Philosophic thought apparently moves in cycles. At one extreme is spiritualism; at the other is materialism. The conflict of the ages between these two has been waged with ever-changing success. To-day is perhaps an age of transition, it is certainly a period of conflict. It is realistic. Metaphysics is looked upon with suspicion. We are told that we live in a Scientific age and that Science reigns supreme.

But true science must have a philosophy to explain it, and the relation between them is intimate and important. A splendid scientist may be a wretched philosopher. Hypothesis may become strangely mingled with fact. Tyndall the scientist proves spontaneous generation impossible; but Tyndall the philosopher claims that he can discern in matter "the promise and potency of all life."

The inductions of scientists belong to themselves; their deductions belong to the world. The minister in his study is sometimes looked upon with supreme contempt by the scientist because he does not accept without question his so-called scientific dictum. But if the minister in his study, or the world at large, is asked to accept a scientific conclusion, they surely have the right to examine the premises and reasoning by which that dictum is reached. "Ipse dixit"'s belong to a past age.

Science is being made popular. By means of the press the views of a certain class of thinkers have been scattered far and wide. These views have not been without influence, and to-day a popular sentiment favors them. Were they unimportant we might well pass them by. But when they contain a philosophy of human life and duty, when they deal with the deepest problems of human thought and action, they call for
the most rigid and searching examination.

In the light of these principles let us glance at the ethics of this new form of materialism.

It claims to be an integral part of the Evolution Hypothesis. All its supporters are evolutionists, but thankful we are that all evolutionists are not its supporters. Take away all the spirituality, all the recognition of an intelligent and personal first cause, all else but matter and force from the evolution theory and you have the philosophic basis of this new ethics. It is evolution with a vengeance. Some of its advocates would deny this. Theoretically some of them admit an unknown and unknowable first cause. Some of them shrink, when put to the test, from blank materialism. What we charge upon them is, they make no practical use of these concessions. They make them and then relegate them to oblivion.

Its principles are these: The end of life is happiness, the pleasurable is the right,—the painful is the wrong. Utility is the standard of right and wrong. The older Utilitarianism recognized a spiritual nature in man. This later development does not. It claims that scientific evolution proves the right to be simply a stage in the development of general conduct; that man physically and intellectually is an evolution from matter; that duty is only a feeling resulting from heredity; that obligation comes not from outside man; that free-will is a delusion; that thought and feeling are simply the result of the interplay of brain molecules; and that prayer and revelation are equally absurd and useless. This is one of the philosophies of duty to-day offered to us in the name of exact science.

It is utilitarian. This alone is sufficient for its rejection. Utility cannot be made a moral standard. It is inconsistent. Our moral natures compel us to distinguish pleasures as right and wrong. But Utilitarianism says the pleasurable is the right. Whence then the authority for the differentiation of pleasures? If the basis of our moral nature is our physical nature, whence our authority for preferring intellectual pleasure to physical; moral to intellectual? This is the dilemma from which no sensational ethics can escape. Pleasure accompanies action but does not remain as a lasting result and hence cannot be made an ethical standard.

Self-consciousness tells us of duty as often opposed in physical pleasure. If our moral nature is grounded in our physical, what authority can rest in that feeling of duty? Self-consciousness tells us of motive and intention as having great moral value, as being almost alone in determining the moral worth of an action. In completely disregarding motive and intention
this theory is directly opposed to our most common and deep-seated sentiments, it strikes at the very basis of our religion.

But the practical defects of this theory are as glaring as the theoretical.

It is atheistic. The ideas of Divine authority and human prayer are relics of savagery and superstition. Religion is a development of the feeling of fear caused by dreaming of a dead ancestor. This may not disturb the atheist. But he who considers belief in God as the only true foundation for morals cannot avow the conviction that such ethics destroys the very possibility of ethics.

It is selfish. Its basis is laid in the physical self. It can offer no incentive to noble, devoted deeds. Its standard is made from the individual. The call of duty and the call of self sacrifice can appeal to nothing beyond the individual.

It destroys responsibility. Authority is self-derived and hence can only be self-centered. Accountability is an illusion. The imperative "ought" cannot go beyond the individual impulse.

St. George Mivart has well said that if happiness alone be made the end, all meaning is taken from life. Take away the right and you remove from all consideration the deepest seated and most powerful motives that have ever swayed human actions.

In attacking this philosophy I attack only its tendency not the morals or motives of its advocate. It has been put before the public in such an attractive form that it has become wide-spread and influential. The influence of French materialism found its fruitage in the horrors of the Revolution. Who can say what will be the fruit of the present materialism? I claim this theory is the most dangerous foe to Christian morality now in existence. It has not within itself the power to check a course of evil. It cannot lift human nature to a higher plan than itself.

My self-consciousness tells me I have a soul. I find within me a nature full of aspirations toward that which is beyond and above me. I feel that God and prayer alone can satisfy these longings of my being. But this theory tells me there is no God; that prayer is vain; that will is an illusion. It points to a godless law of development and to the natural world and tells me there seek for satisfaction,—there find all that is worthy of worship. Can this be so; that these restless strivings mean absolutely nothing; that our only destiny is the sod?

Educated Christians,—look to your duty. Challenge this philosophy wherever you find it. Meet it in the name of true science as well as religion. For, if it is true; if soul and body are equally a development from matter; if pleasure is the end of life; if death ends all; if freedom
THE L. F. U. STENTOR.

if evolution is only the interpreter of the handiwork of the Creator; if God, freedom, and duty are the most momentous words the human tongue can utter,—then let us range ourselves for the conflict on the side of the right. Let us do our part and leave the results to the Eternal God.

EDWD. E. NOURSE, '88.

WHITENASH.

Seminary.

It is a difficult thing to make black appear white, to turn an ill-favored crow into a graceful swan; yet similar feats are attempted every day, and many things that cannot be washed white are whitewashed.

Our eyes are deceived by the bright patches of color veiling the realities of life. We grasp at golden bubbles and clutch empty air. "Our conversation with Nature," says Emerson, "is not what it seems." The cloud-rack, the sunrise and sunset glories; rainbows and northern lights are not quite so spherical as our childhood thought them. The curve of the horizon and the arch of the blue vault are only the results of the organism of the eye. But these knots of Nature are so well tied that few are cunning enough to find the two ends.

It is not in Nature alone that the demonstration of the problem surprises us. Great is Paint! And the people of to-day use the brush with lavish hand. Insincerity fashionably attired, low spoken inanity, well behaved hypocrisy fill space from zenith to nadir, and we almost question the reality of truth itself.

Many people remind one of fancy waste baskets—outside all ribbon and gilt while the inside is either empty or filled with useless rubbish. "Society is a masquerade ball where everyone hides his real character," some one has aptly said.

The world rolls, the din of life is never hushed. In London, in Paris, in New York the carnival is at its height. Nobody drops his domino, yet each one is conscious that his companion's real face is concealed.

Politics seems to offer the best opportunity for wholesale whitewashing. The candidates for office
are paragons of valor and virtue unless they belong to the opposite party, in which case words fail to paint their villainies in dark enough colors. The hidden actions of past life are spread out with glowing detail. Family history with embellishments is published; and the variety of possible constructions placed upon words and actions is astounding. The office seekers must be all things to all men, if necessary they must even join the church while election is pending that no votes may be lost. The characters made and pulled to pieces in the present campaign will furnish subject matter for the newspapers from now until November.

Even our literature is white-washed, consisting mainly of old ideas covered with a dash of fresh paint and a new label. Solomon in his day declared: "There is nothing new under the sun," and still on new instruments we hum our old tunes, and in imagination hear the music of the spheres.

One of the fatal characteristics of to-day is the threatened divorce between religion and morality. In the place above all others where we would expect to find sincerity pure and simple, even here, in the sanctity of God's house has hypocrisy crept in. We find many on bended knee, voiceless; or sending up in mute prayers odors to which the angels are unaccustomed. Their Bible is a Political Economy; their creed includes belief in the multiplication table, in the power of the Almighty Dollar, in an American's duty to contend for his own interests, and similar articles of faith. Yet these worldly wise men are smeared over with a bit of universal varnish and gold leaf and labeled "Model Church Members" by their near sighted neighbors. Men's souls are not made of crystal in this age that we may read the motives of their actions. But hearts and faces are so far asunder that they hold no intercourse. "There are men," says an eminent author, "who steal the livery of the court of heaven in which to serve the devil," and idolatries in which the whiteness of the ritual covers scarlet indulgence. No matter how successfully shams are used here, in the clear light of the Judgment Morn all the whitewashes of the earth will be removed. Concealment will avail nothing, we shall stand before God in our real characters.

"Vice for a time may shine and Virtue sigh, but Truth, like heaven's sun, plainly doth reveal, and scourge or crown what darkness did conceal."

Blessed then will be the man whose character reflected in Truth's mirror shall be found unmarred, untinted, by the deceits and hypocrisies of this world's paint shop.

Marie Holloway, '88.
THE GREAT ROMAN WORD PAINTER.

Academy

Some eleven years before the Christian era, there lay a ship in the harbor of Brundisium. A large crowd of anxious, enthusiastic friends lined the shore, looking with eager eyes upon the vessel. As it sailed out of this beautiful Italian harbor we may well believe that the air rang with shouts of praise and honor, as a great Roman poet was on board, journeying towards Greece, "the nurse of scholars and the land of arms."

A few months later and a similar ship sailed back into this same port, bearing the great Roman emperor and the great Roman poet; but now no cheers, only a hush of anxious suspense as his illustrious patron comes home to Italy in company with the distinguished poet who is even now within the shadow of death. Why then those shouts of applause? Why now this sorrow? Both were alike tributes to Virgil, who secured the admiration and praise, not only of his own nation, but of all succeeding ages, because by a dash of his pen he could paint pictures that rival those of the most brilliant artists. Few eminent writers there are,—there is scarcely one we may believe,—known as a word painter in the literary world, who is not indebted to this great Mantuan bard.

Virgil was prominently a master-painter of scenic effects in nature. How vividly we all remember the storm which overtook Æneas upon the deep. As his fleet is sailing peacefully along, we can see the very clouds suddenly appear in the horizon; then the sun is hidden; then dark night broods upon the sea. The air soon flashes with lightning. The winds rush forth from their mountain homes upon the deep, and the waves rise mountain high. We hear the shouts of men and the very creaking of the rigging.

With equal clearness can we discern in a later picture the calm harbor of a shut-in bay whose waters within lie peaceful and calm; above which twin-like peaks raise their threatening heads toward heaven, and from whose sides hangs a beautiful curtain of green with all surrounding nature in calm repose.

But Virgil is also a graphic word painter of events. In his picture of the Siege of Troy, we can see the men as they rush towards Priam’s palace to destroy it. Some assailants hang their scaling ladders to the walls; some of the besiegers have reached the top and are clinging to the edges of the roof, while
a company of assailants in the passage-ways below are breaking in the strong gates with their heavy blows from the battering-ram. We can see a daring Pyrrhus leading on the furious assailants, who, with the unyielding violence of his father Achilles, presses on to the fierce attack. We can hear the heavy blows of his battle ax, and see the very opening which it makes in the door that is being battered down. We can see the never despairing Trojans on the roof as they move a large tower to the very edge to push it off upon the besiegers below. We see it fall, we hear it crash, carrying destruction in its path.

Virgil was also a remarkable painter of character. While Aeneas, the hero of his great epic poem, does not perhaps appeal to any mind as an ideal hero, while he does not possess the indomitable energy, the keen insight, and the personal prowess of Achilles, he wins our admiration for his patience and endurance. We recognize his never swerving devotion to his gods and his constant attention to his aged father, as he presses on exclaiming: "Whither the Fates lead, let us follow." We see Aeneas only through Virgil's account of him in the Aeneid; we see Augustus through the portraits of several historians, yet Aeneas stands out a character seemingly as historical to the readers of Virgil as the great Augustus.

But we find that Virgil is still more a master in the realm of imagination. Here his talent becomes genius. The gods seem like actual beings to our minds, as Virgil paints them. For instance, the winged Mercury seems to us as real as an eagle which our own eyes behold. Poising above the sea on balanced wings he darts down and skims along the water's surface, then flying away he alights upon the house-tops of Carthage. But the master-touches of his imaginative brush are given in his description of Hades. Aeneas' descent into the lower realms seems just as real as the same hero's wanderings from Troy. His Sybil guide, the varied forms of punishment, the river Styx, Charon the boatmen with his rusty-colored skiff, the lands of the blest, the souls of future heroes, and the ivory gates of exit,—all appear as real to us as though they were scenes upon earth.

With such vivid and varied descriptions, with a style so fluent and easy, Virgil combines a wonderful unity in his great epic poem, in which every incident is a little poem or better, a little painting. As a painter of nature, adventure, passion, joy, and suffering, Virgil easily stands out as the greatest master among Augustan writers.

Dante owned him as his master
and model. His imagery is so pervaded by a sense of purity, justice, and grandeur that it refines, moulds and inspires every one who sits before his canvas.

"Honor those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!"

W. T. Chaffee, '88.

**THE DRINK TRADE AND MISSIONS.**

*Junior Contest*

The crisis of modern missions demands prompt, vigorous action. Ardent, consecrated Christians have leaped to the front, but support at the rear is wanting. We send our missionaries to carry light and joy to the heathen, and in the same ship Commerce sends its gin traders, carrying them darkness and misery, far blacker, more bitter than their heathenism. Rum makes the civilized, the intellectual, the religious man a sot; it drags the uncivilized, the ignorant, the pagan lower than a beast. We give this degraded humanity a taste of our civilization and he wishes, hopes to live, we give him a drink of this vile poison of our civilization and he perishes more miserable more degraded, than if he had never heard of refinement.

England, Germany, the United States,—all great enlightened powers of the world are conducting a gigantic saloon business on our mission fields. Their unwilling customers are the uncultured, the weak of the world. Pastor Harmes plants colonies to enlighten the people of Africa, and the German traders sow seeds of corruption and distress about them. The United States heralds its approach to Siam with the death signal of intemperance. New England becomes known throughout Syria by caravans bearing rum to the uttermost parts of her territory. England sent Livingstone to explore Africa, to carry the joy and peace of Christ’s gospel to the people of the Congo, but she turns his bright path blood-red with the crimes of the drink trade. England has done wonderful things for science, for religion, for the elevation of mankind; but before she has wiped away the stain of her guilt in India, before she has atoned for the burning shame of debasing China’s millions with opium, she forces brandy with all its horrors upon Egypt, upon Madagascar, upon the Cape Colony, upon Congo’s Free States.

I am proud of our America for freeing the slaves and making this a land of liberty. I might exult, did I not know, that she has torn the chains from the bodies of the
blacks here, and places them scorching hot upon the souls of those in their native haunts. My country, your sin is great because you strike down humanity more helpless; at the same time you hold up the standard of Christ and bring that into disgrace by deeds unchristian and inhuman.

Embassadors come from Siam's king begging our government not to give their country liquor because it is ruining the people. Only last year, Lagos sent Johnson, a native pastor, imploring England to bar out drink which is flooding the country. He said to the members of Parliament: "The slave trade has been to Africa, a great evil, but the evils of the gin traffic are far worse. I would rather my countrymen were in slavery, being worked hard, but kept away from drink, than that drink should be let loose upon them." A Tembu Headman tells the Cape parliament that brandy is killing his people and destroying his country. Dr. Clark sees thousands of girls lying drunk around trader's wagons. Still again Stanley and others tell us that gin has become a currency on the Congo. Girls, boys,— all receive their hire in bottles of gin and rum. Cloth is no more wanted. Ships laden with dry goods return with the same cargo. "Rum! rum! rum!" is the cry. The native chiefs and rulers protest against the trade. But the great powers who fixed Africa's commerce at Berlin have decreed that the liquor trade shall not be hampered. Peoples may rot, souls perish, but commerce must flourish. Trade must increase though whole nations suffer here below all the horrors of a future punishment.

A century has rolled by since Carey, the first star of modern missions, went forth to those in the gloom. Withdraw not the drink-trade, and ages will run by ere the beginning of the end appear. Behold the blind folly of sending heralds of the gospel to fight error and death in pagan lands, while we at home are the source from which springs the demon Rum to dishearten them, to lay waste their powers.

Brainard, lowly and persistent, is dead. Moffat, consecrated and zealous, is passed away. Livingstone, noble and bold; Hannington, self-sacrificing and irresistible,— all have given their earnest, useful, glorious lives to missions. But missions in spite of all fail of their end while the savage places the debauch as the height of enlightened civilization. Our missions are launched upon the sea of a great crisis. The billows of humanity break with the turbulent sound of a curse and a wail against the stern coasts of our yet barbaric days. And the wail of those billows is from manhood overthrown, womanhood degraded, infants slain, the soul's loftiest capabilities dwarfed. I cannot but hear this wail and I hear
more. Above the weeping of the misused wife, I hear the guttural notes of the one ruined by the drink-trade. Above the dying scream of the infant, cast from its unnatural mother’s arms, I hear the yell of the maniac crazed with alcohol. Above all other cries, I say, I hear voices calling with piteous notes, mingled with the undertone of a curse against the Christian and the Christian’s God, to protect them from our boasted civilization with its liquor traffic.

Reform your principles, practice temperance, elevate politics at home; abroad regulate commerce, and, having erased the offensive blot, show the savage his mistake. Then let our encouraged missionaries struggle on in the war of right against wrong, light against darkness.

B. McPherson Linnell, ’89.

CLASS DAY ORATION.

College.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

We come before you today, not in any vain attempt to display the great knowledge which, without a doubt, we possess; not to so cover ourselves with glory that our names will be synonyms for wisdom and learning; but to take a simple and last farewell to the surroundings which have made our College life so dear to us. We stand today on the brink, gazing out into an unknown future; tomorrow, we take the plunge into the sea of active life, to battle with the stormy billows of trial and temptation, to be dashed hither and thither by the waves of fate, grasping in the wild turmoil at the straws of advancement and influence, endeavoring to bring ourselves above the level of those around us; finally to reach, we hope, that haven of peace and rest in safety, to be united for eternity.

People of Lake Forest:

It is with feelings of mingled joy and sorrow that I address you today: joy, because with our departure from you we begin a new life, a life of usefulness we hope, and because now we sever all connections with our mothers’ apron strings; sorrow, deep, unremitting sorrow, for henceforth must we traverse the “thorny pathway” of life alone, no longer to be watched over and guarded by the assiduous care and never tiring vigilance which you have bestowed upon us in the past. We thank you, dear friends, for the kindly interest you have taken in our welfare. We thank you for the many words of counsel
And advice which you have given, no doubt with maidenly bashfulness, to our Faculty. We are glad that you have been able to perceive that they were not capable of taking care of their charges. Your timely assistance shall never be forgotten, and the result of your, most noble and beneficent work will certainly be a University, which in all the world will have no inferior. Now, my friends, your hearts are with this institution, her interests are yours. Go down into your pockets and bring forth your purses. Give her a little more of your money and a little less of your too valuable advice, and this University will be a shining light, a guiding star in the Northwest. For four years have we lived among you and basked in the sunshine of your blissful presence; but now we must depart from you, no more to appropriate your apples and watermelons, no more to climb your arbors and pluck the lucious grape with half the vine. Keep a green spot in your memories for us, and strew with flowers, fragrant and beautiful, the paths that once we trod. Farewell.

Our Honored Faculty:

Noble and honorable board of men to you I turn, to you, who have been our instructors and guiding influence in our college course.

[Greek quotation.]

Our Honored President, although but a short time with us, we have learned to esteem and respect your mighty mandates. Full nobly and well did you expound to us the rules and regulations; how that no longer the young ladies could visit our societies. What heart-rending anguish did you cause! What innumerable pleasures did you take from the youth, who, wandering in the moonlight with their best girls, were wont to cry out in the fullness of their feelings, "Oh Luna, thou art the moon."

Professor of Physics and Geology! You have long puzzled us with intricate formulae and mathematical calculations and made us most diligently search for "blasted crinoids" and trilobites. You have done well; you guided us safely and brought us through without a "flunk."

Professor of Logic and English! Behold today the finished product of your four year's work. Well do we remember when you took us in as Freshmen, with greatly enlarged heads and a superabundance of nothingness in them. What a task you had to grind into us logical syllogisms and wholes of thought! But look at the result of your labors. Behold us, polished, learned sixteen and see in us the shining stars of a future generation.

Professor of Latin! You worked us hard. You made our lives miserable in our oft times vain attempts to get through the recitation without a zero. Very
conclusively did you set before us the "bread and butter" problems of the Latin times, and very ably did you demonstrate to us how the "hard fisted farmer" was the nucleus of Roman civilization. We got through, but only with the assistance of our gallant horses. Most nobly did they carry us over the Appian Way, through the beautiful dells of Horace, beneath the Classic shades of Cicero, to the rough and uncouth borders of the Germans. With us, O steeds, your arduous task is accomplished. To us, henceforth, you are dead; but may you continue in your noble work, carrying safely the future classes over that rugged and wearisome way by which alone their destinations can be reached.

What can I say to you, who have aided us so faithfully in our search for Greek roots, who so carefully piloted us over the Stygian waves on the backs of our trusty steeds, and so gracefully led us in the choral dances of Bacchus! We ask of you, that you will pardon any slight "discrepancies" which we may have fallen into, and think not too harshly of us, because, on a hot summer's day, while delving deep into the philosophy of Plato, we may have fallen into peaceful slumbers, and endeavored to make circus catches and three-base-hits in a ball game. Now, as you are about to depart into other fields at the same time with us, may you carry with you the kindest remembrances and best wishes of the class of '88 and the University.

To you all, Gentlemen of the Faculty, we give our heartiest thanks for your favors and kindnesses in the past, and our sincerest desires for your success in the future. Farewell.

Juniors:

"Aller Kleider Herrlichkeit
Mag Sich auch ein Greek vershaffen
Man verkennt im hunten Kleid
Doch nicht den geputzten Affen."

You are coming now to a position of great importance and, no doubt, you would tell us that you are well aware of the fact. We trust that you have gotten over your infantile habits and foolish notions of self importance, and have become worthy of the place which will soon be assigned you. You have reached the third bag of your college existence and now as you are about to steal home, beware of the meshes and pitfalls of philosophy and metaphysics. Take heed lest you be taken up by some geological glacier to be carried along for a time, only to be deposited as "boulders of disintegration" below the passing mark. Although you may have mastered astronomy and criticized in sophistical essays the plays of Shakespere and tales of Chaucer, and although you may have tripped up the professor of physics in the calculation of a formula, do not flatter yourselves with thoughts of your
greatness, do not inflame your imaginations until, in your own minds, you are nothing short of geniuses. Wait until you have passed through the last stage, when your brains will reel and swim with philosophical theories and economical problems: then you will slowly but surely awaken up to the knowledge of your insignificance and come to perceive that there are really some things which even your vast minds cannot comprehend.

Juniors, to you we consign the places which we are about to vacate, places which of course you will be unable to fill with the brilliancy and ableness which characterized your predecessors, but which, we trust, you will occupy with honor and credit to yourselves and to the institution. May you follow the noble example set for you, and, although you can never reach that high standard of excellence which we have attained, may you strive to approximate it, and yours will be the reward for years to come.

Sophomores:

"Bellus homo est, flexos qui digerit ordine crines.
Balsama, qui semper, cinnima semp-er olet
Cantica qui Nili, qui Gaditana sus-urrat
Qui movet in varios brachia vulsa modos."

Poor, light headed, fickle minded Sophs, we pity you. If you knew the hardships in store for you in the future, you would surely faint. You have made a glorious record in the past by long continued inability to grasp mathematical truths, and by your constant failings in examinations. You are weak, undeniably weak in that the feminine element is abundant in your class. You are both physically and mentally deficient, for the time which you should utilize for the development of mind and body, you spend in looking for some fair creature to torture with your flattering attentions. You cannot play ball, as you very clearly showed in your game with the Freshmen. What have you done? What can you do? Your past history proves that your achievements may be summed up in one word—nothing, and the present indications are that you can do nothing.

Now take a little advice from us who have been through the "mill." First of all you need strength to carry you through the next two years. Acquire that by all means, even though you have to drink "Goodale" to do it. Then "Steel" your hearts against all effeminate pleasures, give up standing on the bridge for hours at a time, in the vain attempt to catch a smile from some enchanting "Sem." You will live through it, and "Standfor'd" as nobler and better men and women, and more worthy to assume the place which the Juniors are about to leave you.
My Classmates:

To you I turn last; to you, who have been my constant companions and counselors. We have learned to know each other, and to perceive that the friendships formed here are not mere passing fancies, to be forgotten in a day; but lasting, enduring, always to be remembered with feelings of tender emotion and fond recollections. For four years we have laughed at each other’s short comings and discomforts and rejoiced in each other’s advancements. But now the endearing ties must be broken, and we go forth, each to his separate duty, to struggle for his existence. And now, as we are about to clasp hands for the last time, into whatever cline we may go, into whatever circumstances our convictions may carry us, let us determine to be men and women, let us show ourselves worthy of the training and accomplishments which we have received here; then in the evening of our lives, if we may meet together, may we see in each other the results of a life well spent: a life which is the embodiment of all that is noble and true and good; a life not of selfishness and personal gratification; but one filled with devoted sacrifices, which will have a never-ending influence on the destinies of mankind.

Oft since Commencement day has Hamlet's soliloquy run through our mind as, in the silence of our lonely room, we "took up arms against a sea of troubles" in our despairing attempts to get order out of a confused mass of disarranged manuscripts, carelessly and hurriedly thrust into our hands at the last minute; to read, punctuate, correct matter not intended for publication; or as, in the long hours of the night, with bodies wrecked and wearied by "the heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to," we toiled and toiled, we thought "—'tis a consummation devoutly to be wished, —to die,—to sleep;—to sleep! perchance, to dream;—ay, there's the rub" and beheld our weary devil gouge deep his fists into his aching eyes and rub and rub and rub. "And thus the native hue of resolution became sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" of rest, of home, of fair Ophelia. But "the enterprise of great pith and moment" is finished; we place it in your hands and joyfully turn our faces homeward, our weary heads to rest.

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We desire to express our thanks to Mr. French for aid given us in the Alumni and Personal department of this issue.

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We beseech contributors to write legibly, spell correctly, punctuate sensibly; and use only one side of the sheet.

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There is a great deal of dissatisfaction about the turn the Declamatory and Junior contests took. We have been urged by a great many of the boys to express our and their opinions in as plain and forcible language as possible, but after due consideration we have decided to withhold our private opinion on this subject. Our personal preferences may prejudice us. Now these contests, their expediency, time, who should take part—boys, girls, or both; the basis for judging, who should be the judges and how selected,—these questions will
make excellent subjects for our Contributors' Department, and we do urgently invite those who have any thoughts to express upon them to prepare them during the summer and we will gladly publish them in our October issue. This is the only way to let the Faculty and Trustees know what you think.

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This issue is entirely devoted to Commencement week, its productions and events. All the articles in the literary department are taken from some one of the exercises given during the week.

We have endeavored, as far as possible, to select a representative production from each of the graduating classes—the College, Seminary, and Academy, from the Junior Oratorical Contest, and the senior Class Day exercises. We wish we could print the spirit, the enthusiasm, the oratory which accompanied the delivery of these articles. The speakers breathed their souls into every word,—the air vibrated, the people cheered, the walls trembled, and Prof. Griffin's seismograph recorded several earth shocks originating in the vicinity of the church. Would we could inspire STENTOR with life to herald this great event into every ear that worlds might stand in wonder.

Three cheers for '88 and four for '89,

A number of Seniors with firm set features and lowering brows marched into our editorial den the morning after Commencement and commanded us to hand our devil over to them for the day. Well knowing the evil genius of our pet and the wickedness of their natures we hesitated, and inquired the reasons for the request. It seems they wanted to make it "hot" for the Faculty because their diplomas were not properly and fully signed, not even sealed! They were very complacently told to get them signed, and to institute a game of hide-and-seek in Chicago with Judge Hibbard to get them sealed. This was too much for their dignity and convenience. Indeed it would be too much for any man's patience. It was shameful neglect, and we stand ready to impeach the guilty persons with downright shiftlessness.

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It is quite a new thing for us to see our President decked out in robes or gowns on Commencement day. An Eastern custom? We suppose so,—a relic of those good old days when boys were graduated in mother-hubbards. Looks nice? Certainly. So does the garb of a Catholic priest, and other dignitaries who rely largely upon appearance and forms, customs and rituals to inspire awe, weild influence, and gain submission. But to those who
care little for customs that have no utility in them, and less for show in high office that by its very appearance seems to draw a dividing line between the audience and the pulpit, these special adornments seem superfluous. We pay homage to a man's inward worth and not his outward appearances, and are inclined to drop customs when they destroy simplicity.

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Have we a definite aim in printing this paper next year? Certainly. We purpose to print matter that will represent the talent of the school, articles prepared especially for the STENTOR; discuss subjects of practical importance in school life; criticise the conduct of the students, the teaching of the professors, the actions of the Faculty, the measures of the Trustees; praise all we find good, denounce all we see bad; use our energy and the paper to voice the desires of the students, to advise the Faculty, to boom the University. Our services will be yours, our opinions our own, our work the best we can do under the circumstances.

We hope to deal honorably and justly with everybody and in everything. We invite honest criticism on our work; will always have space to print fair replies to any article, editorial, or item that appears in our sheets; and will welcome with pleasure, good articles for our contributors' department from both students and Alumni. Above all, we desire the sympathy and hearty co-operation of the students.

We have no patience with those whose assumed duty it seems is to find as much fault, and withhold as much credit as possible for the work done on the STENTOR the past year. It is one thing to growl and find fault, and another to do the same work under the same difficulties without any fault. We welcome suggestions because we feel that the best we can do could be done better,—but these little petty insinuations, and poodle-dog whinnings we resent, and will not hesitate to thrust the point of our editorial pen into every wind-bag that assumes uncomfortable proportions.

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We usually welcome vacation with pleasure, and with equal pleasure do we welcome the return of the fall term. Both events have their attractions, and we are "evolutionist utilitarians" enough to prefer the pleasurable to the painful. But this year seems to be an exception. Even Nature seemed to feel the dint of sorrow that pierced our hearts, and assumed a gloomy aspect for very sympathy, and, chilled by adverse blasts, at eve did weep a storm so great that "tears did drown the wind." Some of us are losing our most intimate associates in the senior classes; a few
of the prominent boys are not coming back; and to make a fitting climax Prof. Zenos will leave in a few weeks for Hartford Theological Seminary, where he will fill the chair of New Testament Exegesis.

Parting from Prof. Zenos will be to some of us like parting from a father, or beloved elder brother, or sympathetic fellow student. Prof. A. C. Zenos the “chubby Greek Testament,” the diligent student, the sound scholar, the ideal man: noted for his accurate and varied knowledge, his level-headed common sense; loved for his simplicity, his sincerity, his intelligent sympathy,—we will miss him very much. His departure pains us, his advancement pleases us. He came to us a stranger, a Xenos indeed, he leaves us a Greek god, our Zeus, for among ourselves we always called him Zeus. Zeus came among us in his genitive state, Zanos, he departs in the vocative, judging from the supplications and applications that the students have daily made to him in private. A little talk with Zeus always settled our difficulties and made us the happier and the wiser. It is a great thing to be simple and wise, it is Christ-like.

Good by, professor; we wish you happiness, we know you will have success, we feel you will not forget us, we will still call you Zeus though you are now a D. D.

Rev. Mr. McClure D. D. preached us a fine sermon on the formation and value of Christian character, the 17th of June. Indeed, we have had a treat this term in practical sermons of personal interest. Dr. McClure says his purpose in preaching is to present truth and the gospel of Christ in their simplest form for daily use, unadorned by superfluous rhetoric or sophomorical phraseology. He succeeds. A noble purpose; one much needed today; one worthy of adoption by those of us who are studying for the ministry. We need less lecture and more bible in the pulpit; less opera choir and more gospel singing in the church.

We hold the true and best follower of Christ’s method of teaching and preaching is the one who sends his hearers away thinking of what has been said, not how it has been said; thinking of Christ, not of the minister,—who shoots his arrows of truth into the heart and conscience of each individual in his audience, not over their heads, or into the breasts of a supposed class of people. Brilliant generalizations from moral teachers make beautiful and showy fire-works, but poor and weak fire-arms. We like to see a minister talk to each individual, not to the multitude; to make us think of our own meaness, not that of some one else. It is folly to teach that God recognises a distinct personality in each soul and then leave
out all personality in our preaching,—as foolish as to preach a tender, forgiving Saviour, but conceal the stern, unrelenting, just God.

We felt that this sermon of Dr. McClure's was for and to each of us, as well as to the millionaires just across the aisle, and we were accordingly interested and benefited. We were especially pleased with his frank, earnest appeal, and the heartiness with which he tendered his thanks for the manly and gentlemanly way in which the students have acted in and about the church. Very sorry, indeed, President Roberts was not present to hear a true statement of our conduct in church. We do not wish to blow our own horn, but when Dr. McClure blows it for us, we want everybody to listen and hear the truth from one who has always been our sincere and hearty friend.

Ask Johnnie High about Nebuchadnezzar feasting with the swine.

Public examinations are drifting into a farce, if they are not already so. Let the next step be abolition.

Prof. Kelsey now tacks a Ph. D., to his name, and we call him "Doctor." The degree came direct from Syracuse University.

Dr. and Mrs. Roberts, Miss Roberts, and Miss Rose Farwell started for Europe immediately after Commencement. They will all return in September.

It is said that one youth of the class of '88 was so bashful that he kept his looking glass in his closet.

Dr. Kelsey has a set of the oldest printed edition of Cicero. It dates back to 1540.

Dr. Richards recited the following verses of Dr. Corwin's, at the Alumni banquet:

The sun was hot
As Hottentot,
And brazen was the sky;
When all the people
Went to the steeple
To see a great bell-fry.

Dr. Wilson and Prof. McCalla have removed their names from the list of our Faculty, and will seek other and, we hope, greater honors in the future. During their connection with Lake Forest University these men have made an enviable re-

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OUR NOTE BOOK.

THE COLLEGE.

Ever see a cat?

A rainy Commencement.

Prof. Zenos has been honored with the degree of D. D., from Princeton.
putation as conscientious, earnest Christain gentlemen. Both are scholars; both have fine sympathetic natures. They have made many friends here who will follow their future course with interest, hoping for them the best that can happen.

As Prof. Zenos and his wife were sitting on their piazza enjoying the moonlight of one of our pleasant June evenings, the stirring notes of the song: "Live Lake Forest Forever," greeted their ears, and a long, double column of College students filed up and formed into a semi-circle about them. E. E. Nourse, representing the company, stepped forward and addressed the professor as follows:

"Professor Zenos—It was with profound sorrow that six months ago the students of Lake Forest University learned that you had accepted a call elsewhere. We at once realized what our loss would be. We thought of you as a scholar; as one whose scholarship was broad, liberal, profound, and worthy of the name. We thought of you as a teacher; as one whose highest interest was the welfare of the student, whose teaching was instruction and education of the highest degree, and whose ability, discretion, and sympathy had won our deepest affection and respect. But above all we thought of you as a man; as one who was ever a friend to the student; as one to whom we felt we could always go for sympathy and advice; as one who never slighted a just or reasonable request from the students; as one whom we could love as a friend.

When we thought of these things we were filled with sorrow that you were about to leave us. Although that sorrow has not diminished, yet tonight we are glad and proud that you are going to a higher position. We feel that the Master has called you to a broader and nobler field of labor. Yet we could not let you go without leaving with you a little gift as a token of remembrance. So, in the name of the students of Lake Forest College, I present you with this little instrument. Receive it as a mark of our affection, and every time you hear it tick, remember that the heart of some student of Lake Forest College is beating with friendship and love for you."

The "little instrument" was a beautiful Elgin watch, Wheeler movement, in a gold hunting case. Prof. Zenos responded most sincerely and simply. He spoke of his relations to the students as having been that of a student among them, rather than a professor. His sorrow at parting with us, his pleasure at our so kind recognition, and his assurance that he should not forget us—all were expressed. And the students showed their appreciation by three cheers, the College yell,
and the College song. Prof. Zenos, after five years as Greek professor in L. F. U., goes to take the chair of Hebrew in Hartford Seminary, with a salary of $3,000.

The Academy graduates started the Commencement ball rolling on Friday evening, June 22, when eight orations were delivered by them before a good audience. The motto, "Certum pete finem," adorned the wall, and the platform was decked with flowers. The singing and instrumental music was excellent, and encores were the order of the evening.

The Ferry Hall annual concert was a success this year, as always. Monday afternoon was pleasant, and a large audience filled the Seminary chapel, which looked its best for the occasion. It is pleasant to hear some music, but to sit for two hours and a half and listen to piece after piece is, to say the least, tiresome. A program of fifteen numbers all long on a hot June day, is too much of a good thing. If the programs were shorter they could be more fully enjoyed.

Enthusiasm ran high on Monday evening at the Sophomore and Freshmen contest in Elocution. F. Calvert and Son added to the beauty of the floral decorations by donating a large stand filled with the choicest roses for the occasion. To enumerate the good points of each speaker would require pages. The audience at a prize contest is bound not to be suited with the decision of the judges. People have different standards of judgment. Yet so even was this contest that all the nine speakers were assigned prizes by different members of the audience. The judges fixed upon George H. Steel and Florence L. Phelps as victors, and certain it is that they both were excellent in their respective presentations. The following is the program:

**Prayer.**
O'Connell............................Phillips N. B. W. Gallwey.
The Pilot's Story.........................Anon. Florence L. Phelps.
The Chariot Race.........................Wallace William E. Danforth.
Piano Solo............................Bendel Juliet F. Rumsey.
Obedience to Law.........................Johnson David S. Lansden.
The Second Trial.............Sarah W. Kellogg Grace A. Stanley.
Baritone Solo--"Beyond"..........Penfield Edmond F. Dodge.
The Saxon Rose.........................Haines Grace Reid.
The Victor of Marengo...............Anon. George H. Steel.
Music..............................Double Quartette Award of Judges.

The Freshmen and Sophomore classes were tendered a reception by
Prof. Dawson at his home on Thursday evening, June 21. They report a very informal and correspondingly pleasant evening.

"Nondum finis est," was the motto in black and gold which greeted the eyes of those who attended the Class-day exercises of '88, at Ferry Hall Tuesday afternoon. The program opened with music—an instrumental duet by Misses Flack and Corwin. Miss Sutton then read the chronology of the class, introducing many almost forgotten jokes and pranks which had occurred in the youth of the class. The "Voice of the Sibyl," as read by W. W. Johnson, decided the future of the class members about as follows: Boggs, circus clown; Miss Ashly, London society belle; French, husband to a Christian Scientist with eight children; Hyde, base ball missionary to Africa; Miss Wilson, president of the Woman's Suffrage party; Davies drowned by too much prohibition; Nourse, speculative philosopher; Miss Anderson, actress; Benedict, inventor; Wise, forensic orator and future chief justice; Miss Rood, Japanese missionary; Miss Flack and Wells, elopers; also Miss Sutton. The class song, very prettily written by Miss Rood, was sung to the tune of "The Watch on the Rhine." Mr. French then took charge of the presentations in a highly creditable manner.

The articles presented were:

Benedict, a spider with the following dictation:

"Drop over into left field," said the spider to the fly; "I can entertain you though you be so very high."

I have a patent Edison invention
By which I cause extension
In my perpindicular dimension;
And when at Evanston I got myself in motion,
The pitcher vowed with great emotion
He'd pitch no balls to one built spider fashion.

'Telescope yourself,' he cried,
'You've grown on lusty ration.
We're forced the meanest fare to take on,
But you were always fond of Bacon.'

Boggs, roots; as a child he cried in Sanskrit, 'Bha! Bha!'

Davies, looking glass; picture of the Prohibition president in 2006 A. D.

Johnson, flag; color bearer.

Miss Flack, mitten; the wool of a sheep is better protection than the hand of a dude.

Hyde, moustache cup.

Miss Anderson, Scotchman.

Wells, bat and ball.

Miss Holloway, sword; for protection.

Miss Wilson, book; Sindbad the Sailor, as an inspiration to greater literary efforts.

Wise; donkey; pugnacity.

Miss Sutton, piece of Steel; to show evolution of character.

Nourse, Bohn's classic.
Miss Ashly, 'broom; for the home angel.

Miss Rood, arithmetic; four roods used to make an acre, but now subtract one Rood, and there remains 15 achers.

Faculty, bundle of switches; for purpose of physical suasion upon future classes, handed to Dr. Kel-sey.

Juniors, the Seniors' mantle.

Prof. De Prosse then played a march, while all the assembled throng passed to the outside of the building. Upon a stage erected for the occasion the remaining Class-day exercises occurred. Mr. Wise gave an excellent oration, which we print, with a dig in it for every one and much that was sound. Everyone could hear him. He has a pair of base ball lungs. Mr. Davies then preached the funeral oration over the genius of the class, and the audience witnessed the interment in the flower bed. The genius was corked up in a very small phial, and, it being a very cold day, refused to come forth when the phial was opened. After the obsequies Miss Sutton's little brother, Mr. Walter Harris Sutton, was elected an honorary member of the class. The very pleasing exercises closed with the college song, sung by the entire assembly. It is to be hoped that class day will be kept up in future years. There is as much talent displayed in its imaginations, fun, and fancies, as in graduation exercises; it is fully as enjoyable.

The Junior contest in oratory occurred Tuesday evening at eight o'clock. The church was well filled with an appreciative audience. After a prayer and an organ solo, Miss Mary L. Phelps, the winner of the second prize, delivered an oration on Fredrick III., with the subject, "A Modern Potentate." Graham Lee followed with an oration on "Edmund Burke." He took the first prize. After a song by the Athenaean Quartette, B. M. Linnell addressed the audience upon "The Drink Trade and Missions," printed in this issue, Keyes Beck er discussed "Four Targets of Our History." The Quartette sang again, when Miss Harriet Vance gave an oration upon "Carlvle as a Moral-ist." The last oration of the evening was on "Independent Thought" by Edgar Wilson. The contest was interesting throughout. The six orations were selected on their literary merits from eleven which were composed by members of the class. The class has to thank Mrs. Sawyer and Mrs. Reid for invaluable aid in decorating.

Wednesday morning dawned dark and rainy. Within the church however, all was cheery. The large audience, the profusion of roses, and
best of all, the large number of candidates for degrees were a delight to the eye. We think it not too much to say that all the productions of the morning were above the average. The orations of all but two of the boys concerned American life and politics to a greater or less degree. Each and all showed careful thought and study, and the drill in speaking was evident from the ease of the speakers and the power with which they spoke. Dr. Richards, who has been to commencements of nearly every college of importance from Maine to the Rocky Mountains, said he had "never heard any orations which as a whole inspired him so with the feelings of the speakers as those which he had listened to that morning." The program in full was as follows:

**MUSIC.**

**PRAYER.**

*Commencement Exercises for Ferry Hall Seminary.*

Essay with Salutatory — Our Father Which art in Heaven.

—Martha E. Ashley

Essay—Hypatia

—Jessie Rood

Essay—Whitewash

—Marie Holloway

Essay—Influence of Grecian Art

—Bessie Sutton

Essay—Without Sound of Ax or Hammer

—Annie Flack

*Commencement Exercises for Lake Forest College.*

Honorary Salutatory Oration—The American of the Future.

—Sidney A. Benedict

Oration—Protection for Labor

—John J. Boggs

Oration—A Survival

—William W. Johnson

Oration—Consider the End

—Edwin S. Wells, Jr.

Honorary Oration—Service

—Jane S. Wilson

Oration—The American Press

—William G. Wise

Oration—The Nineteenth Century Invasion.

—Edmond H. Hyde

Honorary Oration—A New Ethics

—Edward E. Nourse

Oration—The Scot

—Mary Anderson

Oration—The Savior for Ireland

—Calvin H. French

Honorary Oration with Valedictory—Prohibition the Present Political Issue

—Llewellyn J. Davies

**MUSIC.**

Conferring of Diplomas and Degrees.

**MUSIC.**

Mr. E. E. Nourse was awarded the McClure medal for originality and excellency of production. The judges were unanimous in their decision. We print his oration.

Degrees were conferred upon the following persons:

Doctor of Laws—Wm. H. Byford, M. D.


Master of Science—Henry W. Sutton.

Master of Philosophy—A. C. Wenban, Mrs. Paul Bergen.

Dr. Roberts reported the financial prospects as most encouraging for L. F. U. One gentleman, who is too modest to let his name be known, promises $100,000 to the University if necessary. Another gentleman (name unknown) has just endowed the chair of Biblical Instruction with $50,000. Numerous other people are only too anxious to help raise the $200,000 for this year, and Dr. R. is confident that a quarter of a million will be obtained.

And what a plea the Doctor did make for a gymnasium! Every boy in the school blessed him for that, and we look for fruit from his remarks when we return next fall. If there is some one who wants to be a by-word for generosity, an elevator of the ball nine and the rest of humanity, let him erect a building where a youth can peel his coat without freezing to death, and where he can build up a physique to carry around his brain. The gym's the thing!

If the weather had been pleasant the Alumni Banquet would have been held on the campus. But rain and cold made necessary the spreading of the tables in the Academy Hall. About 250 people were present and enjoyed a repast spread by Kingsley. Dr. Corwin responded in his usual happy way to a toast, "The Board of Trustees." "The Faculty" was responded to by Dr. Kelsey, as he says "with a mouth full of salad." Rev. W. D. Hillis of Peoria, representing the Alumni, gave the star speech of the day. He spoke of his experience at College, of the work the school had done and was doing. Said he: "Whoever else has gone from these doors, no one can say that any of those who have been graduated here can be called an organized perfume or a whiskied essence."

Dr. D. K. Pearsons, of Chicago, represented the giving men of Chicago in a speech both happy and grave. Senator Farwell spoke a few sincere and well chosen words. Dr. Noyes, of Evanston, responded to "The Ministerial Fraternity." Dr. J. G. McClure lent his ever-welcome voice to praise the good work of our College. Dr. Richards, of Chicago, after a few remarks, read a poem which he had written for the occasion, and many of its expressions evoked hearty laughter. Dr. Zenos was then asked to speak and made a very pleasing address. The guests then departed, well pleased with the double feast.

A very pleasant reception given in the evening by Dr. and Mrs. Roberts, ended an exceptional Commencement. Rain did not seem to dampen the ardor of anyone. It was not too hot for comfort. Everything went off nicely, and the prospects were never brighter. Live Lake Forest forever!
FERRY HALL.

LATEST SENSATION!—Sem Junior hats. White mortar-boards with heliotrope tassels.

The Sophomore class for next year has been organized. Its badge will be a crimson and gold mortar-board.

The classes of '88 went out on a picnic to Diamond Lake not long ago. They invited the two "Posts" as chaperones. Seniorial dignity was dropped for the day and scarcely has been regained. By unanimous vote it was decided to call each other by first names during Commencement week, and Willie, Susie, Jane, and Toughie were used with great glee. Every one had a glorious time—even the youth who had previously denounced all picnics as bores. Music was furnished by the class orchestra, consisting of one fiddle, several combs, whistles—tin, and willow, and a duck call.

There were two picnics on the lake that day, but the class of '88, as usual came out ahead.

Ferry Hall entertained about fifty guests during Commencement week. There has never before been so large a number of Alumnae and former students present as this year.

The Alumnae present were: Miss Agnes Smith of '85, who, since her graduation, has been engaged in active Christian work at her home in Appleton, Wis. — Miss Hattie Ashley of '85, who has been teaching for two years in Pawnee City, Neb.—Miss Grace Godfrey of Dixon, Ill., and Miss Edith Denise of Burlington, Iowa, both of the class of '85. Also, of the same class, Mrs. Esther Wetherell Magill of Chicago.

The former students with us were:

Miss Grace Taylor of Hadson, Wis., lately returned from her western trip; much improved in health; Winnifred Hecht, Clarence, Ia.; Lida Edwards of Fort Edwards, Wis.; Manie Wilson of Morris; Margaret Jessup of Oswego; Clara Conger of Whitewater, Wis.—a member, last year, of the class of '88, but this year a student of shorthand; Sara Johnson of Logansport, Ind.; Lucia Hayes, Milwaukee; Beulah Houston of Evanston, now a student in the N. W. U.; and Cora Munsen and Evelyn Allen of Chicago. Much disappointment was felt that more of the Alumnae and former students were not present.

Ferry Hall is always glad at the return of former pupils. Dr. Seeley extends a hearty welcome to all Ferry Hall girls. There were also present many relatives and friends of the graduates and of former graduates, some of whom we are told will be students in the school next year. Our most distinguished guest
was the youngest of all,—Master Walter Harris Sutton, honorary member of the combined class of '88.

It is reported that next year there will be a reunion of all the Ferry Hall girls who were present during the years of '85-'86. It will be held in Chicago and hopes are entertained that Mrs. Thompson can be present. Beulah Houston of Evanston and Evelyn Allen of Chicago constitute the committee of arrangements.

A letter has lately been received from the east, telling of the rapidly failing health of Mrs. Thompson, former principal of the Seminary. A few months ago she had strong hopes of being able soon again to engage in active work, but is now confined to an invalid's chair.

The students this year seem loth to leave the classic shades of L. F. U., and reunions are the order of the day. In a meeting of the class of '88 it was decided that all should return for the Commencement of '91, and some went so far as to propose another visit to Diamond Lake and repeat the events of the past. All promised to be present with the exception of the two who soon sail for foreign shores.

Sometime about the first of August Miss Jessie Rood will become Mrs. John Watson, and soon after will sail for Syria. We all wonder what Jessica will do with the time formerly employed in writing to Wyoming.

"Tell me, George, who is Lasca?"

Commencement morning dawned rainy, and the Seniors searched the dictionary for epithets of disgust in consequence of the steady downfall of Angela's tears that continued all day and evening. But the white dresses reached the church in safety, and, when the wearers took their places upon the rostrum, Ferry Hall had every reason to be proud of her senior class. And doubly proud of it she was when the essays had been delivered.

Miss Ashly gave the salutatory. This year is the first, since the graduating exercises of the Seminary and College have been combined, that that honor has been granted to the Ferry Hall class, and it would not have been allowed in this case had not the Salutatorian of the College class refused to welcome the audience after a part of the program had been performed.

Miss Ashley's essay was entitled: "Our Father Which art in Heaven."

Miss Rood's essay was "A Review of Hypatia."

Miss Holloway's essay—"White-
washed morally treated," is given in this number of the Stentor.

Miss Sutton had chosen for her subject "The Influence of Grecian Art," and very skillfully treated so extended a subject in the small number of words to which the essays were limited.

The subject of Miss Flack's essay was "Without Sound of Ax or Hammer," representing, by the building of Soloman's Temple, the growth of the spiritual temple of individual character.

Beautiful floral tributes were laid at the feet of the fair graduates.

Commencement day was misty, but the day following was mistier, although of a different character. The rain of the first day dampened the outside of the old Sem, whereas upon the second it had in some way penetrated within the walls and left distinct traces upon eyes, cheeks, and handkerchiefs.

The last prayer meeting of the Academy was lead by Prof. Cutting. His remarks were interesting and impressive. The boys will long remember this meeting as a pleasant one.

Seminary girl, (aspirant for intellectual talent)—"Tennyson did you say? Why he is my favorite. His poem "The Traveler" is so grand, especially where he says, "The kine responsive while the milk-maid sung."

The following can only be said of L. F. A., boys,

You never hear the 'Cads complain,
Nor hear him weep for glory;
But if he wishes, he can tell
A quite tremendous story.

Is it right that one should pay his social debts out of the societies' hospitality? Future reception committees N. B.

"Sun, moon, and stars forgot," said a college Soph, as he received his paper marked "sixty minus," and "never too late to learn," said the 'Cad, when dropped from the class.

The graduating exercises of the Academy presented an interesting program which was well carried out. The orations by the boys were interesting. They showed thought in composition and ability in delivery. The music was in every respect enjoyable; and the efforts of Messrs Wild and Todd and Miss Webster
well merited the applause bestowed upon them. The address to the class of '88 by the Principal was filled with practical advice, friendly counsel, and good wishes for the boys of the class.

We know they will succeed, if they follow their motto "Certum Pete Finem."

Prof.—It is said that a discord struck violently on the piano will kill a lizard.

A. J.—Why don't they bring the lizards into chapel Prof.?

Is this a drive on "Cataline" or the piano?

Doctor in Bible Study, to Edwin Waggoner—What is meant by a Sabbath day's journey?

E. W.—Distance from the 'Cad to the Sem!

Can't trip Edward on Biblical points.

The question has been asked, "Why do students crib?" Some crib because they think it will carry them through examination, and then they live to wonder why it didn't. Some crib to send home a good report and, missing it, think it strange that they get "sixty minus." Some crib, they can't tell why and get through examinations they can't tell how. Cribbing has its chances, but that is what gives it spice. If cribbing is not a success it is because the Prof. gets the crib.

Antelope picked up a flower in Chapel the other evening after the Reception and said pathetically, "'Tis the last rose of some her!"

W. D. McNary of '89, whose foot was so badly crushed by the cars a short time ago, was able to be with us on Commencement. His many friends were glad to have him back again, and they tried to make it pleasant for him. We hope that Will may be able to "run bases" again next year, and we wish him a speedy recovery.

Robt. H. Crozier, '90, was not able to return home immediately after Commencement because of his serious illness. We hope Bob may soon recover.

The Chapel was decorated with the society colors of the Tri Kaps and Gamma Sigs at the Reception. Miss Benedict materially aided the committee in decoration and refreshments. The song at the Reception by Miss Jennie Durand was well received.

Will all who helped the boys in their Reception please accept heart felt thanks.

Two of our Academy students are in charge of church mission enterprises this summer; C. O. Anderson, in West Minneapolis, and H. W. Jones, in Milwaukee.

The academic year of 1887-88
which has just passed will be remembered by all students as one in
which many pleasant times were had, and also one in which hard
work was done. We extend to the Faculty the thanks of the pupils
for the kind manner in which they tried to make the year pass pleas-
antly and profitably. The social
and religious life have kept pace with educational progress. It has
truly been a helpful year, and we are sure no student went home
without good wishes for both teachers and the boys during the
summer vacation.

The literary societies are now
such a prominent part of the Acad-
emy life, why would it not be well for
them to take a direct interest in the
Academy department of the STEN-
TOR? The University paper would
be an appropriate medium to repre-
sent the Academy spirit and the lit-
erary ability of both Gamma Sig-
mas and Tri Kappas.

While we are willing to withdraw
a question for debate in the socie-
ties in the interests of "peace, har-
mony, and good feeling" at the re-
quest even of "outsiders," we sub-
mit that the position is a narrow
one, when a person fears to have
light and truth shine upon a ques-
tion from all sides. It is not only
narrow but a confession of weak-
ness.

The next year bids fair to see
Lake Forest Academy well on the
road towards the high position it
seeks to occupy among the leading
college preparatory schools of the
country.

The Trustees have turned over
Mitchell Hall to the Academy, and
Principal and Miss. Cutting propose
to offer the boys there a home.
Thus we shall have the home of
"cottage system" in a modified
way and the dormitory system of
providing for Academy students.
At last accounts, nearly all the
Mitchell Hall rooms had been se-
cured, which would seem to indi-
cate that Mitchell Hall will meet a
"felt want."

We cannot see why all sorts of
students with all sorts of tastes can
not find just what they wish at L.
F. A. next year.

Professor G. W. Schmidt, a na-
tive German but educated in Syra-
cuse, (N. Y.) University, is to be
added next year to the Academy
Faculty as "Master in Modern Lan-
guages." We are sure that this
accession will be fully appreciated
by the large number of college pre-
paratory students who must take
French and German to gain admis-
sion to many courses in many col-
leges.

Among other good things, the
students are promised some train-
ing in vocal music next year. We
shall expect to hear the campus resound with class songs, society glees, and Academy choruses. Plans for serenades are already entered upon by our musical youths.

OUR "POME."

"The melancholy days have come, The saddest of the year;"
For all the 'Cads they have gone home Not e'en a Sem is here.

The Reception, which occurred on Saturday evening, June 23, under the auspices of the literary societies in honor of the graduating class of the Academy, was in every respect a pleasant one. Part of the evening was spent in song and literary exercises. "The History of the Academy," the address to the graduates, and their response, together with a humorous article on "Life in the 'Cad," met with a hearty applause from the guests. Refreshments were then served; and the remainder of the evening was spent in a social way. The Reception to the class of '88 will be remembered by all as a pleasant time. May it be the first of a long series.

Prof.—You may tell me what memory in its logical sense is, Mr. G.
Mr. G.—Er—really, oh! it is that thing which you forget with.
Prof.—Correct, in your case.

Why is a college paper like a tooth brush? Because every student should have a copy of his own.

ALUMNI AND PERSONAL.

'81. Mr. Frank S. Jewett was present at Commencement and received the degree of Master of Arts.

'84. Rev. N. D. Hillis is recovering from the accident sustained a short time ago. He was also present at Commencement. He made a speech at the Alumni Banquet which "stole the thunder" from the following speakers. He is going to Europe for the summer.

'85. Rev. W. S. Shiels is settled at West Point, Iowa. Four small churches have been united into one under his pastorate.

'86. Mr. H. W. Sutton is retained for another year as principal of the public schools at Stockton, Kansas.

'88. E.E. Nourse will supply the pulpit at his home in Bayfield, Wis. He goes next September to the Seminary at Hartford, Conn.

'88. W. G. Wise will probably spend the summer in the West as civil engineer at some point upon the Santa Fe Railroad. It is possi-
ble that he will become an engineer for life.

'88. J. J. Boggs will spend a few weeks at his home in San Bernardino, California, after which he will sail for Japan, sailing the last of August. He has accepted a position in the government schools of Japan, requiring him to remain abroad for three years. At the end of that time he will return and take his theological course at Union Seminary, New York.

'88. S. A. Benedict expects to spend the summer traveling in Europe, in company with Mr. Chas. Holt.

'88. W. W. Johnson will spend the summer at home and come to Chicago to enter McCormick Seminary next September.

'88. Miss J. S. Wilson expects to teach next year.

'88. L. J. Davies will supply a pulpit in Wisconsin during the summer.

'88. E. H. Hyde will teach next year.

'88. C. H. French will probably attend Union Theological Seminary next year.

'88. Miss Flack will spend a part of the summer in Quincy, Illinois, and the remainder in visiting in the West.

'89. E. F. Dickinson will spend the summer by working nine hours a day in a real estate office and devoting the rest of his time to the pretty girls of Audubon, Ia.

'89. Graham Lee will summer in Lake Forest.

'89. G. A. Wilson hopes to go to Winnebago this summer.

'89. W. N. Halsey started for Genesee at 5 o'clock Commencement morning.

'90. J. E. Smith will travel through Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, and Southern Canada during the summer.

'90. H. Z. Durand visits Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, during July. He is curious to know how it will sound to talk in a cave.

'91. Miss Fleming does not return in the fall.

At the business meeting of the Alumni, Mr. H. H. Clark of '84 was elected President for the ensuing year. Mrs. Kelsey of '84, Vice President, and Mr. W. G. Wise of '88, Secretary and Treasurer.

Prof. Smith of the Academy will spend the summer at Ridgefield, Illinois, and at Fort Wayne, Indiana. He is having a house built on the lot adjoining the Snodgrass place upon the north. Mr. E. S. Wells Sr. is also building on the lot north of Mr. Smith's.
Mr. and Mrs. Ensign attended the Commencement exercises. Miss Julia Ensign received a lovely gold watch as a present from her father.

Miss Goodale's father, Dr. Goodale, spent Commencement week with us. His son, W. S. Goodale, will enter as Freshman next year.

Albert Woelfel, brother of Miss Anna Woelfel, paid us a visit on Commencement day. He will join the class of '92.

Dr. Moyer of Chicago, Miss Jessup, Anna McNair, and Sadie Johnson were at Mitchell Hall during Commencement week.

Old friends were pleased to welcome Miss Florence Becker for The Week.

B. M. Linnell, with the Misses Ashly, spent the Fourth with his uncle in Chicago.

Miss Martha Barrett payed Miss King a flying visit on July 2.

During the summer the Dixon and Winnebago students of L. F. C. will hold a joint picnic at Oregon, midway between their respective homes.

Miss Mamie Steel of Minneapolis, visiting at Dixon, came up to spend The Week with her former playmate, Gracia Sickels.

Miss French came up to see her brother graduate.

Dr. Zenos will preach during the month of August at Babylon, Long Island. S. F. Vance expects to spend a few weeks with the Doctor there, and enjoy the pleasures of a quiet rest and ocean waves.

Prof. Locy camps out with some friends on the southern shore of Lake Superior for a week or two.

We expect to greet Prof. Baldwin as a married man next September.

A. G. Welch had the pleasure of his sister's company, Miss Isabella Welch, in his lonely sojourn here on the Fourth of July.

Dr. Seeley will remain here for the summer. The Doctor hopes to surprise the girls by the comfortable and home like appearance of the Seminary next fall, and we have great faith in Dr. Seeley.

Dr. Johnson and Gov. Bross were not with us on Commencement day. Both are visiting in the East on account of impaired health. Dr. Skinner is also away from home on account of ill health.

Prof. Dawson hopes to visit his parents in the East during the month of August.

Prof. Kelsey will probably attend the Summer School of Hebrew at Evanston for a number of weeks.
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AND BAKERY.
MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
Pies, Cakes, Ice Cream, etc. Suppers prepared to order for special occasions.

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With or without driver.

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C. C. PARKER,

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