THE STENTOR.

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Entered at the P. O. at Lake Forest, Ill., as second class matter.

The attention of the Ferry Hall Alumnae is called to something that will interest them in the Alumnae notes.

Our most crying need at present is a bridge across the ravine from the college to the Art Institute. A temporary structure would be welcomed by both professors and students until something more substantial can be put up.

Muddy, muddy, everywhere. And not one dry place to step. Such is the condition of our streets these days, which are pregnant with the promise of spring. It does seem to the superficial observer that this is a state of things not well calculated to cause undimmed pride in Lake Forest. Why can not our streets, especially the main streets, be made a little less like discharges from mud volcanoes?

There is such a thing as going a little too far, and what is sometimes excused in a college student, is treated as a crime in any one else. The person or persons who were guilty of stealing the ice-cream from a private house in town while the freshman class were being entertained there, should, if caught, be expelled and branded as common thieves. Such an act might be excused if it was wholly a class matter and at a class banquet. But in a private house and at a private entertainment, it becomes an act not against the class, but against the host or hostess. There has been of late years too much of this, and if a sense of decency does not restrain, the law should take its course.

The admission of Champaign into the Western College Base Ball League is a wise step. Champaign is a live college, with plenty of college enthusiasm and spirit, and will make an energetic and reliable member of the league. Her students are proud of their college, proud of their athletics, and are willing to show their devotion by giving money to support their teams. Recently Champaign defeated a St. Louis team in foot-ball, and last fall won the base-ball championship of the Intercollegiate Association at Monmouth. Not long since, they had fitted up a superb athletic field. Taken all in all, the University of Illinois will make a valuable member. Why wouldn’t it be a good plan to have a field day either in the spring or fall, between these four colleges? The event could take place at any of the four places named, or since Chicago is convenient to all, and more money might be taken in there, the day might be observed there. Perhaps in a year or so we can admit Purdue and Du Paauw Colleges, and then we would have a league second to none in the west.
THE GIRLS TAKE A HAND.  

AND THE END IS NOT YET.

Friends, Aletheians, country-women, lend me your ears.  
I come not to bury Caesar, nor to praise him, but to defend co-education. 
You all did read in last week's Stentor, the insults cast upon our girls, aye, the very boys who did the "rushing," have turned and betrayed you not by a kiss, but by a word.  
"This was the most unkindest cut of all."  
They say "they are becoming demoralized by you"—poor fellows—"and if this is allowed to go on unrestrained, it will breed callowness and softness among young men and sentimentality and silliness among young women"—what a tender fatherly regard the gentleman shows for your welfare.  
Again, he says, "Take women from the class room, give us an occasional reception and a limited calling privilege and we will go out of college as a class, better off than we do now."  
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts and men have lost their reason.  
"Again," we read, "There is a likelihood of jealousy growing up between members of the opposite persuasion as to a partiality exhibited on the part of the professor."  
"What private griefs he has, alas, I know not, that made him say it!"  "Poor soul, his eyes are red as fire with weeping."  
This partiality, says the writer, causes discontent and destroys ambition.  "Ambition should be made of sterner stuff."  
"Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up to mutiny" when I tell you one has said "She has lost her girlish modesty and maidenly timidity!!"  
"O what a fall was that, my country-women.  
Then I, and you and all of us fell down,  
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us."  
"O madams, if I were disposed to stir your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage, I should do Burdick wrong, and Crozier wrong,  
Who you all do know, are honorable men."  
The noble Brewster hath told you, you have kept them from becoming "educated boors."  
If it were so, it was a generous fault.  
* * *  
"I come not friends to steal away your hearts."  
I am no orator as Johnson is,  
But, "if you have tears prepare to shed them now."  
The noble William whom you have oftentimes seen, hath risen to defend you.  
See how the noble William loved you!  
Here's a-parchment with the seal of William.  I found it in The Stentor, 'tis his thoughts.  
"Woman is the standard of the moral, the intellectual and the spiritual," these are his words.  
Here was a William, when comes such another?  
The well loved Marcotte has proved your friend.  'Twas he who so boldly thrust home the dagger of truth to the "poor stick of a boy" and lifted the burden from your unoffending shoulders.  
O now you weep, and I perceive you feel the dint of thanks—these are gracious drops.  
You are not wood, you are not stones, but women.  
And being women, and hearing these words of William and Marcotte,  
You shall beg a hair of them, for memory.  
And dying mention it in your wills,  
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy unto your issue.  
An Aletheian.  

CO-EDUCATION--A LAST WORD.

In the article entitled "A Mixed View," which appeared in the last number of The Stentor, it was the aim of the writer to discuss co-education, not only as it is related to this particular college, but to consider it in its relation to young men and young women.
How said, sails the certain persons will "H." leave partially New dark 15. won't two Of a sun Good one graduate can't generally. The position taken by the writer, was almost identical with that of a certain lady who is a graduate of the University of Michigan, and one who knows whereof she speaks.

Although the sentiments which were expressed may be open to criticism, it certainly was not the intention of the article to "slam" our own Lake Forest girls.

"H."

**PEACE OF SOUL.**

Sweet peace of soul, of man most sought,
Rich gem without a price,
Not found on earth, of heaven not bought,
Blest fruit of Paradise,—
Come, dwell within man's troubled heart,
His cares away entice.
Of labor here there is no end,
His cares are not a few,
And thou alone hast power to blend
His life and make it new.

A maiden fair, in truth, thou art
With countenance serene,
Thy brows unclouded with despair,
No sorrows to be seen.
With joy and mirth thy bright eyes beam,
And speak the peace within,
Sweet smiles arise, the heart's rich cream,
From lips that know no din.

Most woed of men, yet seldom won,
Adored but not embraced,
Admired more than any one,
And yet men live debased,—
Disturbed with thoughts of evil done,
Thy love they feel disgraced.

Men flee to deserts and to caves
And hope to live content,
Confide in riches, but like slaves
Still wish their lives were spent.

They seek out knowledge, power, fame
And wisdom as a goal
To make them happy, but in vain,
They find no peace of soul.

This peace of soul, of man most sought
To make him happy here,
Results from deeds of duty wrought
When duty is made clear;—
For, when men do whate'er they ought
They have not aught to fear. 

**GAVE UP ITS LOST.**

**Note.**—The following is partially founded on a true story of the sea. Of course names of persons and places have been changed to avoid the censure of those interested, some of whom may be yet living.

C. S. S.

"Good bye, mother, God bless you."
The scene was in a New England cottage. The speaker was a young man, of twenty odd summers, about to leave home for a two years' voyage to the South Pacific.

"Oh, Frank, I can't let you go," and the poor mother, clasping him convulsively, wept upon his shoulder.

"Don't cry, little mother," he said, tenderly, "the time will soon pass and I won't go again."

"But it is so hard to give you up."

"Be brave, mother dear."

"I will try. Good bye, Frank, my boy, and God protect and bring you back," she sobbed.

One long, lingering kiss; one deep look into her face, as if to keep it in memory forever, then the door opened and closed, and the mother was alone.

She stepped to the window and through her tears watched him down the path to the gate, saw him turn up the road, and he was lost to her view.

Frank Thompson walked rapidly on for some distance, and then stopped before a little cottage, stepped to the door and knocked. The door was opened by a dark eyed, dark haired girl, sweet of face and fair of form.

"Nellie," he said, "I am going. The 'Stormy Petrel' sails to-night. I've come to say good bye."

"Going! To-night!"

"Yes, to-night. Can't you give me that little word that will make me happy in spite of parting."

She took one step toward him, and then stopped. "Are you sure you want it?" she said.

"Am I sure? How can you ask? have
I not told you again and again that I love you? You are almost cruel."

"Don't think that of me, I don't want to be cruel," she said.

"Why are you then? Don't be so any more. Don't you love me at all?"

For an answer she put both her hands in his and said earnestly with averted face, "Yes, Frank, I do love you dearly."

In an instant, in the fullness of his great joy, Frank strained her to his breast and covered her blushing face with warm kisses.

"I will be long gone, two years, but, Nellie, be true and I'll come back," he said at length.

"I will be true, Frank."

"Say once more you love me."

"I love you, Frank."

"Good bye, my darling, be true."

"Good bye, Frank."

Only one more kiss and he was gone.

* * * *

Two years have gone by. Several letters have been received by both mother and sweet-heart, the last one very short, but bringing great joy, saying that having had a prosperous voyage the "Stormy Petrel" was homeward bound. Then anxious months of silence. Then came another letter, written by a stranger, saying the "Stormy Petrel" was lost with all on board.

* * * *

Seven years more have passed. No word has ever come from Frank and he has long been given up as lost. The mother is now stooped with age and grief. Her hair, black nine years ago, is now white. She seldom smiles and never speaks of her lost Frank. Yet often has William, Frank's younger brother, seen tears glistening in his mother's time-dimmed eye, telling of her grief more pathetically than words.

It is a June evening. The balm of early summer loads the air. William has strayed down to the home of his brother's sweet-heart, Nellie, and together they stand at the open gate.

"Nellie," he says, earnestly, "why wait longer. We are passing our youth. Seven years have fled and no word from Frank. Be my wife. Mother needs you; I need you. Say yes, darling," and he attempted to take her hand.

"Stop, Will," she said, "Frank's last word was 'be true!' I can't give up yet."

"When will you? In a month — six months — a year? Will you be my wife in one year if Frank doesn't come home?"

"Yes, in one year. But until then no word of love must pass between us. Then I will become your wife if Frank doesn't come home."

Her voice trembled on the last words and her eyes shone with tears as she bade him good night.

William turned homeward with a lighter heart than he had had since Frank left. The time was fixed when she whom he loved would become his own.

* * * *

It is nearly one year later, on a stormy Sabbath morning. The wind howls and shrieks around a New England church. A small congregation are gathered to worship. A clergyman is offering the morning prayer. Let us listen:—"Oh Lord, God of the storm and of the sea, shield and protect the tempest-tossed mariner by thine omnipotent power. Grant him a haven of safety and a harbor of refuge."

Suddenly the clanging of bells breaks in. It is the village alarm that a vessel is on the rocks. The minister closes the prayer and quickly dismisses his congregation. They rush to the beach.

Look! Half a mile out, in the fog, under the low scudding clouds, is the wreck of a bark-rigged vessel. See! her crew clinging to her ropes and spars while the waves are washing over her decks. Is it possible to save her crew?
A life-boat is launched from the shore. Can it reach the vessel? Now it mounts a lofty wave and now it disappears in a hollow, and now it is hidden by the mist; but see, it goes forward steadily. It is almost there. Look! They are taking the crew on board.

"One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight," counts the minister. Eight are taken off the doomed vessel. But can they get back with that loaded boat through the foam-flecked waves?

They have started landwards: they come with greater caution, for the tempest is increasing in fury. On, on they come. They are almost in. Their boat touches the beach. Twenty strong and willing hands seize and draw the boat up far out of reach of the breakers.

How the gale roars as with greater rage at being deprived of its prey. More than one prayer of thanksgiving went up from the hearts of that little group that the lives of the brave men had been spared.

"Are they all here?" asks some one.

"One is left," answers a weak voice.

One left! A shudder of horror runs through that storm beaten company. He to see his comrades rescued and himself left to perish! Heaven forbid!

A manly form steps forth.

"Are there four men here who will go with me and save that one?"

Silence falls on all around. It is almost certain death to go out there.

At length four brave fellows step out.

"We will go, William Thompson," says one of them, for it is William who calls for volunteers.

Silently they shake hands and then prepare to launch their frail boat on their errand of mercy.

The awe-stricken silence is broken by a feeble woman's voice.

"O, Will, Will, my boy, my boy, don't leave me, your mother. You're all I have left. Frank was lost at sea and now you are going to the same death. Stay."

He turned toward her. It was the first time Frank's name had passed her lips in years.

"Mother," he said, tenderly, "perhaps this is some other mother's sailor boy, and she will grieve as you have if he is lost. Duty calls, and you would not have me stay."

"No, my son, go," she sobbed and she gave her to Nellie, who stood a little apart from the others.

"Take her, Nellie," he said "and care for her if I don't come back. Will you kiss me once before I go?"

"Yes. And, Will, I've given Frank up."

William turned to go on his perilous journey. Trembling, eager hands push their boat out and eager, loving eyes watch them as they pull farther and farther away.

Now they have reached the ship's side. They climb on board. Why are they so long gone? There they are. How slowly they move.

They bear a form to the gunwale and lower it carefully into the life-boat. They turn their prow shoreward. It comes nearer and nearer, tossed like a feather by the white and maddened sea. A cry goes out from the shore:

"Boat ahoy!"

No answer comes back. Can't they hear? Once more the cry goes out on the wings of the storm:

"Boat ahoy!"

"All right," comes the answer.

A few minutes more and then the question goes out:

"Have you got him alive?"

Some one is standing in the stern-sheets. It is William. He answers in a strange voice, whose trembling can be heard even in that wild commotion:

"Yes—and—tell—mother—and—Nellie—it is—Frank."

"CHAS. S. STORY."
Mr. E. U. Henry has been quite ill for the past two weeks.

Mr. John A. Linn enjoyed a short visit from his father last week.

Prof. Loey was unable to attend his classes last week on account of illness.

Mrs. Thomas was called to Williamstown, Mass., last week, on account of the serious illness of her father.

The meeting of the German Club, placed for Tuesday, March 8, was postponed until next term on account of Prof. Swing’s lecture.

The spring is coming and bringing mud to the Lake Forest streets. It is impossible to walk on the sidewalks without being splashed by passing teams.

Saturday evening, the 5th, Mr. and Mrs. Pratt gave a “fagot” party to the Albino club. It was very enjoyable, as the fortunate ones are willing to testify.

Monday night, Feb. 29, Mr. W. C. Larned gave the third lecture of the course, on Michael Angelo. In spite of the tempestuous weather, a fair-sized and appreciative audience attended.

Saturday, February 27, the freshman class were invited to the house of Miss Fales. Music, games, etc., were the order of the evening, followed by refreshments. A most enjoyable evening was spent by all.

A. A. Hopkins and Wilson have moved into the suite of rooms which has been used by Prof. Dawson for a recitation room for the past two years. Prof. Dawson now meets his classes in the old lecture room, Prof. Stewart having moved to the new Art Building.

Prof. David Swing, of Chicago, lectured before the Art Club, Tuesday, March 8. The lecture, on Demosthenes, is said to be one of the finest of Prof. Swing’s lectures. The music by the Lotus quartette, of Chicago, was of the best and highly appreciated by the audience.

The articles on co-education in the last Stentor seemed to cause a good deal of stir through the ranks. Now, let us hear from the other side. If the boys said any real horrid things let the girls answer the mean creatures and show their views on this important subject.

There is to be a missionary library in the tower of the church. In this are to be combined the libraries of the Ladies Society, The Young People’s Society of Christian Work and the college Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. The room will be heated and a key furnished to any one desiring to use the library.

The German evening given by the German class of the Seminary, in Ferry Hall parlors, was enjoyed by quite a number from the college. One was overheard to say that it was very easy to understand the jokes. They had only to watch Prof. Dawson and laugh when he laughed. On the whole, a pleasant time was spent by all.

It seems too bad that when we have a good gym to practice in, the ball team don’t get to work. The cry before this was always “give us a gym and we’ll practice.” Now they have the gym but they don’t practice. Once in a while you will see two or three men running on the track but that is about the entire extent of the work in preparation for the coming season.

Saturday, March 12, occurred the athletic exhibition in the Gymnasium, the real athletic opening of the Gymnasium to the pub-
lic. The most entertaining features were the classes under Instructor Everett, on the horse and parallel bars, the fancy gymnastics of Prof. Everett, of Elgin, the wrestling match between Warren and Colman Everett and the work of Messrs. Veve and Parker, of Elgin, with their Nanki Poo troupe. The exhibition was one of the most pleasing entertainments of the year, and served to show the public what a good gymnasium and a good instructor can do for the physical department of college life.

The Zeta Epsilon Glee and Banjo Clubs have a list of dates arranged for the vacation. The list is as follows:

- Aurora, Wednesday, Mar. 16.
- Princeton, Thursday, Mar. 17.
- Kewanee, Friday, Mar. 18.
- Galva, Saturday, Mar. 19.
- Elnwood, Monday, Mar. 21.
- Bloomington, Tuesday, Mar. 22.
- Eureka, Wednesday, Mar. 23.
- Elgin, Thursday, Mar. 24.
- Rockford, Friday, Mar. 25.

The boys are to be entertained at Kewanee over Sunday, where they will furnish the music in the 1st Presbyterian church.

**FERRY HALL.**

Miss Decker’s latest slang—“break away.”

Miss Grace Humphrey departed for Chicago, Monday, Mar. 7.

Miss Brinkerhoff enjoyed a visit from her father, Wednesday, March 9.

Miss Mand Taylor spent Sunday, February 28, with Miss Mildred Lyon.

Miss Bessie Beach spent Thursday, March 3, at her home in the city.

Miss Marie Khoeler, of Chicago, spent Sunday with Miss Rena Oberne.

The Rev. Mr. Cresswell has been visiting his daughters, Misses Dora and May, at Ferry Hall.

Miss McCord was the only one fortunate enough to be allowed to go home before the term closed.

The rehearsals for French evening have commenced. This entertainment is to be given the first of next term.

A number of Sems availed themselves of the privilege of hearing Professor Young and attended his lecture Tuesday evening at the Art Institute.

The most popular spot at present is the new arbor over the “teeter.” One afternoon not long ago, a dignified Senior was seen sitting on the top of it.

The German evening this year was very enjoyable. It showed more thorough preparation than that of last year, and the German pupils are to be congratulated on having such advantages.

The “fagot party” given by Mr. and Mrs. Pratt for the Albino Club, was pronounced by the Sems who attended, one of the pleasantest and most unique parties ever given in Lake Forest.

Miss Lillian Greene will not return next term. She sails for Europe in April to be gone some months. We are very sorry to lose her, but send with her our best wishes for a pleasant trip.

‘Mary,” said her mother, “you’ll have to make that Mr. Golosh leave earlier.”

“It isn’t my fault, mamma.”

“Not your fault? Didn’t I hear you last night at the front door say ‘Stop, Edward,’ half a dozen times? If he wanted to go, why did you want to stop him?”

[Result of co-education.—Ed.]

**THE SEMS HEARD FROM.**

I heartily second the sentiments of “Anon-omous” in the last Stentor. B—0.

That the non-co-educationalists are the “rushers,” is the opinion of

A MODEST SEM.
If I were not very much in favor of co-education, the convincing arguments of "B, '92" would certainly win me over.

Carnation.

Co-education is a much discussed, and as yet unsettled question, of this investigatingly inclined age and generation.

Many are of the opinion that the young ideas of the opposite sexes, should be taught to shoot separately, but I, with the majority as usual, incline to the belief that in the young, the longing "after what is not" is unquenchable, therefore let co-educational institutions flourish till the end of the chapter.

"Oracle."

Taking the subject of co-education here in Lake Forest, I believe it has done more harm than good. Co-education may be an incentive to study when the "young men and maidens" meet in the class room, but when their meetings are chiefly while botanizing, I doubt if much benefit is received by either party. I think, too, if the whole matter were sifted thoroughly, it would be discovered that those "eas and college boys" were the cause of more failures in recitations than any innocent minded teacher dreamed of.

"A Second Floor Sem."

It does not seem that one can, properly speaking, say that co-education is or is not the only correct method. There is a great deal to be said on both sides of the question.

I think it depends largely, almost entirely, upon the disposition of the student and his susceptibility to influences. Many young girls most decidedly should not be placed in a co-educational institution, while on the other hand, if a girl spends all her school days in a seminary, without at least, the benefit of male instruction, her education is quite apt to be one sided, and give rise to the brotherly remarks we sometimes over hear (?), "Oh you won't understand that! You are only a girl." Then too she may go to one extreme or the other when in the society of young men, be either very silly or painfully shy.

Both ought, when old enough, be benefitted by the society of each other. As for "rushing" I think the tone of many pleasant friendships are spoiled by the silly remarks of persons who think they must talk. A young man who has the reputation of "rushing" is not very highly thought of, so ye club men do not accuse your friend of that.

I overheard a gentleman say—"If you look into a mirror and see an unclean face you do not smash the mirror but wash your face." So if there are evils connected with co-education, correct them. T-M-K.

ACADEMY.

Prof. Phillips' brother was in town on the 28th.

The Academy spirit seems inclined toward co-education.

The orations of the Senior class were delivered on the 10th, for criticism.

It is rumored that Gruenstein intends to give up music, for a time at least.

The senior class should have a meeting soon and arrange for their ball nine.

Parsons has given up the banjo, and is now taking an involuntary course in German vocal music.

Judson Williams has returned to the Academy after a short but pleasant sojourn in Academia.

The election of officers for the ensuing term will take place Wednesday, March 16 at 11 a.m. Let all make it a point to be present.

Fales '92 has been having quite a severe time with tonsilitis and rheumatism. After an illness of over a week, we are glad to see him among us again.
Prof. Burnap occupied the Greek History recitation on the 9th by making a fine review of the points made by Prof. Swing in his lecture on Demosthenes.

The banquet given by Mrs. Ferry to the class finishing United States history, was reported as very elaborate. It is unnecessary to say that it was appreciated.

The orchestra is improving rapidly. To those who are anxiously awaiting developments, it is a pleasure to see the spirit shown by all the members of this organization.

Busse '93 was seen in Chicago not long ago. His condition is improving rapidly, and he expects to come out on a visit soon. However, he will not return to school this year.

At the close of this term, Edgar Miles will return to his home in Trenton, Neb., where he will tutor for the remainder of this year. We hope to see him in Lake Forest again next year.

There ought to be more Academy boys trying for the ball-team. Don't be bashful. If you ever have played any, improve the opportunity you now have of developing your talents.

The following academy students took part in the athletic entertainment given in the gym on the 12th. Allenburger, Kimball, Dewey, Durand, C. S. Everett, E. W. Everett, and D. H. Jackson.

The Academy students are certainly very grateful for the kind invitation extended them by the Art Institute, to attend the lecture delivered by Prof. Swing on the 8th. Nearly all attended, and highly enjoyed the rare treat.

We hear many complaints from those who are required to study in the chapel, in regard to the noise made by the German and English classes. If persons are compelled to remain there, the conditions should be made favorable for study.

The class in beginning Greek, under Prof. Burnap, have finished their grammar work, and have commenced the Anabasis. The class is deserving of praise, as they have by their remarkably rapid work outstripped all preceding classes.

AMONG THE ALUMNI.

Keyes Becker will take quite an extended western trip this spring.

'89. W. N. Halsey is the proud father of the handsomest boy in Nebraska.

'79. B. Fay Mills began evangelistic work the 13th of this month, at Portland, Oregon.

Miss Lillie Ward is spending the winter in Georgia. She has been stopping at Marietta but is now at Augusta.

'84. Rev. N. D. Hillis, of Evanston, has received a call to the Park Place Congregational church, of Boston.

'81. Rev. Frank S. Jewett is attending a medical school in Philadelphia, and is preparing for a medical missionary.

Some of the Ferry Hall Alumnae are planning to have a banquet at Kinsley's during Easter week for old teachers and scholars of the Seminary.

We are sorry to lose Mr. Tyndall from the college and from '93. He was obliged to quit school on account of weak eyes and has gone to West Superior, Wis., where he will do mission work.

The Elgin Daily News, after paying high compliments to a recent musical in given at Academy Hall, says: "Mrs. Bergen's energy and ability are responsible for the success of academy musicales, which have already won an enviable name for their excellence."
J. W. Dowdy, who was with the class of '87 three years, is at Yamaguchi, Japan. He spent the nine months preceding last June at Oraka, where his home was made happy by the appearance of a little girl. During the summer months he visited the sacred island of Miyagium in the Seland Sea, arriving at Yamaguchi the first of September. Mr. Dowdy's time is mostly employed at present in studying the language, in preparation for his work, but he will soon be ready to devote his time to missionary labors.

ATTENTION, ALUMNAE.

The Annual Banquet, of the Ferry Hall Alumnae Association, will be held in Chicago, at Kinsey's, Friday, April 22, at two o'clock. All former students are invited to meet with the graduates, in this banquet. Will all subscribers to The Stentor, kindly extend this notice to all interested. All addresses should be sent, as soon as possible, to Miss E. A. Buell, 2832 Indiana Ave., Chicago.

Signed, Harriette E. Magill, Sec.

EXCHANGES.

Princeton is to have a new commencement hall with a seating capacity of 1,800.

The Sophomores at Hamline, Minn., college recently tendered a reception to the Seniors.

The Senior class at Ann Arbor will adopt the cap and gown provided 3-5 of the class favor it.

The Michigan '94 medics have produced the following yell: "Salts and senna, bones and gore, U. of M. medics, '94."

The students of Rochester University are distinguished from ordinary mortals by mortar-boards. The Freshman tassel is green; the Sophomore, crimson; the Junior purple; the Senior, black.

A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE.

Brown.—I understand your society got into hot water this week. What was the result?

Smith.—Why it dissolved of course.

THE FESTIVE TRAMP.

"Please, ma'am," said Hungry Bill, the tramp,
As he chewed at the bread and mutton,
"Would you please do one more thing for me,
And sew some pants on this button?"

—Brunonian.

The Round Table devotes two pages of space to an article which attempts to prove that the literary societies are useless to the college. To our mind, the principal point made is the pernicious efforts of the "frats."

The Sequoia, published at Leland Stanford University, has reached us. It is admirably edited, and will stand comparison with any of the older college journals. We observed the name of our old friend H. D. Stearns, on the editorial board.

The Aegis devoted its entire issue of Feb'y 26th, to an account of a joint debate between the literary societies. The subject of the debate was the free coinage of silver, and all the speeches are well worth reading. Debating seems to be one of the strong points of the University of Wisconsin. We see that they are making an effort for an inter-collegiate debate with Michigan University.

One of the latest movements in college circles is the formation of literary societies modeled after the U. S. Senate and House of Representatives. Cornell, Univ. of Mich., Stanford Univ., and Knox College, have each organized a Mock Congress. At the latter institution, the Coup d'Etat publishes a "Congressional record," giving a complete account of the speeches and proceedings.