Speaking of Tobacco

Recently, Chauncey M. Depew had something to say on the tobacco question. Some of us doubtless have had more experience in life, and know a great deal more about things in general and tobacco in particular than Mr. Depew does. Consequently, the following will be of little use to us: "I used to smoke twenty cigars a day," said Mr. Depew, "and I continued it until I became worn out. I didn't know what was the matter with me, and physicians that I applied to did not mention tobacco. I used to go to bed at 2 o'clock in the morning and wake at 5 or 6. I had no appetite and was dyspeptic. I was in the habit of smoking at my desk, and thought that I derived material assistance in my work from it. After a time I found that I couldn't do any work without tobacco. I could prepare a brief or an argument without smoking, but still I was harrassed by feeling that something was amiss, and the result was not up to the mark. I also found that I was incapable of doing any great quantity of work; my power of concentration was greatly weakened and I could not think well without a lighted cigar in my mouth. Now, it is perfectly clear that without this power of concentration a man is incapable of doing many things. It is this which enables him to attend to various and multifarious affairs, to drop one absolutely and take up another and give it full attention. One day I bought a cigar and was pulling it with a feeling of pleasure which is only possible to the devotee. I smoked only a few inches, and then I took it out of my mouth and looked at it. I said to it: 'My friend and bosom companion, you have always been dearer to me than gold or women. To you I have ever been devoted, yet you are the cause of all my ills. You have played me false. The time has come when we must part.' I gazed sadly and longingly at the cigar and then threw it into the street. I had become convinced that tobacco was ruining me. For three months thereafter I underwent the most awful agony. I never expect to suffer more in this world or the next. I didn't go to any physician or endeavor in any way to palliate my sufferings. Possibly the physician might have given me something to soften the tortures. Neither did I break my vow. I had made up my mind that I must forever abandon tobacco or I would be ruined by it. At the end of three months my longing for it abated. I gained twenty-five pounds in weight. I slept well for seven or eight hours every night. I have never smoked from that day to this, and, while no one knows better than I the pleasures to be deprived from tobacco, I am still well content to forego them, knowing their effect."
The Popular Girl.

And now for a little side-talk with the girls. The boys needn’t read this. Probably some old fogey of a bachelor that don’t know anything about it would give a definition of a popular girl somewhat like this: She is generous, good-tempered, sincere, sympathetic, and above all tries to please people. If she earnestly has this last requisite the others will come, even if in a blind, staggering kind of a way. A girl can’t be really popular unless she is an interesting talker. By that is not meant the girl who talks all the time and doesn’t allow any one else to get a word in cross-wise. There once was a girl who talked interestingly for half an hour on a ham sandwich. She was an exceptional girl, but she indicates what can be done. Conversational power comes thro’ cultivation. To learn to swim one has to jump in and swim. The popular girl will give other girls a chance. When she sees that Joshua and Mary-Aun want to slip off together, there’s no use of her getting ruffled up over it, just because she would like to be in Mary-Aun’s place. Girls must admire her and not hate her. She must talk baseball in good form with Tom, if Tom is a baseballist; she must talk politics with Dick, if that is Dick’s fad; she must know something about books, if books are Harry’s hobby. It is not as easy to be a popular girl as it is to consume a box of Huyler’s candy. But the girl who is truly a popular girl is almost sure to be a nice girl, and it is worth all it costs.

When You’re an Old Hat.

Put on the hat you wore three years ago, look in the glass, and note the effect. People may laugh at you, when you get old. Let’s respect the old things for the good they have been. The tendency of American life is to make youth lacking in respect for the venerable. It is the out-growth of “every man his own sovereign.” As a subject of thought for this young generation the following little story is good: A father once found his youthful son sawing off the legs of a high chair. The father naturally wanted to know why his dutiful son had severed the aforesaid legs. “Oh,” said the boy, “I’m fixing it so’s you can sit in it, when you get old like gran’pa, and sleep in the wood-house chamber.”

The Yell and Color Question.

Let us see if something definite can be done about adopting a competent university yell and more appropriate university colors. The Stentor asks every one to make it his or her personal business to write out such suggestions on the yell and color subject as he or she thinks best, and deposit the same in the Stentor box in the college hall. A meeting of the students is hereby called for Saturday, Jan. 24, at 9 a.m., for the consideration of such suggestions as The Stentor may have received.

That Box in the Hall.

The Stentor has a box in the college hall near the bulletin board. If any one has suggestions to make as to how the Stentor might be made more efficient, such suggestions will find a thankful welcome awaiting in the box. It is to be the receptacle for all non-business communications. Everybody is asked to contribute short, and to-the-point with-a-point editorials for the issue of Feb. 1.

The Locket Saved Her Life.

We live in a strange world, and doubtless many of us go thro’ our parts on life’s stage much as an actor plays his role in the drama, feeling that he is only acting after all, and not experiencing many sudden or unexpected realities. On this stage, in some of its re-
mote and somewhat unknown corners, we meet with mysterious characters, to whom the unexpected and almost the incredible is often happening, lives that seem to be made up of hair-breadth escapes. Such people may become our best friends and yet not tell us what they have been thro'. But these same people may be so moved by the simple but powerful truths of the gospel as to reveal the worst secrets of their lives, thereby feeling relieved of a terrible burden.

It was my fortune to meet with a queer character not long ago in a western mining town—and it is in such places that all the desperate oddity drifts. I had been engaged in some work of an evangelistic character which threw me into familiar relations with my rough friend, and one morning in a sudden and unexpected out-burst of confidence the man informed me that he wanted to tell somebody the story of his life, and he had decided to tell me.

The following is what he related to me:

"In the year 18— I ran away from my home in England. I stowed myself away in the hold of a British man of war, which was about to sail for Calcutta. During the voyage, I crept out and was made powder monkey, much to my disgust and discomfiture. By degrees I rose in the estimation of the ship's officers and crew by the faithful way in which I went about my duty. How long this might have lasted I know not, had it not been for a certain event which happened to me on board. In simple words, I quarreled with the boatswain and was placed in irons for disorderly and mutinous behavior, although I had been forgiven time and again for the series of misdemeanors which resulted in my imprisonment. On reaching Calcutta I luckily escaped from my chains leaving my guard in the prison vestibule stunned, perhaps dead, I know not, from the blow I dealt with a crowbar. I made my way into the interior, after meeting with various experiences, and finally determined to disguise myself by wearing native dress. I obtained the dress and entered a large Indian village in which was a colossal native Temple. I entered the village at dusk, not having had a bit of solid food for three days. The pangs of hunger were excruciating and would have made me a used-up man had not a native Rajah taken pity on me. Early in the evening I said good-bye to this good Samaritan who had given me food. On my way out of the town I passed the Temple of their sacred god, Buddha, where they seemed to be having a special season of feasting, fasting and praying to their idols. At last I found myself unconsciously bowing and scraping on the ground with the rest of the frenzied worshipers, in this superb and gigantic Buddhist temple. It was a costly and magnificent structure. The idols at the end of the aisle were superbly covered with costly jewels. The centre idol, the image of an elephant as to its head, and as to the rest of its body that of a woman, had an immense diamond of costly value on its crown. This diamond I determined to get even if it cost me a human life in the attempt. The fact that I was in great need of money was an incentive to make me all the bolder and more desperate in any insane and uncertain undertaking. I cautiously crept on hands and knees, passed the respective rows of worshipers, until, unknown to any one, I crept behind the very idol itself."

(At this juncture my friend tore open his vest and drew from his chest a dented locket with a beautiful diamond in its centre.)

"On this," (he went on to say) "hangs the burden of my story. I found that I stood face to face with an Indian thug, behind the aforesaid idol. This thug was as equally determined upon obtaining the diamond as I was. Quick as lightning I drew my dirk knife and sent it home, as I thought, to the heart of the thug, who proved to be a woman in male attire."
"The dirk knife struck this locket and saved her life. She insisted upon getting the diamond from the idol, but promised to give me this locket which she wore on her breast and its diamond, in exchange for the privilege of the undivided attempt to seize the one on the idol's head. Knowing the character of the sect to which she evidently belonged, I willingly granted the request."

"In our scuffle behind the idol we had accidentally moved it an inch or so, and the heathen worshippers had become conscious of something apparently going on behind "the scenes." They rose with great cries of terror and rage, and came rushing towards the idol. I took to my heels and barely escaped with my life. Yes, sir, I have a charmed life and, perhaps I am superstitious, but I believe I owe it to the fact that I always carry this locket wherever I go." W. F. L. '90.

SHOWED PRESENCE OF MIND.

The Rev. Mr. Fowler, of Scotland, who visited in Lake Forest recently, has had some curious experiences, not the least amusing of which is the following:

One Sabbath morning he was preaching in Glasgow. The service had progressed to the point of giving out the text. The words of the text were: "Peter I know, and Paul I know; but who are these?" The reverend gentleman had reached the words "and Paul I know," when, with considerable noise, the porter from one of the hotels came into the church with two finely dressed gentlemen. As the party proceeded up the aisle to find a seat, the clergyman went on with his text—"and Paul I know; but who are these?" The porter stopped still in the aisle and looked at the preacher in a dazed way, but recovered himself and said: "And who are these, did you ask, parson? O, nobody, parson, but a couple of commercial travellers from Leeds."

THE PAN REPUBLIC CONGRESS.

Our President is recognised throughout this country as a man of many powers, not the least of which is his executive ability. The latest evidence of this is the appointment of Dr. Roberts, (by the committee of 200 having in charge the organization of a Pan Republican Congress which he has been chosen a member,) as one of the committee on scope and plan. The other members of the committee are: Hon. David Dudley Field, New York; Hon. Champion S. Chase, LL. D., Omaha, Neb.; Hon. Grover Cleveland, New York; James Cardinal Gibbons, Baltimore; Carl Schurz, New York; Thomas W. Palmer, Detroit; Rt. Rev. Charles Edward Cheney, D. D., LL. D., Chicago; Dr. Gustave Gottheil, Rabbi of Temple Emanuel, New York; Lyman Abbott, D. D., New York; Col. Robert Ingersoll, New York; John Clark Ridpath, LL. D., Greencastle, Ind.; Prof. Alonzo Williams, Providence, R. I.; Henry F. Downing, New York.

It is proposed to hold a congress of delegates from all the republics of the world at some time during the Columbian Exhibition, for the purpose of drawing the republics closer together and the discussion of such legislation as may seem of common benefit and suited to the progress in the world. The meetings will be held under the auspices of the United States and secured by appropriate legislation.

Some of the committee of 200 are: Parncel, Herbert Spence, James Brice, Blaine, all the ex-presidents, all the prominent Senators and public men, and a few college presidents.
THE COLLEGE.

Perhaps there are some people who can read character through slang expressions. They read it in everything else. If so, a variety of characters are exhibited in the characteristic slang phrases of some of the fellows here. They may sound imbecile but slang is always imbecile. Here are some: Shepherd "For heaven's sake!" Candee—"Great Scandinavian!" Bloom y—"For cat's sake!" Zimmerman—"Ge house on fire!" Danforth—"That's the stuff!" Sharon—"The deuce!" King—"For gosh sake!" Woelful—"———-!!!" McVay—"Great scott!" McNary—"Gee!" Dodge—"Begad!" Ellis—"Wouldn't that fooster you!" Goodman—"—! —! —!"] Linn—"Thunder and blazes!" Wright—"Well I should snort!" Doran—"That's a coker."

There are many others, but memory fails us at present. Our Billy McMillan of yore was wont to swear "by the horned spoon of the prophet!" Jerry Smith said "Scott, man!" S. Prentice, Jr., '91, uttered the sentence "I draw the line," while we have in mind a certain gentleman who used to invoke "Ye gods and little fishes." But we cease.

The local department will expect to be used as a football in consequence of this, and asks that all kicks be given to The Stentor box in the hall.

A grand inaugural ball was given in room 45 last Friday evening. Mr. and Mrs. McVay (nee Zimmerman) entertained royally. The O'Ryan orchestra from Chicago consisting of Signor Spagetti Ruston and Herr Sneidershltitz Candee, discoursed tuneful strains at five cents a strain. The costumes worn by the ladies were something dazzling, especially that of Miss King. The gentlemen were clad in the conventional dress suits, particularly Mr. McVay. The Virginia reel and other late dances, interspersed by soulful music and promenades (the promenades especially soulful), filled the evening with enjoyment for all. Among those present (seen by our reporter squinting cross-eyed through the key-hole) were Mesdames McVay, Linn and Danforth; the Misses King and Sharon, and Messrs. Warren, Woelful, McVay and Pratt. Miss King, a charming debutante with deep soulful eyes of a greenish hue, large feet, and red hair assisted Mr. and Mrs. McVay in receiving their guests.

The work on the Art Institute is progressing rapidly. The corner-stone will soon be laid with appropriate ceremonies, Mrs. H. C. Durand handling the trowel. The event will be made a gala day. When the building is finished a bridge will be built across the ravine toward the college. There is a possibility that Chemical Hall will be placed near the Art Building. It the event of this a drive way will also be constructed across the ravine. Mr. Durand has offered to sell his house to the university, as a home for the president, for $15,000, less than to any one else. In case this is accepted, botanical gardens will be placed on the side of the ravine. Mr. Durand will then build a brown-stone house for himself on the ground opposite Mr. Calvin Durand's. By '93, with such improvements, Lake Forest will step to the front in the rank of colleges, and present to the world's fair visitors a typical university in an ideal town.
is. These terse statements seem to have the desired effect, as the boys now muse in solitude and peace.

Everybody is back and glad to see everybody else. Everybody intends to show the world what work is this term. And yet the world is calmly moving on as before and thinking with Horace Greeley that of all horned cattle the college youth is the worst.

The college yell has been so knocked in a heap and stepped on by the cad sage that it will be confined to its bed until the cornerstone laying. This is not sarcasm. We are like the girls, "We hate sarcasm."

The Athenaeum society will give an open meeting next month.

John Steele will not return to college this term.

FERRY HALL.

"The Grube Idea of Teaching Arithmetic" is the title of a neat cloth-bound volume recently issued by Dr. Seeley, published by E. L. Kellogg & Co. The Grube system is a new but natural one; carrying the four processes—addition, subtraction, multiplication and division—on at the same time. It has revolutionized the teaching of number in Germany. The little book will be of large value to teachers.

The marriage of Miss Rhea to Mr. Dulles occurred Thursday. Their home is to be 30 W. 39th St., N. Y.

Miss Holmes, of Rockford, who is interested in work among the freedmen, has been invited to speak before the missionary society in the near future. Miss Holmes is one of the few ladies in the United States upon whom has been conferred the title of Ph. D., and being the daughter of a lady prominent in this line of work we expect an instructive and interesting address.

We regret the loss of three of the old girls this term. Miss Wood will spend the winter in Appleton. Miss Young has entered the pension office in Omaha. Miss Alla Knox, who has been with us for two years, will remain at home and attend Miss Brook's private school.

Miss Zweymer, who entered the junior class in Sept., will sail in June as a missionary to China. We wish Miss Zweymer every success and pleasure in her new work. Ferry Hall has many friends in the missionary field, and we are glad to add one more to that number.

Angelo DeProsesse has returned from New York, and reports a most delightful visit. While there he saw Misses Enid Smith, Clara Platte and Beth Mason. Misses Platte and Smith are having a busy and pleasant winter, while Miss Mason is trying college life at Smith.

Why won't Mr. Pratt print more flashlights? This is the question now passed around among the seniors. Is it because in "the group" grace is not visible, and "the four" look so distracted, or is he afraid they do not do credit to his skill as a photographer.

A young lady came back from spending her vacation at home. On the second day after, she was discovered writing a poem with a "dark eyed man with curly hair" as subject. The STENTOR correspondents consider it their duty to report all such cases.

Miss Mand Heron, who was with us last year, and has been attending Miss Capin's school in North Hampton this year, was unable to return there after Christmas on account of serious trouble with her eyes.

Prof. Locy has left us and has appointed Prof. Emerson as the successor to his chair in the dining room. We are sorry to lose Prof. Locy, but fully appreciate the present occupant of his place.
THE STENTOR.

The choral class did not meet as usual last Thursday evening. Unless there is more regularity in this department we have been made to understand that it will cease to be.

A large number of girls beside those already mentioned here, will not return this term. Some are to enter other schools and others to take private lessons at home.

Miss Lucy Smith spent the vacation with her many friends in Rockford. Miss Goodwin went to her home in Aurora, and Miss Taylor remained in Lake Forest.

Miss Elizabeth Buell will be unable to attend school in New York this winter as she had expected, her health being such as to prevent her leaving home.

Miss Phelps who has not been well during vacation, returned to her work Monday. Miss Brinkerhoff will remain at her home for a few weeks.

As there is such a large number of stringed instruments in school, it has been suggested that a teacher be secured. This would be a wise thing to do.

Miss Robinson and Miss Scarles spent the vacation at their homes in New York. Mrs. Mallory spent the holidays at Ferry Hall.

Miss Ruth Smith visited her friends in Dubuque during the holidays. Miss Long spent part of the vacation in Dayton, Ohio.

Dr. and Mrs. Seeley were here all of the vacation with the exception of a few days, which they spent in Chicago.

Miss Greenlee, who graduated from here here last June, is now traveling in India.

Miss Julia Ensign has been ill with diphtheria at her home in Ridgeland.

Two new music rooms have been furnished and pianos placed in them.

Miss Taylor's latest slang: "Too-touts."

THE ACADEMY.

GAMMA SIGMA.

W. U. Halbert, Correspondent.

The officers of the Gamma Sigma for the ensuing term are: president, Alexander McFerran; vice-president, J. A. McGaughey; secretary, Charles Thom; treasurer, A. O. Jackson; critic, J. M. Flint; sergeant-at-arms, W. S. McKee; STENTOR correspondent, W. U. Halbert.

Four of the boys started the New Year at housekeeping (not quite in the usual way,) at the former home of Prof. Schmidt. Mr. Pollock is at present manipulating the culinary department, and the others make occasional plaintive remarks about how well their mothers work.

Richard Guenther, the honored vice-president of the Gamma Sigma last term, will not return. We shall miss his blooming countenance from the ball field and our meetings. All unite in wishing him a pleasant visit to the city of Mexico, where he will join his father.

Mr. Parker, the pianist, and Mr. Woolsey, the violinist, may be musical prodigies, but a request has been handed in, humbly asking them to refrain from disturbing the whole east end of the cad during study hours by their pounding and sawing.

Apple cores, paper, etc., which have hitherto been carelessly thrown upon the campus just before the building, will hereafter repose in boxes placed in the halls for that purpose.

Mr. McFerran had an enjoyable time during the Holidays visiting friends at Cleveland, Ohio. In comparison with their beauties he reports our dear sema "out of sight."

Prof. Comstock is very graceful upon the ice, but the frequency of the beautiful stars he cuts somewhat belies this statement.
Our new principal, Charles A. Smith, has not disappointed us. We are highly pleased at the good order now prevailing.

It is understood that the master in science is to start a menagerie in the room formerly occupied by Mr. Rice.

All the boys on their return after the Holidays noted the wonderful progress on the new gym.

Our society offices are now well supplied with gaul.

Wonder where Grant is and his Stentor notes.

AMONG THE ALUMNI.

The Stentor has received the annual circular issued by the North Granville seminary, of which Prof. La Roy F. Griffin is the principal. The faculty is as follows: Lady principal and instructor in ancient languages, Miss Carrie S. Griffin; instructor in mathematics, Miss Jennie Gallatin; instructor in English language and literature, Miss Mary J. McNair; instructor in vocal and instrumental music, Miss Laura Eaton; instructor in German, Miss Lillian F. Griffin; instructor in French, Mrs. Carrie W. Colcord. The students comprise 68 ladies and gentlemen. The course is practical. Commenting on the home life of the institution the circular says: "The family of the principal resides in the building with the teachers and pupils, and all constitute one family, coming to the same table, meeting in common parlors, and as far as possible in social intercourse. While the seminary is strictly free from all sectarian influence, every effort is made to throw around the school a healthy Christian atmosphere."

A few days ago an almost forgotten face paid us a visit. It was that of Allan Mackay, who for over three years was a member of '83. After graduating from Auburn seminary, he married and went west for a short while, but soon bid farewell to our civilization and he and wife set out for Alaskan soil. Settling as a missionary at Fort Wrangell he has remained there ever since laboring among a people whom he says need the gospel if any people on this earth do. He relates many curious things of them. For instance on the coast near where some "seminary cargo" must have stranded the girls chew gum and "hang" their hair. His work is mostly among the Thlingets whom he describes as a hardy, industrious and war-like race, but superstitious deck their women with decided-ly queer ornaments. Many of these ladies insert a block of wood in their lower lip just above the chin and squatting around a smoky fire shade their weak eyes with one hand while with the other they hold over the coals a piece of dried salmon or stir some kind of soup. All the members of the family eat out of the same vessel in which the soup was cooked. The graceful beings with the wooden jewels seize a spoonful of the hot mixture and put it inside their mouths upon the wooden block to cool off; and immediately seize a second spoonful to treat likewise when the first morsel shall have cooled and slipped pleasantly down their dainty throats.

Mr. Mackay says that the ravages of consumption and diseases incident to uncleanness and vice are shocking to behold and are sweeping away large numbers of the inhabitants.

But the work of Christian schools and Christian preaching is changing many of them into earnest, noble, useful members of society. Mrs. Mackay has taken a number of the girls into her own household, and with her wise and kindly help they learn those lessons which afterwards make them thrifty,
cleanly housewives. The Rev. Jas. Rankin, of Denver, visiting one of these homes describes it thus: "I could scarcely believe my senses. The floors were covered with Brussels carpet, the furniture was upholstered, pretty articles of fancy work were all around us; in the book case was one of our standard encyclopaedias, some commentaries, a good collection of solid reading matter, and some of our periodicals, while on the centre table lay the family Bible. The husband told us they had both been educated in the Presbyterian school, were members of the Presbyterian church, and had family worship morning and evening."

EXCHANGE.

We quote from another exchange the words of President John in his opening address to the students of DePauw university: "Put in plain English, the sentiment which prevails in many colleges is this: To tell a lie is wrong on the street, but right in college. To restrain a man of his liberty without cause, and to add personal violence to this restraint, is wrong even among savages; but to tie a young man to a bed-post, to shave his head, to hang him till he chokes, etc., is only a huge joke." He proves the falsity of such a theory and then concludes: "What is right in your college life, is right anywhere. What is wrong anywhere else is wrong in college. A dollar is a hundred cents on Christmas day, it is a hundred cents on examination day, and it will be a hundred cents on judgment day."

Prof. Poland, of Brown, has just been elected director of the American School at Athens for the coming year. The committee in charge appropriated $5,000 to carry on the work of the school.

The Trustees of Columbia university have passed a resolution giving each professor a leave of absence once in every seven years on half-pay. Such year to count as a year of service to the college.

An Anti-Student club has been formed by the young ladies of Bethlehem, Pa. Its object is to ignore the frivolous flirting of students of Lehigh, who do not mean business.

The Yale museum has just received a rare specimen in the form of a skeleton of a saurian, a prehistoric monster of which but two complete skeletons are known.

During the year 1889 the American colleges received contributions amounting to $4,000,000.

Plans are completed for the proposed Agricultural Hall at Cornell which will cost $80,000.

Columbia, Dartmouth and Williams have dispensed with commencement orations.

It is stated that 16 American colleges are now without any legal executive head.

LATE NEWS.

Friday afternoon, Jan. 16, Mr. Joseph Singer, of the Novelty Concert Company, of Chicago, will give an entertainment in which a mandolin quartette will appear, at Ferry chapel, from 4 to 5. Every one is invited. Admission free. The object of the entertainment is to bring together all the students who are thinking of taking lessons on the guitar, banjo, mandolin, or violin. If Mr. Singer proves satisfactory a class will be formed.

The many friends of Mrs. Marie Hester will sympathize with her in the loss of her sister, Mrs. Mary Austin, who died recently at Dallas, Texas.
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