The volume is handsomely bound and contains, besides a portrait, several illustrations of New Zealand scenery.

To the editors of The Stentor:

GENTLEMEN:—Your last issue contained an editorial which to us seemed not only entirely uncalled for, but also unwarranted. We refer to the article on Biblical study.

You seemed to forget that you are students in a Christian college, supported by and under the control of a Christian church. Such a college evidently should have some department in which Christianity, as a distinct subject, would be made an object of study.

You say that “it is a question worthy of consideration,” whether such a study is profitable, and then proceed to enforce your position by what we consider very weak reasons.

Your first objection seems to be that Biblical study is at any rate a very unimportant study, and too much time is given to it.

We would wish to be informed why it is more important for a young man or woman to have “an acquaintance with a modern language,” or “a thorough course in some natural science,” or “the opportunity for collateral reading,” rather than a course in the History, Evidences, and Claims of Christianity? Why should a student have any one of these rather than a knowledge of the influence of Christianity upon the history and thought of the world?

You also say that the subjects studied are more fit for the Theological Seminary.

If you will look over a curriculum of a Theological Seminary you will find that very few of the subjects in our Biblical course are separately studied in the seminary. If they come in a seminary course, they come in incidentally.

You also say that more than half of the men in our college are theological students.

This is a mistake. But even if it were true, what of the young ladies and the remaining men?

But your greatest mistake is of a more serious nature. You appear to overlook the fact that to-day a deadly struggle is being waged between Christianity and its enemies. These enemies are educated and aggressive. It becomes a Christian college to send out graduates able to cope with these enemies. This can never be done by paying no attention to the grounds of dispute, or by treating them as of no importance. It can only be done by giving the student a clear view of the disputed field, and showing him the strong foundations on which Christianity rests. If a young man or woman leaves college without having acquired such a definite knowledge in regard to Christianity, the chances are much against its ever being attained. And we claim that no student can conscientiously apply himself to the four years' course in Biblical in this college without being well grounded in the principles of Christian Apologetics.

Respectfully,

Edward E. Nourse.

We are well aware that we are students under the direction of a particular church, we realize our obligations to that church, and we are now seeking only the education which will best fit us to advance the cause which that church represents.

Now, the question raised in our last issue, was not if Biblical study in our college should be abolished, but if the existing course of study is profitable. Further thought on the subject has served only to convince us more fully that it is not sufficiently profitable. First, the studies included in it do not develop and train the mental faculties, nor is the knowledge gained from them—to the most of us—of any practical use. While they are too specific to form a part of that general culture which the healthy mind demands, at the same time they are too loose and rambling to be of service to the student in special lines of work. We do not think that the college is the place for work in specialties; but we do think that the college ought to furnish a broad, solid foundation for any kind of special work in the future. Opportunity for more work in the English language, especially practice in the art of expression, elocutionary training throughout each term of the four years, more work in such natural sciences as will train us to scientific methods of investigation and thinking,—either of these, we believe, would be more profitable than our present course in Biblical study, in preparation for any work of life. These subjects should be included in the required course in order to allow time in the elective course for some
of those studies too often regarded as mere ornaments, but which not only fit their possessor to enjoy life more, but also bring him into closer sympathy with mankind, and by giving him a higher appreciation of beauty will, perhaps, enable him to reflect some glimmers of light and gladness on the dark world about him. Such studies must be pursued while in college by one who intends to devote himself strictly to his own work after leaving these halls. Now the soul of man should be well rounded out, symmetrical in all its proportions. The narrow-minded man and the lopsided man seem hideous and repulsive to us, if for no other reason; because they offend our aesthetic nature. It is a fault found with many of our ministers, and with justice, that they are too narrow-minded. The ministerial students who form at least half, perhaps more, of our young men, can study in any first-class seminary all there is in our Biblical course that requires work in the class-room. To those who are not studying for the ministry, especially, this course is not practical. They are not the ones to meet the great foes of Christianity. The arms of Christianity in this warfare are of a different nature from those it used in former ages; they cannot be used by every man, but only by him who has had a long special training for it. Some times in the pulpit attempts to refute the arguments of agnostic scientists are made by men whose zeal is praiseworthy, but whose preparation is insufficient for the task. By the futil-

ity of their efforts they often weaken the cause they try to defend. The special training requisite for success in this line the college cannot expect to give, but it can and should lay the foundation for it. Our Biblical course is not adequate to this; in fact, we believe the same amount of time spent on Biology alone, would be more effective in attaining this end than our whole course in Biblical.

But let us look at another side of the question. The working of the great engines of war belongs to the few; the rest of us have a single weapon, which, if rightly used, will answer all our needs. In our Biblical course why not study the Bible itself? This, we think, is our proper sphere. We can all use it, whatever place in life we may fill; and while in college we might be taught its contents in a scientific and orderly way, and be trained in its systematic use. That would be practical. Such knowledge every one could use among his fellow men; it would at least be more profitable than that gained from our present course.

Our Note Book.

The College.

Who hit Smithy?

Our first snow storm—November 19.

Juniors begin the study of literature after Thanksgiving.

Why is an appetite like a standing high jump? Because it is a spring of action.
The Junior class in Physics are billed for essays in December.

Professor—"Can you tell who held this theory of phenomena?" Student—"Can’t." Professor—"Yes, that’s right, and what can you say of Kant’s idea?"

The Freshman class gathered for an evening of enjoyment at the house of Miss Rumsey, on Thursday, November 10.

A large amount of new apparatus has been purchased for the natural science department.

Who runs the College? Dr. Roberts. Who thinks he runs the College? Fireman Frye.

The members of the Junior class surprised their classmate, Miss Griff-in, at her home on Monday evening, November 21. They spent a very pleasant evening, among other things enjoying some candy which two of the boys “found.” It was so late when they parted that no one studied Physics that evening.

In connection with the Zeta Epsilon Society program for November 19, Mr. Thos. Mills gave the members and invited guests of that Society a talk on Prohibition. Questions written by those present and handed to the speaker, were answered by him. In this way the talk was made very interesting throughout.

One of the Sems noticed that Mr. Nourse had his hair cut.

Prof. B. “Miss D. do you find the study of the Motive Powers hard, or difficult?” She found the question easy.

Prof. D. “Miss G—n, how would you render ‘I was very much pleased,’ in German?” Miss G—n. “Ich war ganz tickled to death.” So was the class.

Math. Mr. Davis. “Prof. will you explain the ‘moduluses’ to me?”

“What is the gentleman’s name?”

The college boys were informed that they have a bad influence on the “Cads.” It was a Cutting remark.

Biology students examining the gills of lobster. A. G. “I say, Dick, do you know what this last gill—this post gill—is called?” Dick. “Yes, it is the Magill.”

We here desire to inform those who do not know it that the “ladies” who furnished the girls waiting room were the boys of the college— at least they did the major part of it; and they do not remember making any conditions that would exclude them or their descendants from occasionally entering the room they helped to decorate.

Student. “Prof. how do you pronounce a-c-o-u-s-t-i-c-s?” Prof. “A-cow-sticks.” Student. “Where does she stick, Prof?”

Prof. “Miss G. what is a well?” Miss G. “A hole.”

Critic of the debate. “Mr. R. would do well to keep his hands off his revolver while talking, and Mr. J. would do much better if he would take some of Dr. Stone’s Cough Drops before beginning to talk.”

Can anyone inform Mr. Linnell
whether the audiphone will work with false teeth?

Fresh to Junior. "Got your bill yet?" Junior. "Yep!" Fresh. "What does it amount to?" Junior. "Tuition, room rent, fuel, $29.50, and let me see, $1.25 makes $30.75." Fresh. "$1.25! What is that for?" Junior. "Oh, that is for religion! Going to charge for that this year."

Not long ago the Senior class and the young ladies of Mitchell Hall spent an enjoyable evening together at the house of President Roberts.

Omniscient Senior (after long and intricate discussion in philosophy)—"Well, Professor, I don’t think you see my point yet." Professor—"Well, no. Pretty fine point; hard to distinguish!" O. S. subsides.

The reception given by Dr. and Mrs. Seeley, at Ferry Hall on Friday evening, November 18, was most enjoyable. The reception room was very tastefully decorated, and the young ladies looked their very best. Like all the receptions at the Seminary, this one left a bright spot in the memories of those present.

"This world is but a fleeting show," sang the Soph who followed a form divine for two blocks and then found it to be only a teacher.

The week of prayer for young men, November 13-20, was observed by Y. M. C. A. meetings in the academy chapel every evening during the week. There was a large attendance at each meeting, and general interest was manifested throughout. A choir of college students, organized for the purpose sang at every meeting.

Three parties at Hallowe’en helped to enliven the routine of college life. The Juniors met at the home of their classmate, Miss Horton. Miss Grace Reid entertained a company of friends at her home, and Misses Nellie and Florence Durand gave some of their friends an enjoyable evening.

We are sorry to report the severe accident which occurred recently to Aubrey Warren, of the class of ’91. As he was climbing into the back of a moving wagon, a board gave way, throwing him against a wheel which threw him violently to the ground. His face was very badly bruised and cut, the injuries being quite serious and necessitating his staying at home for some time. His speedy recovery is hoped for by all his many friends.

'Twas night. The restless inmate of the "Cad" had sunk to rest, the "detective" had shut one eye for the night, and the lights in the palace of the chancellor were extinguished. The moon, piercing the thin tissue of fleecy clouds, tipped the dark waters of the lake with a wavy, tremulous light, and the dark-browed emerald Freshman moved on his homeward way from the initial class party of the season, his borrowed suit flapping in the wind. No sound was heard save the last sob of some retiring Soph, as he gently turned off the gas in the hall, and mournfully but firmly grasped the handle of his water-pitcher. In a
corner of the dormitory a little band of Sophomores was gathered together. The scowl of conflict was gathering on their brows and their dress gave evidence of an approaching crisis. There was an aching void of sixty seconds, when Georgeacus gently laying his mortar-board upon the banister, stepped forth and addressed them: "Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call him chief, who for two long years has faced Mathematics and yet has never flunked! I will omit the rest of my speech, and will only remind you that we have locked out the Freshmen, and if they get in they will have Blood, and don't you forget it! Let us keep them at bay, if possible, but if they should overpower us, then let us fly to our rooms, lock the doors, and engage in slumber, deep yet noiseless. E'en now the rampant Freshman is abroad below. It is time for action. All hands to the pump, and don't give up the ship!" Orders were obeyed, a window was lifted, and one Freshman was floated off towards the Sem. Wrathy shouts below soon indicated that the Freshies had found an entrance by the back door. With a rush they came up stairs, and Adams, in the front rank, was providentially drowned. "Gr-reat Shcott! boys, they've been in moy room!" ejaculated the noble president, as he viewed through the door which he had carefully barricaded, a waste of second-hand dry goods and literature, and a conspicuous absence of his bed. But the Freshman who boasted that "they couldn't get into his room," found his three locks counted for nothing, and his room looked as though a cyclone, wearing a mortar-board with a red tassel, had paid strict attention to business. Then did the Freshmen show the mettle. Sixteen in all, they gathered round the door of the Bluejay, who in response to their beseeching entreaties, appeared upon the scene with a flourish of Indian clubs and oratory. At sight of this one poor little Freshman's eyes watered, and moaning "Pretty good!" he wiggled to his room. The chief fought hard, but sixteen were one too many for him. In the course of his exercise some language just missed Blood and hit the wall, making a hole about 3 inches in diameter and 3/4 of an inch deep. Bound hand and foot, the captain was carried to the fourth floor and stationed in an empty room. Two of his classmates soon joined him, and it only remained to capture the "cow-boy Soph." However, after hearing him talk, and knowing that he was truthful, the arbitration committee decided that fifteen could hardly handle him. A night watch was set over the others and the worthy president, as he had no bed, went on duty. At early dawn the Bat and the Blue-jay flew out of the window and escaped to the tall timber on the second floor. That morning the Freshman girls came to chapel in their best dresses, the Sops at Mitchell Hall having taken care that they should have nothing else to wear. They looked very nice. The secretary of the faculty has been seen in close conversation with President Neptune, and it
s supposed that damages will be paid. The Sophs now roost under he protecting wing of the faculty.

Morning after Freshies party, Mr. G—y, coming out of Greek recitation meets a friend and confidentially whispers him, "I made a dead flunk in Greek." Prof. Z., just behind overheard and supported Mr. G—y by saying, "Y-e-s you did, Mr. G—y, you did, you did!"

Psy class. Prof. B. "Well, Mr. W—n, what do you think about the moral appetences, are they original?" Mr. W—n hesitates, thinks hard, and finally says, "Yes, sir, I do," Prof. B. "Yes, so does our author, Dr. McCosh." (Shame to so discourage original thought.)

Mr. D. translated the German clause "Loben wir ihn und sie," by "we he she praise." When asked to translate the English he flunked.

Prof. "And men and animals are —?" Student. "Gregarious." Prof. "Yes, I think so. This is seen in the flocking of birds and the sculling of fish." We suppose he had reference to the schooling of Fresh fish.

Senior class. Prof. H. "Mr. J. have you read the life of the poet —?" Mr. J. "Yes, sir." Prof. H. "Well, what can you tell us about him?" Mr. J. "Hem—I—I—he died in '61, I think." What an impressive narration!

The gentleman who did not desire to subscribe for our Stentor because he only had time to read for infor-

mation was too Swift in his decision. The Stentor is full of information.

The Faculty consider the Freshmen are "on top." What do you think about it, Sophs?

Prof. G. is authority for saying that Miss D. eats a loaf of bread for breakfast every morning. Mr. G—y wants to know if Annie one believes it.

FERRY HALL.

MARRIED.

SOCIALIST—BOND.—Friday evening, November 11, 1887, at the residence of the bride, Ferry Hall, Lake Forest, Ill., by the Rev. Mr. McSnorter, Miss Silly, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Parsons Bond, to Mr. J. G. Socialist, son of T. B. Socialist, Esq.

Promptly at fifteen minutes past eight o'clock the sounds of Mendelssohn's Wedding March were heard in the palatial residence, the doors of the drawing room were thrown open and the wedding cortege appeared. The pages Barraclis and Gondalez came first, followed by the bride's maid and groom's man. The groom accompanied the mother of the bride, and the bride followed leaning on the arm of her father.

The following ceremony was then performed by the Rev. Mr. MacSnorter: "DEARLY BELOVED: We are gathered in the face of this company to join this man and this woman in matrimony. Into this estate these two persons come now to be joined. If any man can show great
cause why they may not foolishly be joined together, let him speak now or else hereafter forever hold his tongue. Come Forward."

To Man.—"Wilt thou have this woman to be thy petted wife, to live and fight, to scratch and belt her, as in the state of matrimony? Wilt thou domineer over her command and find fault with her, and altogether make her life miserable as becometh a lord of creation?"

Man: "I will."

To Woman: "Wilt thou have this 'lord of creation' to be thy master? Wilt thou be meek, obedient, bring up his meals to time (without extra charge), pick up after him, and sew on buttons for him as long as you both shall live?"

Woman: "I will."

"Who giveth this woman to be married to this man? Is there any token of this wish?"

"With this ring he thee weds, and with all his worldly goods he thee endows."

"I pronounce you man and woman."

Congratulations were then in order, and the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing.

The costumes worn were mostly borrowed. The bride was attired in a poem of ivory satin, high puffed sleeves, demittrain, draperies of India, crepe and white lace veil. Mrs. Parsons Bond, the mother of the bride, wore black satin with cut jet trimmings, her one ornament being a diamond pin. The brides' maid, Miss Idiot, was dressed in pink India mull, her only ornament being a gold bracelet, a present from the groom. The presents were numerous and costly. The parents of the bride presented the young couple with two apples and as many ginger cookies. The groom presented his bride with an exquisite China pig.

On Friday evening, Nov. 18, Dr. and Mrs. Seeley took great pleasure in receiving the townspeople of Lake Forest and a number of the students of the university.

Miss Jennie Snyder, of Morris, spent a few days with us. Ferry Hall is always glad to welcome back the old faces.

The champion pedestrians of Ferry Hall start for a short walk. They arrive at Waukegan, a town about nine miles distant from their Seminary. As they have only fifteen minutes for their return, they do return but by rail.

Will the member of the class of 1888 please inform an anxious inquirer at what date the French Reformation occurred?

Debate.—Question: Are balls of frozen vapor detrimental to Senorial dignity? Affirmative, class of '87; negative, class of '88.

A certain doctor gave a great dinner and bade many to be present, whereupon a few with harmonious discord began making excuses. Two were too young and susceptible to wander so far from their Alma Mater, but remorse soon o'ertook them, and they endeavored to put an end to their miserable existence by calling upon the Heavens to rain
ter and smite them. Some were too tightly bound in the golden chords of—for "the girl I left behind me." Some—ah, well! What can we say? The distant city called them away. Some were distracted by two opposing forces. The negative failed, and the positive drew them with overwhelming power a few rods to the westward and left them at the abode of the Graces.

ACADEMY.

Who put that sticky stuff on the handle of Macalester's door?

Where have Jonney's short pants gone to?

Our reporters have purchased a new suit and found a clean collar left over from last spring. They are now able to take notes in either short hand or telephone, and the next issue of the STENTOR will not be delayed on their account.

Longfellow, according to an Academic authority, is a beautiful poet, especially in that part of the poem Evangeline where he compares Evangeline to a cow!

If any one wishes to know why Robert, son of the Earl of Essex, was so obedient to his father's commands please ask "Historical Jones"—he will inform you.

The poets which the students of L. F. U. like to peruse while sitting on the shores of the lake (in the winter of course) are Shelly and Crabbe.

Terrible accident! A dull thud was heard at the east end of Academy Hall this morning at 10:45 P.M. On investigation it was soon ascertained that G. W. Nichol's jug had fallen from the fourth story window and broken its neck. The remains will lie in state at the end of the Hall until "Guv" deposits them in the ravine. One more step towards the cause of Prohibition.

As it is time for us to go to our Swineology class and hear Prof. S—tell us that the electric eel is the most shocking thing in natural history, and for the boys to stand up without being propped up, and to quit putting pins in chairs with the points towards the zenith, we will wipe our pen and lay it gently aside (on account of the handle being busted) and bid you adieu.

For the Stentor.—

We would gently warn the brilliant youth who writes the Academic columns of the L. F. U. STENTOR, that if he tries to elect the "Candidates for the Pump"; namely, the undersigned, that an article called a base-ball bat, will, in all probability, come in contact with the balloon like structure situated on his shoulders and carried in lieu of a head.

Respectfully,

Obidiah Whiteside.

S. Dudley Ovcholf.

Van Epps Steel.

Johnnie, alias Short Pants.
Don't tell any one, but in a few days, as soon as we can get a tank made and the paraphernalia connected therewith, we are going to put our "Fish" in water. Be it known our "Fish" is a whale.

RUSH MEDICAL COLLEGE.

EDITORIAL.

The story of the life of Professor Moses Gunn, of his lingering and painful illness, his heroic suffering and sad death, has been told in the daily papers and is doubtless familiar to all. A few words concerning him as he appeared to the students of Rush Medical College, the scene of his labors and triumphs for the last twenty years may not be amiss.

We all thought him a noble specimen of physical manhood. His tall, erect, well-rounded and well-knit frame; his white, curling locks; his keen, blue eye—all made him a conspicuous figure. And when added to this, we noted his firm, quick step; his energy in action showing the Highland blood that coursed through his veins; his scrupulous nicety about his appearance and dress, even to the minutest details, we could readily understand why he was the prominent personage whether in the parlor, the arena at his clinic, or in the sickroom; and why it was that he was looked upon as the master, as the one who commanded, by all with whom he was associated.

Many of us, at first, misjudged the man and the surgeon, as we saw him at his Tuesday and Saturday clinics. We sometimes thought him harsh and overbearing. But we gradually learned that he was born to have authority, and that underneath the apparently rough word or action was a warm and honest heart. He had no nonsense in himself; he did not like it in others; and his words of re-proof, like his scalpel, often caused pain by the wound so freely made, but they were sure to do good and in many cases to work a cure.

Viewing him as a surgeon, we could not comprehend the certainty of the rapid diagnosis and the equally certain and rapid operation. At times we accused him of carelessness in the one case and "cutting and slashing" in the other. But our censure soon changed to wonder and admiration. His keen, disciplined eye detected at a glance the irregularity, change of contour, loss of function in the part, things which we could but faintly perceive after careful study.

And we saw that where other surgeons toiled with laborsome and painstaking carefulness, feeling every step of their way, he, trusting to his very accurate knowledge of anatomy and his wide experience, worked with a boldness and rapidity that were marvelous. He always took the short cut in his surgical operations, for with him it was the safest. We have seen him make the complete operation for hare-lip in five minutes. And the manner in which he extirpated tonsils, cut for stone, opened abscesses, etc., was a never-failing source of enjoyment to the student audience. Before one
fairly realized that he was ready to begin, he seemed to be through. And yet he was not tempted to undertake an operation that would, perhaps, bring renown for its brilliancy, while it could not benefit the patient. Often as we saw the large tumor enter the clinic, our younger pulses beat a little more rapidly and our blood tingled in our veins with expectancy. But we were frequently disappointed in our hopes of seeing a brilliant operation, for he was always honest with his patients and never held out to them false hopes for the sake of gaining temporary applause.

Much more might be said of him did space permit. He was a clear, enthusiastic, and practical lecturer; he had always on hand a fund of humor and good-fellowship; he was kind and indulgent in speaking of the mistakes of other physicians. And the students always liked him for his promptness and punctuality. At the exact minute for clinic or lecture, he entered the arena. Many a time I have seen him stand with watch in hand, impatiently waiting for the moment to come when he could enter the amphitheater and be at work. “I would make a poor waiter,” he once remarked.

We scarcely recognized his greatness when he was among us. Yet those of us who listened to the excellent analysis of his character by Rev. Clinton Locke, as he spoke over the body of his dead friend on that Sabbath afternoon, felt in our hearts how true was the tribute of the few well-chosen words that were uttered, and realized as we never had before, that our friend and teacher was a prince among surgeons, in very truth a great and noble man.

J. B. H.

The following are the resolutions adopted unanimously by the students of Rush, and read at the funeral of Dr. Gunn. A copy of the same was also written on parchment and presented in a beautiful frame to Mrs. Gunn.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God to call from among us our distinguished professor and friend, Moses Gunn, who for the past twenty-one years has earnestly labored for the best interests of the students of our college: We, the students of Rush Medical College, desire to place on record the high esteem in which the deceased was held by us.

Resolved, That in the death of Professor Gunn the Medical profession of America has lost one of its ablest surgeons, and suffering humanity has been deprived of one of its greatest benefactors.

Resolved, That Rush Medical College, in the death of the member of its Faculty, has suffered an almost irreparable loss; while the students have been deprived of the instruction of one whose wisdom has been everywhere known and acknowledged.

Resolved, That we do extend to the bereaved widow and family of the deceased our sincere sympathy and condolence.

Resolved, That we, the students of the college, attend the funeral ceremonies in a body.
The news of the recent resignation of Professor Strong, and the severance of his connection with Rush, was as unlooked for as it was unwelcomed by the students. For more than fourteen years Professor Strong has labored earnestly, conscientiously and faithfully to advance the highest interests of the students and the institution in which he served; and it is with sincere regret and a high appreciation of his labors that we see him step out from our midst. Certainly those of us who have been under his immediate supervision and guidance in his position as Demonstrator of Anatomy can testify that his instruction was that of a sound, scholarly man, whose knowledge of the department was anything but superficial.

It belongs not to us as students to find fault with or even question the wisdom and purposes of our honored Faculty: yet we do wish, as students, to say,—and we certainly express the unanimous sentiment of the college—that we wish Professor Strong to remember that we have appreciated his earnest efforts in our behalf; that we honor him for the manliness which he has shown in his resignation; and that wherever his walk in life may lead, we shall retain for him a warm corner in our hearts.

It is with sincerest wishes that he may attain and reap the honors which his earnest life, deserves that we pass from his instruction and sever our relations to him as students—

L. M. B.

RUSH LOCALS.

M-o-r-e!

M-a-a-a-ail!

"Which is the quiz row?"

"Now I want to say in reference to—"

You will kick the dog will you, Hannah?

Sounds from the arena

"Bo!-woh-ho-t-cho-mai-up..."

This means "we are desirous of receiving our mail."

Cod Liver Oil is here!

There was a young Rushite named Hannah,

Who assumed quite a confident manna—Till he kicked at a pup

And some one said "up!"

And "that's what's the matter with Hannah."

Dispensary Dialect.

"Been here befor?"

"No, I've a—"

"Let's see! all right! 54 and 13 gentlemen."

"Bandage soup"—(Marcuson) " Pass up Mac!"

Lock and Schubert were not in earnest, they were only having a game of "Hermit and Bear.” Both wanted to do the “bear act” and brush the flies off the others nose.

"I wish now to call your attention to another remedy called—"
The last successful operation performed in the college was a brilliant one. The great *Fistula gastrica in dogo*. (Private instructions in *Dogrrology* given by the Phys. Lab. Supes.)

Cod Liver Oil when "taken should be well shaken."

Ah ha! Tyler! and thou didst go up! and what did'st thy wail of "Pa!! pa!! oh pa!!" avail thee then?

The Rush men must subscribe for the *Stentor* for one year and pay a dollar each; of course they must—

If you want to know how to sit down in a chair when there isn’t any chair there, just ask Beeson; he can tell you all about it.

Wanted, three new supes for Prof. Parkes’ Clinic; we only have twelve.

The new version:
There’s a hole!  
There’s a hole!  
There’s a hole!  
There’s a hole  
There’s a hole! there’s a hole!  
there’s a hole!  
There’s the whole of it.

"Always let your patients *die cured.*"

"——!!—!!" said Father Time when the wet sponge kissed his aged brow.

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**In Memoriam.**

**MOSES GUNN, M. D., LL.D.**

Shall we then view that silent tomb in dread,  
Or deem that noble life forever dead,  
While Heaven, serene and smiling, bends in love  
And bids us *live* and hope to meet above?

No; let us lift our eyes from this dark earth,  
And view that Heaven! And let our grief give birth  
To grander hopes, and nobler thoughts, and then  
We yet may hope to meet and greet again.
ALUMNI AND PERSONAL.

ALUMNI.

'80. Rev. W. O. Forbes is intending soon to begin the post-graduate course in Philosophy established here a year ago.

'82. Mrs. E. J. Groeneveld writes a pleasant letter saying that her sister, Miss Laura Vaughn, formerly a student at L. F., is teaching in the College of Montana. Mrs. G. finds the life of a minister's wife to be much the same in Montana as elsewhere.

'84. We have received a copy of the *Wichita Daily Beacon*, a large eight page paper, W. B. Hotchkiss, business manager. It is well printed and looks like a live paper.

'84. E. W. St. Pierre is traveling in Europe. He will reach Persia by the first of December.

'84. Miss Lily Reid was married on Sabbath, Nov. 20, to Mr. Alfred Holt. Mr. Holt has been in California during the past year on account of ill health. Miss Reid accompanied by several of her friends went to California where the marriage took place, Rev. J. G. K. McClure, of Lake Forest, performing the ceremony.

'85. H. W. Sutton will soon take up the post-graduate course in Philosophy.

'85. We have received the announcement of a new book, "The Gist of It; A Philosophy of Human Life," by Rev. Thos. E. Barr, with an introduction by Rev. D. S. Greg- ory, D. D. It is a portly volume of four hundred pages.

'86. Mr. G. E. Thompson was sent as delegate from Princeton to the Inter-Seminary Missionary Alliance at Alexandria, Va. He reports an enjoyable time.

'86. Miss S. L. Mitchell is highly successful as teacher at Anna, Ill. She, with the help of H. E. Lufkin, one of our former students, has organized a Young Peoples' Society on the plan of the Lake Forest Young Peoples' Council.

'86. W. E. Bates visited Lake Forest a short time ago, coming from McCormick Seminary.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Edwin J. Bartlett, son of the President of Dartmouth College, and a graduate of the Academy class of 1868, preached here last Sabbath. Mr. Bartlett is preaching at Lake View.

Theodore Starrett, formerly of '84, will be graduated with the present Senior class. He is attending to his business by day and studying by night.

Miss Amy Ward has gone to spend the winter with an invalid sister in New York.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the *Bellevue College Star*. 
The Monmouth Collegian comes to us with a number of good articles and a noticeable one on the "Empress Josephine."

The Dartmouth is quite welcome with its departments pretty well filled. The boys at Dartmouth seem to have a talent for story-writing, judging from the several stories in its literary column.

The Aegis will always be looked for on account of its breezy and attractive news columns. Although her literary department is not as full as some, still the news she gives overbalances it and must make it a good paper for the students.

GENERAL COLLEGE NEWS.

Ann Harbor has a number of Japanese students.

A debating society has been formed at Amherst by non-society men.

Dartmouth has a Sunday afternoon Bible class conducted by Senator Patterson.

The glee club of Brown University practices three times per week under a professor.

Harvard, Yale, Cornell and Princeton are the only colleges publishing daily college papers.

The Dartmouth glee club in getting ready for their concert season have been practicing daily.

There are eight-hundred and thirty-seven students in the freshman class at Cambridge University, England.—Ex.

Haward, Columbia, Princeton and Tulane Universities have established the Annex for women.

Lunt, the dread of the University of Wisconsin and the pride of Racine, is attending the Columbia Law School.—Aegis.

Cornell is full to overflowing, more than one thousand students have registered. There are three-hundred and fifty freshmen.

Vanderbilt's new building for the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, costing $500,000 has been formally opened.

The house work of Wellesley College is done by students who devote to it 45 minutes daily. There are over 600 girls and each are trained to do one kind of work and to do it quickly and well.

Dr. James McCosh has resigned the presidency of Princeton. His retirement is to begin Feb. 1st, next. Rev. Dr. Francis L. Patton, Prof. M. M. Sloan of Princeton, and Rev. Dr. W. C. Roberts, of L. F. U. have been thought of to fill the vacancy to be left by the venerable President. His fast-approaching old age has warned him to drop the work so well carried on by him for over twenty years. He will build a residence in Princeton, and will still hold the chair of Philosophy.