Another volume of the Stentor greets you. Hereafter the new boards will begin work in September, and the July number will close the volumes. This is as it should be. The Stentor does not make promises for the new year. It hopes to be able to be out, and to "increase in wisdom and stature and in favor with man."

The editor of the first number of the Stentor remarked that the "appearance of this is most seasonable, at the inauguration of the new regime." We congratulate the incoming class in that they enter when the good effects of the "new regime" become very apparent. They will not experience the difficulties of the former classes. There is the iron-clad schedule (we are not congratulating specials), the fixed courses of study, the absence of four o'clock recitations, and an engineer who makes a specialty of not running the college. We congratulate the "regime"—on its birthday.

The students are indebted to the powers for many improvements in and around the college, and fifty cents for incidentals. We are pleased to see that in the future periodicals will be safe in the reading room. Mind, the Homiletic Review and the Church at Home and Abroad never did need to be chained. We are reminded of the times when the Bible was kept in "durance vile," but the arrangement is serviceable nevertheless.

The Stentor should have an office. It is an institution as well as the treasurer. It would be brought to the students' minds oftener than once a month if there were a stated place where they might pour forth...
their woes and dollars. The paper would at least seem to originate somewhere. It appears to come from above now.

Although editorial work is not now an elective, since there is a full and larger board of editors this year the proper amount of work can still be accomplished. The local work is divided and will therefore be found a better department in the future.

There seems to be a better division of labor in professors' work. Professor Griffin has an assistant, the professor of Philosophy has at least another hour's work, and Prof. Smith has come in to relieve Professor Halsey, that he may devote his whole time to his "first love," Economics, and History. It seems too bad to lose Prof. H. in literature, but the students have already transferred their admiration to the new man. Now a release for the president from instructors' duties.

It is hoped that the societies will take a firm stand this year on the Friday night question. Each of the college organizations lost several evenings last year. If society work is to amount to anything it should be continuous. Friday night is society night, and has been for years. If the faculty will recognize this, and if the societies will not forget it, we shall see these evenings undisturbed. The Christian associations have set an example in changing their annual reception to Thursday evening.

What a difficult work it is to raise money for athletic and other purposes here! Would that each student would lay aside, perhaps not a "tenth," at least six dollars a year to meet the occasional assessments. We certainly should enter the Inter-collegiate Athletic Association this week as charter members, but there must be financial backing.

We are reminded by the death of Douglas Wilcox how gently the destroyer has treated us. Not a death within the memory of the writer.

The Anabasis edited by Professors Zenos & Kelsey is a handsome book, with such clear print and good binding. It is one of those books that one wishes to almost devour. The text is paragraphed; the cuts, reproduced by the authors, were made from the drawings of a former college student. There is a table of idiomatic expressions, and there are notes, which have not the least flavor of horse flesh, however.
THAT WICKED PROFESSOR.

I had been at Mme. La Moin's Baldwinsville school for two years. During that time, I am sorry to own, I had gained something of a reputation as a mischief maker; in fact the teachers pronounced me an incorrigible girl. It was presupposed that out of the sixty girls, Clytie Symons — that being myself — was the prime mover of the different species of feminine knavery arising in the school. However unjust this sentiment of the teachers towards me was, I shall not venture to say; at all events, I had at several times been on the ragged edge of suspension. Thanks to the protecting care of some kindly fate, I was still under the guardian wing of Mme. La Moin when the ludicrous affair of my cousin Paul happened.

Paul Bonner — I hardly think the Apostle would have felt honored in furnishing my cousin a name — had finished his college course at the age of twenty-three. He was to be a chemist and go to Germany to pursue his studies. But my uncle — whom Paul irreverently dubbed "the colonel" — had decided that it would be a nice thing for his youthful son to wait a year or so after his graduation before entering the German university. "The colonel" had further intimated that it would be a nice thing for Paul to find employment, hinting that Satan finds work for idle hands, and of course "the colonel" did not wish his son to work for Lucifer.

Thus it was that my cousin was casting about for an agreeable situation.

"Clytie," he said to me one day during vacation before I went back to Baldwinsville to begin my third year, "wouldn't it be a good joke if I should get into Mme. La Moin's school as professor of Latin?"

"I should say it would! But you surely do not think of such an absurd thing," I laughed.

"Well, you needn't be too much surprised if I turn up at Baldwinsville next September."

I did not think much of the remark at the time, supposing that he was simply talking, as he often did, to hear himself speak.

On the opening day of September Mme. La Moin announced that all the classes except German would begin work at once. She stated that the German department for the ensuing year was to be in charge of a gentleman who would arrive in a few days. Looks of astonished merriment were visible on the faces of the girls; a gentleman teacher was such an innovation at Baldwinsville that the mere mention of it was a sensation. Possibly Mme. La Moin saw our
smiles; she frowned, and hastened to add:

"For several reasons it has seemed best to have a gentleman in the faculty. I trust that you are all sufficiently well-bred to treat him as a gentleman."

For the time we suppressed our feelings, but as soon as the day's session ended, all the girls began to discuss the new professor. Would he be young and nice? In all probability he would be an old toady and married at that. There were all sorts of speculations. I presume my room mate—Venetia Haskell—and I had half a dozen schemes all planned to play on him.

It was the third morning of the term. I had taken my seat in the lecture room where morning devotions were held. Venetia Haskell occupied the same seat with me. I was hunting for a singing book when she took her place beside me.

"Oh Clytie!" whispered Venetia, pulling my arm, "have you seen the new professor? There he is on the rostrum."

I looked up hastily, and—well, I have heard people talk about being surprised—on the platform, sitting as straight and dignified as the Pope, with a full beard and unmentionable gold-bowed glasses, was that veritable cousin of mine—Paul Bonner.

I felt like shouting right out,—

"You wicked cheat!" but I controlled my mirth, whispering to Venetia,—"Its the biggest joke out; why Venetia, that's my cousin Paul."

Venetia looked incredulous. As the exercises immediately began, I could only assure her that I would explain later. Our seat was back in the left hand corner of the lecture room, where we could view Paul and not be detected. While Mme. La Moin read the Scriptures the new professor was calmly surveying the assemblage before him. At last he discovered me, and he was obliged to bite furiously at his mustache to restrain his merriment, for I showed that I was ready to laugh outright at the ridiculousness of his situation.

With his new beard, Paul looked ten years older than when I had seen him last.

I don't know how I got through that morning. It was fortunate that my class was not to recite in Paul's department that day; I am sure I should have betrayed him. I told Venetia all I knew about the affair, and we decided to take Lyle Weir into our confidence,—she had been our trusted companion in many a lark.

When I went to my room after the three o'clock recitation, I found a note on my table. I hastily opened it, and Venetia came in just in time to read it with me:
"My Dear Cousin:—
You remember my telling you last summer that I might bring up at Baldwinsville. Well, I succeeded in getting, not the Latin, but the German department. It was all due to the high recommendation I was lucky dog enough to secure. My record in college was good—a wonder to myself."

"Now I am here. I don't care a fiddle how long I stay. But you mustn’t betray me; we will have a good time if you can sustain me. I am longing for an introduction to that rose bud"—Venetia blushed as we read this—"who sat beside you this morning."

"I stand high in the estimation of Mme. La Moin; and that angel—pardon the misnomer—who teaches English is, if you will believe me, actually trying to impress me. You should hear her. It is the joke of a lifetime."

"For further explanation, at the grape arbor, at nine this evening, meet your cousin, Paul."

Venetia and I laughed till the tears came. We searched out Lyle Weir and told her the story. The joke was more enjoyable at tea time to hear the girls talking about the new professor.

But I must not be too long. Let me mention incidentally that Venetia and Lyle accompanied me to the grape arbor that evening. After this there were moonlight walks and happenings without number, which, strange to relate, never came to the ears of Mme. La Moin.

Miss Beech, the English teacher, was progressing wonderfully in the capture of Prof. Paul Bonner. We used to cast out little hints to her on the subject, and a delightful blush would tinge her cheek. Her complexion at other times was wont to resemble the leather bindings of the books in the Baldwinsville library. All this time the professor was getting on finely in his classes. It is no more than fair to tell the truth—Venetia could have accounted for more evenings out than either Lyle Weir or myself.

It is the long road that has no turning. As our road was destined to turn it was consequently short. One delightful evening towards the last of September, Venetia and the professor took a trifle longer walk than usual, and the front door was locked when they returned—worse!—the professor had left the front door key in his room. After deliberation, the professor and Venetia decided that Venetia should ring and give Mme. La Moin an excuse invented for the occasion. The professor was to go to the Baldwinsville hotel to reside for the night.

Well, the next morning came and with it dubious tidings: it was decreed that, for certain misdeemors, Venetia Haskall was to spend a specified interval at the
home of her father. In short, poor Venetia was suspended. We were all heart-broken.

Of course Mme. La Moin did not know that Professor Bonner was implicated in the affair. As for that gentlemen, he told me that he felt like a villainous coward. He had led poor Venetia into trouble, and he would have confessed to Mme. La Moin in a moment; but that would not have helped Venetia's case. He vowed, however, that he would do something desperate, and he did.

I was obliged to attend classes as usual, and leave disconsolate Venetia alone in our room. When it came time for Professor Bonner to meet our class at ten, he failed to appear. For twenty minutes the class waited; still he did not come, and Mme. La Moin excused us. When I reached my room, Venetia was no where to be seen. In vain did I search. Gradually a suspicion dawned upon me: Paul was gone and Venetia was gone. Putting these two facts together, I drew my conclusions, and held my peace.

An hour had passed when someone rapped lightly on my door. I knew that knock; it was Mme. La Moin.

"I wish to see Miss Venetia Haskell," she said icily.

I hesitated I must have looked guilty, for Mme La Moin glanced at me searchingly.

"Is Miss Haskell not in?" she demanded.

"I think she must have stepped out for a few moments," I hazarded. I could not conceal the fact that Venetia was not there.

"Miss Symons, I am pained to believe that you are only too well aware that Miss Haskell has eloped with Professor Bonner. I shall hold you as an accomplice. The authorities shall be consulted."

With this, I, as a trembling culprit, was remanded to the office, where I was held a prisoner. My dinner was brought up to me.

Truly, it was a serious affair. But the telegram which came at four in the afternoon explained all. It was handed to me by a servant after it had passed through the Mme.'s hands. With nervous haste I read the following:

"Clytie:

Don't worry. I have accompanied Venetia to her home. Explained all to her father. It was not an elopement though we left via the carriage route. Shall never return to Baldwinsville. Go at once to Berlin to my studies.

Paul Bonner."

As Mme. La Moin had read the telegram, it was needless to explain to her. I was soon released from the office.

Venetia came back to school in a few weeks, Paul Bonner having
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been made the scape-goat of the affair. Believe me, Mme. La Moin never again thought it necessary to have a gentleman in the faculty.

WILLIAM E. DANFORTH, '91.

THE COLLEGE.

Prof. Baldwin has just completed a "Handbook of Psychology," published by Henry Holt & Co. He proposes to introduce his new work in the junior class this year.

Prof. Locy's department is steadily growing in importance and interest. He is overwhelmed with applications for elective work this term. A class in elective Physiology has been formed by the classical division of the seniors. Also one in Histology by the scientific division of the juniors. One or two requests have been declined on account of lack of time on the professor's part.

Prof. McNeill has been combining recreation with business this summer. He has been in the Government fish commission service, together with Magie, and Libbey, who was leader of the expedition. Prof. McNeill took the place of Prof. Rockwood, who found it necessary to leave. They had for their use the U. S. Schooner Grampus, and occupied their time in taking the temperature of the water along the coast and in the vicinity of the Gulf Stream. The temperatures were taken, for the most part, near the surface, and never deeper than five hundred fathoms. The object of the expedition was to find out whether or not the Gulf Stream crowded in towards the shore during the summer.

At a meeting of the Oratorical Association, Sept. 16th, Messrs. Danforth and Wright were elected delegates to represent our college at the Illinois State Oratorical Association meeting, at Galesburg, October fourth.

Complete files of the Stentor for two years back may be obtained of the business manager. When bound, they make an excellent record of our college life.

Prof. Baldwin, according to his usual custom, was quite late in returning to his duties at college, after his vacation. This time it was not until the first of October.

Grant Stroh,'89, has been spending the summer at home in Oregon, Ill., where he has had charge of the church. He paid Lake Forest a visit for a few days, while on his way to Union Seminary.

The Seminary made only one contribution to the college this year. Miss Emma Gilchrist is the fortunate one.
Prof. Emerson surprised the Freshman when making his announcements at the opening of college, by telling them to come to his recitation room with a large enough quantity of stationery to take down the lesson in Greek as he gave it out.

R. C. Burchell, the Oscar Wilde of Lake Forest, has returned, and is large as life and twice as natural. Referring to long hair, reminds us of orators, and probably our friend is cultivating his inner head, as well as outer, for this work in life.

The following correspondence was discovered by one of the Stentor reporters, the result of which goes to swell the list of heart-broken youths, and adds another clinch to arguments condemning co-education:

"My Dear Miss——:
I hope that my attentions to you, while at Lake Forest last year, were not offensive to you. I always enjoy myself in your company, and trust that you do in mine. With your permission I would be most happy to accompany you to a picnic which is to be held next Thursday afternoon. Hoping you will find it both convenient and agreeable, I remain

Hopefully Yours."

The reply is concise and to the point, and it is quite evident that the young lady believes in saying just what she means.

It reads as follows:

"Mr.——
Your attentions, I must say, have been offensive to me. It will be impossible for me to accept your invitation to the picnic."

The Sophomores have at last broken the record by adopting class canes. Their taste, however, is questionable. In this respect they have followed the example of the last year Sophs, who made a poor selection in the choice of hats. The stick closely resembles Jaguar wood, with a head of ram's horn neatly mounted with a band of tin. The Sophs have marched around the building seven times a day for seven days, blowing with their ram's horns, but the Freshies still stand.

Warren and Mathews are wearing smiling faces. It is a girl, a cousin at the Sem.

The moral and social influences of students in school have become quite as important in America, as the more direct mental training. This can be no more plainly illustrated than by the incident which we here relate, showing the carefulness which a certain eastern school exercises in admitting students. Prof. C., for some unknown reason, sent for a catalogue of a young ladies' boarding school in the East. The catalogue was
sent, and also a letter to one of the families in town, stating that this gentleman had sent for a catalogue, and, after explaining how difficult it was for them to find out the character of applicants except in some such direct way as this, asked if his family were respectable, and, "would his daughters be an addition to the school?"

The class of '92 held its annual meeting September 20th and elected Miss Anniefred Ensign president, Mr. W. D. McMillan vice-president, Miss Lillian Pike, secretary and treasurer, and Miss Charlotte Underwood, class historian.

Upon the non-return of Mr. G. E. Stanford, Mr. W. H. Matthews was elected president of the Zeta Epsilon Society, to which office Mr. Stanford had been elected for the fall term of 1889.

Mr. Benedict is now "clothed with authority" instead of with the ordinary human apparel.

The foot ball eleven is again on the war path with Mr. Gallwey as the "heap big injun chief." We mention in confidence that Sartell Prentice Jr., refuses to entrust his physical man to the enemy this season, and we must therefore miss the hem-stitched stocking he used to fit upon his brow. But we don't believe it, Sartell! No! No! When the fever is around

"you cawn't help it, you know." William Reed Everett says that both he and the banana stand handkerchief, which protected his molasses candy locks all last season, will withdraw themselves from the busy scene of action. Ditto our remarks on Prentice, Everett.

The sophomore entertainment committee have been very diligent and report a great variety of songs, a huge number of speeches, a vast array of tearful countenances, and the peaceful watchings of a dozen slumbers as the result of their labors. To that especially fresh freshman, Master L——, they desire it mentioned that he owes them ten cents more than the usual price for baths, on account of special pains taken in his case. As he may need more attention The Stentor advises him to wait until a full statement of his account is rendered, and to settle it all at once.

There was quite a stir between the sophomores and freshmen at noon on Sept. 24th. The freshmen wanted a meeting and the sophs objected. That was the cause. One freshman is reported as real sore, and he has been advised to draw on the incidental fund created in our term bills to pay his liniment tax. No one was badly hurt, but excitement ran so high for a short while that
Mitchell sought his murderous pillow. He refrained from using it, remembering his thrilling experience of a year ago, when he carried it on his shoulder for three long minutes and then—slept with it under his head all night.

The Chicago Dental College is now a department of our University system. It opens the season with the prospects of a most successful year. An unusually large number of students are enrolled.

Prof. Stewart, formerly of the Chicago University, has been elected to fill Prof. Kelsey’s place as Latin professor. He began his duties October first.

On Thursday evening, Sept. 19, at the Presbyterian church, Miss Jennie E. Durand became Mrs. E. Hubert Allen. Dr. McClure performed the ceremony. After the knot was tied a reception followed at the home of the bride’s parents. Both the church and the house were gaily decorated for the occasion, and truly Mr. and Mrs. Allen began married life under the most favorable auspices. We need not say how perfect was every detail, nor how sweet was every bridesmaid, because all that has been written in so many places. To the groom we say that indeed he should be congratulated on the lovely Christian character whose possession he holds dear. Miss Jennie will be missed by citizens and students alike. The church choir will miss her, the Sunday-school will want her for a teacher, the home circle will often wonder why she is not present, a host of friends will mourn the absence of a true and sincere friend, the college societies will know her no more as a helper in their every need. We miss her in a thousand ways. We wish her joy a thousand times. As Mr. and Mrs. Allen settle in their New Jersey home they may rest assured it is with the kindliest interest and sympathy, and the heartiest good wishes of citizen and student, and of every one.

Not only must Lake Forest be robbed by marriage of her children, but also six of her most favored daughters have been caught away as students in the east. The Misses Nellie Holt, Grace Reid, Lillie Ward, Nellie and Florence Durand and Hattie Durand have all left for sojourns of a year at least. Miss Holt, Miss Reid and Miss Ward go to Smith College, at Northampton, Mass. The Misses Durand to Mrs. Dana’s school, at Morristown, New Jersey. They will be missed this coming winter, but we wish them great success and a pleasant year.

We noticed in the July Stentor a brilliant announcement to the effect that the class of ’91 had
elected officers for the ensuing year, and were now prepared to assume the position of leading class in the university. We admire unblushing cheek, but really Juniors this goes beyond all bounds. Why do you not bottle some of your boasted college and class spirits, which you style stimulants? No one has as yet sampled them, and then again you would have wherewith to nourish your weak members. Would you mind being told that '92 ranks with '91 as Edwin Booth does with a dime museum freak?

COMMUNICATIONS.

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Dear good little Freshmen:—

Your mamma's have washed your faces and packed your trunks and kissed their darling boys, then sent you out here to college.

We are glad that you have come among us. Soon you will learn to eat by yourselves and dress alone, and do lots of fine things that sophomores and other great people do. Don't get discouraged easily. If unexpected Turkish baths attend your first coming among us, be sure it is the way of all flesh. Happy is the man who sheds water without getting mad. Be careful about those seminary girls. Yes, we know they are pretty, but all the more reason why you should beware.

Those dudes you have noticed so frequently are academy students. They will get more sense as they grow older, but just now they are decorating themselves with all sorts of trinkets, and inspiring awe at the "sem." Don't run against them if you see any "sem" partial toward them; give her up as a possessor of poor taste. You can't beat a "cad." If he is worsted single handed he always has a dozen friends who come to the rescue, and try between them to crush the girl's heart.

If you go out nights at all, you had better take your rooms down to the treasurer's office and lock them up. Don't stay out late. It is a bad habit to get into, and worries the faculty. They, of course, were all model men at college and did nothing out of the way. Therefore it is reasonable in them to ask you to be perfect in everything. Let your motto be, "I am to be perfect just as my professors are and were."

When anything troubles you, come right to the Stentor editors. We are fine men and know the ropes. We are seeking the positions of confidence and honor that an institution like ours affords. We know all about the "sem." We have a large enrollment on our retired list, and have a private secretary to keep track of current engagements. Most October Sten-
tors tell freshmen the grass is green and a symbol of themselves, but we cannot say that this year, as the heat of last summer rendered some of the grass exceeding brown. So live in the hope that in a general "do up" your color may be brown, and forgive us for not printing the grass joke in this issue.

Farewell little children, commit this article to memory, and we will bless you with more of our wisdom as the school terms glide away.

A remark that I overheard one day from the benches on the foot ball field, "If I only understood the game," has filled me with sufficient ambition to attempt to explain a game of which I am very fond and which seems to be the most unpopular—among persons who don't understand it—of any game I know. The editors—I don't approve of this board—tell me "space is limited,"—I'm sure Prof. Baldwin never taught them that. They have cut out my artistic opening and told me to go right at my subject, so—assuming it to be understood that the object of the game is to put the ball down behind the opponent's goal posts—let us consider the means of getting it there. The choice of goal or kick off having been decided by flipping a coin, the side having the ball places it in the middle of the field, and then kick it down the field as far as the kicker's muscular development will permit; the back on the other side catches it as it falls, starts on the run for the other goal line. Any one on his side that can, runs along side to prevent any one from interfering, until finally the runner is thrown and the ball is 'down.' Now comes the most common feature of the game, the scrimmage. The rush lines line up, the center with the ball in front of him, the quarter with his hand on the center's hip, and the half's twenty feet away. This rush line bent on preventing any interference with the coming work of the quarter and half, and the other quite as bent on dodging through and throwing the half that has the ball, the quarter takes his hand from the center's hip, a sign which the center obeys by throwing the ball back, and, while the two rush lines are wrestling, the quarter throws the ball to the half and he starts down the field with the ball tucked under his arm. As soon as he comes up to the rush line, the end rush leaves his opposite man and runs along side the runner to protect him by taking any collisions himself, until the half is thrown and yells "down" and another scrimmage takes place.

If, however, after three "downs" the ball has not gone ahead five, or
backward twenty yards, the ball must go to the other side, and they become the attacking party. But there are other ways of losing the ball than by failing to gain or lose yards. If a foul is committed and the other side claim it, the ball must be given to the other side on the spot where the foul was committed. Now there are many ways of committing fouls: striking an opponent with the fists, or holding him with the hands, are foul plays, butting or throwing the ball forward are also not allowable, but perhaps the most common class of fouls is touching the ball when one is "off side," that is, if I am in front of one of my side when he kicks the ball, I commit a foul if I touch the ball before one of the other side touch it, or before the man who kicked it has passed our or has touched me. There is one thing more to be noticed, if the ball goes out of bounds on the side or in touch, as it is called, the end rush on that side must throw it straight in, or, by touching it to the ground, he can throw it back, but unless he complies with these rules he commits a foul and the ball goes to his opponents.

Now as to scoring: when one side succeeds in touching the ball down behind their opponent's goal line, they score four points, then the ball is brought out and held by one man of the winning side while another tries to kick the ball over the upper half of the goal posts. If he succeeds his score is increased two points, and the other side takes the ball and kicks it off as at the very first, from the center of the field. If he fails they kick it off from the 25 yard line. If I am forced to touch the ball down behind my own goal line, I lose two points, or if I have not scored, they add two to their score, or if they succeed in making a drop kick, that is dropping the ball and kicking it as it rises from the ground, and making a goal, they add five points to their score. Now this is a hurried resume of the game and a very incomplete one. I have not endeavored to explain any of the tricks of the trade, and there are many of them, but only to give the ordinary course of the game, and to explain away a little of the confusion arising from the rushing hither and yon of twenty-two dirty and disreputable looking specimens, who after all are not as bent on murder and mutilation as, for all I can hear, the average "Sem." thinks them.

S. Prentice Jr., '91.

FERRY HALL.

All were glad to receive the Doctor's smiling welcome upon our return to Ferry Hall. We had feared that he might be detained, but,
true to his reputation, he was once more among his girls at the appointed time.

Ferry Hall has sustained a great loss in Miss Corwin’s departure. Oberlin is to be congratulated.

We most heartily welcome Miss Calhoun to our circle again. Her trip was a highly enjoyable one, of which her friends hear remarkable and interesting details. Syrian tapestry, prayer mats, drapery, pottery, etc., most artistically adorn her apartments, which with her pleasant society affords much amusement. Miss Calhoun is thanked by many friends for her kindness in rendering this pleasure.

Miss Mason’s visit was hailed with joy: regret that we cannot anticipate her return to school. Her health is found but her heart is lost.

The fantastic and most decidedly fancy dress ball, given in the Sem. Gym, was, on the whole, a success unrivaled. A lady was heard to remark: “If I can’t dance with Mr. ———, I enjoyed the waltz with his clothes.”

Sem.—“Do you know, every time I meet a man, I most curiously wonder if he’s the right one.”

Teacher—(with a bored expression,)—“Never mind, my dear, the right one will come some time.” It is doubted.

A Sophomore has found Physics very enjoyable as well as instructive.

Dudie is back.

As a surprising result of the summer’s ramblings “mongst mountain, meadow and lake,” many of our girls return minus a vital organ. Some are members of our senior class, and others murmur: “South America.”

The appreciation with which a senior witnessed the ball games is amazing.

“Who hath redness of eyes?”
The juniors minus privileges.

An open meeting of the Nu Beta Kappa was held on Friday evening, Sept. 20th, in the society rooms.

Officers for the following term are as follows: President, Miss E. Smith; Vice President, Miss Ellis; Secretary, Miss Greenlee; Treasurer, Miss McVay; Critic, Miss S. Buell; S. at Arms, Miss Platt.

The meeting was opened with the reading of a Scripture lesson and prayer, by the president.

**Programme.**

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**Resolved.** That the World’s Fair should be held in Chicago in preference to New York.
Probably the most of importance upon the programme was Miss Lyman's essay, which by request has been printed:

"It has seemed appropriate at the commencement of this school year, which, as a society, we begin on a firmer basis than ever before, that some extracts should be called from the chronicles of the society, and given to the members and guests with us this evening.

As every nation has its history, so has every society, and that of N. B. K., formerly the Jean Ingelow, abounds in thrilling incident. As the written records of this organization are very meagre in detail and far from satisfactory, I must be pardoned if I draw largely upon personal experience and call this paper reminiscences, rather than chronicles.

The first record I have been able to find dates back to Feb. 4th, 1881; in the account of the adoption of the constitution, Miss Minnie Wilie was elected president. Were we so minded we might have introduced some flitting reflections on the transitory nature of human greatness and unimportance of any individual as this aforesaid. Miss Wilie is wholly forgotten where she was once so popular, and had she not been a member of the Jean Ingelow would not be known even by name in Ferry Hall.

Hence—Moral No. 2.

Join the Nu Beta Kappa if you wish to secure a lasting monument in the Society Cemetery.

In the record of a meeting held a month after the first, it was moved, seconded and carried that "hereafter, all members should be fined for undignified conduct." If by "undignified conduct" was meant fluent conversation during the exercises and audible suggestions that the president "look in the closet," it is to be inferred that there are some points of similarity between our literary antecedents and ourselves.

For several years the society seems to have pursued the even tenor of its meetings, carrying out the programmes consisting of music and literature, until the year 86–87, when the roll call consisted of twelve. These girls, however, struggled hard through the winter, and the next year they were rewarded by a large addition. The society more than doubled its membership. The staid, sedate seniors who carry so many burdens on their reverend shoulders now, were only giddy sophomores then and could not readily assist the others by assuming the responsibilities thrust upon them by their admission to the Jean. I well remember the all too frequent meetings when the entire programme consisted of a recitation
by Miss Magill or an essay by Miss Flack. In vain the president tore her hair, and futile. One year ago the remnant of the society met in solemn council to debate a weighty question: "Should or should we not disband?"

It was finally decided, however, that we should cling together a little longer, and a worthy president was elected, a new constitution adopted, and since that night we have lived in harmony. The society has flourished like a green bay-tree since then, and I have but one more thing to mention: the change of name from Jean Ingelow to Nu Beta Kappa.

A new year is before us and a bright one: for many of us the last in Ferry Hall. Let us be faithful and helpful in school life and in society work and make it a year that will tell.

Glad to see that Mr. Steel retains his fondness for the Sem. dried beef and tea.

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THE ACADEMY.

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TRI KAPPA.

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Shortly after the opening of school, we received the sad news announcing the death, by accident at shooting, of our old school mate and beloved fellow student, Douglas N. Wilcox, September tenth, at his home in Yankton, Dakota. The news cast a gloom upon all the boys. Douglas, as he was called by everyone, was loved by all with whom he came in contact. Being naturally of a sunny disposition, he was always welcome wherever he chose to go. He was a boy whom everyone could trust and one who always held to his Christian principles, both in the school room and on the campus. Although, like any of us, having his own little faults, he was one whom any boy might feel proud to copy. Below we report the action of our society, of which he was a member.

At a special meeting of the Tri Kappa Society of Lake Forest University held September 15, 1889, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in his all-wise providence to remove from our midst our late brother and honored member of this society, Douglas Newell Wilcox; and

WHEREAS, The close relations long held by the deceased with the members of this society render it proper that we should express our appreciation of his services; therefore, be it

Resolved, By the Tri Kappa Society, that, while we humbly submit to the will of the Omnipotent One, we sincerely mourn the calling of our beloved brother from among us.

Resolved, That the death of Douglas Newell Wilcox deprives
this Society of a highly esteemed member and faithful co-worker, and one who carried before him his Christian principles in his daily walk of life.

Resolved, That this society extend its heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family and relatives of our deceased brother in their deep sorrow.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon the minutes of this society, and that a copy of them be sent to the family of our deceased brother.

W. G. Sanford, J. J. Whiteside, F. R. Bacon, Com.

Our ex-secretary, C. H. Lamberton, has returned to his home at Lake City, Minn. F. R. Bacon has also returned to his home in Milwaukee. Sorry to have you go boys, but we wish you success.

At the first regular meeting of the Tri Kappa society, held Wednesday, Sept. 25th, the following officers were elected: President, E. J. Bishop; Vice President, W. R. Nash; Secretary, W. S. Grant; Treasurer, C. O. Oliver; Critic, J. J. Whiteside; Sergeant at Arms, T. Jackson; Editor of Stentor, W. G. Sanford.

The faculty wish to announce to those eight young gentlemen who wished "to leave town to take a bath" that the lake is open at all hours.

THEY DON'T AMOUNT TO MUCH.
The great Gamma Sigma base ball nine we played the other day,
Made up their precious little minds that they'd show us how to play.
So they thought they played base ball? Well they played it with a crutch.
But we're now of the opinion that they don't amount to much.
They "hustled" out their fancy catcher, and stood him in his place,
And they put their poorest players upon each and every base,
And they came out in uniform, but we've seen plenty such.
But it's plain to all these Gamma Sigs don't amount to much.

Composed for the occasion.
Score 8 to 2.

GAMMA SIGMA.

The fall term of the academy has opened most favorably. The number of students enrolled exceeds that of the two previous years of the present administration. A feature of the school this year is the large extent of country represented. There are students from almost every section of this country and even far away Persia has her representative.

The faculty has been increased by the addition of Messrs. Harper and Scribner to the corps of teachers. The former takes the place of Mr. Swift in the science department. We hope that he may find as warm a place in the affection of the school as was held by his pre-
decessor. Mr. Scribner is the new instructor in Latin.

We miss the genial countenance and ever ready wit of George Harry.

It is too bad that the penmanship in the academy interferes with the recreation hours. If possible a different arrangement ought to be made.

**BASE BALL.**

The academy club for the season '89-'90 will be constituted about as follows: Shirra, P.; Guenther, C.; E. J. Bishop, 1st; Hoyne, 2nd; Pine, 3rd; W. A. Bishop, s. s.; Grant, l. f.; Rowe, c. f.; Kellogg, r. f.; Dewey, Higgins, substitutes.

The college won an interesting game from the cad. on the 14th. Score 6 to 7. The cads returned the compliment on the 21st by defeating the college, 14 to 7.

Officers of the G. S. society for the fall term are: President, Henry A. Rumsey; Vice President, Herbert H. Fisher; Secretary, Alexander McFerran; Treasurer, Earnest C. Cleveland. Mr. Higgins was appointed Sergeant at Arms.

The young blood which has been infused into the academy this year is very well in its place, but we would like to call the attention of those to whom this applies that the place referred to is not on a par with the senior students of the academy.

In accordance with an old time custom we submit below a list of candidates for the pump in the order of their fitness for the honor: Hall, Gerry, Hancock, Rosenfield.

Sem. meeting.

Leader—"Can we find no one to start a hymn?"

Young Sem, Freshman class—"Let's sing 'Johnnie get your gun,' I can start that."

We are sorry to note the loss of one of the oldest students, Mr. R. C. Burchell. Bob has always been one of "the boys," and the rest of the crowd will hardly know what to do without him. We wish him all success in his city life and business, and hope he will not forget his old friends in the Cad.

**ALUMNI AND PERSONAL.**

Certain ones of our Alumni have been asked to kindly answer the following questions:

1. What line of study pursued by you in college do you consider of most practical good to you now?

2. What line of study pursued by you in college gave you the most pleasure in its pursuance?

Doctors, lawyers, ministers, teachers, journalists, and women will be represented. They ought to give us some readable and valuable paragraphs. (The word "women" is used as co-ordinate with the callings because it is one of the grandest works of life to be
a women.) The first of the answers will appear next month. Another totally different set of interrogations will be addressed to others of the Alumni when this batch fails.

WHAT THE CLASS OF '89 ARE DOING.

B. M. Linnell has entered Rush Medical College.

Grant Stroh will study theology at Union Seminary, New York.

Keyes Becker is local editor of the Elgin Democrat. It takes Keyes to get "beats" on "the other paper," the Elgin Buzz-Saw.

T. S. Jackson is studying law at Baily and Moran's school, Chicago. He contemplates taking up real estate law as a profession.

Most of the eighty-niners take to teaching as easily as you can slide off a straw stack. A. G. Welch holds a paying position at Upper Alton, Ill. Miss Carrie Griffin is pleasantly occupied at Marshall, Mich., high school. Miss Mary Phelps is an instructor in Union Academy, Anna, Ill. Miss Harriet Vance has an enjoyable time of it as teacher at Shelbyville, Ky. Miss Annie Davies teaches in a seminary at Nashville, Tenn. By the way, here is a good story about Miss Davies: She had been in her new position three days. In the evening, about ten o'clock, she was roaming down the hall dressed in an airy, fairy blue dress. She is not very large in stature.

One of the teachers happened to espy her and forthwith Miss Davies was ordered to go to her room where she belonged. The teacher took her for one of the pupils.

Hopkinton, Iowa, bobs up smiling with a new professor in Mathematics at Lennox College. The students call him Professor Edgar Morrison Wilson—one of our '89 boys.

Walter N. Halsey, '89, is now principal of the high school at Ashton, Ill. Do you suppose he leads the singing every morning with that beautiful violin of his? He has 200 pupils under him anyway, and that is a good many more than we have in our own dear college.

All our attempts to find the present address of Jesse James Boggs, '88, have miserably failed. If anyone knows his whereabouts we will pay well for information.

We'll have quite a colony of Alumni down at Hartford, Conn., after a while: Graham Lee, our orator; Llewellan Davies, '88, our authority on Prohibition; G. A. Wilson, '89, our funny Dutch dialect man; G. D. Henver, '87, our every-man-his-own-debater man; E. E. Nourse, '88, our standard in Metaphysics, will be at Hartford seminary this year. There's where Dr. Zenos, our former Greek professor, is.
With many regrets on our side and on his, A. M. Welch is listed as an absentee. He would have been a '91 man had he remained. He goes into business for which he has large ideas, and the capability of carrying them out. He was liked and respected by all, leaving behind him the memory of a bright business-like young man. As an orator, in the estimation of such judges as Dr. Herrick Johnson and Rev. W. O. Mills, he stands high, and as a comic opera singer, the people of Millburn, Ill., pronounce him unsurpassed. [Mr. Welch's uncle feels his absence greatly.]—Ed.

Rev. N. D. Hillis, '84, is a man of whom the university feels proud. He is a modern minister, with lots of "go" to him. He has recently been called from Peoria, Ill., to Evanston to fill the pastorate lately vacated through the death of the honored Dr. Hayes.

W. W. Johnson, '88, has returned from Auburndale, where he preached this summer, to McCormick seminary.

Miss Nellie McNary, Ferry seminary class of '91, visited her Ferry Hall friends at the beginning of the term.

B. D. Holter, '86, is preaching in one of the large suburbs of Philadelphia. Rutledge, an old chum of his, says he doesn't put any frills, tucks, or puckers on his sermons; he just talks sense. He makes a good, solid, all-around man. When he goes on his pastoral visits he always has a genuine smile for the new baby, and pats the little children on the head because he feels like it, not because he has to. Everybody likes him.

S. A. Benedict, '88, remains at Lake Forest this year as assistant in the Science Hall. He attends faculty meetings and walks the boys a la turkey out of the building, when order is not kept. He sits on the platform at chapel with the rest of the boys.

D. S. Lansden, '91, has gone to Princeton to spend his junior and senior years. The STENTOR thus loses its editor-in-chief. Mr. Lansden was elected to the position last June. He was one of the solid workers in college, and he leaves behind him a host of admiring friends.

R. C. Robe who took the freshman and sophomore years with the class of '87 is now at the head of a prosperous female seminary in the Indian Territory.

Miss Belle MacArthur, Ferry seminary class of '92, is attending Miss Loring's seminary, Chicago. Miss Barnes of the same class is doing the same thing.

Miss Faxon of '92 and Miss Harlan of '91 are missed this year by their many friends.
LATE NEWS.

Good bye to our beloved gym. It has at last found its calling; instead of receiving the slander of students, hereafter it will serve as a residence for Frye, our engineer and assistant president. Frye is having it moved and remodeled.

Arrangements are being made with Professor Grey, of Highland Park, to give a series of lectures on electricity to the students of the university in the near future.

The Harvard school boys met our eleven on the bloody field of football, last Saturday.

Messrs. Dodge, Warren and Cass went as delegates from our Athletic Association to Galesburg, October third. The colleges belonging to the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association wish to form an athletic league, comprising the same institutions. Hence we have a chance to enter as charter members.

The annual reception of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., was held in the Ferry Hall parlors on evening of September 26th. A short program and an address by I. E. Brown, State Secretary, added to the enjoyment of the affair. Each one in attendance was presented with a card, bearing his name and boutonnière of roses. Miss Maude Heron, attired in the costume of a gypsy fortune teller, foretold the fates to anxious inquirers, with convincing certainty. Everything and everybody was made to move as they have never done before at one of these receptions.

The High School Journal, devoted to Chicago High School journalism, is out in new dress and new hands. Mr. W. E. Everett, '92 and W. C. Eakins, S. are joint owners, and respectively editor and business manager. The Journal has heretofore been issued from Evanston, and has been a potent advertisement for that university. We hope in the future its influence will be as widespread and beneficial in behalf of Lake Forest, and that the enterprise of the two gentlemen will be amply repaid in an extended circulation. Already the paper is taken in all the high schools in Cook County.

The students go down the semester oftener than the trustees, and suggest to them that if a channel were opened to the lake a typhus breeding stream might escape. Now it is as the money market sometimes becomes—stagnant.

Hazing is at an end in Lake Forest college; the death blow was given October second. It was present in a mild but clinging form and what could not be brought about before was accomplished by the co-operation of the students.
with the faculty. To Mr. Prentice is due the honor of forming the plan which was accepted by the faculty.

The matter of optional attendance at chapel exercises on the part of the faculty, has proved a decided failure. Their average attendance has been about four.

Miss Annie Flack and Miss Harriet Magill spent Saturday and Sunday with old friends here, especially their three old friends.

Prof. Cutting invited the students into his drill hall and armory last Wednesday morning, to hear Mr. G. Horton Steel deliver his contest oration on "The Inspiration of the Beautiful." A large number were in attendance.

In all human probability Lake Forest is soon to have a fine art institute building erected. It will stand on our old base-ball ground, and work will be begun as soon as some minor details are settled.

THE INTER-COLLEGIATE CONTEST.

MONMOUTH TAKES FIRST PRIZE AND WESLEYAN CAPTURES SECOND.

Before saying anything else about the oratorical contest at Galesburg it is perhaps best to tell you why we did not win. Reason: The judges held to the old Daniel Webster standards, while our orator excels in a totally different line. Mr. Steel is somewhat dramatic in his delivery and aesthetic in his composition; and when you judge him by the slow, heavy style of 30 years ago you do him an injustice.

If the prevailing sentiment at Galesburg is any criterion, Lake Forest should have had at least second place, giving Knox the first. The fact that the judges were hung in effigy by the Knox students speaks for itself. Mr. Smith, the Knox orator, is a gentleman of fine presence, and he has that magnetism which holds an audience. His oration was solid and businesslike.

Monmouth's man undoubtedly had an exceptional oration as far as subject matter goes; but his vocal powers were as undoubtedly inferior. Potter of Wesleyan is a man of power in his line. If you like the long sweeping gesture, if you like the heavy, rolling orotund in abundance, Mr. Potter would have suited you.

The institutions sending athletes and orators were: Monmouth, Blackburn, University of Ill., Ill. College, Knox and Wesleyan.

Thursday, Knox beat Ill. College 29 to 13; and the University of Ill., beat Monmouth 22 to 11.

Thursday evening's reception and banquet were affairs long to
be remembered by those present. The reception at the seminary was not one of those wall flower gatherings where the gentlemen stand in a corner and mope while the girls gather in another corner and pout. The secret of it was, Knox girls are, in the first place pretty; in the second place, they are unconscious of it; and in the third place, they are bright and sensible.

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The seminary was virtually at the public's disposal, and everybody had a good time in the cosy rooms, moon-lit balconies and on the velvet lawns.

The debt Lake Forest owes to Knox in the way of entertainment can only be paid when we have the contest in Chicago.

The banquet was held at Union Hotel. The menu embraced the good things of life. Knox men are gentlemen in truth. They did everything in their power towards giving their guests preference. Mr. Mathews, who responded to the toast, "Our First Effort," for Lake Forest, in the words of the Galesburg Daily Republican-Register, "made one of the best speeches of the evening." Preceding his speech the assemblage drank the health of Lake Forest.

At the convention on Friday morning the following officers were elected: Pres., J. C. Tait, Wesleyan; Vice Pres., F. D. Sanford, Ill., college; Sec. and Treas., R. Little, Monmouth; delegates to the Inter-State Contest next May, at Lincoln, Neb., F. Buck, Monmouth; L. C. Hess, Ill. College; E. B. Cushing, Knox. Monmouth will be the meeting place for the next contest.

Friday's ball game gave Knox the state championship with a score of, Knox 18, Champaign 2. In the tennis doubles, Capps and Fairbank of Jacksonville won.

The oratorical contest in the Opera House was an occasion of wild excitement. Baldwin of Jacksonville spoke on "Paradise Lost;" Camp of Champaign, "The Permanence of American Institutions;" Douglass of Monmouth, "The English Language;" Potter of Wesleyan, "Civil Ethics;" Steel of Lake Forest, "The Inspiration of the Beautiful;" Smith of Knox, "Social Discontent;" Robinson of Blackburn, "Personal Independence." The judges on composition were G. W. Howland of Chicago, Rev. A. Albro of Moline, Rev. Crewes of Toulon;—on delivery, Cong. Guest of Rock Island, Rev. T. K. Orr of Peoria, and Senator Dodge of Iowa.
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