THANKSGIVING DAY.

NOT A DAY FOR THANKS.

Cold and cheerless enough is this cloudy Thanksgiving. Under the drab sky of a sunless day every street is gray dreariness. No snow softens or beautifies; only the heavy, cutting wind of the city rushes about corners and down back alleys.

The November severity all morning has been driving humanity under cover and, for the most part, to comfortable dinners, until now at twelve o'clock the business thorough-fares are singularly deserted. Only about the great post-office, always quite a hive of industry, and before the high office buildings, which face it on all sides, is there any number of wayfarers. A few men issuing from these buildings may be seen hurrying along, up or down the street after the phantoms of fat turkeys, their overcoats buttoned up to their chins and holding their heads to the wind.

One of these pauses upon the sidewalk as the doors of the Commercial Exchange swing behind him. He puts some long, length-wise folded papers in an inner pocket and, buttoning closely the insufficient coat over his worn overcoat, starts up the street in the face of the wind. "Two hundred and fifteen dollars by December first," he mutters, settling down in the collar of his overcoat. "I must announce the foreclosure. Stop at Volks' also on the way home."

This man is Lawyer Dodd. He holds in his mind the vision of a low-set little cottage situated in an obscure street in a down-town portion of the city. That does not completely describe the house nor does it completely describe the street.

John Volks' home is a wooden cottage, old and dilapidated. Br street—better named alley—is squalid, and on either side of its narrow strip of cobble-stones stand garbage barrels before dwellings and tenement intricacies that betoken poverty and often, quite often, perfect hopelessness.

At twelve o'clock John has just entered his humble doorway. His daughter, a girl of rare comeliness, ran to meet him with a question upon her lips, and now his frail wife confronts him. She is a tired woman and her face, whose indelible traces of refinement prevail over her worn and faded garb, expresses most anxious inquiry as she looks toward him. See his studious avoidance of her eyes. He disposes of his rusty hat (this man wears no overcoat although it is exceedingly cold) and is proceeding warily to a chair across the room; but she, not all satisfied, lays her hand upon his shoulder and then, obtaining in his face the sought-for reply—it is a disappointing one—she puts her hand in his and is biting her lips to keep back the tears. You will notice that her slender hands are very red and that her hair is quite streaked with gray.

In the further corner of the room an active little fellow with brown curls and soiled features, aided by a chair-back and some long string has deluded himself into the belief that he is a street-car driver. This child is the only evidence of contentment we have seen here.

John sinks into the chair. Before him stands his wife. No word has yet been spoken between them. "No" he says warily looking away. Then, clearing his throat, "I saw him at his residence—but—."
'Did you tell him our circumstances? What did he say at your wish to carry the two positions?'

'You mean Blackman. Why he said—I don't remember.' At last he realizes her question. 'I didn't tell him.'

'Why not, dear?' With tearful disappointment, 'You were going to. I know he would have done something for us.'

'I was outwitted. Blackman is a man of the kind that makes money; shrewd but not necessarily quick, determined and pitiless, wickedly selfish and without one possibility of refined feeling. To such a man an employee is not a brother man, but so much adjustable energy. He surmised probably from my apologetic manner the object of my call; he did not allow me to say a word. Immediately he began some uncalled-for remarks upon the present poor state of business with a concluding observation that, although I had shown unbearable ignorance in the work I was doing, he was giving me more than was necessary in order to fill the position. At last, upon my direct request for a raise, he said he could give or promise me nothing more, but that I might hope.' He smiles derisively at the last idea.

The woman is eager to accept any chance for hopes.

'That means nothing,' he says looking up at her sadly.

As she leans upon the table her limbs seem to weaken and she grasps it to steady herself. From the back room where Katie and Jamie have gone, the former announces her determination to finish herself, the dinner's preparation. There is no reply and silence prevails. Finally, having sufficiently recovered herself, Mrs. Volks moves slowly to the window and, pressing her forehead against the cold pane, gazes into the cheerless street. The wind-rattled windows betray their insecurity; but she does not heed the cold draught. He is bent over, his head in his hands; despair.

Because the windows are small and it is cloudy there is little light in the room.

'Do not hope,' he says. 'Never.' 'Hope is another of many curses; it lures one on to the greatest grief of which the human heart and mind are capable. And its fiendishness is double that it possesses the very best of man's soul. Hope has completed the pain of my ill-fortune, my fate. Fate? As a child I recognized it. But I was human—every human is a fool—and I couldn't believe I should kill myself. It is hard for youth to believe that self-afflicted death is its duty. Is it not strange that God—' he stopped short—'I don't believe there is any God' he speaks lowly. 'Oh yes, John, there is a God.' says the woman at the window in a sad and frightened tone.

'Then he is merciless' is the bitter reply. She gives a deep sigh.

'If not,' the man continues, 'he would not smile upon a social structure such that happiness depends upon misery; a social structure that is built upon a com, an invention of man which means happiness or agony, life or death. For starvation is a curse and money is life. If there is a God, is money his hand or a wild force he cannot control? I don't know. Everything I have met with in my life and which I used to think came from a God who is our kind father, has been full of pain and ruthless.' He is speaking excitedly and half to himself. 'Why did he lead me to a fate of agony? And was a part of that fate that I should draw to my side a family which must, with me, be rushed down the irresistible descent to starvation and madness? I should have killed myself then. Perhaps I thought to resist. Perhaps I did. If I had only seen this. Our end is sure and our sleepless eyes can see it now. This is Thanksgiving day, a day for thanks,' was spoken slowly. 'Yes, (this is mostly to himself), but what would relieve you of the curse you would consider a curse? The human heart is blind. It refuses to see. Otherwise the end
THE STENTOR

is sure. Tomorrow we are hungry and home-
less (he is staring out of the window), the
next day we are weak and the next day, pray-
ing for that sweet oblivion of madness, we
starve. You and I are weary and the dark
city river suggests relief. But our children
—death causes the young to shudder. Pro-
titution and thievery still remain.” He bows
his head again and for a minute no other
word is spoken in the dusky little room.

But the woman is weeping bitterly. He
raises his disheveled head, sees her, her face
hid in the worn sleeve which rests on the
lower sash, and in a second, as he becomes
paler than before, he is at her side.

“Ellen, darling! I am a brute! I didn’t
think what I was saying. Ellen—,” he draws
her away from the window, “Ellen, you will
forgive me. Don’t cry. It was all senseless
fancy; I was lost in bitterness. There, dear.
I was not always so, but these hard things
have changed me a little. It is nothing, and
you forgive me!”

* * * * * * *

Half an hour later we behold a different
scene in this home; no tears, no despair, no
visions of death. A happy family has just
seated itself about a well laden table. It is
sumptuously laden for such surroundings.

“Yes” John Volks says, “this dinner took
all our ready money. But I was bound we
should be happy today even if tomorrow—
Katie you are an artist. This turkey is done
nothing short of magnificently. We must be
happy today,” and in obedience the mother
across the table contradicts her red eyes with
a smile of infinite happiness. “Just a minute
James,” remonstrates the happy man laugh-
ing at the eagerness of the early-head’s
gastronomical vagaries. “You can’t pull
this fowl apart as if it were a mosaic.” Their
laughter hardly ceases before there is a ting-
ling of the unmusical door-bell. Too bad!
Too bad any obstruction upon a happiness so
usual to this group.

John lays aside knife, fork, napkin, his lips
pressed close together he leaves the room
closing the door behind him. As he remains
one—one—three minutes, the anxiety on the
faces of mother and daughters increases to
pitiful intensity. Even little Jamie’s appe-
tite is temporarily banished. Suddenly the
door opens and their father stands before
them constrained and pale yet, quite calm.
It is an unnatural deadly calmness.

“It was Dodd. The mortgage is fore-
closed the day after tomorrow. I think” he
adds with a peculiar intonation “I think the
papers are in the drawer up stairs.” He
turns and is gone.

But why should he close the door? Does
his wife know? Look at her face! She
knows something! What horrible sight can
she see through that door!

“Katie!” She finds her voice with a
hoarse gasp. “Run after him, Katie! Catch
him cling to him, beg him, cry to him! Run
girl! For God’s sake run! Your father,
Katie, your father!

But Katie is crying hysterically. “I
can’t, mamma! I’m afraid! I know—”

Mrs. Volks can hardly stand. She supports
herself by the wall to the door. There she puts
her hand upon the knob and summoning all
the marvelous strength that weak women
sometimes do, she flings it open and rushes
to the foot of the narrow stairs.

“John! John!” she screamed wildly.
“Darling, do not! I am coming! John!”

Her last agonized, heart-rending cry rises
above the pistol shot that follows it. Above
a heavy thud shakes the rickety dwelling.
Below there is a piercing, piercing shriek;
and then a lighter fall.

* * * * * * *

It is midnight of the same Thanksgiving.
Since the early flight of daylight the wind has
been increasing in icy fierceness until now its
frequent furious blasts seem about to sweep
the city from its foundations. Two well
clad officers enter a small house in
Br—St. The front door has been opening
and shutting in the night wind and the de-
serted rooms within are freezing. On the
third floor their bull's eye lanterns flash over
a large table on which lies a Thanksgiving
dinner untouched and cold. Up stairs in the
single attic room with its low ceiling their
lanterns flash down upon the extended body
of a dead man. He, the darkness, and the
night wind have been holding weird com-
munion all alone in the old house.

THE "FILL" WALK.

Far away across the campus, stretching to the East,
the North and Westward.
Like the straight and narrow path-way, only that
it's not a straight one.
Like some cruel, twisted bird-trap, only that it
catches students,
Lies our latest acquisition, lies anew-laid College
side-walk.
Here it is that modest Freshmen, gallant Sophs.
and upper class-men
Striding proudly forth to classes meet fair Sem. and
College maidens
Meet and turn aside to pass them, and in passing
comes their ruin.
Into mud-holes deep and darksome, mad that
sticketh like a brother,
Into water, wet and chilling, into snow or all
together
Step those poor defenseless students, victims of the
narrow pathway.
Then with humble mien and saddened, shine all
gone from patent leathers.
Slowly walk they to the class-room breathing up a
prayer "ad Joventem"
For a little wider side-walk, for another plank to
walk on.

CHAPEL TALK BY PRESIDENT COULTER.

In a chapel talk on Monday morning Dr.
Coulter spoke of the recent discussion in Chi-
gago over "Nature Studies" in the public
schools, conducted chiefly by the Evening
Post. He characterized the objection made
as remarkably weak and short-sighted, and
said that if the school board were led to
return to the old regime of text-book science
it would be a sorry day for the schools of
Chicago. "Nature Studies" are intended,
not to be a formal presentation of any science,
but to keep functional a natural power of
children, namely the power of observation.
Under the old system of primary and second-
ary school training this power has become
well nigh atrophied. The obstacles in the
way of a proper carrying out of "nature
studies" at their first introduction into any
extension system of schools, such as those of
Chicago, are three-fold:

1. Poorly prepared teachers, who have no
conception either of the details or spirit of
such work; but teachers will never prepare
until such pressure is put upon them.

2. Poorly devised exercises, which are
apt at first to be too difficult and impractical,
are placed in rigid schedule, instead of
exercises adapted to the individual conditions
of schools and to available material, but this
is all corrected by a little experience, and the
necessary flexibility comes with a little
knowledge.

3. Interested publishers, who represent
text-books that are thus thrown out of use by
the thousands, and naturally seek to foment
dissatisfaction which must arise at the intro-
duction of any radical change. The articles
in the Evening Post smack of the standpoint
of the publishers of science text-books for
schools.
The opinion was expressed that if "Nature
Studies" were persisted in the schools of Chi-
gago would soon show a very desirable change
for the better.

COLLEGE FRATERNITIES.

WOULD THEY BE BENEFICIAL AT LAKE
FOREST?

We print below the first half of a sym-
posium by members of the Senior and Junior
Classes of the College, in which various
opinions on the above much-mooted question
are ably set forth. It is hoped that contribu-
tions not yet in may be received this week
and published in our next issue.

Editor Stentor:—Our expression of opinion on
the subject of fraternities at Lake Forest must
necessarily be inaccurate remarks about probab-
THE STENTOR

ities. The aim of the fraternity, as I understand it, is to furnish its members their intimate friends and the companions with whom they may be in touch, and to control their social life completely. Applying this view of fraternities to Lake Forest conditions, it would break up the literary societies as they exist today—by reducing their sphere to the purely literary, the motive for hard work would be much reduced. Again the additional expenses which fraternities always bring would bar many of the best men who either do not have the money or do not feel justified in spending it. A line drawn on financial grounds is more bitter than Lake Forest societies ever were. And finally, every man in Lake Forest College can and does know personally every other man. He can select his associates by personal contact. Where this is not the case, it is doubtless necessary that one should find some few of kindred tastes with whom he may become intimate. But here I am confident that every senior who has taken his full course at Lake Forest can recognize and have some common interest with every Lake Forest man from the class of '92 to the class of '98. He has had personal relations with every man. We cannot overlook each other here. We cannot confine our interests to the few without injuring the whole. Therefore until our college shall have outgrown its present limitations, I do not think fraternities would do as much good as harm.

Chas. Thom.

Would they be beneficial? I believe that they would be.

I believe they would place Lake Forest in an intercollegiate sphere which owing to its present attitude it is frozen out of.

I believe they would raise relative standing as a college.

I believe they would attract more students here and bind them here closer after they come.

I believe that they would be a welcome and a profitable change from our present hostile literary system which has the evils of fraternities exaggerated with their benefits greatly modified.

I believe they would furnish students many advantages which are only obtainable at college and which they are now deprived of.

C. G. Smith.

The existence of fraternities in a school tends to the division of the students into cliques, thus causing hard feeling through too much fraternity "spirit." Lake Forest College is as yet too small an institution to bear up under such a disadvantage. Fraternities must necessarily cause extra expense for the poorer class of students who come to college for business. Let us first have an an-

nal. Fraternities would cause the natural death of the literary societies now existing in the college. There is nothing in the make-up of a fraternity that would take the place of the literary work now done faithfully and efficiently in the three societies of the college. For these three reasons I believe that fraternities would not be beneficial at Lake Forest.

Olive McClenahan.

Editor Stentor—I do not believe in "Fraternities in Lake Forest," nor in any college of a similar size. The associations and societies which now have claims upon their members for some part of their time and means would find fraternities advancing rival claims upon them. And this to the detriment of organizations essential, as I believe, to college life and which lead to the development of institution as well as individual. The selfish nature of fraternities would not only be likely to cause a lack of general sociability but actually create a feeling of animosity, a thing especially to be guarded against by institutions as small as ours where it is possible and best for every man to be acquainted with every other man.

F. S. Mellen.

If Lake Forest College had fraternities there would be a stronger inducement for students to stay the full course, instead of taking one or at the most two years here and the remainder East. The great attraction of Eastern colleges is not a better faculty surely, because we claim as good as can be found in any institution, but fraternity life, its many privileges and attractions, and the friendships a fellow forms in his society are of incalculable benefit to him in after life.

W. R. Nash.

I am heartily in favor of fraternities in Lake Forest College. I think they would increase the number of students, as many students prefer to attend a college which has fraternities. They promote a spirit of good fellowship and improve the social life of the students. They would bring our students in touch with the students of other Universities and form a bond of sympathy between them.

Mabel Parker.

I can see no need in the College life as it now exists at Lake Forest which would be met by the introduction of Fraternities. I feel sure that it would have a tendency to break up the students into factions and arouse bitter feelings even worse than existed between the two societies two years ago.

J. M. Vance.

I am heartily in favor of fraternities in Lake Forest. Although there are many reasons to be given against them, still I think the arguments for them will more than counter-balance.

Alice E. Keener.
THE NOURSE LECTURE.

Quite a large audience came to the Art Institute on Saturday evening to hear Dr. Robert Nourse in his famous lecture on Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. We are confident that no one was disappointed in Dr. Nourse or felt that he was more than justly celebrated. His ability as a dramatic orator is wonderful and from the very beginning until the masterful close with the death of the remarkable character, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, the audience listened with undivided and appreciative attention. The entertainment was a thorough success, as well financially as otherwise.

ATHENAEAN CELEBRATES HER EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

The Athenaean Society celebrated its eighteenth anniversary Friday night with great rejoicing of the active members and the alumni of the society who were in attendance. After the words of welcome by the president, C. O. Parish, reminiscent talks were given by Messrs. Jack, Wells and Wilson. Then followed a brief intermission, while refreshments were being partaken of and then Mr. Danforth in his usual keen and witty way continued the talks. Every one of the old boys present had some incidents of college society life to recall and anecdotes flew thick and fast. C. G. Smith for Athenaean closed the talks of the evening when all turned in for a glorious old time. That favorite society game which make one’s face glow with exercise held full swing for a time. Then came a round of Virginia reeling, after which a number of good old glee songs by alumni, the society taking up the refrain, and then the hour growing late, the guests reluctantly departed. Among the Alumni were: A. E. Jack, L. N. Rossiter, E. F. Dodge, A. S. Wilson, W. E. Danforth, George King, E. S. Wells, Aubrey Warren, W. E. Pratt, F. M. Skinner, W. D. McNary, S. B. Hopkins.

ZETA EPSILON HOLDS OPEN MEETING.

The Zeta Epsilon Society held an open meeting last Friday evening. Beside the usual attendance of regular members there were many visitors present from Ferry Hall and Mitchell Hall. The evening was devoted to a discussion of George Eliot and her works, and was very interesting and much enjoyed by all who were present. The program began with a piano solo by Mr. Siegfried Gruen-stein, and was followed by a discussion of the question, “Did George Eliot influence her times more than Charles Dickens?” It was supported on the affirmative by C. Thom and on the negative by W. D. Trueblood. Mr. Coolidge read a selection from Adam Bede. Mr. Trueblood favored the society with a vocal solo and received an encore. Mr. Angus read his prize essay on Dinah Morris, and Mr. J. Rice read a paper on the life and character of George Eliot. This concluded the regular program and was followed by a mock wedding, in which our beloved president was married to Miss Wilkie Hunter, the Right Reverend Doctor Nickel, Bishop of the Church of the Gridiron, officiating. The maids of honor were the Misses Pain and Pumpkin, the bridesmaid the truly beloved Miss Wilson and the best man being Mr. B. B. Tapioca. The bridal party entered the room to the strains of William Tell’s wedding march; the groom, our beloved Grassy, with the best man, then the bride on the arm of her maid, the ladies of honor immediately in the rear. The Bishop received them affectionately at the altar. When the music had died away the Ohs! and the Ahs! of the guests could be heard commenting on the bride’s dress. And indeed it was beautiful. Green satin slippers, blue brocade Mother Hubbard en traine, white tulle veil, red mitts and dainty nightcap on her head comprised her exquisite make-up. The groom wore the same coat his grandfather wore every time he was married, likewise hair and collar. The toilets of the young ladies are also worthy of mention, es-
pecially that of Miss Pain, who looked in the very pink of health. They were married with a ring, a gold one set with a sham rock. After the ceremony the happy couple received the hearty congratulations of the guests, the bride, of course, being the chief object of attention. We feel that we have some claim on her, now that she is the better (?) half of our beloved president. The gifts were numerous and costly, consisting of a mustard-mug, a roll of wall paper, a copy of that rare book, The Forester, bound in blue and gold and which will doubtless occupy their parlor table, a nice new broom, sugar bowl, and others too numerous to mention. The guests then adjourned to the dancing hall and Virginia reeds and quadrilles were the order of the evening, continuing until the wee sma' hours, when the party broke up. The happy couple, followed by Rice and old shoes left on the midnight fast male train for Bedlam and will return next month to reside in apartments already fitted up in Lakeside Hotel. The fond wishes of every Zeta Ep go with our president in his new speculation.

ALUMNI.

'84. The Rev. N. D. Hillis is the happy father of a boy born Nov. 3d.

'85. The Rev. T. E. Barr who has until lately been pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Kalamazoo, Mich., has accepted a call to the First Congregational church of that city.

'86. The Rev. Geo. E. Thompson who has been pastor of the Second Church of Detroit, Michigan, has been encouraged in his work by the reception of nine members on the 18th.

Burton A. Konkle, whom many will remember, has been compelled to leave the ministry on account of poor health. He is thinking of entering the newspaper business in Chicago.

'94. W. E. Williams is not at Andover Seminary as we announced formerly, but is attending Union Theological Seminary, New York, and is also taking Post Graduate work in Columbia College in Philosophy, Psychology and Ethics, the latter subject under Dr. Hyslop.

'86. Rev. W. E. Bates is just finishing his fourth year as pastor of the Presbyterian church at Winnebago City, Minn. The church is prospering nicely, being the second in membership and benevolence in the Presbytery. He is also pursuing a course in Political and Social Science for the degree of Ph. D.

'88. The following is clipped from a Philadelphia paper:—

Philadelphia historical localities and picturesque resorts will probably be illustrated in glowing style in the Chicago News when Edward S. Wells, Jr., gets back to the Windy City. Mr. Wells has been seeing sights that he never dreamed of beholding. Besides taking in Atlantic City, and the resorts in the neighborhood which have made the locality famous, Mr. Wells has been making a thorough inspection of Independence Hall and the other spots that are marked in glowing colors in the history of the birth of the American Union. With his accustomed, or rather acquired Chicago pride, Mr. Wells would not admit having been astonished, but he said with some hesitancy that it was the first time in his life that he had seen houses sixty years old.

Chas. R. Low Co.

74 Washington St.
Fine Stationery.
Engraved Calling Cards.
Wedding Invitations a Specialty.
Chicago.

THE CELEBRATED POSER

D. R. Cooper

The Photographer.

70 State Street. Bay State Building
Formerly of Harrison & Coover.
SPECIAL RATES TO STUDENTS
The progress of each year newly emphasizes the importance of work done in College Literary Societies. We mean the progress of the world, for the training of the Society is becoming constantly more valuable to the graduate in his contact with the great outside. Every day we hear new regrets that this work was not made a thing of greater importance in the college course of a few years ago. We have the strongest College Literary Societies in the West, yet we have need of much improvement. It sometimes seems a pity that work of such importance is left wholly to two rival student organizations where the spirit of jolly good fellowship and a general good time together is usually stronger than desire for the program’s excellence. At least the former receives the greater attention and we often wonder whether it would not be better to have one literary society, whose efforts might be better directed by members of the faculty and whose audience would stimulate one to his very best effort. One would appear less often truly, but but one would be bound to appear at his best. Then the inevitable college fraternities could come and do no damage. This all might be endlessly argued but “space forbids.”

We are glad that we are able to put on a little “extra” for our Thanksgiving issue. The STENTOR has plenty to be thankful for and we want to show it. The kind words and hearty support of our many friends has been encouragement indeed, and to them all we are very grateful and heartily hope for them a most happy Thanksgiving.

Our American institution of Thanksgiving is a thing for which there is a natural craving in a man’s nature, anyway. It is not a forced affair and one would keenly feel its absence. We are glad to hurry over these few remaining days and then, in family reunions everywhere, the great American people will give thanks together and feel the joy that each new Thanksgiving day brings with it. It is a day of gratitude and forgiving. And the day after we will all return to our various affairs, let us hope, with new inspiration, a new love for our fellows, a new ambition to make our lives count for good, a new joy of living.

Time and again it has been proved beyond a shadow of doubt that it is ridiculous waste of money to build and equip a first-class college gymnasium and then leave it practically to run itself. Lake Forest furnishes a striking example of the fact that the good coming from a gymnasium like our own expensive one is a poor return for the money invested so long as we have no first-class professional instructor who shall be on an equal footing.
with the members of the faculty, and who shall see to it that gymnasium work shall not be misdirected, and who shall encourage and direct the building up of sound bodies for all our students. The friends of the University who have given us such a handsome building, and to whom every student is justly grateful, would surely consider it a pity if they knew that we still lack the chief thing necessary to make their work a glorious success and without which we can show but sorry returns for their ample generosity.

Student life would loose half its savor and the College editor would be sad indeed, were that Utopian time to ever come when there would be nothing more desired of that Honorable Body—the Board of Trustees. We have to keep "kicking" to save ourselves from stagnating like a frog pond, and the burden of our present song is that we consider it an "antiquated and unjust tax" to have to pay $12.00 for the use of the Art Institute Hall on the occasion of each student entertainment; $12.00 of the money received from our good friends, the people of the town, must be turned into the University Till for the rental of a hall in a College Building,—our own property,—whose total cost for heat and light and janitor for one evening amounts to not quite $2.15 by accurate calculation. Especially when the proceeds from such entertainments are to help support "poor but worthy" student interests, is that fair?

The constitution of the Stentor Publishing Company provides that each Literary Society shall, on alternate years, control THE STENTOR,—i.e., hold the more prominent positions on the Board of Editors. All things considered, it is probable that this is the most practicable and satisfactory system, though it has naturally led to more than one remarkable result and more than one bold game of "bluff." However, we can see no reason why this system, already in vogue, should in any way hinder the successful operation of a competitive method. Our societies are large enough, ability is plenty enough and journalistic ambition should be keen enough to bring out not a little effort for position,—society limitations notwithstanding.

We publish in this issue the first installment of our promised student symposium on the subject of "College Fraternities—would they be beneficial at Lake Forest?" No one questions the keen interest of all our students in this matter and doubtless all opinions will be eagerly read. We are glad that broad views are being taken by the writers and that such excellent arguments are presented. The editorial opinion is so fickle on this question that we think it best withheld until all opinions are in,—then we will try to say something happy.

THE NEW YELL

Has not as yet been determined. We are still filing the numerous good ones already sent in and, before December tenth, hope to receive a lot more. By way of suggestion and general information we publish a few of the most famous college yells of the United States. They don't have them in Europe.

Amherst.—"Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Amherst!"

Beloit.—"O-Y-Ya-Ya-Beloit, Beloit, Ra-Ra-Ra, Scientia Vera-Cum Fide, Pura, Ha, Ha, Ha!"

Brown.—"Rah! Rah! Rah! Brown!"

Champaign.—"Rah-hoo-rah, Zip-boom-ah! Hippo-zoo, rah zoo, Johnny, blow your bazoo, Ip-sidi-iki, U. of I., Champaign!"

Colorado.—"Pike's Peak or Bust! Pikes Peak or Bust! Colorado College! Yell we must!!"

Cornell University.—"Cornell! I Yell! Yell! Yell! Cornell!"

Dartmouth.—"Wah, who, wah! wah, who wah! da-da-da, Dartmouth! wah who wah! T-i-g-e-r!"

De Paul University.—"Zip, rah, hoo! D-P-U! Rip, Saw! Boom! Baw! Bally for Old Depauw!!"

Earlham.—"Rah, rah, rah; ri, re, rem; E-A-R-L-H-A-M; thee, thou! rah !!!!"

Hanover.—"Han, Han, Han-O-Ve-r!"

Harvard University.—"Rah rah rah! rah rah! rah rah rah! rah rah rah Harvard!"

Illinois.—"Rah, Rah, Rah! (three times) I. C. I. C. I. C. Illinois!"
Illinois Wesleyan,— "Tally, balally, baloo! Rip, rah, roo! Boom-to-rah, boom-to-oo! We're m it! Who? Wesleyan, Wesleyan, I. W. U.!


Iowa State College,— "Hip ha! Hip ra! Peda baloo balle! Huzzza! Zip boom! I. A. C.!

John Hopkins University,— "Hulabaloo, Kanuck, Kanuck! Hulabaloo, Kanuck, Kanuck! Hoora! Hoora! Hoora!! J. H. U."

Knox,— "Zip rah! Boom rah! Knox-i-ae! Knox-i-a! Knox! Knox! Knox!!"

Lehigh University,— "Hoo, 'rah 'ray! Hoo, 'rah ray! 'Ray 'ray 'ray, Lehigh!"

Leland Stanford, Jr., University,— "Rah, rah-rah (three times), Stanford!!"

Purdue,— "Purdue! Purdue!! Rah-rah! Rah-rah! (twice). Ho-o-o-oo-rah!! Ho-l-o-o-o-oorah!! Bally for old Purdue!!"

Monmouth,— "Ho ho ho Repa loo Repa loo Rah! si ki y i, Hot Cold, Wet or Dry, get there Eli, Monmouth!"

Notre Dame University,— "Rah! Rah! Rah! Gold and Blue, Rah, Rah! Rah! N. D. U."

Oberlin,— "Hi-Y! Hi-Y! Hi-Y! Hi-Y! Hi! O! Hi! O-ber-lin!"

Ohio Wesleyan University,— "O-wee-wi-wow! Ah-ka-ze-ki-zow! Ra-zi-zi-zow! Viva, viva! O. W. U."

Princeton,— "Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! Tiger-Sis-Boo-mah! Princeton!"

Rose Polytechnic Institute,— "R.P! R-P! Rah! Rah-rah! (bis) Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah! Rose Polytechnic! Rah! Rah!"

St. Francis Xavier,— "Rah! Rah! Rah! X-A-V-I-E-R!"

Trinity, Hartford,— "Rah! 'rah! 'rah! Trin-i-ty! boom-rah! boom-rah! Trin-i-ty!"

Tufts,— "Rah, 'rah, 'rah, 'rah, 'rah! Tufts!"

University of California,— "Rah! Rah! Rah! Californ-i-a—U. C. Berk-lee Zip Boom-ah!"

University of Kansas,— "Rock-Chalk-Jay-Hawk K. U."

University of Michigan,— "U. of M. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hoo rah! Hoo-rah! Michigan! Michigan! rah! rah! rah!"

University of Minnesota,— "Rah, rah, rah, Ski-U-mah—Varsity, Varsity! Minne-So-ta!"

University of Missouri,— "Rah, rah, rah! Missouri! M-S-U-iversitee! Hoora! hijrah, Yes Siree!"

Univ. of Penn,— "Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah! Penn-syl-vi-na-ah! H'ray! H'ray! H'ray! Penn-syl-vi-na-ah!"

Univ. of Texas,— "Hulabaloo! Hooray, hooray, (twice) Hooray! Hooray! Varsity! Varsity! U. T. A!"

University of Virginia,— "Rah-rah-rah, Uni-v! Rah-rah-rah, Var-si-tee! Vir-gin-i-a!"

University of Wisconsin,— "U-Rah-Rah-Wiscon-sin! repeated three times with a Tiger!"

Vanderbilt University,— "Vanderbilt, Rah, Rah, Rah! Whiz Boom! Zip-boom, Rah, Rah, Rah!"

Wabash,— "Wah-Hoo-Wah, Wah Hoo Wah, Wah Hoo Wah W-a-bash!"

Wake Forest,— "Rah! Rah! Rah! Whoop-la Ve 'Or et Noir' and W. F. C."

William and Mary,— "Hi yi! Ki yi! Sis boom ba! William and Mary, Rah! Rah! Rah!"

WIlliams— "Rah! Rah! Rah! yums, yams, yums! Will-yums!"

Yale University,*— "Rah, Rah! Rah, Rah! Rah, Rah! Rah, Rah, Rah, Yah!"

* The difference between the cheers of Harvard and Yale lies in the length of time it takes to give them; Harvard's cheer is long and deep; Yale's quick and sharp.

COLLEGE LOCALS.

W. A. Bishop, '94, was in Lake Forest, Monday.

President Coulter will lecture at Goshen, Ind., on Friday evening.

Will Jaeger was visited by his brother and Mr. Pollard, of Portage, Wis., last Wednesday.

A. G. Marion has been confined to his room nursing a bad cold, a boil on his wrist and a tooth-ache.

Speaking of "progress and development." What's the matter with the Glee Club and its "Down by the River Side?"

The double-tracked arrangement between the College and Art Institute is a daisy. All we want now is a block signal system.

New college yell was heard recently in the halls, Aye! Rice, Mellen, True blood, Eakins, Aye! Aye! Repeat three times and more.

Chapin, the Evanston haberdasher, intends to open a branch store next week in the building formerly occupied by H. L. Hogue.

Answer.—The College boys have mutually
agreed to share the reading-room with the young ladies, and extend them a cordial welcome.

It appears that College Hall contains a few mice, so Mr. McNary bought three cats the other day in order to rid the building presumably.

The Glee Club is working faithfully and shows the effect of constant practice by marked improvement. We will have a good club this year.

The class in Anglo-Saxon were favored with an able lecture by Mr. Huntington on languages allied to the English, the first day of last week.

Newton had the misfortune to break through the ice on Farwell’s Pond, Tuesday. Needless to say, Newt, didn’t exactly call it a hot bath either.

A movement to organize a “Deutsch Verein” has been started and it is probable that such an organization will be perfected before next semester.

Youth reading college locals: “Say what is a gridiron any how? Catch me playing football on iron—it’s bad enough to play on our athletic quarry anyway.”

Prof. E. G. Conklin, of Northwestern, was expected to address the Biological Club at its regular meeting on Thursday, but on account of his illness the meeting was postponed.

The Freshman Greek class enjoyed a genuine treat the other day when Prof. Bridgeman read a part of Lucian’s “True History,” describing the people with cork feet and other equally interesting affairs.

Some new Lake Forest pins, designed by Hyman, Berg & Co., are being worn by a few. They are of different design than the old ones and are much handsomer. Rice and Mellen are taking orders for them.

Messrs. Kennedy and Yaggy were guests at a dinner party given one evening last week by a few of the young ladies of Kelly Hall at the U. of C. Miss Jeannette Kennedy, formerly of Ferry Hall, was one of the party.

Some one is in the habit of tearing out articles from the daily paper in the reading room. The spirit of vandalism must not be tolerated. The Tribune is presumably there so all students can have access to it in its entirety.

And to think that Ferry Hall was the only department whose students took advantage of the sleighing afforded by the first snow of the season! What a commentary on the proverbial spirit and enthusiasm of the college youth!

The Gymnasium pond being permitted to freeze over was the scene of much sport during the recent cold snap. The merry shouts of many skating there rang out till late. A number aired their former skill in making “stars.”

Marion Woolsey, our great tackle, was honored with an invitation from the Chicago Athletics to play with them in the Dartmouth game Thanksgiving. He has declined to play however as our team has a game with Beloit the same day.

If you see a Freshman walking aimlessly about with an expression of mingled anguish and imbecility upon his countenance, be not alarmed—he has not just lost his reason neither does he contemplate suicide—he has just begun the study of college algebra.

A petition has been circulated praying that the Thanksgiving recess include also Friday as well as Thursday. Persons attending school from cities lying out of Chicago find it impossible for them to get home for Thanksgiving Day and back for recitations Friday morning.

Great excitement prevailed at Academia last Thursday night owing to the fancied attempts of burglars or tramps to make an entrance to the house. We would undoubtedly
have had to report great deeds of valor performed by the roomers, but closer investigation discovered that it was one of the belated inmates who had been locked out.

The management of one of the leading theatres in Chicago sustained a severe shock last Saturday evening. It was caused by the spectacle of one of Lake Forest’s most grave and reverend Seniors and one of the smallest of her Freshmen, who were occupying seats in the extreme “fore-ground” of the parquet. The millennium is hourly expected.

Mr. J. A. Conro, ’98, has been elected one of the Local Editors of The Stentor in place of E. E. Vance, resigned. Mr. Vance has filled this position very capably and most satisfactorily, but now proposes to devote all his spare time to the Forester and the Glee Club. Mr. Conro has already shown considerable journalistic ability and will doubtless prove a very happy choice.

THE TOWN.

The Misses Hartwell, of Chicago, visited at the Platt’s on Sunday.

Last Thursday Prof. Halsey read a paper on Shakespeare before the Highland Park Club.

Mrs. Calvin Durand left on Wednesday for Orange, N. J., where she will visit her daughter.

Miss Ethel Warner gave a dinner party Saturday evening in honor of Miss Louise Crosby, of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Packard and Miss Alice Packard of New York city, are guests at Mayor Calvin Durand’s.

Prof. Wagner, Department of Civil Engineering at the University of Michigan, was the guest of Prof. Dawson over Sunday.

The pantry thief nuisance has become an unbearable pest—so Aubrey Warren thinks at least. He went breakfastless to the city Wednesday morning.

Mr. Lyman J. Gage, President of the First National Bank, of Chicago, will lecture on Banking at the Art Institute, Monday evening, December 17th.

Twenty-one extra trains of twenty coaches each were run from Boston to the Yale-Harvard game at Springfield, Saturday. That’s what they think of foot ball in the East.

Percy Hinckley, while skating on Farwell’s pond last Friday, in some way managed to fall and cut his leg so badly that Dr. Haven had to take several stitches in the injured member. He has the sympathy of his many boy friends who hope to soon see him out again.

Charley Durand, who came home from Andover last week with a foot-ball-injured leg, is rapidly improving and is already on crutches. Walter Smith has just commenced to attend recitations again at Andover after his long confinement with a similar injury. Lake Forest has certainly furnished her full quota of this fall’s foot ball victims.

Mr. William Henry Smith was suddenly called to Indianapolis last week which hindered his leading prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening as expected. He was to talk on the “Good and Evils of Large Corporations of Labor and Capital.” Prof. Halsey led instead and his brief talk on Trusts, Combines, etc., was followed by an animated and strongly argued discussion.

Mr. Chapin, Mr. Byron Smith, Mr. Dwight and Mr. Henry Ives Cobb are the Lake Forest representatives on the Chicago Business Men’s trip to the Texas Palace Cotton Exposition at Waco. About one hundred representative Chicagoites left last Wednesday by a special train for this week’s outing, which promises to be a great lark. They are expected back about Thursday.

The University Club held its fortnightly meeting at Prof. Locy’s last Thursday evening. Prof. Eager and Miss Ripley gave two piano duets which were very greatly enjoyed,
and President Coulter read a paper on "Soma College Fallacies" which was followed by a considerable and interesting discussion. The next place of meeting will be at Prof. Stevens.' Prof. Halsey will read the paper.

Another of our fellow citizens has proved his greatness in a new way. Mr. Byron L. Smith has always had considerable reputation as a pie-eater, but recently he has thrown his pie record in the shade by making a phenomenal record on oysters. Down at Waco he received a leather medal for being the champion oyster-eater. He is said to have disposed of 763 of the wiggling bivalves and won handily from all competitors by a half a dozen little neck clams. Mr. Henry Ives Cobb was carried out after his 598th. Those business men weren't going to Texas for nothing.

MITCHELL HALL.

Table "Brontema" has adopted the rotary system.

Miss Wuillemin, of Elgin, visited at Mitchell Hall on Saturday and Sunday.

Thanksgiving this week, the twenty-ninth Those of the girls who live near Lake Forest expect to eat turkey at home.

Miss Grace Gilson, of Chicago, made a short visit at Mitchell Hall with her sister, Miss Mabel Gilson, the latter part of the week.

The front steps are being repainted, hence entrance and exit through the lower regions only. We hope that soon the "constant trend of daily life" may pass unbarred through the front door and not have to go down to come up into the world.

The M. H. girls wish to thank the Zeta Epsilon Society for their kind invitation to attend the meeting of the society on last Friday evening. The program was very much enjoyed, especially the last feature. All have decided that the Zeta's know how to entertain.

FERRY HALL.

Marion Calhoun visited in Evanston over Sunday.

1-2-3-4-5-6 those Senior essays! But its all over now!

Miss Bunker is at her home in Woodstock for a week's vacation.

Mrs. Pease, of Harvard, Ill., has been the guest of Gertrude Bell.

Miss Phelps and Miss Sizer attended the Thomas concert Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Tryon, of Dowagiac, Mich., spent a few days with her daughter Helen.

The French table celebrated Vittrice Thomas' birthday Tuesday evening.

Manie Burchell received a fine birthday box on Saturday. Festivities followed.

Mrs. Latimer entertained the Misses Sargent, Maxwell and Sizer at dinner Thursday.

Louise Conger, Nellie Clarke and Clara Mercer have been on the sick list the past week.

The Misses Marder, Pride and Porter attended the "Midway" at Battery D on Saturday evening.

The Ferry Hall girls are glad to see Dr. Coulter occasionally, after his two weeks stay in the East.

The Misses Lincoln and Julia Clark enjoyed a short call from Miss Fiske, of Ottawa, Friday afternoon.

A joint committee from Zeta Sigma and Kappa Phi is to devise some means of raising funds for the "Forester".

Gertrude Austin has decided to attend the Art Institute this winter, instead of returning to Ferry Hall, after Thanksgiving.

Several young ladies were favored with invitations to an open meeting of the Zeta Epsilon Society, November twenty-third.
It was a great pleasure to have Dr. McClure present at chapel one morning last week. In a short talk he brought out several helpful lessons from the life of Esther.

Miss Grace Welton, '94, leaves Chicago tomorrow to spend the winter with her parents in Florida. Before returning she will spend a month with Miss Alice Adams at Cincinnati.

The new plan of giving the regular prayer-meeting into the charge of the Christian Endeavor Society proves very successful, as was shown by the consecration service Wednesday night.

The Thanksgiving recess will last from Wednesday afternoon until Monday morning. In order to make up work which should have come on Friday, the 30th, regular recitations were held Saturday.

About two weeks ago Professor Eager and Miss Ripley rendered some delightful ballet music from Rubenstein's opera "Feramors." Wednesday they gave "Overture to Merry Wives of Windsor" by Nicolai, and "Overture to Oberon," by Weber.

The Thanksgiving service Sunday evening was a pleasant innovation. Miss Sargent gave a short review of the national events during the past year and musical selections interspersed with readings from Whittier, Edward Everett Hale and others.

**ACADEMY.**

The Rhetoric class resembles Indian Territory in that it has a Cooke gang.

Watch for picture of Academy eleven and full write up of the champion team in the next Stentor.

The second Academy eleven had its picture taken in front of the gymnasium on Saturday afternoon. Bond, the mascot, will appear in the photograph with the team.

Hanson shot and killed a wild goose weighing ten pounds, on Wednesday afternoon. We congratulate him on the reputation he has made for himself as a hunter.

The two Academy societies decided last Wednesday to make a desired appropriation of $25.00 each to The Forester fund. An entertainment will soon be given for the purpose of raising the necessary money.

Upon opening a box supposed to contain crockery, the good people who prepare the daily food for the dormitory boys were surprised to be confronted by a herd of turtles. The beasts were some which has been consigned for "use," or rather torture, in the laboratory.

School closes tomorrow noon for a two day's Thanksgiving intermission. Beginning Friday noon and lasting until Sunday morning there will be recitations. A petition will be made to the faculty in a week or two asking for two weeks' Christmas vacation, as in former years.

The illustrious foot ball team of the college Freshmen won a defeat on Saturday afternoon when it allowed the Cad eleven to score 4 to its 0. The game was a very interesting one. It was the closing effort of the season for the Cads. Captain Ireland's men were not strong, owing to the absence of Brown, Brewer, and Bartels No. 2. However, the substitutes did their work well.

The Freshmen kicked off. Travis fell on the ball ten yards from the center. Then Jackson punted to the Freshman 20-yard line, and by several bucks brought the ball to within two yards of the goal, following this action up by a touch-down. Jackson did not kick goal. From this point to the end of the game neither side scored.

Bartels and Ireland bucked like young steers, Kennedy, Bettis, and Jackson made good tackles, while Travis and Kennedy made superb openings.

The teams lined up as follows:

**ACADEMY**

Jackson .................. R. E. .................. Jaeger
J. Kennedy .................. R. T. .................. D. Kennedy
Travis .................. R. G. .................. Graff
Werner .................. C. .................. Eakins
John .................. L. G. .................. Wasson
Yaggy .................. L. T. .................. Hubacheck
Bettis, Wells .................. L. E. .................. McNary
Kretsinger .................. Q. B. .................. Keener (Capt.)
Bartels .................. R. H. .................. Smith
Lane .................. L. H. .................. Williams
Ireland (Capt.) .................. F. B. .................. Conro

**FRESHMEN**

