furnished by the "Frat" houses elsewhere. Fix it as you will, the boys will always "chum" together in crowds. The fellow who doesn't "chum" is generally a "chum"—spelled with a "p" as the last letter. The sociability and brotherhood furnished by the associations clustering 'round a genuine Society home would be pleasant and profitable to college life. The University intends to furnish suitable dormitories so soon as it can. But these dormitories will not more than fill ordinary demands incident to the increase in students. Society houses would be a happy way of providing for the surplus. There will always be a large number of students to whom the dormitory system would be uncongenial.

How Can These Houses Be Built?

Would it not be too much of an undertaking? Not necessarily. Neat and convenient cottages, capable of accommodating twenty-five fellows could be built cheaply. The University could, at least, rent suitable lands to the Societies for a term of years. If a corporation were to be formed among the members, say of the Athenaeum Society, they could start with a small capital stock, negotiate on a mortgage basis with some building and loan association for funds sufficient to build and furnish the houses; and pay for the same on the installment plan. If the exigencies of the future should demand, these houses could be moved from the University lands and sold. They would not be a bad investment for the students anyhow. Some people might object to these houses on the score that they

Would Degenerate into Centres of Hilarity and Horse-Play.

They would not necessarily be any more so than the College Building is at present. The
"Frat" houses in other college towns are not ordinarily condemned as nuisances. Some of our jovial "Profs" with bachelorly proclivities might be induced to preside in the capacity of gander among the coop full of goslings, to satisfy any old hens that might cackle. There is a painful lack of culinary facilities in this town. Some of the eating clubs have been next thing to being turned out of doors to subsist on moss and wild rabbit, because the club-lady wearied of her duties. The paucity of ladies who want to keep clubs in their own houses is large. Some of the boys are trying the experiment of boarding themselves in the College. A Society home would help solve an embarrassing problem. It is embarrassing to the students, if so to no others. Won't you lay awake nights occasionally and consider this Society house matter, for it's a "corker!"

THRILLING TELEGRAPHIC TALES.

"Yes, those were lively times for the telegraph service—those war times," said a Lake Forest gentleman who was a telegrapher in the 50's and 60's, in response to The STENTOR's request for some interesting stories connected with the experiences of his youth.

"I remember so well the time old John Brown was hung. The first sentence I ever read from the wires was the tail end of a press dispatch on the old man's death. The sentence was this: 'And John Brown was swung into eternity.' I was employed in a country store at the time. In this store was the postoffice and telegraph office. It was on the main circuit which carried all the press reports to Boston, and I learned to read the telegraphic symbols by picking out words and sentences in the messages that went through. I slept in the store, and I used to listen to the dispatches nights, and catch the sentences till I fell asleep. One of my first positions was that of telegrapher at the Atlantic House in Newport, the great summer resort. Many of the noted people of the time were at the hotel. Senator Stephen A. Douglas I remember well. He sent many messages every day through my office, and allowed the bill to run up to $16. Finally, one day, I learned that he was going away. He had forgotten all about his telegraph bill; but I couldn't lose the money, so I

Went out and Dunned Senator Douglas.

"'Why, didn't I pay you the money, sonny?' said he. 'I thought I paid you.' But he hauled a big pile of gold out of his pocket and settled the bill.

"When I went to work in the big Boston office, I had to be put through the sprouts. One day the messages began to come in at my instrument like greased lightning, as I supposed from New York. I sat there working like a nailer and perspiring like one drenched. The messages struck me as rather peculiar. Finally one came saying, "Send me 5 Bologna sausages by mail tomorrow. J. Smith." This roused my suspicion, and I found that the fellows in the office had switched me onto the office circuit. The fellow who had been sending the messages was not 20 feet from me all the while. We had an old man in the office whom we nick-named "Doc." A peculiar thing about him was that he could never learn to read messages by sound; he had to use the self-recording machines. One day we put up a job on him and sent him three columns of stuff out of an old newspaper. He wrote it all down and never suspected anything till the instrument said, 'You are sold, Doc,' and you never saw a madder man in your life.

"I can never forget a beautifully worded message I sent from the Boston office for Gov. John A. Andrews, of Mass., to Abra- ham Lincoln,

Asking Lincoln to Issue the Emancipation Proclamation.

"It was a peculiar telegram to handle. One day in 1861, I was at work in the Providence, R. I., office when a slight, sallow-
faced, dark-haired young man came into the office and wrote out a dispatch to the President. It was Gov. William Sprague, the youngest Governor in America. His message said that he would raise immediately the first regiment of volunteers from Rhode Island and lead them to the front. That was the third day after Lincoln had appealed for troops.

"When I was stationed at Norwich, handling the night press reports, I was obliged to receive from one of the fastest senders in the country. In those days the people were hanging breathless on every word of news from the front, and every moment in handling the news counted. This fast sender, named Marx, was stationed at New York, and the way he did send that press stuff down on us was a caution. The signal to wake up came along the line usually about 7 p.m. That meant that we must sit at the desk till 2 o'clock the next morning receiving the news at chain-lightning speed, with only a respite of ten minutes for lunch at midnight. At this work a man would become so expert that he could carry four or five sentences in his mind at once. If any one lost a word in those reports, woe be to him! for

There Was No Such Thing as Stop.

"One night I was at my post as usual taking the press special on a big battle that had occurred a few hours before. I had lost my usual sleep hours for the two days preceding, and I could scarcely keep awake. First I knew (or rather didn't know) I fell asleep right in the midst of that important dispatch. There was no one else in the office. All the presses in my region of territory were red hot for that dispatch, and there I was, asleep in my chair, with all the important dispatch sliding on over the wires unrecorded. It must have been about 12 o'clock when I went to sleep. A little after 1 o'clock a messenger from one of the papers came after the first installment of copy. He roused me, and to my horror, I found that I had lost one hour's time when thousands of people were waiting with terrible anxiety for the utterance of my sounder. I had lost about two columns out of the heart of that battle report. What was I to do? I could not get the New York man to repeat so much. Suddenly, I thought of my friend the operator at Worcester; and when "g n" (good night) went over the wire, I quietly asked him if he would mind sending me my missing link. He generously consented to send me what I had lost. We sat there till 3 o'clock, and got the stuff through at the last moment before time for going to press.

"All the generals and state officers had free use of the wires. Burnside was the most prolific sender of telegraphic messages of any of the commanders. He frequently

Sent Regular Love Letters by Telegraph

home to his wife in Massachusetts. I well remember a message I received from Burnside for his wife, one sentence of which read thus: 'Don't be alarmed about me, dear; God will protect me.'

"About 10 o'clock one evening in the Boston office, I received, to be forwarded to Washington, a message from a poor suffering father up in a little Maine town. His boy was at the front with his life in the balance. The message was to Senator Fessenden, and read thus: 'My son is sentenced to be shot tomorrow morning at 6, for falling asleep at his post. Will you kindly see President Lincoln at once, and intercede till I can reach Washington to present evidence which will clearly prove my son's innocence?'

"Now I knew that if the message was compelled to wait its turn with the rest, it would not reach Senator Fessenden that night till too late for any hope of reaching the President, to say nothing of getting a reprieve sent to the line of battle, where the son was. I thought to myself, here is

A Human Life Hanging by a Thread.

Shall I cut that thread by letting the message
take its turn? No, I couldn't; so I violated rules, and telegraphed it to all the hotels in Washington, till the Senator was found and the message safely in his hands. Then word came back to me that Senator Fessenden was on his way to the White House, and I telegraphed the same to the poor old father away up in Maine.

"About the fastest press telegraph work I ever saw done was one time when eight of us in New York were assigned to "take" the President's Proclamation, which was to be read to Congress at noon. At 11 o'clock we were ready, but the first sentence did not come till 2 p.m. A remarkable fact is that each set of operators finished their work at precisely the same instant. It took 52 minutes to receive the Proclamation, and before the last word was finished I heard the news boys out on the street crying their papers with the first part of the Proclamation all in print. Just think of it, the same words that had come hot from my wire 50 minutes before were out in the streets staring people in the face before the last word had arrived.

"Well, that's enough for this time." D.

THINKS THE BOOKS ARE CONFINED.

To the Editor of The Stentor: The first objectionable feature which would strike a stranger if he were to look at our Library is the cramped and crowded quarters in which the books are confined. "Confinèd" is the word to describe it. The Library looks much like a store-room for books, with its close rows of shelves. Of course we hear talk of a "new Library Building," but that project will not be realized very soon, while this matter has been in the nature of a crying evil all the year. Old students remember how long there has been talk of new Academy Buildings, but that scheme is still on paper. Now why cannot we have a respectably sized room for our Library until we do get a new building? Why cannot the recitation room opening into the Library be utilized for this purpose? All that is necessary is to take out the folding doors. By this means we might have a room large enough to turn around in, and with sufficient space for one or two tables for the convenience of those using reference books. After this was done the Librarian would have room enough to put away new books as they came in. He lacks this at present. We might happen, incidentally, to get more new books than we do now, also. There are recitation rooms enough so that one could be dispensed with, or recitations could be held in the Chapel until the Art Building is finished. I was going to suggest, too, that it might be well to increase the size of some of the departments of the Library, notably the one labelled "fiction," but I must conform to the rule and "cut it short."

B. '94.

"AND THE SWEET WORDS ARE THESE."

"Auf Wiedersehen,"
And leaving you now, in my fancy I hear,
Borne to me on the cool evening breeze,
A voice like a chime, or a song sweet and clear,
Even yours, and the sweet words are these
"Auf Wiedersehen." II. E. H. '94.

THE COLLEGE.

The University Club met at President Roberts' house the evening of Apr. 7. Miss Woodruff, of Chicago, entertained the company with two beautiful solos. The paper of the evening was, to use the language of the Faculty, "a corker." Prof. Loey is one of the best read men on his line of any one in this neck of woods to say the least, and when it was announced that he was to read a paper on the Physical Basis of Life, everybody expected something good and got it. It takes some skill to corner the whole field of Science up into a hole in the fence. This is what the Professor did. Remarks by others of the Faculty were interesting. Prof. McNeil's new hobby is that, the moon can be scientif-
THE STENTOR.

ichally proved to be made of green cheese. It is expected that the Professor will soon throw added light on the subject, unless the moon walks off from an over dose of the “Physical Basis of Life,” as suggested by Dr. Roberts. We have had occasion to say before that our Faculty are not made up of vinegar-faced deacons. They are all jolly good fellows, and realize that a little nonsense now and then will not create a French revolution in the digestive appurtenances of any of the genus homo.

Say have you noticed
1. How nice the ball ground isn’t.
2. How soon the Gym was finished.
3. What a long face Allie has.
5. How many candidates for the nine are are not practicing.
6. How many new bonnets aren’t “sprung” every Sunday.
7. How Cass avoids the “Sem."
10. How coy the girls are — of late.
11. How few will go “double” to the contests.
12. How Barry is getting up “steam” for the spring term.
13. How the new yell takes.
14. How we have sworn off the Sem — till the next time.
15. How destructive Zim is getting.
16. What burning thoughts Candee has.
If you haven’t thought, why lay awake nights and do so.

The Tennis Courts will soon be put in first-class shape. Our tennis cranks will have ample opportunity to display their talents. We have several excellent players here, and will be expected to send down two to Monmouth next Fall, as our representatives in the Athletic contest there. In order to determine who shall go, why not have a tournament here this Spring, choose the winners as our men, and thus give them the advantage of the summer’s practice? The STENTOR suggests this. Let the boomers take it in hand.

The big event of the Spring term will be the ball trip. Accordingly it should be a big success not only from a base-ball standpoint, but otherwise. This year it has been planned to take along a picked chorus of 30, together with Dr. George Root, the famous composer, and give War Song Concerts. There will be plenty who will want to go. Those who went last year will vouch for a good time.

It is rumored and the rumor is true that Professor Sanford our new Prof. in the Physical Department, has received a call to the new Leland Stanford University in California. Senator Stanford left the University $2,000,-000. We congratulate the Professor on his luck, but shall certainly be very sorry to lose him should he decide to go. The position offers a salary of $3,500, and appurtenances.

The Varsity team has gone into active training. Daily exercise and strict adherence to certain rules concerning care of the health are required. The following are the candidates for the regular team: King, Grant, Sharon, Durand, Bloomingston, McNary, Goodman, Scofield, Ellis, Bournas, Hayner, Dodge, and probably Joyce, Crowe, and Kirk of Rush Medical.

The Grand Pacific Club nine has also organized with F. C. Sharon as Captain. A game with the Cats will mark the initial appearance of “Pa’s pets.” Right here we might mention that our Manager, E. S. Cass, can “manage” better than any Manager we know of. Give him a trial.

The Sophomore and Freshman ball teams have been chosen and a series of three games arranged for. Harry Goodman is captain of the “Freshies” and F. C. Sharon of the “Sophs.” Interesting contests are looked for as the nines are very evenly matched.
Verily man is an animal who can sometimes live on anything and enjoy life. There are said to be 13 men in the College Building who are not only cooking but eating their own meals! And they seem to thrive too.

Certainly the mission of last year's Varsity nine was not in vain. The Manager of this year's team has received challenges from the University of Michigan and the University of Minnesota, both strong teams.

G. W. Wright was chosen as delegate to the convention of the State Oratorical Association at Monmouth, April 17th, to decide who is to be the State representative in the Interstate Contest.

Prof. Locy has been offered a chair of Biology at Rush Medical College. He will not accept, but an arrangement may be made to give Rush the benefit of our Biology department here.

The Cad contest created considerable enthusiasm among the College boys. We congratulate the Cads heartily on giving us such an interesting contest.

Professors Locy and Dawson have been laid up lately with the "Grippe." The latter at the present writing is still unable to hear his classes.

It's rather hard work to get up a serenade but it's certainly "tough" luck to hear the girls say that "we have heard those songs before."

The new pitcher, Hayner, is out practicing every afternoon from 4 till 5. Those who have watched him are favorably impressed.

The enthusiasm over the new yell is quite flattering. The cheery "Hi, Ho, Ha" now rises from every quarter.

Willard K. Clement, of Ann Arbor, spent Friday with friends here. He will call again the last of this week.

Sartell Prentice, Jr., '91, of Amherst College, "drew the line" with his old friends last week.

Our band consisting of 15 pieces, with L. E. Zimmerman leader, is doing solid work.

It is a "burning" question now as to who must "pony up" for those oil barrels.

The date for the Gym reception has finally been fixed for the 23d.

Don't forget the date of the first game with Evanston, May 2.

THE ACADEMY.

TRI KAPPA NOTES.

G. H. LAMBERTSON, Correspondent.

Hurrah! for us!

We would recommend one of our prominent vocalists in the Cad to follow his music more closely during Chapel exercises. He attracted much attention recently by singing in high C "Please be still," instead of "Peace, be still."

A meeting of the Gamma Sigma Society was called for "12 o'clock at night" not long ago. We admire their perseverance; it's something they can use to advantage in preparing for next year.

Friday evening, April 3d, the Gamma Sigma society was compelled to submit to the inevitable in the form of an overwhelming defeat at the hands of the Tri Kappa Society. We're the people.

The Tri Kappa Society wishes to express its appreciation and thanks to Dr. and Mrs. Seeley and the young ladies, for their kind assistance in decorating the hall for the contest.

Great praise is due the K. K. K. speakers whose untiring and faithful efforts brought the "old gold and crimson" to the front with such a large majority.

Edward Sanford, accompanied by his brother Willie, attended the contest. "Bigness" came out to yell for his old society.

Our brother Society is in the same predicament as the man who fell out of the balloon. "They're not in it."
J. M. Flint has the sincere sympathy of the Tri Kappa Society in his recent bereavement, the loss of his father.

This term promises to be lively, with entertainments of various kinds, coming for several successive weeks.

S. G. MacHatton, brother of our prize debater, and his friend, M. T. Chase, came out to the contest.

We regretted the absence of one of our declaimers, E. U. Henry, who was detained at home by illness.

The date of the banquet is not yet fixed, but prepare yourselves for a great, big "feed," boys.

Charles Holt was recently unanimously elected an honorary member of the Tri Kappa Society.

The silver-tongued orator from Tennessee failed to accomplish his purpose this time.

The sad news of the death of Forest Grant's mother has reached us.

Who is in the swim this time?

GAMMA SIGMA.

David Fales, Correspondent.

Principal Smith spent part of his vacation visiting Lawrenceville, Exeter and Andover Academies. In regard to their gymnasiums, he says that in Exeter and Lawrenceville there is compulsory training. One man has entire charge of the gymnasium, and the work is done in classes. This system seems to be very popular among the boys, and also very beneficial to them. Boys who would otherwise hardly leave their rooms are thus compelled to take a little exercise. In Exeter they use the Sargent system. When a boy first enters the school, his measurements are taken, and only those muscles which especially need it are trained, while those which would be injured by hard training are not exercised. At Andover the building is inconvenient for training large numbers of boys, so there is no compulsory system. The Lawrenceville and Exeter Gyms are on the same plan as our own but on a smaller scale. There they have no swimming tank, and the buildings are of brick.

The contest has come and gone, and the Cad has once more resumed its normal condition. This year, at last, the Tri Kappas have succeeded in coming out ahead. It is their turn to be congratulated. If they enjoy their banquet as much as we enjoyed ours last year, they will have a good time indeed.

Several old Cadets were present at the contest. Among them were, Frank Crilly, who caught for the Cad nine in the spring of '89; Joe Duggan, who left last term; J. E. Maynard, who was here last year; and last but not least W. G. Sanford, alias "Billy Moon," and his brother.

Saturday, Apr. 4, Dave McAllister favored us with his presence for a few hours. The same day we were glad to welcome Prof. Schmidt, who is now Professor of Modern Languages in the Evanston Preparatory Department.

It may not be generally known that J. A. McGaughey was sick the night of the contest. He had decided to do as well as he was able, and he pluckily left the sick room to take his part.

J. M. Flint has our deepest sympathy. Monday morning he was called home on account of the illness of his father. Monday night his father died.

Our new banner is something to be proud of. It was presented to the society by several of the town girls. Thanks are due for the pains they took.

Maryvyn Scudder, who was here two years ago, spent Sunday in Lake Forest. He is now attending the Manual Training School of Chicago.

We wish to thank the young ladies who decorated their windows with our colors. We counted 21 Gamma Sigma windows.
D. H. Jackson has been appointed Sergeant-at-Arms for the coming term.

The program of the literary contest between the Tri Kappa and Gamma Sigma Societies of the Academy, April 3d, was as follows: Prayer, by Dr. Roberts; instrumental solo, S. Gruenstem; essay, "Our Nation's Wards," C. Thom, read by A. McFerran; essay, "The Political Outlook," E. H. McNeal; declamation, "How the Old Horse Won the Bet," H. M. Giles; declamation, "The Dream of Eugene Aram," N. B. Hewitt; declamation, "The Fall of Pember ton Mill," J. A. McGaughey; instrumental solo, Miss Ida Kehl; debate—question: Resolved. That suffrage should be limited by an educational qualification; affirmative, J. E. Shepherd; negative, B. R. MacHatton; vocal solo, Miss Louise Learned. The music of the occasion was a rare treat; the contest full of enthusiasm. It was stimulated by one of the largest audiences ever seen in the chapel. The debate was especially interesting, showing hard work and thought. The judges on debate were: Dr. Seeley, Profs. Booth and Walter Smith, Henry M. Tuthill and B. M. Limmell; on essays and declamations, Profs. Stanley and Walter Smith and David Fales. The first prize in debate, a gold medal, was awarded to B. R. MacHatton, Tri Kappa; first prize among the essayists, a gold medal, to E. H. McNeal, Tri Kappa; first prize in declamation, a gold medal, to H. M. Giles, Gamma Sigma; second prize, a silver medal, to N. B. Hewitt, Tri Kappa; the highest average on the contest as a whole, thus securing the banquet to be given by Charles Holt, to the Tri Kappa Society. All the prizes were given, as usual, by Charles Holt.

FERRY HALL.

Great interest was shown by all the seminary girls in the contest of the Academy Societies. Pink and wine-color, or cinnamon and old gold waved proudly from many windows. The joy with which each new convert was received by the victorious party would have been encouraging to the contestants. We congratulate both societies most heartily; the one for having carried off the honors in former years, and for having the men it has; the other for the success and honor of '91.

The Aletheian Society held its meeting April 3. The following impromptu program was rendered: Impromptu speech, Miss Ensign; impromptu reading, Miss Brubaker; vocal solo, Miss Raymond; impromptu debate, Resolved. That a vacation in Lake Forest is more profitable and pleasant than one spent elsewhere; affirmative, Miss Taylor; negative, Miss Tilford. Question box; instrumental solo, Miss Beech; inaugural address, by the president.

April fool was celebrated with much enthusiasm in Ferry Hall. To the few who were sharp, the day passed pleasantly; to those who were innocent and unsuspecting, life was not worth the living. In the evening the girls took inexpressible satisfaction in carrying out the motto of the day. With Dr. Seeley, the most of us are thankful that Apr. 1, comes but once a year.

We would ask in behalf of the College girls that the College bridge be finished soon. Of course that particular bridge is not used by the Seminary girls. We ask this simply out of sympathy for those who are compelled to take the daily stroll of a mile.

The Nu Beta Kappa Society met April 3. The first meeting of the term was interesting, and our meetings of the entire term, we hope, will be more entertaining than those of the last two terms have been.

April 1, our College friends gave us an illumination. We congratulate the young men on their success in building bonfires. It was the most gorgeous blaze we have seen for years.

Miss Mabel Smith, who attended Ferry
Hall last year, surprised us with a visit last Friday. She was heartily welcomed by the old girls.

There have been several changes made in Ferry Hall. The first and second floors are all occupied. A few rooms in the third floor are vacant.

We admire the new college yell, especially the last clause, which we notice is given with zeal and ardor. [Do you recognize this, Sid?—Ed.]

Saturday evening we had music as second course at supper. Committees should not hold such lengthy discussions in the Chapel.

The library has been enlarged. Several new books were added last week, and we are expecting more.

Mrs. Brown has been ill for the past two weeks. La Grippe is the cause of her sufferings.

The Misses Ensign and Raymond attended the McCormick Commencement exercises April 3.

A large number of the girls had their pictures taken at Waukegan Saturday afternoon.

We congratulate the Sem Juniors for their success in gaining privileges for this term.

Miss Grace Taylor has been ill with the mumps for some time.

The new colors of the Altheian Society are old blue and oak.

Mr. Bennett visited his daughter at the Seminary recently.

Miss Calhoun has been ill during the past week.

Where is the $1.50 for those gasoline barrels?

FERRY HALL, Apr. 12. [Special.]

Characteristics of the Seminary:

Ida Kehl—Our Musician.
Hallie Hall—Our Artist.
Amy Owen—Our Sweet girl.
Ruth Smith—Our "Rose."
Mabel Gray—Our Peculiar girl.
Jeanette Kennedy—Our Generous girl.
Julia Higgins—Our Student.
Theo. Kane—Our Original girl.
Thyra Richardson—Our Inquisitive girl.
Maud Taylor—Our Conscientious girl.
Mildred Lyon—Our Mischief.
Georgia Bennett—Our Naughty girl.
Grace Sutherland—Our "Wicked One."
Jeanette Wilson—Our Whistler.
Bessie McWilliams—Our "End."

Jeanie Smith—Our Good girl.
Ethel Long—Our Candid girl.
Grace McCord—Our Elocutionist.
Cornelia Brinkerhoff—Our Smart girl.
Rhoda Clark—Our Popular girl.
Pannie Patrick—Our Witty girl.
Lilian Robinson—Our Bright-eyed girl.
May Barnard—Our "Sweet William."
Zoe Loranger—Our Poetess.
Elsie Webster—Our Vocalist.
Ethel Smith—Our Prodigy.
Edith Hays—Our "New Sem."
Mary Cabot—Our "Post-graduate."
"The Eight Hour System"—Our Abomination.
Saturday evenings—Our Delights.
The Opening of the Gym—Our Expectation.
Serenades—Our Vain Hopes.
Boys—Our—

ALUMNI AND PERSONAL.

This gives notice of a new enterprise in journalism. The Christian Chicagoan has been started with B. A. Koukle, once of '87, as Editor, and Graham Lee, once of '89, as Business Manager. The end in view is the dissemination of knowledge concerning City Missions. A great lack of interest in this subject is felt on all sides. To create this interest, news regarding the work is necessary, and hence has this journal been brought forth. On its Board of Directors are some of the leading ministers of all denominations in Chicago, such as Dr. Henson, of the First Baptist and Dr. Mclcherson of the Second Presbyterian Churches.

'92.—John Faris has gone to San Francisco Cal., to serve upon the staff of the Occident. His father, the Rev. Dr. Faris, has been made co-editor of this Presbyterian Journal, and John will ultimately become its Business Manager.

'89.—Edgar Wilson, '89, and N. B. W. Gallway, formerly with '91, both declare their intention of coming to McCormick Seminary next year. Wilson will spend his summer vacation preaching at Waukemup, Kas.

The Directors of McCormick Theological Seminary have called Rev. A. C. Zenos, D. D. (now of Hartford) to the chair of Church History. Three cheers for Prof. Zenos and the West!

'92.—Ernest Wood and Dave Williams report a very great abundance of college spirit at Williams, but an awful scarcity of girls, and it is five miles to North Adams.

'91.—W. C. Godfrey is spending a glorious
year at Ann Arbor. He is taking a special course in the Sciences, and has quite distinguished himself in Chemistry.

'86.— The contract for a new church building for the Christ Presbyterian Church, Wilmington Del., has been let. It is to be a large structure, situated on one of the best streets in the newer part of the city. At the communion service, Meh. 1st., their beloved pastor, the Rev. George E. Thompson, had the pleasure of receiving seventeen members on profession of faith.

G. E. Stanford, once of '90, spent one week of his Spring vacation at his home in Evanston, and the other week took a business trip to Montreal, Canada. His studies at Cornell are chiefly, History, Political Science and Philosophy. He has joined the Delta Upsilon Fraternity reports the religious spirit healthy and vigorous and altogether believes Cornell is one of the great Universities of the land.

'89.— The class of '89 have started a "Class letter" to which each one is contributing. Thus far only one member (G. A. Wilson) can boast of an engagement. Wonder what A. G. Welch will say on this subject when the letter gets to him!

Prof. Appamadoc, at Ferry Hall last year, now leads the singing at the Sunday School and Prayer Services of the Forty First Presbyterian Church.

'88,— W. W. Johnson is another graduate of McCormick. He will not take up any permanent work immediately. He is resting at home.

'89,— Grant Stroh will spend the summer way down in "Egypt," and preach to the good people (and bad ones too) of Golconda, Ill.

'86,— Rev. W. E. Bates, after spending the past year at Princeton Seminary, has accepted a call to Winnebago, Minn.

'85,— S. F. Vance graduated from McCormick this month. He has accepted a call to Girard, Kas.

'92,— Miss Pike was enrolled last month as a regular Junior at Wellesley.