10-4-1892

The Stentor, October 4, 1892
The Stentor.

Published every two weeks by the Lake Forest University Stentor Publishing Co.

Board of Editors.

F. C. Sharon, '93, ..........Managing Editor
R. H. Crozier, '93, ..........Business Manager
S. B. Hopkins, '93, ..........Locals
N. H. Burdick, '93, ..........Alumni
L. N. Rossiter, '93 ..........Advertising

Terms—$1.50 per year. Single Copies—10c

Address

STENTOR PUBLISHING COMPANY,
LAKE FOREST, ILLINOIS.

Entered at the P. 0. at Lake Forest, Ill., as second class matter.

The Stentor's Greeting.

The Stentor is again with you for '92-'93, and in better shape than ever. It is on a firm financial basis, has an established reputation and is bound to succeed. Its advertising is of the best. We will repeat, however, for the benefit of new students that the Stentor is not a literary magazine any more than a newspaper is, and simply aims to give the news of the school and town as pithily as possible. Therefore if you desire the news we ask your support and subscription.

A College Button.

Here we are one of the best colleges in the west, and without that necessary appendage, a college button. When we are away we have nothing to show where we are from except, perhaps, some streamers of ribbons flying in the wind, and one looks too much like a walking ribbon counter with these. A college button of gold and enamel can be purchased for from 75 cents to $2.50. It is a neat and very tasty ornament, and is something that none of us should be without. It is quite the thing at present, and we will not be "in it" if we don't procure a button.

Just the Thing for Midwinter.

It may be somewhat early to mention indoor baseball, but the sooner a start is made in the right direction the better. There is no game like indoor baseball for winter. When the football season is over and we have turned to indoor sports, there is nothing that quite comes up to the aforesaid game.

Now here is the proposition! Organize a college team to play against a town nine. There could be no better place than the gymnasium for the contests to take place. We are all but assured that the town people will stand the expense of screening the windows; the floor can be cleared in a few minutes and there you are. An admission fee of perhaps ten cents could be charged for the big games, the proceeds to go into the athletic treasury. It would be a great novelty, the townsmen would be present, the students would turn out, the Ferry Hall girls would come and smile, and the fun would be immeasurable. Therefore let us have a team organized after football is over, enjoy ourselves, and leave a goodly balance in the athletic association's pocket.

Wanted—a University Song.

It is a sad fact, but nevertheless true that we have no distinctively Lake Forest College song. There are very few colleges now that
have not, beside their war cry—the college yell—their hymn praising their dear old Alma Mater, a song which always will remain embalmed in the students memory, the strains and words of which will in after years bring tears to his eyes as the "good old days" pass dreamily before him, a song that is a slogan in victory, a solace in defeat. And yet here are we without such a necessary piece of music. True there is a piece of doggerel that goes under the name of the college song but both the words and music are puerile. It is granted that a college yell is absolutely necessary. Why then is not a college song just as indispensable. We claim that it is and are extremely desirous of seeing some genius in the University step forward with a song that will be worthy of us. In order to add an incentive the Stentor will offer two prizes of five dollars each, one for the best music, the other for the best words to the person or persons composing the best Lake Forest College song. All songs must be in the day before the Christmas Holidays and will be judged by a competent committee. The successful ballad will be published in the Stentor as will also the second best. Now we really mean what we say and this is an excellent chance for the poets and musicians to turn loose their tunes. Think it over and let us hear from you. This is open to Alumni and townspeople as well as students.

Its a good maxim at the beginning of the year as well as any other time, boys, to stick to the truth. You win better in the end.

The Student's hand-book issued by the Y. M. C. A. is a very neat little pamphlet and contains valuable information for new students. The article by Doctor Haven is especially good and very practical.

THE NEW FEATURES.

As we strolled up to the campus on the opening day, several new features burst upon our enraptured view. First, a brilliant array of colors dazzled our eyes for a brief period, which we discovered on a nearer approach was our beloved college behind a new coat of many colors. Brown, yellow, green, drab, and white vied with each other in making the old building loom up. The sheds on the back side were removed and, as a member of the economics class remarked, "the value of the building was increased by taking part of it away." The old engine room is fitted up as a chemical laboratory. To the left in the ravine is the new steam plant which is to supply power and heat for all the buildings. A bridge across the ravine to the art building is also in the course of construction. Round by Principal Smith's are situated the buildings and campus of the new academy. One of the new dormitories is almost completed. It is of brick and, contains very pleasant rooms. One of the cottages and Reid Memorial Hall are also under way. At present the academy is so full that the President's house is occupied as a dormitory. And it is said the end is not yet. We are but one of many who say "let the work proceed."

ORGANIZE A POLITICAL CLUB.

This is the presidential year and there is presumably great excitement and much speculation over the outcome of the election. Yet here we seem to have so many important things to watch, for fear the other society will get ahead, or so much studying (?), that a presidential election is but a secondary matter. At the present rate when we emerge into public life we will know as much about politics as the average male and care as much. Let us be up and doing something. We represent partially "Young America."
issues of the present will affect us in the future, therefore let us study the subjects thoroughly and see whether we believe in Republicanism or Democracy, People's party or Prohibition. Organize a Republican club as other colleges have done. Organize a Democratic one—if you can. At any rate let's have a political club, arise out of our lethargy, and cast our vote sometime knowing why we vote as we do.

NOTES OF AN IDLER.

**

Did you ever notice the way boys receive letters? No! Well, having nothing to do lately, as our heading would indicate, we took our stand at the post-office one day and this is what we saw. Groups of boys are approaching from various Clubs and resorts to see what Uncle Sam's mail bag has brought them. The mail is not yet distributed, so into the office they all crowd and good naturally chaff each other while awaiting their fate. "Bet you two to one you don't draw", "Oh, come off, I don't expect anything" (all the time hoping against hope that she did write.) "Well I'll be hanged, nothing but some confounded circular" "Say, swipes, your bill for box rent's all you get." "By George, if the old man has sent my allowance, I'm in the consummate." Click, click, the window goes and the mail is open, "231, 416, 32, 56, 121" and on down the line it goes till all have received their portion. Now let us watch the most interesting proceeding. Here comes one fellow full tilt, down three steps at a time, his face beaming all over. He shoves a thick envelope into his coat and makes for his room. "Hello B— got a square." What did she say about me, old man? "She uses lots of stationary on you, B—." But B— is far away from the crowd now. He hangs onto the letter tightly. He knows almost what it says. It is too sacred to open any place but in his inner sanctum. Thither we dare not follow. Then here comes the crowd. Beaming faces, disappointed faces, jolly faces, serious faces. We know the effect of each epistle. Here comes the boy whose home writing consists of the following stereotyped message—"Dear Father. Am well. Please send me some funds, your loving son." There he goes waving his funds and thinking how he can best "blow it." This fellow who looks very sorrowful has probably just heard from pater to the effect that his last term's report has been received. This one with angry mien says under his breath that he "can't see why the Faculty had to go blab to the old man. He didn't flunk much more than the rest and as for those old oil barrels just wait till he gets a chance at some more." Then here's a group who didn't receive anything, who take especial delight in gazing those who did, and who vote letter writing a nuisance and not "what its cracked up to be." Well let's go and see if we received anything—but stay—this is not all. Here comes a tall manly looking fellow, an upper-class man, and a shrinking homesick freshman. The former has folded up a long letter and replaced it in his pocket. He looks dreamily off into the distance and doesn't mind where he is going. He sees the old home, the dear old place, the loving faces, and reigns over all the sweet, dear, beloved mother who has penned those lines, who hopes and prays that her son will be a noble man. And he grows sad and thoughtful as he thinks that perhaps he doesn't think enough of home, and he wonders if the old home influence is being shaken off. He determines this shall not be, and walks briskly down the street strengthened by those loving sentences. And then the homesick lad, how he pores over those pages telling him how he is missed, how he wishes he was there, and yet how strong and happy he feels after he has read it, and feels that he must do something for them to be
proud of. We turn away in a softened mood and thank heaven that "the mother" can do so much. Then we go up in a doubtful sort of way and tremulously ask if "there's anything for us." "Nothing." "Well I'm confoundedly glad they didn't write anyway, saves a fellow answering."

**

We've often wondered why it is that good table manners are scarce as water in a desert in an ordinary college crowd. But why need we wonder? Men, especially American men, living to themselves in clubs, forget everything at meals, drop all manners they may have otherwise, and seem to be seized with as insane desire to see who can bolt his dinner first. Every way goes; shove it in with your knife, poke it down with your fork, toss it down in gulps and make sounds resembling a steam engine in full blast and then look up with an air of injured innocence that anyone should be annoyed. Manners that are so essential, that are so winning, that go such a way in helping one along, are often enough neglected, but table manners are almost tabooed by a majority at school. Surely of all places and of all things daintiness at table is the most pleasing, for where one is careful there, he is very apt to be careful everywhere. Cultivate therefore your table manners and when you are invited out you won't feel like "a stranger in a strange land."

**

A youth approaches our peaceful burg and is espied in the dim distance by two rival bands of warriors. The poor youth is swooped down upon and before he knows what has happened, is hustled off to "our society hall" by one band, while the other tribe soon after hugs him off to dinner at "our club." He is then made to understand that the "other society" is a set of chumps; they are dull and stupid, they don't know an oration from a debate, they—O, you play ball? Well, those other chumps never could play ball. One of their men accidentally caught a fly once—when his mouth was open—and they had a celebration and a war dance over it. Why, actually one of our men, when the score was two to nothing against us, knocked a fly to their center fielder and the short stop had to go out and make him up. He then lost the ball coming in and our man actually made three home runs on it and won the game hands down. O! we're the stuff. Haven't we a fine hall?

Soon after at "our club" he hears the following: "So those everlasting hoozies showed you their hall? Well, such nerve. Why, half of it is old stuff fixed over. And said they could beat us playing ball? Why, the only thing they ever beat was a carpet, and they only half did that. And say, they're not in it with the girls! Naw! Would you believe it, every one of our fellows drew valentines last year and only one of their's did. He found out after he had written a passionate stanza to a fair "sem." that his brother sent it as a joke. The faculty think we're the people, too. Ever seen the gym? Our fellows are at the top of the heap there."

Soon after both parties leave the poor distracted youth to dream of home, but he cannot rest with his aching brow. He seeks the porch. He hears a member of "one society" greet a fellow from the "other society" thusly: "Hello, Swipes! how's your man." "O, we've got him salted." "O, come now, we'll get him sure Friday night." "Bet you won't." "All right, come over to the gym and I'll bowl you a game to see who gets him." And the poor, bewildered youth seeks his pillow and dreams that in his dilemma he joined the Aletheians and under their benign influence the troubled brow relaxes and he peacefully sleeps.
Lake Forest is the proud possessor of the baseball rag.

The records of the men.

Lake Forest University tops the list of the colleges in the Western College Baseball League for 1892. The last game was played too late to give it more than a passing notice in the last Stentor, and we now propose to give a full account.

The team that so successfully defended the name of the University began training last February under the captaincy of George William Ellis, '93. It was composed of the following men with their positions:

Pitcher—George W. Ellis, '93.
First Base—Frederic C. Sharon, '93.
Short Stop—John A. Bloomington, '94.
Left Field—Forest Grant, '96.
Center Field—Fred A. Hayner, '95.
Right Field—Harry Goodman, '94.
Substitutes—Dean Lewis, '95; H. A. Rumsey, '94.
Manager—Harry Goodman, '94.

William D. McNary was catcher for the
Academy team in ’87-88, and played third base on the ‘Varsity in ’91. He went through the league season of ’92 without an error.

George W. Ellis was class pitcher for ’93 for the years ’91 and ’92, and in ’91 also played center field on the ‘Varsity. Last season as pitcher he held Beloit down to six hits, Evanston to five, and Champaign to five.

F. C. Sharon has played first base on the ‘Varsity for three seasons, and also occupied the same position on his class team, ’93.

W. R. Dysart played short stop for Macalester College in ’91. Last season he occupied the position of second base on the ‘Varsity and the ’92 team.

Frank E. Dewey played left field on the Academy team for three seasons. Last season he played third base for the ‘Varsity to a queen’s taste. He is known as a sure catch and a good batter.

John A. Bloomingston, “Our Bloomy,” although small, gets there in shape around short stop’s position, which he has occupied for two seasons, playing the same position on ’94. His long willow bat generally connected at critical times.

Forest Grant is by far the best fielder in the league. He played third base on the ‘Varsity in ’90, but has played left field since then. He is the best base runner on the team and a good batter.

F. A. Hayner was Varsity pitcher in ’91, and made quite a good record. Last season he guarded center-field perfectly and was a good batter.

Harry Goodman played short-stop for the ‘Cad team of ’90, which beat every “prep.” school but Evanston High. Last season he played right-field and was also manager of the team. Dean Lewis was the class pitcher for ’95. H. A. Ramsey played first for the ‘Cads of ’90, and the same for college ’94.

To Ellis’s superb pitching and general command of the team, and to Zimmer’s coaching is due a large amount of the credit. It is the first time Lake Forest has had an undisputed champion team, and with such a start will it be the last? The record of the league was as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Won</th>
<th>Lost</th>
<th>Per Cent.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lake Forest</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>.866</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Champaign</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>.666</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beloit</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>.333</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evanston</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>.166</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The last game between Beloit and Champaign is undecided. We have put it to the credit of Champaign in the table.

The scores of the games were:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Lake Forest</th>
<th>Champaign</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lake Forest</td>
<td>10</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lake Forest</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>Beloit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lake Forest</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>Evanston</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lake Forest</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>Champaign</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lake Forest</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>Evanston</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Champaign</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Champaign</td>
<td>9</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Champaign</td>
<td>6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beloit</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>Evanston</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Second Beloit-Evanston game not played.

Such is the proud record of our last year’s ball team, a team that lost but one game during the season. With such a captain and management as we had last season, we may be able to repeat the feat again next spring. Indoor base ball will be good practice for the eye and will keep the body in trim this winter. Honor to the ball team of ’92, and may history repeat itself.

**H. RIDER HAGGARD.**

**A CRITICISM OF HIS STYLE AND WORKS.**

I offer no apology for taking up a theme from modern prose literature. In our essay work, whether for class or society, this wide field is almost entirely neglected. In some fields the ancient is too often all that is worthy of attention. But this cannot be said of literature.

Let us turn away, then, from the angels and archangels of Milton and Caedmon, from Chaucer’s “Crowne Chanticleer” and vulgar “Prioress,” from the painstaking and painful accuracy of Thucydides, from Wardsworth’s “Blind Man,” and the “Spirit Fierce
and Bold," as well as from the "Ancient Mariner" who "Stoppeth One of Three," while we consider briefly the pathetic humanity of Haggard's novel "Beatrice," and the dread terrors of his "Cleopatra."

The works of Haggard are not classics. That is, they have not yet suffered the wear and tear of centuries; they have not been scoured and polished by the beating of the wings of time into that semblance, at least, of respectability possessed by the comedies and tragedies of Moliere and Shakespeare and the novels of Thackeray and Scott. Probably they never will be. They are lesser works than these.

Why, then, should they claim our attention? In the first place, the author's powers of imagining have never been surpassed. Excepting Edgar Allen Poe's prose tales, we know of no production revealing an imagination equal in range or power to that of the author of "King Solomon's Mines." Never has the English language been used, except by Haggard, to paint such scenes of gloom and desolation, of grandeur and sublimity. We present one example from the vision of Harmachis, the Egyptian, during his initiation into the mysteries of Isis. "And then I knew that things were not as things had been. The air around me began to stir, it rustled as the wings of eagles rustle; it took life. Bright eyes gazed upon me, strange whispers shook my soul. Upon the darkness were bars of lights. They changed and interchanged; they moved to and fro and wove mystic symbols that I could not read. Swiftly and swifter flew the shuttle of the light; the symbols grouped, gathered, faded, gathered yet again, faster and still more fast, till my eyes could no more count them. Now I was afloat upon a sea of glory. It surged and rolled as the ocean rolls; it tossed me high, it brought me low. Glory was piled on glory, splendor heaped on splendor's head, and I rode above it all.

"Soon the lights began to pale in the roll-

ing sea of air. Great shadows shot across it, lines of darkness pierced it and rushed to-
gether and my breast, till at length I only was a shape of flame set like a star on the bosom of immeasurable night. Bursts of awful music gathered from far away. Miles and miles away I heard them, thrilling faintly through the gloom. On they came, nearer and more near, louder and more loud, till they swept past, above, below, around me, swept on whirring pinions, terrifying and en-
chanting me. They floated by, ever growing fainter, till they died in space. Then others came, and no two were akin. Some rattled as ten thousand sistra shaken all to tune. Some rang from the brazen throats of un-
numbered clarions. Some pealed with a loud, sweet chant of voices that were more than human. And some rolled along in the slow thunder of a million drums. They passed; their notes were lost in dying echoes; and the awful silence once more pressed in upon and overcame me."

In the second place, there is much about his literary style that merits no word but praise. His variety, for example, is apparently without limit. The expression "glory was piled on glory, splendor heaped on splendor's head" is a remarkable instance of the repetition of a thought in new words with emphasis rather than loss of force. He writes the commonplaces of ordinary social intercourse among all classes of men and the antique, accumulative modes of expression of the Egyptian priesthood with equal facility. The "Cleopatra" from beginning to end is extraordinary in its constant tension, every word in that which purports to be from the ancient papyrus is emphatic, and the effect of the whole is powerful beyond the concep-
tion of one who has not read it. The "Beatrice," on the other hand, is written for the most part in the simplest of styles, conversa-
tional, without tension, ordinary.

His use of alliteration is most careful, and the effect is always good. Not the accidental,
meaningless recurrence of certain sounds, but intentional, onomatopoetic alliteration. This might well be studied with a view to mastery with the "Cleopatra" as a primer. The alliteration in "r" always expresses disaster, the overwhelming rush of the destroying elements being suggested by the rolling sound of the letter: "wreck and red ruin;" "hand in hand down the path of sin rushed Ruin and Remorse." The "d" is privative, the effect of the letter being to deaden the sound with which it is connected: "hearken to me now, who to-morrow may lie in the dumb dust, disempired and dishonored." The "f" suggests rapid motion, the quick, sharp sound of the letter being most noticeable: "he has fled fast and far." Such alliteration, if not used to excess or inconsistently, cannot fail to emphasize and please.

Another element of his style is its superlative force. We would scarcely have thought the English language capable of expressing all that he compels it to in places had we not read these novels. He absolutely startles us at times with the emphasis he gives to the conception on which he dwells. Love, the favorite theme of modern novelists, receives this comment from him in the "Beatrice":

"Now there was an end of hopes and fears; now Reason fell and Love usurped his throne, and at that royal coming Heaven threw wide her gates. O! sweetest and most dear; O! dearest and most sweet! Oh! to have lived to find this happy hour—oh! in this hour to die! See, heaviness is behind us; see, now we are one. Blow, ye winds, blow out your stormy heart; we know the secret of your strength; you rush to your desire. Fall, deep waters of the sea, fall in thunder at the feet of Earth; we hear the music of your pleading.

"Earth and seas and winds, sing your great chant of love! heaven and space and time echo back the melody! For life has called to us the answer of this riddle. Heart to heart we sit, and lips to lips, and we are more wise than Solomon, and richer than barbarian kings, for happiness is our slave.

"To this end were we born, and from all time predestinate. To this end do we live and die, in death to find completer unity. For here is that secret of the world which wise men seek and cannot find, and here, too, is the gate to Heaven."

There have, doubtless, been more rational comments on the tender passion, but surely none so grandly passionate, so superlatively egotistical, so original. Notice particularly the beauty, the originality, the force of the conception in the second paragraph of the quotation, where winds and waves are made to feel with man the power of "the little god."

But is there anything in this that will live? that will go down through the centuries to be read, and admired, and loved, more and more as time goes by? No, we answer, there is not. There is nothing in any of Haggard's novels that will either benefit or explain mankind. Did they do either of these things they would be extremely valuable, for in such a guise anything of use to man would be presented with the best possible chances.

But we find no indications of any attempt to do these things. None of the higher attributes of mankind receive any notice in these novels. There is no expression of a longing for higher and better things, only an over-active imagination conjuring up wonders that must attract for the moment and then leave behind them a feeling that you have been cheated. Expecting to read something of intrinsic value, you find nothing set before you but the productions of a power not only uncontrolled and uncontrollable, but, more than all, a power not backed up by any accurate knowledge of man, especially of man's higher nature.

Haggard suggests no thoughts that will tend to establish truth and religion in the minds of those who read. He is clearly not attempting to inculcate any moral principles.
In the conclusion of the "Cleopatra," Har- 
nachis is made to speak of the Christian reli-
gion as but a revivification, after a long lapse of 
time, of the worship of the gods of old 
Egypt under new names. Osiris, Isis and 
Horns are the Holy Trinity and songs almost 
Christian in sentiment, in phraseology Egyp-
tian, are sung to them during the progress of 
the story. The author rails at modern society 
in the love episode of Geoffrey and Beat-
rice, especially at the modern marriage com-
 pact in the wanton words of the "divine" 
Cleopatra, and is in general indifferent to the 
claims of morality and religion, all his religi-
ions characters being so overdrawn as to re-
pel rather than attract, while a great majori-
ty of the population of his books make no 
pretensions to religion or morality.

We have not attempted to analyze the 
plots of the novels to which reference has 
been made, as this would have excluded all 
possibility of criticism in our limited space. 
But we have discovered and set forth in H. 
Rider Haggard great imagining power and 
wonderful rhetorical ability that, tempered 
and made use of by some noble conception, 
some deep truth demanding the attention of 
mankind for man's own bettering, would 
have been productive of a fame as great and 
an immortality as sure as any of the bards or 
philosophers of old can claim.

In the absence of this motive, however, 
there can be but one result—"Beatrice" and 
"Cleopatra" will be read only when we are 
in quest of a pleasure of the baser sort, or 
when we wish to discover and study the good 
points of one of England's most modern writ-
 ers. When we want some lasting truth, 
some pure and noble sentiment, something 
to foster high ideals and aims, we will go as 
before to our time-tried heritage from the 
generations that have passed away.

S. B. H.

THE FOOT BALL SITUATION.

At present it is rather hard to determine 
who will make up the personnel of the '92 
foot ball team that is to compete for the 
league championship. There are at present 
twenty-five candidates, who are working hard 
every evening under the leadership of N. B. W. Gallwey. The training at present con-
 sists of practicing tricks and playing against 
the second eleven for about half-an-hour, run-
ning around the grounds a few times, and 
topping off the whole by a shower bath in the 
Gym. The work will, of course, be increased 
as the days go on. At present we lack a 
heavy half-back. All the other positions are 
well filled. Champaign called her men back 
two weeks before school opened. They have 
all been in more or less training all summer, 
so that our hardest nut to crack will probably 
be our base ball rival, Champaign. Beloit, 
from all we hear, is not showing up very 
strongly this year. Many of her best men 
were '92 men and she has not yet filled their 
places. Evanston, also, according to report, 
is not in the best shape possible. Evanston 
ever did take the stand in foot ball 
that she has in base ball, and this year, with 
two leagues, she will have a particularly hard 
row to hoe. Then, too, her schedule is 
against her. We reproduce it here. The 
reader cannot help but notice that she has 
too many hard games too close together.

Oct. 1.—At Evanston, practice game with 
Chicago Y. M. C. A.

Oct. 8.—At Albion, Mich., exhibition game with 
Albion college.

Oct. 12.—At Champaign, league game with U. 
of I.

Oct. 15.—At Evanston, league game with Beloit.

Oct. 19.—Exhibition with Chicago Athletic Clnb.

Oct. 22.—At Evanston, exhibition game with 
Albion College.

Oct. 29.—At Chicago, league game with U. of M.
THE STENTOR.

Nov. 5.—At Madison, exhibition game with U. of W.
Nov. 7.—At Minneapolis, league game with U. of Minn.
Nov. 12.—At Lake Forest, league game with L. F. U.
Nov. 19.—At Chicago, league game with U. of Wis.

Here is the Champaign schedule:
The University of Illinois team will be seen in Chicago this season playing the Beloit College club Nov. 12.
The games arranged at Champaign are:
Oct. 12.—The Northwestern University.
Oct. 18.—Ann Arbor.
Nov. 5.—State University of Wisconsin.
Nov. 12 and 18.—The De Pauw team of Greencastle, Ind.

Thanksgiving day, the Lake Forest team.
If the Cornell College club comes west a game will be arranged with it.
The following games have been arranged outside:
Oct. 21.—Iowa College at Grinnell, la.
Oct. 22.—Iowa State University at Iowa City.
Oct. 24.—Nebraska State University at Lincoln, Neb.
Oct. 26.—Baker University at Baldwin, Kan.
Oct. 27.—State University at Lawrence, Kan.
Oct. 29.—Kansas City Athletic Club at Kansas City.

The following is our own schedule so far as made out:
At Lake Forest.—West Division H. S., Oct. 8.
At Lake Forest.—Chicago Y. M. C. A., Oct. 15.
At Milwaukee.—Univ. of Wisconsin, Oct. 22.
At Beloit.—Beloit College, Oct. 29.
At Chicago.—Chicago Univ., Nov. 5.
At Chicago.—Northwestern Univ., Nov. 12.
At Champaign.—University of Illinois, Nov. 24, Thanksgiving.
The men in training at present are:
The outlook, on the whole, is encouraging, and Manager Crozier and Captain Gallway are leaving no stone unturned. Treasurer Ga’gwey is hustling on subscriptions. Everything is lovely, and the pennant hangs high.

COLLEGE.

A dancing club in town will soon be started.
If you want your watch repaired, go to Buck, the jeweler, 134 Washington street, Waukegan.
The new red and black jerseys the football men wear are very natty and present a gay appearance.
Spellman is running on a cash basis this year. No more will we receive the touching sentence "Please remit, R. B. Spellman."

At the Lake Forest drug store your wants will be attended to promptly and carefully. Dr. Frenche’s medicines are always pure and fresh.
The new electives this year are: Teacher’s course in Latin, Prof. Stuart; current politics, Prof. Halsey; a senior course in physiology, Prof. Locy.
The very young cadets have organized a football team, on which Cobb and Erskine are the stars. They practice very regularly and work hard.
The uniform, so to speak, of the senior class, to be worn only on great state occasions, is to be the conventional university cap and gown. Look out for them.

We are all glad to see Dave Williams on our football field and team again. He is a very strong runner, never misses a tackle and punts exceedingly hard.
Miss Humphries is the latest addition to the college.

N. H. Burdick blew in on a "half fare" a week since.

Albert Woelful, '93, was here the 26th on his way to John Hopkins'.

The football team will take along a couple of men to act as "rubbers" on their trip.

Misses Mabel Durand and Zaphine Humphrey attend Smith College this fall, and Miss Fales goes to Osgoat.

It is very probable that an athletic exhibition, similar to the one given last year, will be held in the Gym. this fall. It will probably be after the football season.

The Interior, of Chicago, has made a special rate for the current school year to all students of L. F. U., and has appointed MacHutton special solicitor for Lake Forest.

Forsooth a young man Yeelt Ellis, Who last spring made all pitchers "jellis," Heed himself to Amherst To have fun or "berst," But he's sorry he went, so they "tellis."

The senior class is glad to add to its roll the name of R. J. Dysart, brother of W. R. Dysart of '92. Mr. Dysart was half-back on the Macalester college football team last year.

The poetry of Wordsworth was productive of numerous deep and interesting discussions, rhetorical and philosophical, between the senior class in literature and the professor in charge.

Students should remember that R. B. Spellman not only handles text-books, stationary, candies and toilet articles, but also acts as purchasing agent, going to Chicago every Saturday.

The elective class in surveying, has recently re-surveyed the football field and the tennis courts. Other similar work is desired, and will be done free of charge for the sake of practice.

It is said, sub rosa of course, that C. S. Davies, special, expects to become regular classical, and graduate with '93. We hope he will be successful, but advise him not to work too hard.

The tennis courts are in excellent shape now, and new tapes make playing more of a pleasure. David Fales was elected vice president in place of H. A. Rumsey. G. T. B. Davis will soon be around for "feefty cents."

The rhetoric and typography of the Y. M. C. A. hand book are hardly up to the standard this year, either of L. F. U. or of other universities. We would suggest a decided improvement in the issue for next year.

Why not re-organize that popular organization of last year, the Chess Club? There are a number of the new students who play the game, and interesting tournaments will be forthcoming if all can be induced to join the club.

The senior class expects to graduate with twenty-two members. Only two courses are represented, the classical and the Latin-scientific. The class will be much larger than any previous graduating class and about twice the average size.

Prof. Walter Smith reached here Sunday morning, the 25th, having been detained by broken machinery in the vessel. He was twenty-one days on the ocean, and thinks he prefers to teach '94 psychology rather than be on the sea another such period.

Last Thursday evening, the 28th, the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. gave its annual reception in the art institute. Like similar occasions of former years, a general good time was enjoyed by all, and The Stentor was pleased to note the college feeling above party feeling.

The September number of the University
of Chicago's Quarterly Calendar announces for the autumn quarter, to begin Oct. 1, a total of 175 courses. These are the revised announcements for the quarter, i.e. the requisite number of students have signed for these courses and all of them will be given this year.

Sept. 19th, Mrs. T. B. Durand gave a beautiful dancing party at her home. The floors were canvassed, and the conservatory and porch were thrown open to the dancers. The house was very prettily decorated, and Chinese lanterns added to the effect. The music was from the city. The dancing continued to the "wee small hours."

The senior class met Sept. 22d and elected the following officer: President, R. H. Crozier; Vice Pres., H. Marcotte; secretary, Miss Williams; treasurer, A. A. Hopkins; Poet, Miss Taylor; Historian, F. C. Sharon; Prophet, Miss A. Adams. It was decided to adopt the cap and gown as the class costume. The class this year is unusually large, there being twenty-five members.

Ye ancient gag of funnel was played on several freshmen not long since. New men are always so positive that they can drop the penny in that they become indiscreet. A few also studied the 26th chapter of Numbers for the freshman Bible class. When you are a freshman, dear boy, hang back a little and let your fellow be the sucker. You will be fooled enough without tackling every buzz-saw that comes along.

Harry McElroy, manager of Dent's livery, in a drunken row with a coachman Sunday night, split open the coachman's head with a single-tree and then bearded the nine o'clock train for Chicago. He has not appeared since. The coachman was reported as dying, but he seems to be able to walk around and tell his woes. Our efficient marshall says he couldn't arrest McElroy because he didn't see the fight.—Logic.

The hand ball court is much used these bright fall days, and many exceedingly close and interesting contests take place there. There are a number of good players among the new students, but it is generally conceded that the senior class could win both in singles and doubles in a tournament. Such a tournament would be very interesting, however, and we would urge that the court be put in first-class shape and two tournaments contested before the season closes; one for the older and one for the very young players, among whom are several very aggressive players.

A university indoor baseball team has been organized, with Forest Grant as captain, to play with the town people. A game last Saturday resulted in a victory for the town team to the tune of 13 to 8. The following men composed the university team: Grant, catcher and captain; Nash, pitcher; Parish, first base; McNary, second base; Lewis, third base; Hamilton, short stop; D. H. Jackson, left field; Hughitt, middle field; Gilliland, right field. The features of the game were the fielding of D. H. Jackson and the base running of Watson of the town team.

The Athenaeum Society gave its semi-annual reception in their hall to new students Friday evening, the 23rd. The hall was very tastefully decorated and the members are much indebted to their Ferry Hall friends for their aid. The reception committee consisted of Miss Ripley and Messrs. Goodman, MacHatten and Sharon. The seminary was over in force and judging from first impressions Ferry Hall has no need to blush for its new invoice and the out look for '92-93 is indeed full of promise. This was the first reception of the season, and as such was intended to introduce the new students to Lake Forest life.

Next week our orator, Mr. A. A. Hopkins, contests at Champaign for the state oratorical prize, and may all the good luck possible
attend him. Our opinion of the State Oratory Association is not inclined to give the association “the swell-head.” Far from it. When a man wins in this league his name happens to fall out of the hat first. It is a vile system of wire-pulling from the time one gets there till he starts to walk ties home-ward. We don’t wish to intimate that if Mr. Hopkins wins it will be on a toss up. Not in the least. But when three of our very best men have been counted out we cannot help but feel that there must be some deep scheming somewhere. But good luck to you, Hop, in your undertaking is the Stentor’s hearty wish.

The Executive Committee of the Athletic Association met in the President’s room Monday evening, Sept. 26. The following delegates were present: Professor Harper, Goodman, MacHatton, Sharon, McGanghey, Flint, Warren, Everett, Crozier, Gallway. Professor Bridgman presided. The revised constitution of the new Illinois Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association was adopted, and it was decided to send three men to enter the track athletics at the face meet of said association. A training table is to be maintained at $5 a week for the football season, each man to pay $3 and the association $2 a week. It was also decided to purchase an athletic bulletin board and place it between the post-office and Proctor’s, on which all scores and announcements would be made. The association will probably come out excellently as regards finances this year.

The Joint University Board of the Chicago Society for University Extension has changed its name to the Joint University Board for University Extension in the Northwest. Lake Forest University and the Northwestern University at Evanston have always submitted all applications received by them for university extension work to the board for its approval, while the other universities represented on the board have been accepting in-vitations to do such work and also soliciting work in the various states without consulting the board or the other universities. It was decided at the annual meeting of the board, held Sept. 24, Lake Forest University being represented by Prof. J. J. Halsey, that all the university extension work to be done by the universities represented on the board, be supervised by the board in order that all wasteful competition may be avoided. The representatives at the annual meeting were instructed to report this new plan as well as the change of name to their respective universities for approval. The following institutions were represented: Lake Forest, by Prof. J. J. Halsey; Northwestern, by President Rogers and Professors Young and Hatfield; Illinois, by Acting Regent Burrill and Professor Moss; Indiana, by President Couler, Dr. Fellows and Professor Hufflett; Wabash, by Professor Smith; Michigan, Wisconsin, DePauw and Beloit, by proxies. If all these institutions and Chicago University, which was not represented at the annual meeting, agree to the proposed board control of the university extension work of the northwest, the result will be a great university extension monopoly, controlled by the executive committee of the board, which will prevent all waste of time and money in competition, and greatly advance the cause of university extension in the four great states concerned. President Rogers, President Couler and Acting Regent Burrill compose this important executive committee. President Rogers is also president of the new board and Mr. Raymond its secretary.

**FERRY HALL.**

Miss Ruth Smith, ’92, was with us Sunday, Sept. 25.

Miss Ristine has been ill for several days, but is now better.

Red seems to be a favorite color this year among certain Sems.
Miss Enid M. Smith, '90, who has been spending the summer with old friends in and around Chicago, will return to New York the first of October, to resume her study of music.

Etiquette in the extreme.—Dignified senior (at the head of table), "will you take tea?
New senior.—(carefully) "if you please.
D. senior.—" How do you take it?
N. Sen.—" If you please."

The new seniors and their newer privileges are objects of much interest and envy on the part of their less fortunate sisters, upon whom they are trying to impress the fact, startling and unique, that "value is that power" etc. Dear, dear, how we apples do swim.

Our juniors are evidently very progressive, for though it is yet early in the year, the class has been organized and received its privileges. The officers are as follows:
Miss Lucia E. Clark, President.
Miss Ristine, Vice President.
Miss Emma Parmenter, Secretary.

This is a large class of eighteen, and we hope they will show the same class spirit and purpose to enjoy and enable others to enjoy Ferry Hall life that the '93's do.

ACADEMY.

TRI KAPPA.

Mr. Roberts, who was unfortunate enough to go abroad this summer, has been quarantined, but is now out and among us again, happy as ever.

The Mitchell Hall pump has done some good work for the last week or so, and several new boys have had an unlooked-for cold water bath.

Condon has been quite ill lately and much to his sorrow has not been able to attend recitations. He is now quite well again, and as bright and active as ever.
The choosing of new members by the academy societies took place on Wednesday, Sept. 24th. The first choice fell to Gamma Sigma, as she had less old members back than Tri Kappa.

At a meeting of Tri Kappa the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, N. W. Flint; vice-president, E. C. Yaggy; secretary, B. S. Cutler; treasurer, N. B. Hewitt. It was decided to appoint a critic for each meeting.

An Academy glee club has been formed under the direction of Prof. Dudley and bids fair to become a great success. The first call for volunteers was responded to by a large number of boys, many of whom have good voices and some musical ability.

We are glad to welcome a large number of new students in the Academy this year. It has been necessary to turn the president’s house into a dormitory to accommodate them until the new buildings are completed, which time we hope is not very far in the future.

The Academy will not be so well represented in this year’s football team as it was in the team of last year, as most of our players have either graduated and gone elsewhere or entered the college. We will probably have quite a large representation on the second eleven.

Two new professors are here to lead us in the flowery (?) path of knowledge. Mr. David Williams, brother of our former teacher of mathematics succeeds him in that position, and Prof. Dudley fills the chair of science. We are glad to see both, and extend to them a hearty welcome.

A certain young gentleman made this remark at the Athenaeum reception: “The boys think they’ll put me under the pump, but” (feeling of his muscle) “I don’t think they will.” This same youth was accordingly given an extra good soaking Monday night and has accordingly quit feeling of his muscle.

M. K. B.

AMONG THE ALUMNI.

H. W. Bainton, formerly ’93, spent Thursday Sept. 22 here.

J. Z. Johnson, ’93, began his course at McCormick last week.

W. R. Dysart, ’92, and W. B. Brewster, ’92, are studying law at St. Paul, Minn.

W. E. Pratt and F. M. Skinner, both of ’92, will make Lake Forest their home this fall.

M. McLeod, ’92, spent Sunday, Sept. 25, at Lake Forest. He is at McCormick this year.

F. T. Radecke, ’95, will spend the coming year on the staff of the Lake County Post at Waukegan.

T. S. Jackson, ’89, who has been studying law in Chicago spent Sunday, Sept. 25, at Lake Forest.

W. D. McMillan, who was a member of ’92 for two years, is in the grain business in Fort Worth, Texas.

C. A. Foss, a last year’s special, is attending school in Galesville, Wis. “Tack” is greatly missed this year.

W. S. Cargill, formerly of the ’Cad, has erected a house in La Crosse, Wis., and intends becoming a benedict next month.

A. M. Candece, ’92, is at present superintendent of one of the departments in the Radford Iron and Pipe Works at Anniston, Ala.

George W. King, ’93, is engaged in the pickle making business in Joliet. He manufactures exclusively the “Gilt Edge” brand. Give him a trial.
Miss Grace Beymer, '92; Miss Elizabeth Mason, '93, and Miss Emer Smith, Ferry Hall, '90, have been spending the summer at Highland Park, Ill.

E. F. Dodge, '91, spent part of his summer vacation at Chippewa Falls. He claims it was hard wood lumber that attracted him, but—we won't give our version.

Of '92, Messrs. E. F. Dodge, W. E. Dunforth and W. H. Humiston have spent the summer in Chicago, and J. H. McVay has been sojourning at Neenah, Wis.

E. G. Wood, formerly with '92 here and graduating at Williams with '92, will this year hold down the Latin chair on the faculty of the academy at Woodstock, Ill.

George Horton Steele, '92, is monarch of all he can survey, headquarters at Milwaukee depot. "Georgie" occasionally "gets in the draught" and blows in to see his old friends.

G. W. Ellis, '93; Fred Ellis, '96; E. S. Cass, '93, and S. A. Goodale, '93, are at Amherst. Frank Dewey, '96, and H. A. Ramsey, '94, are at Williams, and W. G. Strong, '94, is at Cornell this fall.

B. Fay Mills, who has been conducting a very successful series of revival meetings in San Francisco this summer, was a former student here, and is now the only surviving member of the class of '79.

August 30, Miss Helen Goodsell, Ferry Hall, '86, and L. J. Davies, '88, were united in marriage at the bride's home in Hopkins, Wis. The couple have since left for China, where they will enter the mission field.

Alexander Wilson, W. H. Matthews and G. W. Wright, all of '92, have spent the summer in Chicago, and this fall C. W. Irwin, E. S. Chaffee, M. McLeod and W. F. Love, all of the same class, will be added to their number as students of McCormick Seminary.

Herbert Manchester, formerly with '93, last year at Wesleyan, spent Wednesday and Thursday with us. He expects to enter the Chicago University this fall and for this purpose while among us he obtained the records of his Lake Forest work, which were very high and were given to him with a good "send off."

W. N. Halsey, '89, is making for himself an enviable reputation as an educator in Plattsburgh, N. Y. He has been retained this year at an increased salary. The Journal, of that place, says: "Mr. Halsey is the best equipped principal the high school of this town has ever had, and no other place ought to be allowed to take him from this city without a contest."

Last June, at the home of the bride's parents in Lake Forest, Miss Juliet L. Rumsey, '81, and Grant Stroh, '89, were united in marriage by Dr. J. G. K. McClure. The maid of honor was Miss Lucy Rumsey, '92, and the bridesmaids were Miss Nellie Holt and Miss Minnie Rumsey, of Lake Forest, Miss Fannie Dresser, of Chicago, and Miss Laura Woodruff, of Louisville, Ky. The best man was Mr. Charles Stroh, and Aubrey Warren and H. A. Rumsey officiated as ushers. The decorations were, roses and a huge R and S of red and white roses formed a conspicuous part. One of the features was the wedding march, played on a harp.

As we looked over the new students in chapel the other morning, the thought came to us that it is seldom Lake Forest has welcomed as bright and fine looking a lot of new men. If we are good for anything in reading faces, Lake Forest has received an infusion of new life which will make itself felt in a raising of her already high scholarship, as well as in her social and moral life.