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The Stentor, May 31, 1893

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THE STENTOR.


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BY THE
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STENTOR PUBLISHING COMPANY,

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ATHLETICS.

A CLOSE GAME. L. F. U. VS. CHICAGO UNIVERSITY.

The ball game last Wednesday demonstrated one thing and that is that L. F. U. has ball players and could have a winning team if the players were properly trained.

With the exception of the fourth inning our boys played as good a game as was ever seen on the home grounds.

Stagg's aggregation is one which contains but one first-class player in it, namely Stagg, the others are good second-class men. The team however excelled in team work and therefore won. No balls dropped between players because the nearest ones did not understand whose ball it was and all the bases were backed up in fine style by all the available players.

The whole team backed up the third baseman and catcher and showed that they at least understood the principals of ball playing. Our boys also do not seem to understand base sliding and consequently lost much. Under the existing circumstances the teams were about evenly matched and L. F. U. should have won out.

The criticism of Chicago on our ball grounds was merited but they should understand that it is not the fault of the team.

Lake Forest has positively the worst athletic field and ball diamond in the United States and all because of the lack of interest in many of the trustees and faculty, the former of whom allowed the ball grounds to be laid out and irretrievably ruined, as they now are, by incompetent workmen. Till L. F. U. has a first class athletic field she can never be the leading college in the west in any branch whatsoever of college athletics. The game started with Lake Forest at bat and they got two runs in the first inning. Hayner was sent to first on four balls. After Sharon and Lewis had been retired Goodman stepped up to the bat. He swung his club at an out shot. There was a crack like a bucket rolling down stairs and when the ball was returned to the diamond Goodman was panting on third. He came in a moment later on a passed ball. Chicago was retired in one, two, three order on well fielded hits to the infield. In the second Rhinehardt made a base hit but did not get around and no one scored for us. Chicago got their first run in this inning by bases on balls and a sacrifice hit.

In the third Lake Forest got three runs and made the score five to one. Chicago went out without a run. The disastrous fourth inning now began. Lake Forest retired without a tally and Chicago went to bat. Prescott, the
first man up was hit by a pitched ball, then came two base hits scoring one run, then three bases on balls forcing in two more. Stagg next appeared and lined out a two bagger and Nichols shortly did the same. This ended Chicago's run getting and the side was retired having made nine tallies in one inning, thus making the score 10 to 5.

In the fifth inning Stagg went behind the bat and Conover to left field while Nash went on third and Lewis into the box for Lake Forest. Till the first of the eighth neither side scored. In the eighth Nichols presented us with three bases on balls and hit one man while Stagg had a passed ball allowing one score to come in. In all we got three runs across the plate, making the score 8 to 10 in Chicago's favor. The game was stopped at this stage to allow the Chicago team to catch the train. Several of the errors on both sides were due to the roughness of the infield, which is so uneven that the correct judgment of grounders is impossible. The muff by Conover of Durand's fly in the sixth was inexcusable, as was also Stagg's wild throw to second in the same inning, and the general work of Gilleland was too poor to be commented on. The score:

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Lake Forest—2 0 3 0 0 0 0 3—8.
Chicago—0 1 0 9 0 0 0 3—16.

Two base hits—Stagg, Nichols. Three base hits—Goodman. Stolen bases—Hayner (3), McNary (1), Durand (1), Adkinson (2), Pike (1), Stagg (1), Conover (1), Webster (1), McGillivray (1). Bases on balls—off Nash, 10; off Nichols, 5. Hit by pitched ball—Gilleland, Prescott. Struck out—by Nash, 4; Lewis, 3; Conover, 7. Passed balls—McNary, 2; Conover, 3; Stagg, 1.

Umpire, H. Marcotte. Time, 2 hours.

**NOTES ON THE GAME.**

Stagg's team shows careful training. Their work is far from perfect but it is very evident that a master hand has directed their practice. A finer lot of gentlemen than the Chicagos would be hard to find. A lack of useless kicking characterizes their game.

McNary's work behind the bat was exceptionally good. He stopped many difficult balls and saved the pitcher from the error column in more than one instance.

Nash has demonstrated that he can pitch. He has a cool head and deceptive curves. His arm is not strong but with practice he can develop into a first-class twirler.

Gilleland has a bad habit of conversing with the crowd during play. It takes his attention from the game and is the cause of a good many blunders. The captain is the only one privileged to talk during a game and then only to the umpire or his men.

On the whole we need not be ashamed of the team's work. With diligent practice from now on, they can make a creditable showing.

The Academy base ball team met the Highland Park team on the Lake Forest Athletic grounds last Saturday afternoon and defeated the visitors in a seven-inning game by the decisive score of 12 to 5. It was an ideal day for ball, the sun coming out and putting the grounds in fine condition. Jaeger and Gilleland formed the battery for the home team, and Dickson, Hubbard, and Bayless for the visitors. Hubbard caught the first four innings and pitched the last three. Jaeger was in fine condition, giving only two men bases on balls and striking out nine men. The visitors pitchers gave six men bases on balls and struck out nine men. Lake Forest made five errors, Highland Park seven. The feature of the game was a home run by Rheingans. The visitors team was composed of perfect gentlemen with whom it is a pleasure to play, and there was an entire absence of any kicking. McNary as umpire was very satisfactory in his decisions.
WORLD'S FAIR ITEMS.

"A stitch in time saves nine." This is an old proverb, but if it had been heeded more, and if certain men had been less negligent, the World's Fair would not have been open last Sunday. Negligent is the only term that can be applied to men who might have taken steps to restrain Sunday opening, but who let the opportunity lay idle. For a clear example of the sin of omission, look at the Sunday Protection Leagues of Chicago, whose business it was to try and close the Fair Sunday. In the midst of the agitation by the dailies and in the face of the actions of the Directors and Commissioners, these "enthusiasts" were seemingly as supremely oblivious as so many sphinxes. They said they were waiting for the Government to act; but they should have known better than to wait for such a weak and incompetent official as the present District Attorney, who kept making the miserable excuses that he "didn't have time to attend to it," or "if the gates were closed the people would break in," the paltriness of which is alone able to inspire one with disgust.

At the last moment a small party of private citizens got together and took actions with a little more independent spirit. The same day, Saturday, E. F. Cragin, the head of the Sunday Societies of the country, returned to Chicago and began to work. But it was too late.

Although now the Exposition is being as-sailed on every side and on every conceivable point, the "stitch" was not taken "in time," and the World's Fair goes on record as being open one Sunday at least, and the Directors and Commissioners have gained for themselves the reputation of civilized, respectable law-breakers.

Of the many thousand daily newspapers in the United States, only three are openly advocating Sunday closing, of which Chicago owns one. They are as follows: The Chicago Daily News, the Boston Journal, and the New York Mail and Express.

THE RAMBLER.

A senior sat beside his walking stick at the Lake bluff, musing upon the vanities of life, the memories of his almost past college career, the price of Havanas, the beauties of "Canaan" and the chances of evading "his" florist upon the day following commencement.

His mind had been so trained during his four years of college life that simultaneously he waved his hand at an imaginary maiden upon the deck of a passing steamer, turned several unread pages of Exmoor description, eyed his room-mate's timepiece for the silent announcement of his daily senior vacation engagement, and outlined a plausible financial budget for his father's endorsement.

His memory was his lord upon this after- noon: all friends, save his ever faithful stick and pipe, had forsaken him, and the cycles of his short past revolted in quick succession; the enchanting phantoms of the "irrevocably gone" held high carnival in his mind.

The programme of the last dance dropped from his book, his feet unconsciously described elipses, parabolas and circles amid the encircling sunshine as he again executed the Lance Waltz with the queenly blonde—"his latest."

This dance led forward other dances, which in turn gave way to parties, receptions, the summer camp with its almost forgotten "friend," the football game, the stroll upon the beach, the summer-house, and the sigh.

Three years are reviewed in a moment. Liverymen, landlords, stewards, florists, subscription managers, college treasurers and "the boys" omnipresent in true life have been dismissed with a flourish of his stick from this afternoon's dream, and he finds himself a freshman at the portals of another college "back in eighty-nine."

How agreeable are these collegemen to a new comer! He is sought after at every turn.

A newly made friend invites him to call with him that evening upon some one of his friends. Does he go? Well, fish ordinarily go bathing,
and no less usually does a somewhat flattered college freshman call—when he may. His friend, a senior, wears a mystic cross upon his vest. This pin, with its gold skull, its silently eloquent Greek letters has been the instigator of much admiration in the freshman. They call. The freshman is pleased with his reception.

Jack’s—the senior has permitted the freshman to call him Jack—friend is indeed a sweet character. Her manner is so pleasing, her conversation so delightful; how different is she from all the friends of the past, how he envies Jack his position in a society which is graced by such a belle. Must he wait until he too is a senior, like Jack, before he may call upon her and patronize other freshmen? She rises: what grace! how beautiful is that stately and perfectly draped figure! She seats herself at the piano: the freshman follows—to turn the leaves, of course—listens to the sweetest strains which ever greeted human ear, looks into her deep, dreamy eyes, forgets to turn the page, recovers himself with apologies and begs a red rosebud from her raven hair.

She leans lazily against the keyboard, and tells the freshman of all the pleasures in store for him—the dances, the masquerade, the fraternity banquets; ah! now she is playing the true frat. sister to Jack. She tells him how Jack’s frat. is the greatest social institution in the world, the only local chapter containing any athletes, any prizemen, and that an invitation to join is the greatest honor bestowed upon a student.

Does he consent to join? Well, yes. How could he do otherwise? Did she not advise it? She surely would do no wrong. Out of gratitude for such a valuable service rendered, Jack, the chairman of the “spiking committee,” played the only waltz he knew, while the freshman danced with Miss Elston, or, as Jack called her, “Sister Annie.” What a waltz! It was a poem! How lightly she danced! The freshman circled through air. He thought he had danced before, but not until Jack refused to play “his piece” the thirteenth time could the dancers be stopped.

But the evening was forcibly closed by the warning of the town clock. “Sister Annie” asked them to call again—“You, Jack, and you, Mr. Rhoads, and come soon.”

A few weeks passed, and each successive week found Mr. Rhoads—now Paul—a more frequent visitor at Sister Annie’s—for Paul had joined Jack’s fraternity and had also become a “brother” to “Sister Annie.”

The impressions of the first evening spent at Annie’s were but a soupeon of realities which ripened later. Paul read poetry, bought sweet confections, hired sleighs, borrowed money from his friends, dreamed and even studied his lessons with but one object before him—Annie.

The year was closing, and with it came all the festivities best known to a college town. At them all “Paul and Annie” were always seen together, and everyone, even Jack, concluded that Cupid had fixed the fatal seal.

Returning from the farewell hop, Paul presented his case with all the fervor youth could lend, and all the oratory that the winner of “Freshman” could muster. He was gaining ground; he took hope and begged that she would but permit him to wear the plain band ring which she always wore. Ah, she yields. She placed the ring upon his finger, and said: “Mind, Paul, this signifies nothing; you may have the ring forever, I am through with it.” Paul resolved to let well enough alone, and so they parted.

The following day as Paul was carried homeward upon the train, he slipped the ring from his finger, and saw rudely scratched upon the inner surface, and in various styles: “J. ’81,” “M. R. ’83,” “L. ’84,” “B. ’87,” “W. W. W. ’88,” “F. ’90,” “H. L. ’91,” “F. H. ’92.” Paul then knew he had played the lover, for a year, in his turn, to a College Widow.

Upon the outside of the ring he engraved, as best he could, “P. M. R. ’93.”

The senior of Lake Forest arose from his freshman past and filled his engagement with the stately blonde—not the bygone College Widow.

**

The time was night. The great silvery luminary, tho of the gentler gender, was nearing the state of intoxication. Not only was the moon dissipating, but she was tempting
others. Spring was robing herself in her latest costume; an oriole slept in its new home for the first time, while the bat winked the other eye as he saw a couple of lovers—no adjective is necessary—stroll through avenues of beauty and labyrinths of fragrant blossoms.

Now, all strollers do not love, nor indeed do all lovers stroll, but these lovers both strolled and loved—all on account of that intoxicated moon.

Like all dreams, this lover's evening was drawn to a close: not from choice, to be sure, but on account of the omnipresent dispensation of causation, in this instance the cause was the revolution of Doctor's Key.

For brevity we will call the lover—the boy—Dick.

Dick stopped at University Hall in search of company townward; this was found in Stan.

They walked silently. Each dreamed of the woman who loved him best. The shade of a spreading oak enshrouded the twin. To the right ran a beautiful hedge; silence reigned with fears—such silence was it that Dick thought he heard a lemon drop, and embraced Stan. in consequence.

"Stop! Your life!" cried two score voices in unison, from behind the hedge.

A shower of meteor-like, city-street-improvement slag dropped upon the heels of the mandate—not to mention Stan.'s. Faster and faster fell the stone, louder and more loud grew the cries of the student's enemies—"the town boys." Always a fast runner, Dick distanced himself and the bombarding missiles, and gained succor upon a neighboring veranda. Stan. fell into the hands of the foe. Stan. forgot his injuries in his delight at finding not the awful "town boys," but the never absent—upon such occasions—and true reformer Luther, behind whom stood, in battle array, the mighty David.

Dick gained the University Hall steps and his wind, to find he had been the subject of a joke. To-day he is dealing out his brother's soft drinks to his friends, and is mentally agonized by the saying: "Faint heart never won fair lady."

*Hypothetical.
The ball game Wednesday was not as good as might be expected from last year's record, but considering the many disadvantages under which the team has labored this year, it made a very creditable showing.

Prof. Bridgman gave the Sophomore Greek class a two hours talk last Monday on modern Greece and the Greek language of to-day. The talk was made doubly interesting by personal reminiscences of his journeys through Greece.

It seems to be a favorite pastime with certain youths who are old enough to know better, to go around town and smash street lamps. It certainly cannot furnish much amusement to the boys, but it causes a great deal of annoyance to the public.

Last Tuesday evening the students of the Academy and College held a joint prayer meeting in the Academy chapel. Mr. Burt, state secretary, gave an account of the State work and the summer school at Lake Geneva. Mr. Chatfield, of Evanston, told about the work at North Western.

The orators for the Junior exhibition have been chosen. Their names, together with the subjects of their orations, are given below:

Miss Pierce, "Sincerity."
Miss Smith, "The Mission of Charles Dickens."
Mr. Bourns, "In Defence of Blaine."
Mr. Drake, "England's Dark Blot."
Mr. Smith, "W. T. Sherman."
Mr. Waldo, "William Carey."

The Stentor would like to suggest that the Tournament Committee of the Tennis Association be gotten together and arrange a tournament. Tennis players have been practising up for some time in anticipation of the tournament, but no tournament is as yet in view. The members of the committee are Flint, Ruston, and Bird.

The Lake Geneva Summer School is to be more brilliant than ever this year. The Southern summer school will adjourn for the World's Fair, thus sending students to Lake Geneva. California and the far west will be represented, that part of the country not having hitherto sent any delegates. Lake Forest this year expects to send a good number, but it is not good enough. Last year L. F. was the banner college, having more delegates in proportion to its size than any other college. But it means more work this year. If any student does not care to go let him give a little to help others.

The Oratorical Association contest of last Tuesday evening was pronounced the best in "originality of thought" and "spontaneity of expression," that has been held in Lake Forest for some time. Mr. Bourns was chosen as Lake Forest's representative at the State contest, and Mr. Bird was chosen as alternate. Following is the program:


TOWN TOPICS.

Mr. Hinckley and family have come to Lake Forest for the summer.

Prof. Curry, of McCormick Theological Seminary, preached at the church last Sunday.

The Art Institute met for the last time Tuesday night at the house of Mr. Larned. The program was a Musicale. Miss Sherman of New York, sang, and the Max Bendix String Quartette played. The musicians were delayed for some time by the wreck at North Evanston, but the interval was pleasantly filled up by Mr. Larned, who in a few chosen words told the origin and history of the Art Institute. He then, inasmuch as he is to be absent in Europe for two years, resigned his position as President of the Art Institute. Mr. Larned will be much missed by the members. It is difficult to see how the Institute can get along without him.
Mr. Hannah has returned to Lake Forest for the summer. He will occupy Mrs. Humphrey's house.

Mrs. Abbie Jerry gives a Musical Tuesday night for the benefit of Mr. Frederick Clark. Mr. Clark is to give some piano selections.

Mr. David Jones, of Chicago, has rented Mr. Yaggy's house for two years. Mr. Yaggy will in July start on a trip around the world, and will be gone about two years.

Miss Harriet Durand has returned from an extended visit in the East, spending part of the time with her sister Mabel, at Smith College; part with her sister, Mrs. Allen, at Orange, New Jersey.

**FERRY HALL.**

We are glad to welcome Miss Barker after such an absence.

A letter from Miss Edna Hays announces her complete recovery.

Miss Paine, of Dixon, was the guest of Miss Jean Steel over Sunday.

Miss May Stowell spent Sunday, May 28th, with Miss Alice Keener.

We enjoyed having the small sister of Miss Macomber with us for several days.

Miss Olive Cost, last year of Ferry Hall, spent Sunday with Miss Nellie Dillon.

Some of the young ladies say that by boat is a charming way in which to go to the Fair.

The Aletheian Society will give a reception to its senior members on the evening of June 2nd.

Miss Julia Brown spent Sunday, May 21st, with Miss Rena Obern, at the home of the latter in the city.

Prayer-meeting has become quite popular since it has been decided unwise for the girls to go out in the evening without any particular place to go.

The members of the present junior class feel the approaching dignity of their senior year, as they are invited to meet the faculty.

We noticed among the guests of Friday evening Miss Maud Taylor, Miss Ada Barker, Miss Glenrose Bell and Anna Walters.

The Misses Rumsey, with an informal party, Saturday evening, entertained a number of young people in honor of Miss Florence Platt and Miss Avis Paine.

Miss Martin, of the Y. W. C. A. state work, visited Ferry Hall last week, so that the society of Ferry Hall proper will henceforth be a Christian Endeavor Society.

The Senior Reception Friday evening was something that we who are not seniors feel at liberty to praise. The music and decorations were beautiful, and everyone looked happy, and if they did not have a good time there must have been some very special reason.

The music room, refreshment room, and reading room were notiably pretty, the novel idea of using the colors of other colleges being prettily developed in the host room.

By no means the least charming part was the girls dancing "After the ball was over," and the guests had fled. The receptions of Dr. and Mrs. Seeley are always a success.

I stood near not long since and watched a young man being told that theosophy, philosophy and similar subjects were common themes of conversation among our number. His eyes may have opened with interest and they may have opened with astonishment. He rapidly reviewed his several calls at Ferry Hall and his encounters with the young ladies elsewhere. He could not remember ever having received any information upon those subjects or of their having been touched upon. He tried to explain that circumstances may have had something to do with his case, but reflection proved that "circumstances" ought not to have influenced every time, and growing desperate did the usual thing, let the you ladies have their own way.
ACADEMY.

The societies will probably have but one more meeting this year.

The cool weather last week had a very depressing effect on the spring fever.

A note in one of last week's papers caused no little difficulty between two members of the Academy.

A great many will not remain during Commencement exercises, preferring rather to spend the time in the city at the Fair.

There was a large exodus from the Academy last week, the faculty kindly returning some of the boys to the bosoms of their parents, others going of their own volition.

Owing to the fact that he has not time to devote to the interests of the team, Rogers has resigned the captaincy of the ball team. Jaeger has been elected to fill the vacancy.

The new buildings will be dedicated on Friday June 9th. After the exercises there will be a reception in them. If the programme is completed in time we will publish it in the next issue.

The College and Cad played ball last Thursday afternoon. The score was very close and was a matter of dispute, probably being 8 to 7 in favor of the College. No doubt another game will be played in the near future.

Prof. Smith gratified his own ambition and the ambition of the senior class to get into the Reid Hall this year by having his Virgil class recite there one recitation last week. It is the intention at present to have commencement exercises held there.

It has been decided to have a reception, as has been done annually heretofore, given by the Academy. It will be held on Saturday evening, June 10th. The following compose the committee on arrangements: Durand, Cutler, Jaeger, Bournique, Forbes.

COLLEGE VERSE.

The "Sem." Bridge.

In times gone by in Venice old,
A bridge between two buildings lay,
And oft upon it drear and cold
The muffled drums the dirges play,
'Tis called the Bridge of Sighs.

Tradition says, perhaps 'tis true,
Whatever mortal o'er it passed
Ne'er saw again the heavens blue
Nor looked upon the mountains vast,
Aye, truly, yes, and rightfully.
'Tis also called the Bridge of Sighs.

Another bridge now meets our eyes,
A bridge that is both long and wide,
And many a youth upon it sighs
With some fair maiden at his side,
And wondrous though to you 't may seem,
'Tis also called the Bridge of Sighs.

For when this bridge has once been passed,
And in the "Sem." the poor maid is,
The look the youth has ta'ens the last,
Hereafter loneliness is his,
Aye, truly then, and rightfully,
'Tis called the Bridge of Sighs.

To the Stentor:

I understand there is some talk of uniting the two college papers under a new name. Now, the alumni for several years back associate "The Stentor" with their Alma Mater. Perhaps some other name would be more apropos, but the Stentor is now nearly six years old, and is widely known as the college paper. I do not see anything in the way of uniting again under the old name.

—Alumnus.

[The above is the expression of one of the Alumni of the Zeta Epsilon Society.—Ed.]

The recent intercollegiate oratorical contest held at Columbia, South Carolina, was won by Mr. M. D. Hardin, of Centre College, Kentucky.