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As everyone knows, as soon as the football season is over we drop into a sort of lethargy and the dull season is made duller still by our seeming lack of interest in everything. It is the custom of colleges now-a-days to have a dramatic club, an organization which is as peculiarly characteristic of a school as a glee club. This club gives during the winter several plays or comic operas, and besides furnishing a vast amount of fun for all concerned, rakes in many shekels and develops one's talents in a dramatic line to a great extent. Why not organize such a club here? There is without doubt much latent talent here in our midst that only needs bringing out to make its own famous. We will not assert that we have an Edwin Booth, a Richard Mansfield, or a Joe Jefferson, but we may possess one, who knows? We are sure Prof. Booth would heartily endorse such a scheme and would aid the venture. Several students have gone from here to Princeton and became members of the Princeton dramatic club the same year. We are possessed of a good stage, a splendid hall, good ante-rooms, good scenery, all the properties needed for college plays. Lastly, we hope there are none so narrow in this school as to assert that the drama is something so immoral as not to be countenanced. If such there be, we do not care to become acquainted. What say you, students, shall we branch out or tread the old time-worn rut of precedence?

A NEW READING ROOM.

Are we never to have a new reading room? It seems to us that the present excuse for a room becomes worse every year. It is dirty, the tables are rickety, the benches are usually broken, and it is entirely too small. We were promised a new reading room when the Art Institute was built. Can we not have it now? There is a room over there next to the one used by Prof. Halsey which would make a splendid reading...
room. It would require a very small outlay of money to convert it into a beautiful modern reading room. There is a grate in the room and large windows, just what are needed to make an ideal place to read in. The only things to be purchased would be racks for the papers. The present room is not only gloomy, but cold and cheerless. Not only this, but it is situated in such a place that every class at the end of every hour pours into it yelling and whooping and kicking over the benches so that no one can enjoy reading in such a place. Moreover, we are sure the young ladies will side with us in this. There is so much rowdyism in the present reading room that it is rarely one sees a young lady venture in. In the art building we could have comparative quiet, and as soon as the ravine is bridged, which will not be long, it will not be out of one's way in the least. With a room in such a place those who go there will go to read and not to prevent others from reading.

AWAKE FROM YOUR LETHARGY.

The organization of the Republican club has awakened a small amount of enthusiasm and the great rally at the Auditorium last night has aroused a little more, but there are many fellows in the college who don't seem to care a straw who is elected, or whether the government becomes a kingdom tomorrow, or what happens anywhere so they get their three meals a day. Such a state is deplorable. What kind of men will such people become? What kind of citizens will such a crowd make? What a selfish, indifferent policy to pursue! Do these students imagine that it was such men who threw off the British yoke? Do they think for a moment that such men put down the Rebellion? Do they think such men established this grand republic and keep it where it is now? They should cease such vain imaginings. While the nation is not in such imminent danger as it was in the times mentioned, still it is being thrown onto the shoulders of the young men and if they are indifferent and ignorant of government who shall say what will happen? It is the young American that the world is looking up and greater things are expected of him than of his father. If he fails—imagine for yourself the result. Therefore, if you wish to have a place in the world take some interest in your country's welfare. A fellow who does nothing at school but pore over books continually is not recognized as part of a college. A man who does nothing but work for his own selfish interest is not looked on as part of his country. There ought to be such a thing as clean politics, if there is not, and it is the duty of every young man to do his part in raising politics to a higher plane.

THE IDLER.

The student who did not attend some of the exercises in the city last week missed something for which he will pine in vain. Besides missing the beautiful pageants he did not experience that thrill of enthusiasm that came over every one with one spark of patriotism in them and made them thankful that they were Americans; he did not realize that we have an army of which we need not be ashamed; he did see the
greatest crowd that Chicago has ever had, nor did he have the breath squeezed out of him in a vain endeavor to walk in the streets. We were jostled, stepped on, squeezed, slugged, and managed to get into everything that was going, but we wouldn't have missed it, not we.

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Did you ever watch a football crank? If you never have, take our advice, retire to a sufficient distance, procure a pair of opera glasses and gaze upon him. We ask you to retire to a safe distance because we were so unfortunate as to stand near one last week. When the crank appears on the field he is as quiet and docile as others of the same genus. He even talks rationally and to all appearances is in his right mind. After such a review we plucked up courage enough to stand near one of these creatures. But, heaven preserve us, at that moment the game began! At first the crank is restless and prowls around like a caged hyena. Then someone gets the ball and starts down the field. The crank rouses into action. He lets out a small yelp and charges down the field with the team, waving his hat wildly and running square into some poor fellow, knocking him endways. Then the other team gets the ball. Back again he charges like a wild bull, draws up in front of you, waves his arms against your nose, steps on your toes, and yells in your ear "Whash ma'er wish us." Then the two teams line up and push back and forth. The crank yells, he whoops, he chews his fingers, he says "Shoot the umpire," or "that's the stuff," he thumps you on the back and yelps "Wasn't that a corker?" He pounds his cane on your feet and "begs pardon, didn't know you were there;" he bets they won't score; he says it is the best game he ever saw; he tells the football men they are "stars;" he warns the referee that another of those decisions loses his job; he says to everyone, "get out of my way." Just then somebody on the other side makes a touch-down. The crank throws away his hat, pulls his hair, raves, foams at the mouth, and when time is called, collapses, and is carried off the field. He is tenderly cared for, and recovers in time for the next game. Such is his life. Don't be a football crank, but watch one in a big game.

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THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

A FEW REMARKS THAT EVERY STUDENT SHOULD READ.

In a few weeks it will be decided at the polls whether the government for the next four years is to be in the hands of Mr. Harrison or Mr. Cleveland. If the choice lay merely between these two contestants it might be very difficult for an independent voter to decide how to vote, for both men as presidents have given the country most excellent administrations. The one blemish upon the personal policy of Cleveland was the outrageous turning over to the tender mercies of Adlai Stevenson of so many postmasters to be slaughtered, in sad defiance of all civil-service reform principles. The one dark blot upon that of Harrison has been, and is, the scandal of the Pension Bureau, and the retention at its head of Green B. Raum.

Admitting these exceptions, both administrations have been patriotic, business-like, and as clean as politics is ever
likely to allow administrations to become. Both are men of sincere conviction and of personally good political intention. But back of them lie the two great parties, and alongside of them, when in harness, works the coordinate branch of our government—Congress. We all desire to know, not only what Harrison or Cleveland intends, but also what a supporting or opposing Congress will be likely to do. To the personality of the man must be added the policy of his party, if we would make our guesses probable, although the two candidates are not influenced by party pressure in equal degree. Where lie the differences of the parties? On the silver heresy they are at one in their orthodoxy; on the treatment of the election question in the south their variance is only apparent; as regards "the new navy" and our foreign policy their action has been continuous under rival administrations. The tariff is the great rock of offense upon which public opinion has split; and here is the issue at the polls next month: Shall the "high protective" policy, as expressed in the McKinley bill, continue to prevail, or shall "tariff reform" bring a return to more moderate duties? Many thoughtful Republicans are leaning the latter way, despite the charming naivette with which Mr. McKinley and the New York Tribune eliminate from a practical world all causes of present prosperity except the McKinley tariff. The former discovers in the rise in price of American wheat abroad the influence of the McKinley tariff, but says naught about the shrinkage of the English crop twenty-three per cent. The latter with ferocious joy depicts the wide-spread distress in the tin-plate districts of Wales as a result of the McKinley tariff, but draws no inference from the over-production in that industry, which is shown to have been long continued by the very press comments which the Tribune cites approvingly. It is really too bad that the simple truth, which every college Senior recognizes, that so long as the prosperity of this new and only partially developed continent is due to manifold causes, no one phenomenon of its industrial life can make or mar its onward progress, never gets a hearing in a campaign newspaper or a campaign speech. What the people should be shown plainly is whether or no the increased cost of living, which a "high tariff" policy entails upon sixty-five millions of consumers for the benefit of a small favored class, is in the long run for the benefit of the whole nation. If so, let us accept it gladly.

J. J. Halsey.

Friday Evening, Oct. 21, 1892.

Dear Stentor:

I did not notice your account of the fire which resulted in an almost total loss of our house and furniture, until to-day, (Friday, Oct. 21st.) or should have written you sooner and asked you to correct some of the statements contained in the paragraph.

The fire started in the laundry in rear of the kitchen but was not caused by tipping over a lamp as you state. The origin of the fire is a mystery as there was no lamp or stove in the room and no combustibles of any kind that we know of. But a very small part of our furniture was saved and that in such a broken up condition as to be nearly worthless and so making the total loss nearer $10,000 than $6,000, with an insurance on house and furniture of $4,000. Mrs. Platt and myself desire through the columns of your paper to acknowledge gratefully the very many kindnesses extended to us by the people of Lake Forest during and since the fire. We cannot express in words the gratitude we feel, but will ever pray that no such calamity may befall any of them.

Sorrowfully yours,

L. C. Platt.
The Republican club met last Monday evening in the chapel and was addressed by A. A. Hopkins. Mr. Fales was expected but did not arrive. There will be some good speakers present at the meetings this week and next.

The Rev. Grant Stroh preached at the Sixth Presbyterian Church, corner of Oak and Vincennes avenues, Sunday the 16th. The Sixth Church is Dr. Worcester's old pastorate and has a large and wealthy congregation.

We notice in a last week's Tribune the death of Robert Reid, of Cincinnati, on Tuesday the 11th. Mr. Reid was well known in Lake Forest, having lived there some length of time up to about three years ago. He was a prominent church member.

The discipline committee held a matinee last Tuesday afternoon. Admission by invitation only. Attraction, several students in a spectacular production of "Wild Bill, the Chapel Skipper, or five absences to account for." Music by the Faculty. Ten students occupied private boxes.

Last Monday '95 and '96 in a joint meeting decided that the cads were becoming entirely too fly and that it was their duty to inform them so and warn them not to carry canes on the streets. A proclamation in red ink to that effect was accordingly posted and there has been "blood on the moon" ever since. The cads have ordered an extra supply of canes, the sophs and freshies have been eating raw meat for a week and thus it goes.

The lectures which are given to the Lake Forest people under the auspices of the literary societies are always en-
tertainments of the highest order. In introducing Prof. Alexander Forbes to
the people of Lake Forest the Athenaean Society feels confident that this
reputation will be fully maintained. Mr. Forbes is a pleasing speaker, witty, pathetic, eloquent, as occasion
demands, and never fails to please. His subject is “Elements of Individual
Character,” and will be delivered at the Art Institute Building Thursday at
8 o’clock p. m.

Scene—The shore of a wild, lonely lake. Dramatis Personae—five hunt-
ers—dead shots—three dignified pro-
fessors, one townsman, two students. They are pursuing the wily duck. They
have not enjoyed the best of luck, and
are wending their way homeward when
—“Hush, hist, look in there gentlemen, do you see those objects sailing around
on the water?” and then comes one
of the profs pushing through, all excite-
ment. “Let me get at them, let me at
them. I can slay them easily.” The
rest fall back. Tremblingly a shell is
inserted, the gun cocked and bang, bang, it rings out on the clear air. The
ducks are as serene and calm as a June
morning. Once more rings out the
trusty gun and once more the ducks
seem to look on in mild surprise. The
hunter becomes nervous, turns pale and
exclaims, “Great heavens, am I shoot-
ing blank cartridge, or have I lost my
eye as a shot.” But with this comes a
resolve to get those ducks or die in the
effort. He creeps up on hands and
knees, and pours enough shot in them
to kill a cow. But there they are. A
thought strikes him. He must have
killed them so beautifully that they
must have died instantly without a
wiggle. He rushes out and grasps
them. Heaven preserve us! they were
wooden. And then the wood rang with
merry laughter, he saw his mistake and
its the Doctor’s turn now to “set ’em
up.”

AN EXPLANATION.

At the Y. M. C. A. football game the
ticket sellers met with expressions of
some dissatisfaction directed at the
management for charging admission
upon the ground that it was not a
league game, that he had subscribed to
the athletic association or, in some
instances, that last year’s base ball
tickets held good. Neither the plea
that it was an exhibition game nor that
the base ball tickets hold good is
worthy an answer. It costs as much to
carry a Y. M. C. A. team from Chicago
to Lake Forest as it would a league
team.

To the Athletic Association subscrib-
er we owe a word. The subscription
solicited goes into the general treasury,
from which not only foot ball, but base
ball and track athletics draw. Now
foot ball receives only a proportional
part of each subscription and any fair
minded student can, at the expense of
a little graphite and paper, easily com-
pute an estimate of expenses required
to carry a team of sixteen men through
an eight week season, making excurs-
sions to Milwaukee, Beloit, Champaign,
Chicago, not to speak of the additional
expense of providing uniforms, shoes,
and bandages, besides seventeen dollars
per week for the sustainance of the
training table.

The expensive part of the season is
still before us and it behooves us to get
every cent possible.
There is to be but one more game played on our campus this season and we are sure that any student possessing a millemgram of college patriotism will not begrudge fifty cents to witness the season's play on the Lake Forest field and that no one will attempt to assume the role of "deadhead" when Northwestern meets us November 12th.

Robt. H. Crozier, Manager.

FESTIVITY BRIEFS.

"Coffee" says that McKinley recognized him and bowed.

Most of the boys occupied prominent positions "on the curb."

A great number of Ferry Hall girls viewed the pageant from Giles' in the Masonic Temple.

Probably a larger crowd went in to view the fireworks than to see any other one attraction.

Burdick, as the STENTOR representative, was a prominent figure in the World's Fair grounds on Friday. He was busy interviewing most of the notables.

Messrs. MacHatton and MacGaughey "bucked the line" for several yards on Madison and State streets. They, however, ran into a "cop" who forced them back to the 25-yard line.

FERRY HALL.

Miss Grace E. Taylor of Washington, D. C., was the guest of Miss Alice Conger several days this week.

The girls who serenaded last week Friday were pleasantly surprised by a lovely box of candy from the boys in the president's house.

We are glad to welcome back to our number Miss Byrd Huddart, who has been spending the summer in Europe.

Miss Eva Bouton acted as bridesmaid last week at the marriage of Miss Cora Riedle to Dr. William C. Bouton at 5837 Washington Ave.

The girls who took advantage of the opportunity offered for viewing the World's Fair parade from the Masonic Temple are much indebted to Mr. Giles for his kindness.

The Ferry Hall Primer—Here is a duck. This is a wooden duck. This is the wooden duck at which Dr. Seeley shot. There is a live duck. This is the live duck at which Dr. Seeley did not shoot.

First Sem.—"Yes, he has an awfully nice face. He could go through the world on his face."

Second Sem.—"Well, I'd want a man who would go through the world on something beside his cheek."

Last Thursday evening the gymnasium was party to a scene at which its old eyes opened in wonder. It was transformed into a gipsy camp and the Aletheians did the honors attired in "the costume of their tribe," but judging from some of the costumes displayed by the gentlemen their tribes must have existed in prehistoric times. The singing, the gymnastics and the pantomines given by the gentlemen were highly appreciated. Taffy pulling occupied the latter part of the evening and everybody had a good time.

Mrs. Helen R. Geaves '79 writes us from Chicago: "My life since leaving school has been a very happy one, but at the same time so uneventful, that the
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outline can hardly prove exciting. Many ambitious plans and a pleasant social life filled the first four years. Then came the fulfillment of one plan in two years of school teaching. In 1886, why, "they married, and lived happy ever after"—with special emphasis on the "happy." This is the sum and substance of my record. There should be hair breadth and stirring adventures perhaps, and yet I am not sorry that those have been left to someone else."

CUPID AT SCHOOL.

AN ARGUMENT FOR CO-EDUCATION.

Young Cupid was his mother's joy,
A child of most bewitching looks;
And yet he was a naughty boy,
Because he would not mind his books.
Some things he studied well, 'tis true,
For what he knew he got by heart;
And learned to practice all he knew;
So everybody called him smart.

Co-education came in vogue—
The new idea pleased him well.
"Now, lads and lasses," lisped the rogue,
"I'll teach you how to love a spell."
Such words as "dear," "divinest maid,"
My "angel," "sweet heart," darling," "dove."

The school soon learned—they even played
With letters—letters learned to love.

The teacher taught the "Rule of Three;"
They asked was there no "Rule of Two."
She said, "Oh no! that could not be;"
But Cupid said there was, he knew.

Geography seemed pastime gay;
The lads found "Nancy," "Charlotte," "Ann;"
The maidens soon found "Lover's Bay,"
Then "Heart's Content,"—the "Isle of Man."

Dull grammar grew as sweet as song;
That nouns have gender all could see,
That adjectives to nouns belong,
And nouns and certain verbs agree.
"This verb is active," whispered John;
"I love, dear Jane—this tells the truth."
Blushing, she pointed further on:
"Passive, for you are loved, dear youth."
"I would be loved," hummed Mabel J.
"Ah! that's the mood," spoke Tommy S

(Surprising her) "And if I may,
I'll call you 'sweet heart'—may I?"
"Yes."

"If I were loved," sighed Mary Gold,—
"You are!" cried Alf, "I do declare!
I'm only waiting to be told
To parse 'am loved'—Oh, may I, fair?"

Of course he might! how could she be
So cruel as to tell him "nay?"
So Cupid danced for very glee,
While grew the school from day to day.

O naughty Cupid! thus to fool
Your mother Venus, throne'd above,
And, while she boasts you love your school,
Bewitching all the school with love.

ACADEMY.

GAMMA SIGMA.

Thornton has had his hair cut.
Do we carry canes? Well, I guess, yes.

Alexander is on the sick list. The doctors are baffled.

Franklin visited with his parents in the city over Sunday.

"Harry" Bellamy, an old Cad., was out to the football game last Saturday.

Oh where, Oh where are my privileges gone?—words and music by Joe Rogers.

Kickbush's voice has gone in training for center rush on the second eleven.

Wouldn't it be a good idea to get up a game between Gamma Sigma and Tri Kappa?

We would like to ask the Tri Kappa correspondent where the "Tri Kappa banquet hall" is.

We would like to know how it is that Prof. Burnap sees everybody who goes down to the lake or to the Sem.
It was quite amusing to see "Wild Bill" from Denver guarding the household effects at the fire Sunday night. He had a "Nichol" plated revolver in his hand.

It now looks as though the Cad. will be represented by at least two more men on the football team, Dickinson and Coe Everett. The latter made a gain every time he got the ball against the Y. M. C. A.

The Cad, was thrown into a fever on Tuesday of last week by the proclamation from the college in regard to our carrying canes. A mass meeting was held and it was decided that we would carry sticks to a man. The question now is, will anyone prevent us?

MADISON 10; LAKE FOREST 6.

Milwaukee, Oct. 22. (Special.) The game here to-day resulted in a victory for Madison, but the contest was a fight to the finish. The teams were evenly matched and the interest was maintained throughout. Without any disparagement to the Wisconsin boys it is safe to say that they won the game through luck. It was one of those games which delight a lover of the sport as no 'slugging' was indulged in. At 3:30 the line-up was as follows:


First half. L. F. won the toss and took the ball. On their failure to gain the necessary 5 yards Madison took possession. It was the same story with them and then Williams gave an exhibition of how the game should be played, he making 15 yards on three downs. Then came the catastrophe. L. F. fumbled and Karel pouncing on the pigskin scored the first touch-down after a run of 40 yards. Thiele kicked the goal. Score, Madison 6, L. F. 0. L. F. started in with a wedge and made 15 yards, but by fumbling lost the ball again. Madison pushed dangerously near our goal, but so strong was our line that they could not score. Through the sprints of Jackson and McNary and the perfect bucking of Williams the ball was taken to the middle of the field and was soon in Madison territory. When within 25 yards of the goal Williams made a try for a drop kick over the post, but missed it by a hair. This ended the first half. Score, Madison 6, L. F. 0.

Second half. Wisconsin gained nothing on the V, and lost the ball to McGaughey on a fumble. Then L. F. showed her mettle. Williams gained 11 yards by bucking the centre, and McNary by a superb run of 30 yards carried the ball to within 2 yards of Madison's goal, but stumbled and fell. Williams was forced over the line and kicked the goal. Score, L. F. 6, Madison 6.

Madison started in determined to win. Thiele gained 25 yards around the end. Karel made 5 more through the centre, but lost it on a fumble. L. F. could not gain the required 5 yards, and Thiele made a touch-down after a
run of 10 yards. He failed to kick the goal. Score, Madison 10, L. F. 6. The remainder of the game while exciting was unproductive of results. The ball was first at one goal, then at the other. L. F. making vain endeavors to push it over the line. When time was called the ball was in Madison territory. Final score, Madison 10, L. F. 6. Umpire, Nyce. Referee, M. Addison.

NOTES OF THE GAME.

Next Saturday we play our first championship game with Beloit at Beloit.

MacHatten played in hard luck. He played strong, but whenever his number was called there was no hole for him to go through, consequently he did not gain much ground.

The features of the game were the playing of Thiele and Karel, the tackling of Jacobs and Durand, the runs of Jackson and McNary, the bucking of Williams and L. F.'s interference.

Financially the game was not a success. Madison attended to the arrangements, but let it be said to the credit of her managers that it could not have been done better. Every detail showed carefulness on their part. Everyone knew of the game but for some reason or other did not care to attend.

Lake Forest has gained a great deal of experience. We are weak at centre and extremely careless about fumbling and off side playing. Off side plays are inexcusable and the exercise of a little care would soon remedy the fault. Generally speaking, however, the team is as strong as last year and will do credit to the high position Lake Forest has taken in athletics.

The contest was one of the cleanest ever seen. The Madison boys showed themselves to have the true gentlemanly instinct, and resorted to no mean tricks. While the fact remains that we were beaten, still it is a satisfaction to feel that it was done honestly, and administered by worthy opponents. We wish Madison all possible success in the future.

LATE NEWS

Don't forget the lecture Thursday evening by Mr. Forbes.

Dr. Hursh has returned from the east and is at his old quarters.

Rev. Mr. Hall will occupy the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church next Sunday.

The football team goes to Beloit next Saturday and we hope we can record a victory.

"Free Masonry" was quite lucidly discussed at the Young People's Meeting Sunday.

To-day was the last day you could register. If you haven't done it, you have yourself to blame.

W. R. Nash and Charles Durand remained in Milwaukee over Sunday, the guests of Mrs. Dewey.

Charley Smith donned a soldier's uniform last week and did duty with his Iowa company at the parades.

The actual paving of Deerpath Avenue has begun. The cedar blocks do not look to be of very good quality, nor is the street wide enough, but it is better than no paving at all.

The Republican club, thirty strong, attended the great rally at the Auditorium last night. Seats were reserved for them in the main balcony and the club was quite an important factor in the noise part of the meeting.