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Let's sit down on the barrel and congratulate ourselves that this holiday season finds us in the 19th century. There is more meaning to the Christmas time now than of yore. "Peace and good will toward men" is no longer a sentimental saying. It is largely a fact between man and man. The Scrooges of this world are fortunately rare. How the heart warms and the pulses quicken as we think of home's joys and a world at peace! That all this has a beneficial moral effect no one who has studied human nature, for a moment doubts. It is good, if only for a week, to be taken out of one's self, to feel a warm interest in the affairs and happiness of one's friends.

Speaking of friends recalls the following words of Rob't Louis Stevenson. They are worth our study: "To be honest, to be kind; to earn a little, and to spend a little less; to make, upon the whole, some one happier for his presence; to renounce, when that shall be necessary, and not to be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy. He has an ambitious soul who would ask more; he has a hopeful spirit who should look in such an enterprise to be successful."

There is the man who gave a nickle to his little boy to go to bed without his supper, and then stole the nickle after the little fellow fell asleep; and the man who pastured his goat on his grand-mother's grave; and the student who borrows his neighbors' Sten- tor to avoid paying a subscription.

Some of us may not be quite satisfied with the advantage we have taken of our educational opportunities. "Only to bask and ripen were often-times the student's wiser business," says Lowell; but the student who basks all the time is liable to get his skull warped.

Humanity is a harp, with every string tuned to a different key. We must touch all the strings, and yet bring harmony out of the whole. No wonder the best of us get out of patience and fret at human affairs sometimes.

However, smiles are the sun-shine of life. They drive away more malaria and lurking meanness than all the medicines invented since Noah wore knee pants.
T. SOUTHWICK'S TESTAMENT.

WANT to turn in, mommie; I want to tell you sum-fin," piped a small voice from out in the hall, and there was a sound of little fingers tapping on the door.

"No, run away, Harry; mommie is very busy."

Mildred Tennyson's head bent lower over the pages on which her tired fingers were writing.

"But I do want to see you, mommie; baby Kate has eaten all the raisins out of the pie; she wouldn't let me have any, mommie; and I'm 'fraid they will make her sick."

"Don't touch the pies, Harry, and run away, my child."

There was a long sigh from the small pair of lungs out-side the door and a whispered "O, dear!" Then the little feet pattered away down the hall.

Mildred Tennyson laid down her pen and rested her cramped fingers for a moment. The Christmas story lay in manuscript before her, several pages remained to be written. For an instant she was tempted to follow the child and listen to his woes, but the story must be finished; it was the last day, and the publisher said then or never.

It had been a hard fight for Mildred to keep the little house in "L" street going, since John Tennyson had dropped by the way-side and left her to struggle on alone. She had resorted to her pen for a livelihood, but the returns were slow, and the mouths of Harry, baby Kate, and Bridget, the one servant who had stuck to them thro' thick and thin, all had to be filled. The publisher of "The Golden Clarion" would accept he said, a five column story and give her one hundred dollars for it, if it was good enough; but he had scores of manuscripts on hand, and it must be exceptionally well done. There was no time for Mildred to indulge the promptings of maternal love.

For the fiftieth time she took up the pen, to finish the manuscript. Only two or three more pages accomplished when the enemy again appeared at the door, this time reinforced by baby Kate.

"Mommie, mommie, won't you let us turn in; sister has jambed her finger in the door and her hand is all bloody."

The sobs of the small sister testified to the little fellow's words. The mother's heart could resist no longer. She arose from her work and opened the door. Clasping the baby in her arms, the yellow curls pillowed on her breast, she soothed the wounded feelings of the child, while Harry proceeded to occupy the time by quietly spilling about a spoonful of ink down the front of his dress. But the mother did not see it.

Harry was sorry sister had hurt her finger, but he knew, he said, that Dod always punished little girls what wouldn't let their brother have any rais-ins.

"Now run away children, to Bridget, for mommie must finish the story and go down town to Mr. Barnes with it."

The children scampered off. With a sigh Mildred again resumed the thread of the Christmas story; but it seemed lifeless, mechanical. She had a conviction that it would not be accepted.

The story was finished at last, and putting on her heavy coat, and kissing the little ones good bye, she admonished Bridget to watch the children carefully and hastened out into the biting, winter air.

"Couldn't you pass on it immediately, Mr. Barnes; I don't want to prejudice you against the story by being hasty, but I would like to know tonight, if you will want it."

The publisher nervously ran over the
pages, taking in at a glance with his experienced eye, the sense of the words.

"It won't do; no, I can't use it."

Mildred's heart sank.

"It hasn't life enough in it. Sorry to be hard on you, madam, but you know the way. I can't misce matters. Business is business. There is too much ideality in it—full of fine spun feeling, exalted sentiment; but it isn't life. Go out into the streets; study the faces you meet, and write 'em up. Get into sympathy with the people and your readers'll wonder what makes the tears start. That's my advice."

Mildred went sorrowfully out of the office. The great publisher had been kind. She couldn't complain. He had given her far more of his precious time than she could expect; but the visions of the little things she would buy the children for Christmas vanished away. She wondered what the next turn would be, and where the money was to come from to buy even the necessaries. Down the crowded streets she walked sadly, towards the corner where she was to take the horse-car for home.

"Mr. Barnes was right," said Mildred to herself, "I have been indulging too much in my own fancies. I ought to pay more attention to this great, surging life on the streets about me. Perhaps I have been too selfish, too much engrossed in the affairs of my own little world. John used to be so broad and kind to everyone. Yes, I will look more to those around me.

And as if circumstances were fated to accord with her resolve, Mildred's attention was attracted to an old man hobbling along directly in front of her. He was a thin old man, so scantily clothed that Mildred fancied she could see the shivers dart thro' the faded black coat. His hands were bare, and the blue looking fingers clutched a cane. That was a pitiful looking being, bearing an indelible something about him telling of the miserly old man—shuffling along seemingly as desolate as the one shiney brass button time had left on the back of his coat.

At the corner of "10th" street, when Mildred was quite close behind him, the old man suddenly slipped on the icy pavement. His poor head struck hard against the curbstone, and one of his legs cramped under his body. A moment later, Mildred was bending over him, and two or three of the passers-by paused.

"Get some water, quick," said Mildred. "He is unconscious; the blow on the head has stunned him."

A pitcher of water was brought from the store on the corner, and Mildred bathed the old man's temples with her handkerchief. Presently he returned to consciousness and murmured: "Take me home, take me home."

"Stop that cab!" cried one of the by-standers.

But, as the cab wheeled up, the old man complained in a crooning voice: "I can't afford a cab—can't afford it."

"Well, if you can't, I can," asserted Mildred. "Where is your home?"

"59 Maple Row," answered the old man feebly; and then, as if seized with an impulse, he said to Mildred: "Won't you see that I get home? it seems as tho' I could trust you; my head don't feel safe at all; I might topple off again; stay with me till I am back safe to 59. I'm a poor man, and poor people don't have any friends."

It was not yet late in the afternoon and Mildred decided, after a short debate with herself, that her duty to humanity for the moment called louder than duty at home. With the assistance of the by-standers, the old man was placed in the cab, and Mildred seated herself by his side.

The cab dashed away over the creaking snow to Maple Row. "59" was a low-browed, dull colored brick house. It looked
as if it might have deemed itself proud in years hitherto, but now it resembled its owner—"T. Southwick" the dingy brass plate on the door called him—weather-beaten, pinched looking, cramped into its cranny between the higher buildings.

It was the veritable T. Southwick who had lived alone time out of mind at Maple Row, hard-fisted, stingy, old T. Southwick whom everybody hated, T. Southwick the miser worth nobody knew how much but enough to keep a hundred T. Southwicks in luxury for as many years,—this was the man whom Mildred Tennyson had befriended.

But T. Southwick was a pretty used up old man, when, with the assistance of the cabman and Mildred he was laid on the rusty, ragged lounge in his house at 59 Maple Row.

"Don't leave me, madam, don't leave me," he said to Mildred feebly. "Send some one for the doctor,—I can't afford it, it'll cost too much; but I believe my leg is broken, and I can't stand the pain; but I can't afford—O, how my head is all whirling! I feel as if I should die."

Mildred sent the cabman around the corner for a physician, and paid for the cab out of her scant purse.

"John would have done so," thought she.

As dusk came on, after the physician had come, the old man became delirious; but he seemed to notice when Mildred attempted to leave the room to go home, and called piteously for her to stay. He felt as if he could trust her, he said.

The physician thought she had best stay if it were possible.

"You won't lose anything by staying, madam. He is honest in paying, if he is a hard-fisted old man."

Mildred said she didn't care about the money if she could really be of use; still the children at home would be expecting her, and fret because she did not return. But she finally decided to stay during that evening, and she sent a message by the doctor, home to Bridget to put the children to bed early after tea, and tell them "mommie" would be sure and kiss them good night when she returned."

As the evening drew near, the old man's mind began to wander. Clearly his brain had sustained serious injuries by his fall. The physician had gone and Mildred was left alone with her charge. The old man seemed to fancy himself a child again, and when Mildred drew near the couch where he lay, he addressed her as mother. It was pitiable to see him lying there, pinched-up, shivered, starved old man that he was, his unkempt gray locks falling over the thin, white fore-head.

"Mother, you won't leave your little boy; you were always kind to me, mother. And I will be a rich man some day. You shall have everything then—everything you want, and I'll be kind to you, mother, as you have been to me."

As Mildred listened to the old man's vagaries, the tears came into her eyes. She smoothed the wrinkled brow with her cool hands.

"My head is burning up, mother, but your hand cools it. Don't go away. I think your boy will die mother; I've saved the money for you, and there's quite a heap of it; but we can't afford to have the doctor come any more."

It was not hard to see what the ruling passion of the old man's life had been. Even with the purest of affections, that of a child for its mother, he could not help mingling the question of money. Later in the evening, after the doctor had returned with a hired nurse, the old man fell into a quiet slumber, and Mildred left the house and went home.

Early the following morning, Harry conveyed the momentous news to his mother's room, that a man with a shiny sleigh and yarn tassels on his horse had stopped in front
of the house. Sure enough, it was the physician, come to tell Mildred that T. Southwick was very, very ill, and that he kept calling for "that kind mother, who had befriended him in his evil hour."

"You had best go and do all you can for him, madam," said the doctor, "his days are numbered; and you can make his going away a trifle smoother, for he seems to have taken an uncommon fancy to you. I guess it isn't often that the old man has found so kind a friend. He's a hard, tough old man outside, but it's piteous to hear him call for 'mother'—he seems to think you're his mother."

Mildred's better impulses conquered. She went to the dingy house in Maple Row, and old, miserly T. Southwick thought she was his mother. For two weeks Mildred went daily and saw the old man's life slowly ebb away. In the hours when his right mind returned to him he thanked Mildred again and again for her kindness, and begged her not to leave.

The Tuesday before Christmas, the old man was in his sane mind all day, and when the physician came the two talked together for some time in a low tone which Mildred could not hear. In the afternoon, the physician returned with another gentleman, and T. Southwick signed some papers. Mildred thought he must be settling up his worldly affairs, a wise move, for that night the old man suddenly grew worse.

Christmas eve, as the bells were joyously

summoning the glad people to the churches and the festivals, old T. Southwick's spirit went home to God. It wasn't a very joyous Christmas eve to Mildred; but, as she wended her way home that night, her conscience told her she had done humanity a real service—a service that must be its own and only reward.

The sun was shining brightly, Christmas morning, when Bridget went to answer the ring of the door bell. The gentleman who had rung asked to see Mrs. Tennyson, personally. The gentleman's stay was brief. With a few explanations, he left Mildred standing half dazed, with a legal looking document in her trembling hands; and this is what it said:

"I, T. Southwick, do hereby will and bequeath all my worldly goods, consisting of my house at 59 Maple Row, and $100,000 in stocks and bonds in my safe at the Fidelity Deposit Vaults, and there sealed in a packet with deed to property herein-before described, to Mildred Tennyson, in consideration of her kindness to me in my last hours, when I had no other friend in the world.

"T. Southwick.

"Attestation:—This instrument, consisting of one sheet of paper, was at the date thereof, signed, sealed, published and declared by said T. Southwick as and for his last will and testament in the presence of us who by his request and in his presence and in the presence of each other have subscribed our names as witnesses hereeto.

"Jonas Black.

"F. Thompson, M. D."

D. '91.
WE LOOK AND LISTEN AT THE GATE.

Two years,—the New Year and the last;  
Two lives,—the future and the past.

* * *

We pause today,  
And look away,  
Into the future dim and dark,  
In thoughtful wonder, and we hark,  
As if to hear  
From the New Year,  
Some word to tell us of the way.  
Our feet shall tread ere New Year's day  
Shall come again;  
But all in vain.

* * *

We look and listen at the gate;  
We can but simply trust and wait.  
H. E. H. '94.

"I LAY DOWN MY LIFE FOR THE SHEEP."

The guardian of the sheep-cot,  
As the storm and the night set in,  
Speaks thus with himself, as he listens:  
"My sheep, are they all come in?"

And a poor old sheep is missing,  
Lost in the winter's snow.  
"A worthless one!" saith the hireling;  
But the master saith: "Not so!"

Thro' the dark and the storm goes the master,  
In the far fields he seeks his sheep;  
And he finds the poor, old wether  
Nigh dead, on the stony steep.

And he carries him back to the sheep-fold,  
Away from the storm and the chill—  
No sheep so old and so worthless,  
But the master will seek for him still.  
D. '91.

MR. PABST'S WORTHY SCHEME.

The engraving following this article doubtless explains itself. For the past six years rumors have reached The Stentor regarding the buildings to be erected for Lake Forest university. Buildings worthy of the name naturally come slowly. The tardiness of ordinary events has lead The Stentor to begin a still hunt of its own. For some time past we have been negotiating with Mr. Mulheiser Pabst, of Milwaukee brewery fame. This estimable gentleman has large means which he wishes to devote to laudable purposes. He appreciates the good institutions of learning have been to his brewery business, and he is not slow in wishing to return the favor. Mr. Pabst and The Stentor have consulted a leading architect, and he has furnished the plan for the building represented on the following page. The object was to get a building combining beauty and utility in equal parts. The first consideration was to have a suitable sanctum for Senator Frye. It has long been felt that this gentleman should have a private office. The management of the college, devolving, as it does, on his Herculean shoulders, is multiform in detail. Some gathering place, or centre of gravity as it were, has become necessary to the Senator. Consequently the crowning glory of the new building will be Mr. Frye's private office. It will command a bird's eye view of all that goes on amid the citron-groves and olive-orchards of our lovely college town. It has been feared that the Senator would have to seek a change of climate for the benefit of his health; but his new office will afford a delightfully cool climate and plenty of weather up among the clouds. Here the Senator can have his labor-laden hands in the dew of heaven, and philosophize on the mutability of equine affairs. It is rumored that the muse has often sought the Senator, and the private office is just the place where the muse can visit him untrammled by the conventionalities of society.

Immediately under the Senator's office will be located the recitation rooms. These com-
NOT A VULGAR, ORDINARY-LOOKING BUILDING.

Plan for Cooperative Building for the Princeton of the West.
partments will be built on the bias in imitation of the leaning Tower of Pisa. Verandas will be hung to the outsides, so that the students can go out and let their feet hang over the balustrade when the class room gets tiresome.

Under the recitation rooms will be the observatory. It will be the biggest thing of the kind on earth. Putnam the Clothier will endow it to the tone of $100,000. From this position the university's lucky star can be easily seen. The observatory will rest on the square framed domitory, the roof of which can be utilized for advertising purposes, furnishing an income sufficient to endow a chair of athletics. On each side of the dormitory broad verandas will be hung. The beauty of these verandas can be seen readily. They will furnish places for the students to hang out their washing, saving laundry bills and doing away with the use of celluloid socks, which have never been successful here. On these verandas, the student can take his siesta, smoke, and invite the professor to jovial hospitalities. On one end of the veranda Mr. Pabst has arranged to have a tank of old Pomeroy Sec. The domitory will receive a large endowment from the Piso Liver Construction company. At the south end of the veranda a telephone wire will run to Ferry Hall, to be used only in case of fire.—"See 3."

Under the dormitory will be the laboratory. Mr. Herkimer Huyler, the inventor of Huyler's candy, has kindly consented to give $200,000, to the laboratory fund. It will be a model of its kind. The laboratory will rest on the substructure in which the library rooms will be located. The roof of the library will extend out, to form a promenade. J. Sutton's book store will be situated on the promenade, at "6," and made large enough to meet the requirements of Mr. Sutton's large and growing business. The locality marked "5" will be the site of the band house, where our orchestra can play on summer evenings. Mr. Pabst is confident that Theodore Thomas can be secured to play occasionally, such soul stirring melodies as "Annie Roony." The library will be built by E. J. Lehman of Chicago. Mr. Lehman has come to the conclusion, that while a man can sell soap and paper-mache combs all right enough without a college education, still a library stocked with the best and latest novels is a good thing. He has made some little cash out of his fair and he wants to do the fair and square thing by the American youth.

Mr. Pabst thinks he can induce the government to locate a light-house in the tower of the building just above Mr. Frye's office. And Mr. Frye's presence would doubtless obviate the necessity of kerosene or candles to furnish the light. Thus the scintillating beams could scintillate over the heads of the noble cedars of Lebanon that stand sturdy in the verdure coated banyan groves of our college community, scintillate past Ferry Hall and shoot out over the pea-green waters of Lake Michigan, making bright the homeward journey of some poor, struggling Chicago seaman.

From the Fair Library to Mr. Frye's office an electric elevator will run, furnishing in the different sections as one goes up, any kind of climate from that of mountainous Colorado to that of the valleys of California. The building will be 1000 feet high.

The STENTOR and Mr. Mulheiser Pabst feel confident that the reading public of our cultured community appreciate the feasibility of this building scheme.

And thus do the streams of worldly commerce turn their tides in the direction of culture and education. Work will begin in the near future. The building will make the Eifel tower turn slate-color with envy.
AMONG THE ALUMNI.

'90.—The item regarding J. E. Smith in the last issue should be credited to "[Ed.]" The editor of this department was not concerned in its composition.

Miss Richardson formerly of Ferry college is in the sophomore class, as is also Miss Kennedy, of Marion Iowa, who at one time attended the seminary here. Miss Kennedy is taking a special course of study.

'92.—Miss Pike found the certificatess given her by the Lake Forest professors of great service to her in the taking of junior examinations for admission to Wellesley.

From The Bugle published by the academy students of Anna, Ill., we learn the following interesting facts regarding our alumni:

'92.—"W. S. Faris, the primary teacher at Union academy, delivered an address on 'The Ideal Teacher,' before the Union County Teacher's association, at their meeting, Dec. 6."

'89.—"Miss Phelps is queen of Anna drivers. Her driving is superlative altogether graceful."

Once more we read from The Bugle: "Miss Phelps, our estimable German and History teacher, read an interesting paper on 'Woman as an Educator' at the last meeting of the Union County Teachers' association."

Then listen to this: '89.—"B. M. Linnell, brother of Miss Grace Linnell, is an assistant professor in Lake Forest university. He is also a member of the college football team, and in a recent game at Madison, Wis., was roughly handled."

And yet we never heard of this last.

'T. S. Jackson spent Sunday recently at Lake Forest. He is still with the law firm of Matz & Fisher, now acting as their bookkeeper, and attending the Chicago College of Law evenings. He is enrolled in the senior class, but will probably take the three year's course and graduate in '91.

The engraving above is of Rev. B. Fay Mills a graduate of '79. It appeared in the June STENTOR. In that issue an account of his life was given, and his marvelous success as an evangelist set forth. He has labored mostly throughout the cast and the number of conversions consequent upon his preaching have been almost incredible. He has lately come further west and at Oberlin has had wonderful fruits. In the "Northwestern World" of Dec., 12, we read:

"It has been decided by the pastors of the churches of Evanston to hold a union revival service. Rev. B. Fay Mills has been engaged, and a great meeting is anticipated. Rev. Mr. Mills was lately at Oberlin where he had remarkable success, and from other col-
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College communities good reports have been received. As Rev. Mr. Mills is one of the leading men in the evangelistic field today, it is fortunate for Evanston that he has been secured. The meetings will begin about Jan. 20."

Does Evanston know this man is an alumnus of Lake Forest?

H. H. Fish, for some time with the academy class of '90, came down to Chicago on business recently, and ran out to Lake Forest to spend Sunday. He now lives in Neenah, Wis., and is cashier of the Wisconsin Central railway at that place.

'92—W. T. Chaffee seems much pleased with the western country. He finds the miners and people generally of Montana very hospitable and friendly. He contemplates spending this year there and will probably return to college next fall.

EXCHANGE.

We notice a very suggestive article in the December Round Table on the "Possibilities in Music." It is a plea in favor of musical instruction in our colleges, and the argument is a strong one. There is an entire willingness on the part of nearly every student to sing if he only knows how. The writer says it would afford a variety in the college curriculum. Its influence would be generally felt in our college prayer meetings, and in all our social and literary entertainments. Its effect would be refining and stimulating and extremely restful as a change from books. The college yell would be given louder and with more vim, the chapel songs would be sung with so much spirit that it would be a wonder to any visitor who might be within the walls.

We notice with some little regret the tendency among college students and the public generally, to exalt the successful athlete above the hard working, industrious student. The man who does his work conscientiously and prosecutes his studies with success has the right stuff in him. What we want in these times is the broad-minded, fully-developed, all-sided man; and in our rage for athletics let us remember that the physical side, although it is supremely important, is not the most important side of a man's character.

We notice that a large number of our eastern exchanges are shouting with high glee over the generosity of the late Daniel Fayerweather, of New York city. By the terms of his will he gives $2,100,000, in sums of $50,000 and $100,000 to several of the eastern colleges. The largest amount, $300,000, is given to the Sheffield Scientific school of Yale university. "Long live the memory of Daniel Fayerweather; may his genius increase."

The board of trustees of the Illinois Wesleyan university have issued an order forbidding any member of the university to join a Greek letter fraternity.

The non-fraternity movement is gaining ground.

The library of Williams college is now kept open from two until nine every Sunday afternoon. Students are thus afforded an opportunity to spend their time in profitable reading.

W. H. Lewis, a colored man, who has played center rush on the Amherst football eleven
this past season, has been elected captain of the eleven for the coming year.

Captain Cumnock, of the Harvard eleven was given $5,000, by his father for leading the Harvard football eleven to victory in the late contest with Yale.

A course of eight public lectures on the "Psychology of Music," will be delivered by Mr. Benjamin Ives Gilman, at Harvard during the winter months.

The University of Nebraska has adopted the "three mark system;" "passed;" "conditioned;" "failed."

The Harvard and Yale glee clubs will make a tour of the western cities during the Christmas recess.

The boat crews at Harvard and Yale will begin training after the Christmas vacation.

Candidates for the Williams baseball nine are in constant practice.

Harvard is to have a new $100,000, reading room.

Indoor football is becoming quite "the thing."

THE COLLEGE.

"Where are you spending Christmas?" Where? Well here's where a few are passing it. "Pa" McVay hies him away to LaCrosse, Wis., with our own "Jerry" Smith; "Allie" Candee takes his own Milwaukee lager "mit a pretzel;" "Georgie" King sojourns in the city of the penitentiary; Ellis goes to the wicked Oconto; so does Burdick; Sutton scoots straight for St. Anne; "Zim" is resting up, in Dakota; Sharon holds down that portion of the earth around Carrollton; "Hummy," Millar, Doran, "Bloomy," Dodge, Goodman, Steele and Wright, make Rome howl in Chicago; "Mitch," Eakins and Matthews make her howl in Englewood; Bainton, Pratt, Skinner, Rumsey, Davies and "Lutie" don't make her howl, but remain here. "J. Z.," Woeful and Ridgway hang up their stockings in Morris; McNary waited for Santa Claus in LaCrosse; E. Smith Cass gladdens the hearts of Rochelle by his presence; "Hoppy" makes his headquarters at Fort Wayne; Joralman and Linn spend their time at their respective homes; Ruston taketh rest unto himself at Freeport; there are others, but, as we trust they are all having a good time, there will be no need mentioning them.

Thursday, Dec. 18, the cry of fire startled the community around the campus. It was discovered that a shed, quite close to Prof. Emerson's house was on fire. The students poured out of their various examinations, and were soon hard at work with a bucket line. A few plucky ones were on the roof. By the hardest kind of work the house was saved, though badly scorched. The following Saturday fire again broke out on the roof. This time the house seemed doomed. But by chopping a hole in the roof, and vigorous work with the buckets, the students again subdued the flames. The cause of the first fire was hot ashes dumped too near the wood work. The cause of the second is unknown. Too much credit can not be given the boys for their prompt and effective work. Prof. and Mrs. Emerson tender them their heartfelt thanks. They certainly have the sympathy of all.

The sophomore cans have put in their appearance. They are quite formidable looking clubs. When the sophies yank out their "weapons" the festive freshmen make tracks, but the tender semmies move closer.
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They [which, the sennies or the freshmen or the canes?—Ed.] are made of grape-vine, highly polished. [Looks as if the "local man" meant the freshies, but his sentence is squint-eyed any how.—Ed.] The canes show proper class spirit, and when the sophs are out on exhibition they look like this:

This is the time of year when the festive freshman hies himself home and struts the streets of his native village with "college" boldly written across his massive brow, and tells the gaping crowd how "we do at college;" when the noble sophomore tells of how we licked the "freshies," and proudly shakes his grape-vine cane; when the junior assumes learned airs and casually mentions the list of broken hearts left behind; when the senior thinketh how "very little he knows," and brandeth everything as vain, but his silk tie. But then this don't apply to our college, oh no! It is simply some reflections on other colleges.

The Auditorium club have introduced a novel and pleasing idea into their Friday evening suppers. A toast is announced a week before hand, and some one is selected to respond to it. The scheme has aroused much interest, and the world may expect some "after dinner speakers" worthy of the name, from this training school. Dec. 12, G. W. Wright spoke on "Tact;" Dec. 19, S. G. Tyndall responded to "Talent," and, the evening being a special occasion, H. W. Bainton had an additional toast, "Our Club," A. W. Doran responding to "What Shall We Do?"

Prof. Sanford will soon be housed in Lake Forest. Jacob Beidler of Chicago will put up an elegant red-brick residence for him immediately. It will be located between Prof. Emerson's and Prof. Thomas'. The cost will be from $10,000 to $15,000, and the dimensions will be nearly the same as Prof. Thomas' house. It will face the south.

The officers of the Zeta Epsilon society for the ensuing term are: president, H. H. Davis; vice-president, H. D. Stearns; secretary, J. Sutton; treasurer, L. B. Jerolman; critic, S. G. Tyndale; sergeant-at-arms, W. B. Hunt. The society has 36 members.

The officers of the Athenæan society for the ensuing term are: president, J. H. McVay; vice-president, L. E. Zimmerman; secretary, W. D. McNary; treasurer, Harry Goodman; critic, W. E. Danforth; sergeant-at-arms, J. A. Bloomingston.

The new ball-ground is rapidly coming into shape. All the trees are now grabbed out, and plowing will be begun immediately. The contract calls for it to be finished by March, which will be in ample time for practice.

Suppose a college youth were walking toward Ferry Hall with a young lady; suppose the same youth should get very, very close to the same young lady; could that properly be termed a case of too much cider?

Dec. 16, President and Mrs. Roberts gave a delightful reception to the freshman class and a few outside young ladies. Everybody got acquainted with everybody else.

The first meeting of the university club after the Holidays will be held Thursday, Jan. 8, when a musicale be given, several gentlemen from the city assisting.

Half a dozen car-loads of sand have been ordered to be here the first of next term to supply the freshmen with some grit.

Some new sems are reported for next term. Then I guess we won't swear off going to Ferry Hall just yet.

John Faris, of cracker fame, visited among the boys Dec. 22.
THE ACADEMY.

TRI KAPPA NOTES.

ORMAN Hewitt and E. U. Henry were the chosen two in the declamation contest held Wednesday morning, Dec. 17, to represent the Tri-Kappas in the contest with the Gamma Sigmas next term. The other contestants were: Thomas Jackson, E. E. Vance, E. A. Polluck, E. C. Yaggy, Thomas Parker and B. S. Cutler.

So the college youth is all torn up over a yell! If “Rat-a-to-thrat,” and “Kick-a-baw-baw,” are imbecilic (and, by the way, they originated in the cad, and the cad claims the privilege of using what it chooses) “Ikey-Ikey!” is equally as imbecilic. Any college yell with a “tiger” on the end of it would be guied to death among the eastern colleges.

Saturday, Dec. 20, it was announced in chapel that all students under the fourth form whose rank in every study was 15 per cent. or above, and whose conduct was satisfactory, would be accorded the same privileges as those now granted to the senior class.

A playful cad saith to a sem: “How beautiful is the moon tonight!”
Quoth she: “There is no moon that I can see.”
Quoth he: “That’s just what I meant to say—it’s out of sight.”

At the first fire in Prof. Emerson’s shed, one of the cads performed wonderful deeds of valor, going to the length of singeing the mustach and whiskers which he had nursed and cherished for many months.

Delinquent again—the Gamma Sigma correspondent.

THE STENTOR.

A cad, with a faint mustach bedecked,
Vowed he’d enter the college, nor recked
What the cads might say;
He’d be in college today,
But the faculty failed to connect.

The latest move of the senior class is the adoption of class colors—black and white. However, the seniors are not in mourning.

FERRY HALL.

N the evening of Dec. 19, the Ferry Hall parlors were redolent with sauche powder and brillant with a rare array of art and fancy-work. It was “display evening,” and a number of friends had been invited to see the work of the term. Every available nook had its treasure. Following are some of the pretty things: silk embroidered saddle-bags for chair, Georgie Bennett; an unique framed piece, centre a head of Christ by Dolschie of Dresden, surrounded with mat embroidered in gold and silver beads with German inscription, Mrs. Seeley; richly worked sideboard cover, Bessie McWilliams; set of dinner doilys, with delicate flowers wrought in blue on white silk, Mrs. Seeley; daintily embroidered silk handkerchief, Ida Lawver; lovely hand-painted case for letters, Jean Howison; pink, silk pincushion of rare design, Mabel Gray; card receiver of pale pink silk with water-color portrait in centre, Amy Owen; sofa pillow of rich color and texture, May Barnard; tea cosy of tea-colored green chamos, made by Miss Calhoun and hand-painted by Mrs. Mallory, with delicate flowers; plush figured sofa pillow, Mamie Harry; handkerchief case of rare silk and chamos, odd little baby bib, sofa pillow in rich yellow, beautiful glove case of silk and bolting cloth, Ethel Long; the finest work of all, long table centre-piece of silk,
with exquisitely worked flowers in delicate cream color, by Mrs. Seeley (a piece which Marshall Field wanted to buy at $50, and was told that money could not buy it, as it was made by Mrs. Seeley as a Christmas present to Mrs. L. W. Yaggy); dressing case cover, worked in rare flowers with pink and white silk on white linen, with pretty effect, Jeanette Wilson; sweet, pink pin-cushion, May Barnard; chair sette of bolting-cloth delicately embroidered, Hedwig Brand; rich sofa pillow, Theo Kane; long silk table scarf worked in pale blue, Mable Gray; handkerchief-holder of dainty toned chamois skin, Jeanette Kennedy; table-runner of rare texture, Abbie Platt; beautifully embroidered dresser-scarf, Mrs. Seeley; embroidered suspenders by young ladies who want their names kept secret; Greek heads in charcoal, from statuary models, Miss Bruebaker; pretty banner in water colors, Daisy Wiser; charming portrait of Mrs. Seeley on porcelain, Mrs. Mallory; large water-color picture of rich red chrysanthemums, framed in white, Mrs. Mallory; several delicate portraits on porcelain, Mrs. Mallory; oil painting of water-lilies, natural, Jean Howison. Seven large and beautiful paintings, which Mrs. Mallory had sent to be framed, unfortunately did not arrive. Evidently, Ferry Hall is not the place where time is wasted. In this practical way the young ladies are educated, at the same time making all these pretty things which come in so nicely at this season of the year. Before the guests were invited to the parlors to witness the afore-described display, a delightful entertainment was given in the chapel by Miss Davis of the elocution department, the lovely music of the evening being given by the Misses Searles and Ripley. The readings by Miss Davis were perfect in their enunciation of the natural and artistic as found in the Delsarte system. Personally, Miss Davis is a charming lady. Her pupils are indeed fortunate in having so winning a teacher.

At the pupil’s recital, Dec. 13, the following program was given: “March de Jubilee,” Nicode, Miss Ripley and A. DeProsse; “Am Bergquale,” Bohn, Georgie Bennett; transcription, Serenade from “Faust,” Gounod, Ethel Smith; “The Answer and the Song,” Pinsuiti, Katherine Crane; “Polacca Concert,” Bohn, Alice Baxter; “Nulers,” Carnesioke, Elsie Webster; Whistling Solo, Jeanette Wilson; First Ballade, Chopin, Ida Kehl.

A business meeting of the Aletheian society was held Friday, Dec. 19. The following officers were elected for next term: president, Annifred Ensign; vice-president, Amie Adams; secretary, Grace Bruebaker; treasurer, Bessie Beach; critic, Charlotte Underwood; sergeant-at-arms, Alice Mellen; program committee, Agnes Brown.

Mrs. Mallory, the teacher in the art department, has offered two prizes, to be given at the end of the year. The first, of $20, will be given to the young lady who will complete the best east drawing; the second, of $10, for the best water-color sketch from nature.

Dec. 18, rhetoricals were held by the Misses Patrick and Knox. Miss Elsie Larmed’s “Little Quaker Maiden” was enjoyed by all. Miss Polly Fales sung “Rosalie” sweetly. We hope to hear from her again soon.

Mr. N. D. Pratt has organized a chorus of young ladies at the sem. Mr. Pratt will find a number of the girls glad to be able to render as much help as they can.

We regret that Misses Julia Lyman and Cornelia Brinkerhoff were unable to remain at Ferry Hall until the end of the fall term on account of illness.

We regret the loss of several of our girls this term. The Misses Brand, of Nebraska, and Nona Williams, of Chicago, go and will not return after Christmas.

We would suggest to one of the young
ladies of the college that she enter the sem geography class. New York is not in the New England states.

Angelo DeProsse is spending the Christmas vacation in New York, where Mrs. DeProsse is studying, at the "Sergeant's" school.

Mr. W. W. Johnson, of McCormick seminary, took tea at Ferry Hall Saturday and Sunday evenings recently.

Several studies have been completed this fall. Work will begin again Jan. 7, at 2 o'clock.

Misses Helen Lyman and Elizabeth Buell spent Sunday, Dec. 20, at Ferry Hall.

Everyone will regret to learn that Mrs. Seeley has been in ill health of late.

Mrs. Wilson visited her daughter at Ferry Hall the last few days of the term.

"Don't do it again!"—Have a fire at the college and not summon the seizes.

The senior girls spent a pleasant evening with Miss Rumsey, Dec. 17.

Miss Julia Ensign spent Sunday at Ferry Hall recently.

\[\text{LATE NEWS.}\]

Mr. Frye is destined to be a rich man. Fact! He has patented a concern to consume the smoke in boiler furnaces. The principle is this: blasts of air, steam and water are made to revolve rapidly over the fire; when the smoke rises towards the top of the furnace it meets this cloud of vapor and settles back onto the fire, where it is consumed. Mr. Frye has received many offers for the patent. One company, with $200,000 capital, wants to give him a royalty; the only stick with them is, they won't agree to manufacture $50,000 worth a year.

Mr. Frye's lawyer is negotiating with a firm to buy the rights for the U. S., at $50,000. $10,000 has been offered by an English syndicate for the rights in England. The smoke consumer has been tested in the Ferry Hall boilers for a year, and has saved 30 per cent. on the coal. These are cold facts, and Mr. Frye will soon be a pretty well fixed man.

W. R. Nash has been ill the last week, and under the care of Dr. Hursh at the latter's residence.

Miss Elizabeth Buell has gone to Brooklyn, N. Y., to attend Miss Ely's finishing school.

Dr. Hursh entertained a small company of gentlemen Christmas eve.

Prof. Halsey is improving in the south."

\[\text{TOWN TOPICS.}\]

The excellent Christmas eve exercises at the Presbyterian church were as follows: Singing and responses by the Sunday school assisted by an orchestra from Chicago; stereoptican views of the Holy Land by Dr. McClure; B. M. Linnell's exhibition with stereoptican of exact likenesses of Dr. McClure, Mr. Fales, William McLaughlin and Miss Rhea, and the church; a Christmas tree.

The Royal Arcanum held a jolly banquet the evening of Dec. 22. G. W. Wright and Dr. Seeley, Ed. Wells, Prof. Stuart and Dr. Haven, were among those of the college circle who responded to toasts.

The marriage of Mr. William Dulles, treasurer of the Presbyterian board of foreign missions, to Miss Sophea Rhea of this city is announced, to take place at the Presbyterian church, Jan. 15.

The engagement of Miss Lois Durand to Mr. Shearer of New York is announced.

The infant child of Claud Crippen died the 23d ult.

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THE STENTOR.

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