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STENTOR.

Vol. VI. NOVEMBER 22, 1892. No. 8.

THAT CHICAGO ALUMNI CLUB.

A year or so ago certain of our Alumni residing in Chicago conceived the idea of organizing in that city a Lake Forest Alumni Club. The object was primarily, as we understand it, to keep the boys together after graduation as much as possible and in so doing to keep up the interest in their alma mater. For this purpose rooms were to be rented and a headquarters established so that old students coming to the city might have a rendezvous and obtain information as to their old college mates. For some reason this scheme seems to have fallen through and we hear nothing more of it. In some ways perhaps it was impracticable, but taken as a whole it was a worthy venture and one which not only the Alumni but the Faculty and undergraduates should further. The advantages that would accrue to us from such an association are obvious. In the first place we are behind all other western colleges in not having a Chicago club; secondly, no persons have such power for a University's good as its Alumni; thirdly, it will preserve the old ties and friendships formed in school; and lastly, it will bring us before the public more and add to our name and fame. Every student who graduates here will like to feel that he does not necessarily cut himself off from his old friends and acquaintances when he leaves college. Such an association would be of especial value the coming year as the World's Fair will bring together a large number of the old students from all over the country. Will the Alumni take this in hand? We think we can promise the undergraduate support.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE COLLEGE IN THE TOWN.

A great deal has been said and written about the great influence for good the town exerts over the students and how much is done for them by the townspeople. This is all true, we do
owe them a great deal and should show our appreciation by our acts. But at the same time is there not something to be said on the other side? Do the students return nothing to the townspeople? We think they do and can readily demonstrate it. There has been a great change in the town as well as the school in the last few years. It has progressed, old fogyism has been thrown off, and it has in all things kept pace with the university. The town has progressed not alone because of a real estate "boom" but because the needs of the University demanded that improvements should be made. The town depends on the college for its news, it depends to a large extent on the University for its entertainments and the students are making its name famous. Lake Forest without the University would be known only as a suburb of Chicago and its great beauty would be comparatively unknown. As it is however it has become known as a University town and advances in celebrity as does the college. The athletic teams that represent us on other college fields make a reputation not only for their college but for the town. The various teams that visit here carry away a good impression not alone of the University but of the town. The members of the Faculty, most of them interested in university extension, become known as residents of Lake Forest. Princeton is celebrated not as a large city but as a college town. The University makes it. So is it and so will it be with Lake Forest. The bright men and women turned into the world from here will make a lasting name and fame for our University and in so doing will spread abroad the beauties of our little city. Give us time. Princeton, New Haven, Cambridge have had colleges over two hundred years; we have had one only twenty. Give us time, and Lake Forest will yet be known as the site of the best University in the Great West.

THE THANKSGIVING SEASON.

It would seem at first thought as if we were the creditor this year, as if we could sit back and say we have no cause to be thankful. The election didn't suit most of us, the recent football game didn't suit any of us and yet—stop and think. We are thankful it is no worse. We are glad Beloit didn't beat us and that Belva Lockwood wasn't elected. We are happy when we realize that we won the State Oratorical prize. We have a sigh of satisfaction when we think of the base ball pennant, and we look with pleasure on our new buildings. But, seriously speaking, we should be devoutly thankful this year. We have in the various departments a cleaner, more earnest, more energetic set of men than ever before; they are placing the University on a higher plane; they will make their Alma Mater proud of them. We have a Faculty in touch with the students and up to the times; we have a town which is unsurpassed for a university site and whose people are in full accord and sympathy with us. The World's Fair is within hailing distance; the finest city in the world is at our beck and call. But looking at it more generally, education has lately taken strides of a perfectly marvelous order, university
extension is making an opportunity for everyone, and not many years will have
drifted into the past before life will be on a higher basis and consequently on
a more Christian plane. So when we sit down to our Thanksgiving turkey
we can look back on our past year with pleasure and return sincere thanks for
the progress made.

The Stentor heartily endorses Prof. Thomas' remarks on the conduct of the
students in chapel. The students make it too much of a jollification meeting.
Studying and newspaper reading is carried on in the room as if it were a
public reading room. We devote a very small amount of each day for
chapel exercises and it seems rather strange that we can not face our Maker
for a few moments in a serious, devout manner. We hope the Professor's
words will not be sown on stony ground.

FALTERING STORY OF SANDY MCLAIN.

It was a Thanksgiving Day that might have been the happiest of all, but it ended so mournful-
fully for everything that was dear to Sandy McLain.

In his palmy days Sandy was one of the brightest men on the staff of the morning Flopper. Meet him once and you would never forget him. Long, slim, a trifle stoop-shouldered, with a bullet shaped head atop of his long neck, red hair closely cropped, long
cars, smooth face, big watery eyes under shaggy sandy brows, prominent Roman nose, wide stretch of face between mouth and nose, fluctuating lips—these were a few of the features that made up Sandy's unique person-
ality.

He always spoke in a slow, measured tone, his face breaking into a sad sort of smile often
as he spoke. Every sentence he uttered was droll. He never expressed himself as any one
else would. And his writings were even funnier than his speech. He could turn out a
column on a common-place subject that would make you laugh and cry by turns. Everybody
admitted Sandy's worth, for he had as good a heart as he had a peculiar head. However, a
condition was always put upon an estimate of Sandy. He loved red liquor. He was none of
your stingy fellows, but was the kind of a man to go up to the bar and ask every one in
the room to take something, the bar-tender included.

It was the same old story. Never a kindly, generous heart rum-sodden but what the poor
brain succumbs. Sandy's love for red-liquor caused his fall. He began to neglect his work.
When he was sent out on an assignment by the city editor he whiled away his time with
the boys at Jim McGarry's saloon and trusted his wits to invent a story where his facts were
lacking. He grew so irregular that once or twice he fell down on his assignments,—got drunk and the paper was scooped in con-
sequence.

True Sandy was valuable to the paper when sober, but his lucid minutes were becoming few and far between. Every person in the
office from the boy that carried copy to the elevator man marked the course of his fall with sorrow. Sandy's brilliant career, sun-lit
as it had been, was merging into the dark clouds, into a night that was black and starless.

One evening Sandy was sent out to get the facts of a burglary on the West side.

"We must have a good story, Sandy," said
the city editor. "Don't drink anything and
get your copy in early."

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," said Sandy gaily.

Outside the office Sandy met a friend. Of
course they had to take a drink. When that
was down, B——a of the morning Blow-hard
dropped into Jim McGarry's and that meant
another round.

"Make it a little rye," said Sandy.

While that was going down Col. Mongrelly.
the fencing master, came in. Sandy and his companions must sit down at a table and sample some Private Stock. It was several rounds of Private Stock, and soon Sandy, who always had a good foundation on hand, was maudlin.

How about the burglary? It never enters Sandy's head after the first drink.

The paper waited and waited for Sandy's copy but it never came. It was too late to send another man, and the paper went to press without Sandy's story.

The next morning every paper in town except the Flopper had a first page story on burglary. The Flopper was scooped again through Sandy's love for red-liquor. It was two much for the Flopper.

Sandy lost his job.

Not everyone knew that Sandy had one of the sweetest and most loving little wives that ever suffered from a weak man's folly. She and Sandy lived on a back street over on the North Side. But the boys on the Flopper and the city editor found it out and were sorry for her the next day when the timid, frail creature came down to the office to plead for Sandy and beg that he might be taken back. Sandy wouldn't do so any more. Sandy meant to do his best.

Yes, the city editor knew Sandy meant well, but there had been scores of promises before. No, Sandy couldn't be trusted any more.

The elevator man said he saw tears trickle down behind her veil as she was going away.

Some of the boys thought the paper ought to pension Sandy off, in his weakness, but others said he couldn't keep from spending the money.

Fall came on. Sandy couldn't get a job on any of the papers. He gained a meagerittance by writing specials now and then. It was hard lines for his faithful and sorely tried wife.

Thanksgiving Day Sandy came to himself. His nobler nature asserted itself. There would be a Thanksgiving dinner, and more dinners after that, and the wife would not wear that poor, pinched look. Sandy made up his mind that he and red liquor would never meet again.

He told the wife so. She smiled through her tears. But he had told her so many, many times before. Still she trusted him.

He went down to the office of the Flopper and told the city editor that he had reformed.

The city editor laughed.

"Do you mean, Sandy?"

"Yes, sir, I do. For the sake of my wife try me once more!"

Sandy had never spoken like that before. He was too earnest even to be droll.

"I'll try you once more, Sandy."

Chauncy Diffuse of New York was to be in the city that night to address the Confederate League Club. It was necessary to send a man out to Hyde Park to catch him on the train as he came in and interview him regarding the strike among the employees of the New York Central railway. Once in the city Chauncy Diffuse would be a difficult man to get hold of. So the city editor gave Sandy the assignment and sent him out to Hyde Park to meet Chauncy Diffuse in his private car.

"The train will probably slow up at Hyde Park, Sandy," said the city editor, and you will have to look lively to catch it. Get a good story and don't miss the train."

Sandy gave a strong promise and started out with a light heart and a clearer brain than he had possessed for many a day. For half an hour he waited at Hyde Park station. It was a cold, disagreeable morning with a driving sleet and a hailstorm blowing from the West. Buttoning his well-worn coat more tightly Sandy waited.

Soon a whistle sound told of the approaching train. In it came, flying over the rails.

"It must stop," said Sandy to himself, "but it's coming in almighty fast."

Would it stop? No. Down came the train with never a slow-up.

Sandy's brain worked as fast as the drive-wheels of the coming engine and his mind was made up to catch the train and get an interview at all hazards. If he missed it the city editor would think he had broken his promise.

The engine rushed by. One car passed;
two cars; the third came, and next to it the private car of Chauncey Diffuse.

Sandy made a leap.

He failed to grip the car-rail. His foot slipped and down under the merciless wheels went Sandy. A brakeman on the platform had seen his effort and his fall. The train was brought to a stand-still and backed up to where Sandy was lying with both legs severed near the knee. Tenderly the trainmen, at the bidding of the big-hearted Chauncey Diffuse himself, bore poor Sandy, bleeding and mangled, into the great man’s private car. A telegram was sent to the next station to have a surgeon in waiting ready to board the train.

They unbuttoned Sandy’s coat and the reporter’s star on his vest told them who Sandy was and what was his mission.

His life was almost gone.

When the surgeon came aboard at the next stop he said that he could do nothing for the man.

* * * * * *

The passengers standing by saw that Sandy was whispering. With ears close to his lips they listened. Only a few disconnected, flutteringly whispered words could be gathered.

“Tell—them,” trembled the lips, “was sober—best—I could.”

There was only a tremor of the lips. The sentence was never finished.

As the train rumbled into the city Sandy McLain’s soul went home. He had turned in his copy, brilliant and faltering as it had been by turns, to the great Editor-in-Chief of the Universe, and his story will be printed in the Newspaperman’s Edition of the Book of Life.

WILLIAM E. DANFORTH.

The sidewalks about town are a menace to the pedestrian’s limbs. Holes, rotten boards, unnailed boards and no boards at all are by far too abundant. To walk from the College to the post-office after dark requires great care and magnificent nerve. Repairs should be made before the city has to settle a bill for a sprained ankle or something worse.
Dr. and Mrs. Haven are boarding at the G. P. Club this week.

W. D. McNary has been elected captain of the Senior class football team.

It is reported that "Our Harry" is to play quarter-back for '94, and "Sherm-dear" for '96.

The classes in chemistry will begin work in the new laboratory immediately after the Thanksgiving recess.

Jim, the barber, has discharged his silver-tongued German assistant and now does all his tonsorial work himself.

The cedar block pavement on Deerpath Avenue, is completed as far as the ravine just east of the Art Institute.

Two copies of the London Times (weekly) and one of the New York Herald (daily) are now on the table in the Current Politics reading room.

"All de push" went to Evanston Saturday to see the Northwestern-Wisconsin game.

Nothing is more delightful after work than a good skate upon the ice. A good pair of skates adds much to the enjoyment. Order a new pair of W. E. Ruston.

The Midnight Club is at last to name itself. The above name was given it by outsiders to deride its early breakfast hour. It is now to be styled the Auditorium.

The University Club met at the Manse Thursday evening. Prof. Eagar supplied the music and Dr. Seely read an instructive and interesting paper on Herbart, a German philosopher and pedagogue.

"Sport" and "Redda" appeared Thursday in bran new mortar-board. The devotion with which they keep in sight of them at all times is touching in the extreme. It is reported that they sleep in them, but we don't believe it.
The Athenæum members of the class of '92 have presented the society with their photographs arranged in a neat group in a massive oaken frame. F. M. Skinner made a pleasant presentation speech Friday night and N. H. Burdick responded for the society.

The Seniors who are taking the teachers course in Latin were formed into a class in Caesar last Wednesday, and J. A. Linn conducted a recitation in the third book of the Gallic War. He makes a splendid "professor" and the Seniors know lots of Latin, too.

Our football manager in his wide correspondence has received appellations which are unique to say the least. Here are a few:—Rozier, Croziar, Goldzier, Corice, Croziar, Courier. If the season were longer there is no telling what others could be added to this list.

The Y. M. C. A. treasurer's book shows that twenty-seven men have not yet settled their term dues. It is not much trouble for each of these twenty-seven men to find the treasurer and settle. But it is just twenty-seven times as much work for him to hunt up the twenty-seven delinquents. P. S.—The above is a gentle hint.

The Sem. bridge has been condemned. The old structure, the trysting place of lads and lasses for years, has outlived its usefulness and must go. Barricades have been erected at each approach and red lights displayed by night. Here is a chance for some genius to win immortal fame by writing a suitable epitaph.

How delightful Saturday seemed without the dreadful bore of chapel to break up the morning for us! Some, however, wandered around disconsolately, utterly unable to accustom themselves to the absence of the wonted exercises; yet no reform instituted by the Faculty this year has given such general satisfaction to all as this one.


What will the comet do? Astronomers tell us that only by a million miles and eight hours is a collision avoided. Sunday, Nov. 27, we will pass through the tail of the wanderer. On the highest authority we are assured that nothing but a beautiful phenomenon will ensue. This is the famous comet of Biela, discovered Feb. 27, 1826.

The Seniors have too many essays. At least that is the verdict of the class. There is one due in elective Philosophy, two in Literature, and one oration. A committee has been appointed to see if a reduction in number cannot be effected. A committee has also been appointed to confer with the Faculty and see if a change cannot be made in the Commencement program. The class does not wish to inflict thirty orations upon the public.

The chemical laboratory will soon be completed. The old boiler room in the basement has been cut in two by a partition. One division is a toilet room, the other is for the laboratory. Six desks, with drawers and lockers, accommodating six students each have been put in and fitted with gas and water. Just in front of each worker will be two shelves for reagent bottles. While the laboratory is limited in size, it will afford ample accommodation for present needs, and, while not expensively finished, will present all necessary conveniences. Now for a better physical laboratory.

Saturday's chapel exercises have been abolished. At its meeting Tuesday evening the Faculty took the wise action of relegating
this ancient custom, burdensome alike to teachers and students, to antiquity. At its same meeting the red tape shield again broke loose in the inauguration of a new rule relative to absences. Hereafter students of the Senior class desiring absence-from-town permits will apply to Prof. Halsey, Juniors to Prof. Davison, Sophomores to Prof. Thomas, and Freshmen to Prof. McNeil. The time is not far distant when an attorney to interpret the Code of College Laws will become an indispensable adjunct in order that students may have time to study.

The attendance at the Art Institute is increasing. The last meeting was at the residence of Mr. Chapin. After the election of several to membership the following program was listened to by an appreciative audience, the music being rendered by the Tomaso Mandolin Orchestra, of Chicago, to harp accompaniment:


The music was all Spanish. After the program the usual refreshments were served and the remainder of the evening devoted to social intercourse.

Another invoice of new books has been added to the library. The most valuable works are: “The Nature and Elements of Poetry,” recently published as a series of papers in the Century, by Edward Clarence Stedman; “Elements of Logic,” by James H. Hysop, Ph. D., who was formerly a teacher in our own Academy, now of Columbia College; “The Spirit of Modern Philosophy,” by Josiah Royce, Ph. D., of Harvard; “The Speech of Monkeys,” by R. L. Gardner, who has made a special study of the means of communication between animals; a very fine work; “The Dialogues of Plato, translated,” 5 vols., by B. Jowett, M. A., of Oxford; “Lectures on the Origin and Growth of Religion,” 9 vols. now in the library and several more to be added, belonging to the “Hibbert Lectures,” series of 1887, by A. H. Sayce, of Oxford; and lastly, an “Index to the Periodicals of the World.” The University library is rapidly becoming a very valuable collection.

“There’s a trunk at East Chicago Avenue Police Station containing $600 worth of wedding presents, and there it will stay until Mr. and Mrs. Roy Johnston return from their honeymoon,” says last Thursday’s Tribune. Roy Johnston, many of our readers will remember, was a Lake Forest man. Oct. 27th he married Miss Anita Wakem, a Chicago young lady. Their wedding presents were very valuable, one set of solid silverware being worth $2000. This was packed in a special trunk. Mr. Johnston had another trunk very similar in outward appearance to the first one. In the second one was packed wearing apparel valued at $600. Both trunks, after the wedding, were removed to the house of the bride’s parents. Shortly before the bridal pair left for their wedding tour an expressman presented a written order purporting to come from Roy Johnston to Mr. Wakem for the “peculiarly shaped trunk.” By mistake the less valuable trunk was delivered. Soon Johnston himself turned up and denied the order. The expressman, finding that he had not the trunk he was after, returned to get it, was detained, arrested, and compelled to deliver his first prize to the officers, who placed it where it now is and where it will remain until Mr. and Mrs. Johnston return.

TOWN TOPICS.

Mr. E. S. Wells has returned to his Lake Forest home for the winter.

Mr. L. C. Platt has determined not to build on the site of his burnt house, and has sold his Lake Forest property. Mr. Platt and family will, for the present, reside in Highland Park.

Mr. Carter H. Fitzhugh will spend the winter in his Chicago home on Bellevue place. Mr. Fitzhugh will build opposite Blair Lodge in the near future.
The paving, which according to contract was to be finished by Dec. 1st, will not be completed this winter. The blocks will be laid to the culvert between Mr. Henry Durand's and the Art Institute, by the end of this week, after that the work will be left until spring. Lake Foresters may therefore look forward to another muddy, slushy winter, and the City council are to blame for not starting the paving sooner.

The depression among the boys owing to last Saturday's defeat, is fast disappearing. The team has gone to work with a will, determined to beat Champaign at all hazards. The new rule of the Faculty excusing foot ball men from 3 o'clock recitation is a good one, though it comes a trifle late.

Work in the Gym. progresses smoothly. The boys are fast learning to handle themselves with agility. Would it not be a good scheme to have an Athletic entertainment this term? Instructor Everett is heartily in favor of it, and under his able supervision, success is assured. The question should be agitated.

A game was played last Wednesday between the Academy team and Evanston Township High School in which the former was victorious by a score of 16 to 0. Durand made the first touch-down eight minutes after the call of time and kicked an easy goal. He quickly followed it up with another, scoring a second goal. In the second half E. T. H. S. were forced through their own goal scoring a safety for L. F. A. The ball was brought to the 25 yard line where C. Everett securing it, made a third touch-down. Durand failed at goal. The running of Durand, the tackling of Richards, Dickinson, Rogers and Yaggy, and the general team work of L. F. A. were the features. The High School team was clearly out-classed. L. F. A. lined up as follows: Richards, l. e.; Dickinson, l. t.; E. W. Everett, l. g.; Harvey, c.; Williams, r. g.; Bodle, r. t.; Yaggy, r. e.; Rogers, q.; C. S. Everett, r. h.; Durand, l. h.; Flint, f.

The time is fast approaching when we must turn our attention to base ball. Training should be begun earlier than heretofore because so much new material needs development. A sliding cage and batting net are very essential, as we have learned by past experience. Grant of last year's team was the only man who knew how to steal a base, and the defeats suffered in former years may be in part attributed to lack of good base-runners. Strict discipline should
be maintained and for such maintenance Capt. McNary will not be found wanting. A ball team has no place for men dilatory in practice. We made a reputation in base ball last year, let us sustain it this year. Nash, Hayner and Lewis are candidates for pitcher. McNary will probably catch. Sharon will play 1st base, Goodman is going to try for 2nd base and Grant will play his old position again. Everyone has a chance, so let us get to work with a will.

FERRY HALL.

Miss Howard, of Marion, Iowa, visited Marshall last week.

Miss Humphrey has been compelled to leave college because of ill-health.

It is rumored that Miss Ada Barker will spend the winter in California.

Miss Oberne gave a spread last Saturday eve. in honor of Miss Tilford, ex-'93.

Last Friday evening Mrs. Ferry read before the girls a very interesting paper entitled "The Dull Girl."

Mr. Kennedy, of Rib Lake, Wis., spent Thursday with his daughter at Ferry Hall and his son at Academia.

Miss Mildred Congdon enjoyed a visit from her sister, Miss Congdon, of Oconto, Wis., on Sunday, Nov. 13th.

Mrs. Thos. Beckwith, '79, died Sep. 25th of typhoid fever, at her home, Sterling, Ill. She leaves a husband and three children.

A very enjoyable affair was the five o'clock tea given Thursday by the Seniors to the Seminary Faculty and Dr. and Mrs. McClure. The class colors were the scheme of decoration, and was carried out in purple and white chrysanthemums.

Last week Wednesday, the Juniors and Seniors, and a favored few, received the following unique invitation: "My mama wants to know if your mama will let you come to my party?" signed Birdie Huddart and Muriel Cosby. Of course all the dear girls were there with their dolls, and looking just too sweet. The young hostesses received their guests in the Art room. The time was spent in playing children's games, and during the evening dainty and appropriate refreshments were served. At an early hour the little dears went home, each made happy by the gift of a doll and a stick of candy.

ACADEMY.

TRI KAPPA.

Forbes is again confined to his room on account of sickness. He is having hard luck.

We are sorry to say that Mills, who was taken sick while home, will not return again this fall.

Gruenstein's anarchistic sentiments are beginning to show themselves, and his advice to new students is not the best.

The choosing of members lately arrived took place Friday morning. Gamma Sigma having first choice Mr. Bournique was her first choice and Mr. Rice Tri Kappa's.

We, the undersigned, request that Mr. Cutler hereafter refrain from pounding on that much abused piano in Mitchell Hall.

M. H. BOARDERS.

The latest arrival at the Academy has had a piece of misfortune which almost breaks Congdon's record. On the very day he arrived he fell down a terrace and broke a tendon in his leg. He will be confined to his room for a couple of weeks, after which he can be about with the aid of crutches.

What's the matter with the Cad. foot ball eleven? The first game played goes down on the list as won, and what makes it still better
is that it was over a team from Evanston. A large number from the Seminary, College and Academy watched the game and tin horn resounded on all sides.

Hudson was severely injured while going up to Waukegan the other day. His foot was caught in a cattle-guard while the train was moving very rapidly and his leg was broken in two places. It was a very serious accident and one which should teach all to be more careful while on a moving train.

GAMMA SIGMA.

Please pass the Alexander.

Fisher, Cad. '94, is attending Miami college. Condon has privileges. (Paste this in your hat).

We regret to hear that Matt. Mills will not be back.

The Second English class is again out of restrictions.

Nichols—"Say, old man, did you see that tackle I made to-day?"

Can any one tell us what makes Bournique late to supper every day?

Mr. Harvey McAlister Keithe intends going south to spend the winter.

Kimball spent Sunday at home. He says the breweries are still doing an immense business.

Alfred Smith, a new student, has been laid up from an accident he received the first day he arrived.

Prof. Smith has something pleasant to announce to the two societies after Thanksgiving. What can it be?

Hall (in Physics): "Professor, if an irresistible force hits an immovable object, what action will it produce?"

A junior Mitchell Hall team has been organized with Hope Rogers captain, and R. Bruce Glover manager.

Jos. Rogers received a very bad injury in last Wednesday's game. It is feared he can play no more this season.

AMONG THE ALUMNI.

Josiah Sutton, '91, spent Sunday, Nov. 13 here.

J. E. Duggan, Academy '93, is collecting for the Chicago Telephone Co. in Chicago.

W. H. Money, Academy '87, is with Markley, Alling & Co., on Lake street, Chicago.

John D. Pope, '80, was re-elected state senator of Nebraska, at the recent election.

Abbott Davison, Academy '95, has gone on the stage as a member of the Henshaw and Feeley Combination.

Hawley W. Claflin, an old Academy student, is playing the role of tragedian. He is with the Clay Clement Company.

Sartell Prentice, Jr. '91, now at Princeton Theological Seminary, is just recovering from a severe attack of typhoid fever.

LATE NEWS.

Mr. Anderson's store was entered Friday night and robbed of a small sum.

Miss May Stowell, ex-'95, of Chicago, spent Saturday and Sunday in Lake Forest. Her many friends were very glad to see her again.
THE MITCHELL HALL foot ball team defeated the Harvard School Saturday afternoon by a score of 14 to 4. The tackling of Whitney, Yaggy, and Dickinson and the long gains of Co. Everett were features.

The 'Varsity indoor base ball team overwhelmingly defeated the town team in the Gym. Saturday night, the score being 26 to 8, made as follows:

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The features of the game were Grant's two home runs, the way Sharon caught fouls and pop-ups, Charlie Durand's sure hitting, and Nash's one-handed catch.

Two foot ball teams composed of the younger Cads., and captained by Erskine and Hewitt played a tie game last week that was full of interest and good foot ball playing. They played one hour without intermission, and each side scored a touch-down and goal, Erskine and P. Cobb carrying off the honors. Erskine runs the more strongly, while Cobb does some exceedingly clever dodging.

MADISON 26; EVANSTON 6.

A fair-sized crowd went out to the Athletic ground at Evanston last Saturday to see their pets downed by Madison. The day was cold and uncomfortable and the game too one-sided to be interesting. Wisconsin played "horse" with Evanston. They ran around the ends and plowed through the line at will. The score hardly tells the story of the game. Evanston gains were made mostly by punting aided by a high wind. Madison's interference was superb. Noyes, on account of alleged injuries retired from the game in order to relieve himself of the blame for the disgraceful defeat. It is a conspicuous fact that after his retirement Evanston scored its first and only touch-down. Deering, who succeeded the mighty Yale substitute, far outplayed him. It would be hard to ascribe the glory of the victory to individual Madison men as all showed up in magnificent form. The playing of Thiele however was especially noticeable. Evanstonians are in mourning over the defeat, as they were so confident of victory.

OTHER GAMES OF THE WEEK.

At Springfield. Yale, 6; Harvard, o.
At Chicago. U. of I., 10; Chicago U., o.
At Williamstown. Amherst, 60; Williams, o.
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