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seemed all alone; times when none noticed the raindrops falling, the gray clouds that hid the sun. But One knew. And this flower looked towards that One when others never knew.

In the celestial fields, where this flower is growing today, the sun is ever shining. There is no night there—no long, weary night. The clouds never gather after the rain. The frosts never intrude. The winds never stray within the borders. The flower grows on and on in all its beauty. And when we see Ida Lawver again, we shall marvel at the radiance of the heaven life.

"I wonder what day of the week—
"I wonder what month of the year—
"Will it be midnight or morning,
"And who will bend over my bier?—
"I wonder what day of the week—
"I wonder what month of the year."

—Aldrich.

"The editorial in the last STENTOR regarding the senior orations has been duly noted by the senior class. We differ, however, with our worthy member in considering it a matter for discussion in a public paper. It was strictly a class affair. However, it may be necessary to correct one impression given by the article, namely, that it is the minority of the class that has "hit upon this brilliant idea"—one member does not usually constitute a majority."

As the above communication is not signed it is impossible to find the writer and ask him or her to act as judge of what shall go into The STENTOR hereafter. The STENTOR will have to plug along in the old way. However, in this case it was not hasty. Several old heads were asked whether or not the oration business was an university matter. They said yes. The business of the editorial page is to discuss university matters. A
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remark made at the meeting of the class was this: "Well, if we can't get out of the orations this year, we'll sow the seeds for future classes." When the seniors begin to sow seeds, they are consciously or unconsciously stepping into university questions. Since when has the senior class begun to sit with closed doors? If it's a secret society, every member of the class should be notified. The class should not have any business it is afraid to have discussed. It is not a question of minority. The question is—are The Stentor's objections to the new scheme sound? — Ed.

WITH STANLEY OUT OF AFRICA.

AN AUDIENCE WITH THE GREATEST EXPLORER OF MODERN TIMES, IN HIS PRIVATE CAR.

HOW THE GREAT MAN LOOKS, ACTS AND SPEAKS.

Mr. Pratt had everything nicely arranged. When the train, to which Mr. Henry M. Stanley's private car was attached, reached Evanston, Mr. Pratt, who was traveling from Chicago to Milwaukee with the Stanley party, gave the pass-word to the burly porter at the door of the car, and Dr. Seeley and I were admitted to Mr. Stanley's apartments. We were first introduced to the genial Major Pond, Mr. Stanley's manager and the hero of countless lecture tours and lyceum campaigns. By him the doctor and I were presented to Mr. Stanley. For the first few minutes the rescuer of Emin Pasha gazed abstractly out of the window, simply nodding to our comments on the pleasantness of his railway apartments.

He Smokes Fair Cigars.

He was smoking a cigar. Judging from its fragrance, it was not a five cent cigar. Mr. Stanley does not smoke five cent cigars. But he smokes such as he does smoke to the bitter end, for this self-same cigar went out, and the Columbus of Africa reached over to his desk, took a little black-headed match and relighted the weed. He did not ask Dr. Seeley or Mr. Pratt if they would smoke. Some one was playing on the piano in another apartment of the car. It was not Mrs. Stanley. She was not with the party. She does not play on the piano much. She prefers a melodian.

"You have very pleasant surroundings, Mr. Stanley. You must be tempted to live in this way all the time," said Dr. Seeley.

Mr. Stanley looked at Dr. Seeley and uttered a forceful sentence, "Yes."

How He Looks.

When addressed, he is looking out of the car window, doubtless viewing with his mind's eye the tangled wilds of the Dark Continent—or the audience he is to speak to in the evening. But when he replies, he turns his gaze full upon you and looks you in the eye. That eye of his! It has looked out on strange scenes. It is a peculiar eye. The skin stands out full around it. It is piercing. It is a mixture of olive, blue, and gray. It has a sleeping fire in it; a fire that kindles as Mr. Stanley speaks at length. The finely shaped head is surrounded with thick, white, tawny-tinged hair, carefully trimmed, and parted on the side. The skin of his face is of a peculiar hue. It has a ruddy cast, with a yellowish-white tint underneath. The nose is full of character—not a sensitive looking nose, but a nose that shows it has faced many kinds of weather, and weathered it thro' whether or no. The mouth one can't see, because of the thick, white, neatly cropped mustache overhanging it. Mr. Stanley's teeth are a trifle irregular, with black spots on them suggesting Darkest Africa.

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Gives The Impression of Reserve Power.

As Mr. Stanley sat there, gently rocked in his seat by the motion of the car, one felt himself in the presence of a man of extraordinary reserve power. I never saw General Grant, but I should imagine Mr. Stanley is a little like him in stolidity. His frame is short and stout, but well-proportioned. He bears evidences of having had plenty to eat since he came back from Africa. His clothes are plain but neat. He does not wear patent leather shoes. His shoes are substantial looking brogans, with thick soles and shoe-strings down the front—regular English stoggies. He wore a plain white four-in-hand tie with a pearl scarf pin. Mr. Stanley's hand is a peculiar looking utensil. It is short and stubby. It is tanned by Africa's suns beyond repair. It is furrowed and seamed and red and brown in spots. When your hand is held by it, you feel the warm grasp of a firm, strong man.

That Epigrammatic Sentence.

After Mr. Stanley had uttered the pithy sentence, "Yes," before referred to, I humbly suggested that all Americans intended to travel that way in a few years. Mr. Stanley looked at me. The truth was he had been talking with a gentleman all the way between Chicago and Evanston, and he was tired. I wouldn't have thought it strange if he had not spoken to us at all. If Mr. Stanley was to open his heart to everyone he meets the moment he meets them, he would have to get a new throat every two days and buy a pair of cast-iron lungs.

Mr. Pratt asked the discoverer of Dr. Livingston if he expected to travel thro' Africa in such a car when he visited there again.

Mr. Stanley nodded and gazed out of the window. Major Pond said: "That's the way I am going to visit the Dark Continent. I am going there with Mr. Stanley when I can ride through the jungles. I never was much on the walk, especially in a jungle."

"Mr. Stanley, I heard a good story on your wife the other day," said Mr. Pratt. "I overheard a lady at the hotel speaking of Mrs. Stanley's complexion something like this: 'I suppose the healthful ruddiness of her countenance is owing to the effect of the African climate, when she was there with her husband. How she must have suffered under the hot sun!'" (This is not surprising in a Chicago lady. Chicagoans are such ignorant people anyhow, so unlike the cultured New York and Boston people who eat beans and onions and never sit on the front door steps. It is doubtless unnecessary to inform STENTOR readers that Mrs. Stanley has never seen Africa.)

Mr. Stanley Smiled.

Dr. Seeley and the rest of us continued to fire random remarks at the great man, but conversation did not seem to flow freely with Mr. Stanley, for the reason before named. At length, I made up my mind there was no use mining matters even with the man whom kings and queens have delighted to honor, and I asked him right out in so many words, in plain, unfiltered English: "Mr. Stanley, will you tell me what are the chances for a young man in Africa? We have hundreds of young men in America, especially in the colleges, who are looking towards Africa as the possible scene of their future hopes. Is it a golden country for the young American?"

Africa Is Not The Place For The Young Man.

Mr. Stanley took a puff at his cigar, reverted his gaze from the window, looked me full in the eye for an instant, and then began as follows:

"Africa is no place for a young man unless he has a large capital to start with. A young man can not go there and work up. He can not compete with native labor. He can not make his way by simple energy. There are thousands of Dutch, English, French, German, Italian, Sweedish, Russian
and Norwegian adventurers on the field now, but they make no headway. Those who succeed without money are rare. True, I know of some young men who are doing well as the managers of great corporations on the Congo river. One young Englishman has charge of an enterprise that brings him in an income of $7,500 per annum. Such cases are the exception."

**You Must Have A Million Dollars.**

"No I wouldn’t advise a young man to go to Africa unless he has a capital of half a million dollars. If you go there with a million dollars, I know of three enterprises, on the Congo river, by which you could double your million dollars in a year, and make it almost a sure thing. I will not name those enterprises; but you can see how that there are choice woods and timber of all kinds which alone possess immense value. These resources need only to be brought to the coast to bring the returns. All these lines have not so much as been touched. There are also sources of money-making in the interior, but it is not safe to venture out of the Congo valley, unless you are an explorer with your life in your hand."

Mr. Stanley’s way of speaking is not what you would expect at first sight of him. He is a Welshman, and far more English in his manner of speech than one would anticipate in a man who has spent so much of his life in America. He is very un-American in style—none of that Yankee twang in his voice. His "h’s" are sometimes quite English, and many of his words have a sound odd to the American ear. He puts a long "B’r’r" on such words as brain. You would expect him to speak mildly and slowly, with much dignity. He does not speak that way. He starts out slowly, then he begins to warm up, and before he has finished, he is leaning forward towards you, his face all lighted up with earnestness, and his hands swaying like the sweeps of a wind-mill. He is very de-

monstrative with his hands. They go up from the side flying, and come down together in front, the finger-tips touching. Frequently the fist of the left hand strikes the palm of the right. He speaks in paragraphs. And when he is done, he settles back in his seat as if he had said nothing.

**Peculiarities of His Rhetoric.**

As his sentences evolve themselves, one has the impression that Mr. Stanley is arranging his words in his mind as he would like to see them on paper.

When the great explorer had finished his paragraph on the young American in the Dark Continent, Mr. Pratt asked him about the climate. This question seemed to send the great man’s mind off into a red-hot August day, and he grew eloquent over the African climate, soundly rating that mean, low-lived thing.

"The climate!" he echoed. "Ah yes, that climate is awful. Men started out on the journey towards the interior with me. The first two or three days they were bold, courageous, could stand anything. But, by George, they wilted! A few days of traveling,—some one throws up his hands.—‘O my God, how hot! I can’t stand this! My brain! Oh this fever!’" (And the great man illustrated the feeling in the head by gesturing and swirling his fingers in the neighborhood of his cranium.) "‘I’ll die! I know the fever has clutched me!’ And the man gives up, when he should wipe the perspiration from his fevered brow, grit his teeth and press on."

**The Apparent Energy of the Man.**

The energy of the great man could be felt breathing from every sentence he uttered."

"As for me, I kept my eye straight ahead of me—fixed on the future." (Mr. Stanley’s eyes at this point were wonderful to see. He was looking fiercely and determinedly ahead of him, his hands together funnel-shaped a few inches from his face, pointing
to the front. I fancied he could see once more, with his imagination’s eye, the old scenes; the momentous ends for which he had been working; the awful odds against him; the tangled depths of a dark and unknown land yawning before him; the weight of a continent on his shoulders; the sum total of a life-work fitting, and as yet a phantom, before him. It was all accomplished now. But the great man seemed to be living it all over again; facing the dangers once more; summoning all his energies for the pressing on. His cheek glowed, his eyes sparkled.

*He Never Allowed His Energy to Flag.*

"Yes sir, straight ahead of me, fixed on the end. I never allowed my enthusiasm and energy to flag. I get up in the morning—my brain foggy—hot, feverish—go out and inspect things—rouse my faltering spirits by spurring those under my command. It gives me renewed vigor."

"But wasn’t it a hard medicine for the poor men," I suggested.

This innocent remark of mine seemed to strike Mr. Stanley in a quick spot.

"Hard was it? But what else could be done? I could not let up for an instant. The power must be kept going. This or that man had not done as he was told. I say, ‘Why did you not do this thing?’ He sulks,—has a pain in his head,—thinks he is abused,—does not tell me he feels unwell,—I do not know it,—he fancies he has grievances,—Mr. Stanley has ill-treated him,—sulks continually,—becomes melancholy,—is a blemish on the party, a dead load,—goes out and abuses his own servants. A certain one heaps all sorts of cruelties and indignities on the poor natives,—no end of trouble. So it goes. Everyone feeling unwell, and not willing to own it.

*They Might Have Ruined All.*

"Such men might have ruined the expedition. I could not help them. I must attain the end. I lie down at night and think—my brain all confusion. I cannot falter a moment. I must steer straight ahead. Some mornings I used to take as many as 60 grains of quinine, to keep me up."

Mr. Stanley’s paragraph on the psychology of insubordination and melancholy was ended. His hands fell to his sides, and he relapsed into a brown study. He was roused by Dr. Seeley who asked him if he kept so much flesh as he now wore, when he was in Africa.

"Oh no, sir," replied Mr. Stanley. "It’s just as if you or I were taking our ease at the Auditorium in Chicago. We go around the streets with a heavy overcoat on. We go directly to Africa. It is hot. We consume the fatty tissue we have stored up. The fat boils out. We become lean. Then care must be used. We are weak—weaker than we know. The fever catches us. Many a man would say, ‘I can’t go a step farther. I must go home; and I’ll never step my foot on this dark land again.’ He starts back. He is a dead man before he reaches the coast. If there were only railway and steam-ship lines all would be well. A man could go there, attend to his business, and when he got tired and debilitated, he could take the cars, gain the steam-ship, go home to England, France or Germany, or wherever he lived, and come back with full vigor, ready to take up his work again. Railways and steam-ship lines must be built."

*The Value of Newspaper Training.*

I asked him if he had found his old newspaper training of much value to him in the way of discipline towards fitting him for his life-work. There was a far away look in the great man’s eyes for a moment, and I fancied a responsive cord had been struck. He might be thinking of the hard old days when he used to hustle around on the New York Herald.
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“Oh yes, my work as a journalist taught me things I have never forgotten. The principles, the sound principles, that were forced into me were the same that guided me in my African explorations.”

Some one of the party said something about the death of General Sherman. Mr. Pratt remarked: “You were with Sherman once, were you not, Mr. Stanley?”

Some Hints on Orations.

“Yes, out west. A wonderful man! Why, the last speech he made was at my banquet in New York. And that was a splendid orator who spoke before him—the speaker of the New York House of Representatives. A polished orator, skilled in the schools of Delsarte and Sergeant, his gestures perfect, his voice now rising in majesty, now soft, now pleading, now thundering. The people sat there gaping (Mr. Stanley makes the “a” long, as in “ain”) at him, admiring him, thundering their applause and crying, ‘O, how perfect!’ when he was done. Says I to me-self, ‘That’s the kind of oratory to please the American public.’ Was it? Finally old General Sherman rises, slowly, begins to speak feebly; just a plain man. But his eye soonbrightens. There is a fire of earnestness and eagerness in it. His voice is powerful. The people are not gaping with admiration. They are drinking in his words. It is a response of heart-beat to heart-beat. His words are simple, his manner plain. But what is it that chains the people so? He never heard of Sergeant and Delsarte. Where did he get his eloquence? It is the simple utterance of an earnest soul, words welling up from a warm beating heart, and the people drink it in. Says I to me-self, ‘That’s the true oratory after all; that’s what the American people crave.’”

A Blot on Our Nation’s Fame.

By this time the train had reached Fort Sheridan. Mr. Pratt directed Mr. Stanley’s attention to the buildings of the military post, which could be seen from the car. Mr. Pratt spoke about the Indians from the west, which the government has had under guard at that fort, since the late Indian out-break.

“It’s a queer thing about these Indian affairs,” remarked Mr. Stanley. “The American people have been in contact with the Indian from the time the Pilgrims landed till the year 1891, and they haven’t learned how to get along with him yet.”

“But,” said Dr. Seeley, “It isn’t an easy matter to settle. There are so many complications to be met.”

“Yes,” replied Mr. Stanley, “but the present bad state of affairs reflects great discredit on the American people. They can do almost everything, but they can not get along with the poor Indian.”

We were now nearing the suburbs of Lake Forest, and Mr. Pratt asked Mr. Stanley if he would not speak a few words to the students who had assembled at the station to see him. The question was put innocently and unconcernedly. Mr. Pratt seemed to take it as a matter of course that the great man would accede to the request. (By the way, I do not know of a man who has as much tact on certain lines as Mr. Pratt. When he sets out to do a thing, it is generally done, and everybody feels good natured about it too.) Mr. Stanley seemed to take the invitation to speak as an ordinary thing, and nodded his head. Mr. Pratt immediately hustled out into another apartment and came back hugging in the hat and great-coat of our friend, Henry M.

And Then We Had Some Fun.

Said Mr. Pratt: “Mr. Stanley, won’t you let me try on your hat?” “Certainly,” said Mr. Stanley.

Mr. Pratt donned the olive-brown, English-looking derby, and for a moment his head was “out of sight” so far as the upper stories of the cranium are concerned. The hat drew the line at the ears and stuck.
A little too large," said Henry M.

Then Dr. Seeley wanted to put the hat on. He did so. It was a good fit. Dr. Seeley is a fine looking man, even with Stanley's hat on. Mr. Stanley remarked: "Why you look like a regular London swell!"

I thought about asking to put the hat on, but I did not want to do just what Dr. Seeley and Mr. Pratt had done. However, I conquered my desire for originality, and joined the crowd by asking Mr. Stanley if I might put his brain protector on. Mr. Pratt suggested to Mr. Stanley that it would be a nice thing for me to do, so that I might tell my grandchildren that I had once had Stanley's hat on. (Save the mark and spare a budding bachelor.) But the hat was on, and Mr. Stanley capped the climax (my own climax still capped with the hat) by saying: "Why, young man, you remind me of the son of the Prince of Wales—Prince George!" "Is that so?" I asked eagerly. "Yes, I mean it," replied Mr. Stanley.

And How Does Prince George Look?

"Well, Mr. Stanley," said I, "I suppose I'm the first youngster on record to whom you have paid that compliment!"

"I believe it is," he replied.

"Yes," broke in Major Pond, "and you are highly favored with having an audience with Mr. Stanley. Not one of the eastern or western college boys has had an opportunity like this. Many people of great influence have desired this and been refused. Mr. Stanley has had to keep himself in seclusion."

"Heavens!" ejaculated Mr. Stanley, "Did you call that seclusion; then I don't know what I am to expect in the future."

All this time, my mind was fastened on the hat, while the hat was fastened on my mind. I was thinking what a great brain had beat against the side of that self-same hat; what thoughts had been evolved beneath that hat; what stores of exclusive knowledge that hat had protected from summer's heat and winter's blast. Still it was nothing but an ordinary hat after all. Hats are hats, and men are men. One hat may be made of a little better stuff and look a little nicer than some other hat; but they all serve the same purpose; they all grow old and bring up in the ash-heap in the back yard.

A Terrible Ordeal.

But the whistle sounded for Lake Forest, and Mr. Pratt came forward holding Mr. Stanley's coat. The great explorer put it on meekly enough. It was not till this moment that Mr. Stanley seemed to realize the great ordeal that lay before him—he was to make a speech before an august body of college students! He was the lion led to his death. When the great coat was fully on, the hero of the Dark Continent seemed fully to grasp the situation, and he appealed to Mr. Pratt thus:

"What in the world shall I say to these students? I don't know what to say."

"Oh, say anything that occurs to you," said Mr. Pratt.

The train stopped. Mr. Stanley was escorted to the rear platform and spoke to the students as follows:

His Speech at Lake Forest.

"Young ladies and gentlemen: I'm very glad to meet you. Judging by your mellifluous voices, you have never been in Africa; and I'd advise you not to go there. If you take my advice you never will. If you do go, you'll not have such voices left. I advise you to stay at home and use your voices for the good of your own country. I'm very glad to have met you and to have looked into your faces."

The students gave lusty cheers and the varsity yell.

Mr. Stanley has with him a full-blooded African boy, picked up by the party in the Congo Free State. The boy is about fifteen years old. He dresses in American clothes.
and wears a red Turkish cap. He is a bright one. He has learned to speak English since he came out of Africa with Mr. Stanley, and when he heard the students yelling he asked me, as Dr. Seeley and I were leaving the car, if those people out there were cannibals. "I thought only cannibals yelled that way." His eyes twinkled mischievously. If all the youths of Congo Free State are like this youngster surely no American freshness is needed there.

We Claim a "Scoop."

The audience was at an end, and THE STENTOR has the peculiar distinction of being the only college journal in the world that has interviewed Henry M. Stanley.

WILLIAM E. DANFORTH.

FERRY HALL.

Ferry Hall has a sad entry to record this month. Ida Lawver, of Freeport, Ill., came to us at the beginning of the school year in the glow of youth and health, and with the same prospect of a long earthly future that seems to lie before her schoolmates. But on her return after the holidays, an unusual languor showed itself in her every effort. Within ten days this developed into typhoid fever. She was devotedly watched by Dr. Haven, and given most tender and careful nursing by the nurses, Mrs. James and Mrs. Brown. All that kind messages and delicate attention from the teachers and her many friends in the seminary and college could do to lighten the long imprisonment was done. The circumstances were sorrowful indeed, and aroused the sympathy of all who knew them. Her mother was and still is so seriously ill that it was feared impossible to tell her all the truth; and her brother, the only relative who could be with her, left his mother's bedside to come for a day or two at a time. The fever took its course for twenty-eight days and left the system too much weakened to bear the congestion which set in, and which human power could not stay. Ida fell into that final slumber gently and with a peaceful smile, Saturday evening, Feb. 14.

The shock of knowing that she had passed beyond our reach was great to all the inmates of Ferry Hall, and a deep bereavement to the brother who thus lost his only sister. Funeral services were held in the chapel at 4:30 Sunday. The seat Ida had always occupied was hung by loving hands with beautifully flowers. Many floral offerings were laid on the platform. The services consisted of appropriate selections from the Scripture, read by Prof. Stuart and a few fitting remarks by Dr. McClure and Dr. Seeley, concluding with a prayer by our pastor. The next morning, the frail body which had suffered so much, was carried from our midst, and followed by thoughts which only the beautiful flowers and the solemn silence could express.

A party of ten young ladies from Ferry Hall spent Saturday afternoon with the Indians at Fort Sheridan. The tents looked so comfortable and the inhabitants so blissfully free from the cares of school life, that several of the girls were almost persuaded by the charming interpreter to remain there.—The recital given in the chapel Monday evening, was heartily enjoyed by all. The recitations and essays were chosen from those which had been the best in the rhetorical divisions of the year. Miss Davis and Prof. DePross are to be congratulated on the success of their entertainment.—Though the night was stormy, a large number of the girls attended the Eddy recital at the church, Feb. 19. We wish to thank the gentlemen who so kindly gave us the opportunity of hearing Mr. Eddy.

It has been necessary to omit the choral class for three weeks. We hope this will not happen often. Lake Forest is sadly in need of an institution of this kind, and the students are unwise in not taking advantage of
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the opportunity afforded them.—The Aleth-
alian society met as usual Feb. 20. The
evening was made more attractive by the
guitar and banjo music rendered by the
Misses Rumsey, Phelps, and Raymond.—
Friday evening, Feb. 20., a masquerade par-
ty was held in the gym. Miss Ripley offi-
ciated at the piano. The masquerades were
very complete, many of the girls even doub-
ting their own identity. The costumes were
not gorgeous, but effective.—We deeply
regret the loss of one of our number. Miss
Baxter has been compelled to leave school
on account of her eyes, which have troubled
her ever since she recovered from the
measles. Though Miss Baxter had been with
us but one term, we shall miss her sadly.—
Miss Frances Patrick has returned to Ferry
Hall after an absence of three weeks on
account of illness.—A large party went from
here to the Stanley lecture at Evanston, Feb.
18. The lecture was one of great interest,
and from reports, the evening must have
been spent pleasantly.—On account of the
death of Miss Lawver, the invitations to the
Washington's birthday reception were
recalled.—Miss Agnes Brown has recovered
from the measles and is once more at work.
—Mrs. and Miss Holt entertained their Sab-
bath school classes at their home on the even-
ing of Feb. 20.—Miss Fleming, the former
elocution teacher, attended the recital Feb.
23, as the guest of Miss Robinson.—Dr.
Seeley wishes to express through THE STEN-
tor, his personal gratitude for the thought-
ful courtesy extended by some of the young
men of Lake Forest university at the time of
Miss Lawver's death, and to say also that it
was appreciated warmly, by her relatives and
friends. Thanks are due to Mr. Pratt and
those who kindly arranged the direction of
the music, for the appropriate selections so
touchingly rendered.

THE ACADEMY.

GAMMA SIGMA.

W. U. HALBERT, Correspondent

The subject for debate in the contest.
Resolved: That suffrage should be limited
by an educational qualification. Aff., J. E.
Shepherd; Neg., B. R. McHatton.—F. E.
Dewey is again with us, after a continued
illness.—J. E. Duggan has left us. He has
secured a position with the Young Men's
Era Publishing Co., Chicago.—The volume
and the tone of the singing in chapel has
improved under the leadership of Prof. Com-
stock.—E. U. Henry has a beautiful black
eye at the hands of W. D. Curtis, in a
friendly pugilistic encounter Feb. 21.—E.
A. Pollock has been called home by the
severe illness of his mother.—Mr. Benzing
has been discovered trying to shave himself
with the scissors.—The marriage of Prof.
Stollhofen, our master of Modern Languages,
to Miss Emilie Freysz of Paris occurred at
Chicago, Feb. 9. The Gamma Sigma
society wishes them a long, useful and happy
life together.—Perhaps the best report on
the current news of the week was that of Mr.
Humphrey's, a second-form boy.—Prof.
Burnap attended the Alumni banquet of
Chicago university, Feb. 20.—Our faculty
is beginning to accomplish marvels. One of
the late arrivals has an article published in
Frank Leslie's Magazine entitled "Diffusion
of Souls."

TRI KAPPA NOTES.

F. GRANT, Correspondent.

Our brother correspondent thinks his lot
hard enough when required to get up his
notes, without being walked over for his
poor writing.—Chas. Rowe, of last year's
'varsity nine, is now engaged in business in
Rochester, N. Y.—The date for the academy
contest has been changed from Apr. 20 to
Apr. 30.—We are glad to hear that Seigfried Gruenstein is taking lessons on the pipe organ of Harrison Wild.—The young ladies missed a fine game of football last Monday afternoon. McGaughey’s head work was the chief feature.—Madison, Beloit and Evanston have been training their ball teams for the last four weeks. Evidently some move should be made in that direction in Lake Forest.—Last Tuesday evening preparatory service was held in the academy chapel. Dr. McClure and Mr. Wells took charge of the meeting.—Last Monday afternoon, at the earnest request of the students, our faculty kindly consented to grant a half holiday. Such favors are highly appreciated.—A subscription circulated in the academy for raising money to send delegates to Cleveland, to the International convention of the student volunteer movement, was meeting success at last reports. Without doubt the academy will be represented by one or more men.—How the cads can cheer! A good example for the college boys.

THE COLLEGE.

Mumps is no respecter of persons. F. C. Sharon of The STENTOR staff has had a large stock of the malady on hand for three weeks, being confined to his bed. His mother, Mrs. John Sharon of Carrollton, Ill., has been with him the past two weeks. He is convalescent.—Would a course in oratory under Prof. Booth improve the delivery of our baseball pitchers?—Feb. 20, the Zetas had a few invited guests at their meeting. The glee club rehearsed a concert program. The singing was pronounced excellent by the visitors, especially the “Bill of Fare,” “Tom the Piper’s Son,” “Yellow Bird,” and “Waltz.”—A lively Athletic meeting was held Feb. 18. Reports of the Milwaukee meeting were as follows: President, F. C. Sharon of Lake Forest; vice-presidents, W. E. Burt of U. of W., William McCabe of Beloit college, T. C. Moulding of the Northwestern; secretary and treasurer, Spenser Beebe of Wisconsin. The following schedule of games was made out:

May 2—Lake Forest-Northwestern, at Evanston.
May 2—Beloit-Madison, at Madison.
May 9—Lake Forest-Madison, at Lake Forest.
May 16—Lake Forest-Beloit, at Beloit.
May 18—Lake Forest-Madison, at Madison.
May 23—Northwestern-Lake Forest, at Lake Forest.
May 23—Madison-Beloit, at Beloit.
June 5—Beloit-Northwestern, at Evanston.
June 6—Beloit-Lake Forest, at Lake Forest.
June 13—Northwestern-Beloit, at Beloit.

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE.

Oct. 31—Beloit vs. Lake Forest, at L. F., or Chicago.
Nov. 14—Beloit vs. N. W. U., at Beloit.
Nov. 14—Lake Forest vs. U. of W., at Madison.

At the Feb. 18th meeting, the new constitution was adopted. Numerous committees were appointed and told to hustle. At the next meeting, Tuesday, March 3, 4 p. m., a manager, captain, and officers will be elected. Let everybody join. The association has privileges to offer that makes it worth one’s while to be a member.—Clarence Eddy’s organ recital and Mrs. Fisk’s singing were thoroughly appreciated by the college.—Prof. Booth will give a delightful entertainment March 5, at Ferry chapel, for the benefit of the Athletic association, music by the Athenaeum guitar and banjo club.—Step up and look at the Athenaeum hall. It’s a “beau.”

—Mr. E. F. Chapin is making arrangements to have the Indian hostages from Ft. Sheridan come up here soon and entertain all the folks.—Dr. Seeley will give an interesting talk on the German Universities at Athenaeum hall soon.—Monday p. m. was a half holiday, thanks to Washington’s having been born.—A committee from the college, cad and sem should be appointed to arrange for the gym opening. It lies with the students. The societies or the Athletic association
should push it at once.—The Durand building cornerstone laying has been postponed indefinitely.—Prof. Halsey’s health is improving. On account of bad weather at Thomasville, he will go to Marietta, Ga., March 15.—Messrs. Hamilton Bogue, H. C. Durand, and Jacob Beidler were up here this week seeking a site for a new building. It’s a big scheme of some kind.—The university club held one of the most interesting meetings of the year at the home of President Roberts Tuesday evening. Dr. McClure read a delightful paper on “Dreams and Dreamers”—an essay recently read by him before the Presbyterian minister’s association in Chicago. Among other good things Dr. McClure said: “Though the nature of dreams has never been explained, they have played a most important part in the destiny of man. All great men have had their dreams which have influenced them in life. Dante dreamed of a woman’s face that filled him with noble purposes. Tom More dreamed of his Utopia, and the literature of the world was the richer. Grant, when a child, dreamed of conquest and of being at the head of armed hosts. The dreams of the crusaders spurred Europe on to advancement. History proves that the dreamer of high and absolute ideas has never made a failure of life.” After the paper, a general discussion of the subject by the faculty elicited interesting information. Mr. Graenestein rendered a piano solo.—H. E. House of the college, and E. E. Vance of the cad went as delegates to the International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions at Cleveland, O., Feb. 28 to March 1.—The ball field will be ready a week after the frost is out of the ground.—News has reached us that Miss Mary McLaughlin has been reappointed as post-mistress here for another term. The students will be glad to hear this, for they all like Miss McLaughlin.—The Peak Sister entertainment was rich as mince-pie.—Failed to connect recently: the college bell-ropes.—Dr. Roberts returned from his eastern trip last Saturday. He spent 13 days in Washington as chairman of the committee on Revision of the Confession of Faith, and over a week in New York at the Pan Republic Congress meeting.

ALUMNI AND PERSONAL.

Last Tuesday, Mrs. S. R. Sabin died at her home in Chicago. Funeral services were held Thursday, and the interment was at Rose Hill. Mrs. Sabin was formerly well-known in Lake Forest. Mr. Sabin was the highly regarded principal of “the old academy” from 1874 to 1879. Mrs. Sabin was a lady of lovely character, and much endeared to a large circle of friends. She was a beautiful singer, and her voice made the praise of the Lord in the old church especially attractive.

Wm. Morison, who attended the academy two years ago with the intention of entering college with ’93, has been stenographer to the Gen’l M’g’r of the Pullman Co., since leaving school. He has overworked lately, and is now spending a month’s vacation at home in Topeka, Kas.

’87,—C. E. McGinness, who was with the class of ’87 through his junior year, and afterwards graduated at Princeton college and seminary, is now pastor of the Presbyterian church at Lansingburg N. Y. Prof. Griffin delivered a lecture to his congregation Feb. 9.

Harvey Keefer, at the academy last year, is in the Sterling Business College. Ralph Church, an old Academy boy, is traveling for the Duluth Mill Co., of Duluth, Minn.

’88.—Ed. Wells and W. G. Wise are now both in the office of the advertising department of the Daily News.
'88,—The class of '88 are making preparations for a reunion at Lake Forest commencement time.

EXCHANGE.

The reports of the United States Commissioner of Education show that between 1872 and 1887 inclusive, the aggregate amount of benefactions given in this country to colleges and universities was $49,765,436. This sum is exclusive of gifts made to secondary and professional schools. The benefactors of education will be forever remembered by the scholars of the world, and their names will be pronounced with honor in the halls of learning through the succeeding generations. Even when dead they will yet speak in the institutions for which they have so magnificently provided. Their names are written imperishably on the pages of the "Golden Book of the Republic."—Extract from speech of Pres. Rogers, of Evanston.

AN EXCEPTION.

Logicians say that no phrase means
At once both yes and no,
But they are not correct, it seems,
As one short phrase will show.

(Where it meant "yes."
I sat one eve with Maude, a miss
Who's pretty, sweet, and coy;
Said I, "Maude, dare I steal a kiss?"
She said, "You silly boy."

(Where it meant "no."
And in a little while I said,
"Art angry, dear, at me?"
She smiled, and laughed, and shook her head,
"You silly boy," said she.

—Cornell Era.

Henry Wade Rogers, LL. D., was formally inaugurated, with appropriate ceremonies, President of Northwestern university, Thursday, Feb. 19. The presence of the city departments, a program of speeches and addresses including Dr. Rogers' inaugural address, and a banquet given by the trustees, will long make the day memorable to Evanston students.

Baseball promises to be most exciting this spring. Candidates for the teams in all the larger colleges are actively at work. The candidates for our team this spring should arouse themselves, shake the dust from their feet, and get out and do some hard practicing. There is always a possibility of success by steady work.

"Lake Forest thinks it will soon be able to support a glee club that will discount the ordinary glee club 78 per cent."—Chronicle-Argonaut.

Don't forget the Booth entertainment for the benefit of the baseball team, Thursday, March 5.

All of last year's nine at Yale have returned except Stagg and McBride.

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