MOTHERS CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Joe stood leaning against the corner of
the house and energetically kicking a clod of
frozen earth. His usually open, frank face wore a troubled expression, and
he appeared to be in deep thought. It was just
two weeks before Christmas and his
thoughts were concerned about that time of
holiday and gladness. He had set his heart
upon getting a Christmas present for his
mother. She had always been kind and
loving, but he especially thought of his last
birthday when she gave him a new soft felt
hat, and a very beauty of a silk neck-tie, in
place of his old hat and tie which were be-
coming shabby; and he was somewhat
ashamed of them, especially on Saturday
evening when he went to town and called
on a certain, bright-eyed friend of his.

The present that he had set his heart upon
getting was an easy-chair. He knew that it
was the one thing above all others that his
mother wanted and needed. She had always
had her old fashioned rocker until two years
ago when a terrible prairie-fire had swept
down upon them, and burned up almost
everything. Since then they had had a
pretty hard time to get along, and, although
his mother missed her rocker very much,
she thought that she couldn't afford to get
a new one.

Joe stopped kicking the frozen clod and
slipping his hand into his pocket he took
out a well worn pocket-book. He opened it
and examined its contents, as perhaps he
had done a hundred times before in the last
week. The pocket-book contained only a
two-dollar bill, and two half dollars. Those
three dollars represented four days of hard
work that he had done for a neighbor.

"If I had just two dollars more," soli-
dquized Joe, "I could get that one, but," he
continued, "it can't hold a candle to that
eight dollar one. Its a regular beauty, and
I'll tell you, mother deserves one like it if
any body does. But," he said gloomily "I
don't see where one dollar is to come from
much less five." He snapped the pocket-
book shut, and slipping it into his pocket
again, he strode off to the barn.

Suddenly he stopped and looked attent-
ively at something in the distance. It
proved to be a large prairie-wolf, and its
unusual size struck Joe at once. The beast
was leisurely trotting across the prairie half
a mile away. Running quickly back to the
house, Joe sprang into his room, siezed his
rifle, and ran out to where his pony was tied
to a tree. Hastily mounting him he started
in pursuit. He did not follow directly after
the wolf, but circled out round to head him
off. As Joe got within range of him, the
creature stopped short and looked straight
at him for about twenty seconds, then he
wheeled suddenly and started off on a long,
swinging lope. In the meantime Joe had
checked his horse and sprung to the ground.
Just as the wolf started off he leveled his
rifle and fired. As the report rang out the
wolf turned a complete summer-sault. He
regained his feet, however and started off.
But he ran only a short distance and then
began to weaken. He snapped viciously at
his side, staggered on a few steps and then
suddenly dropped in a heap. Remounting
Joe dashed up and sprang to the ground "I
guess you won't kill any more sheep, you
old rascal," he cried exultingly, and then
added, "and you're worth money too. I'll
can get three dollars for your hide, and
your scalp is worth two dollars and a
half. Perhaps mother will get her chair yet."

After making sure that the wolf was dead
Joe rode back home, got a team and wagon,
and hailed him home. He stripped off the
hide, detaching the scalp from the rest, and
then stretched it on a board to dry.

On the day before Christmas he succeeded
in getting to town unknown to his parents,
who had gone off to visit a neighbor. The
man to whom he sold the hide told him that
it was one of the finest wolf hides he had
ever seen, and immediately offered him five
dollars for it. With this money and the two
dollar and a half for scalp bounty in his
pocket he went to the furniture store. To
his joy he found the chair which he had set
his heart upon getting, still there, and soon
had it in his wagon. He stood for a moment
looking thoughtfully at the remaining two
dollars and a half and muttered to himself,
"I wish I could get her something too. Oh,
I have it" he said, "that set of poems at
Hoyt's drug store. She said just the other
evening that she had always wanted a set
of Longfellow's poems. I'll just let Hoyt
send them up to her in the morning."

On Christmas morning Joe got up before
any one else, and, as quietly as possible,
carried in a bulky article from the grannary,
where it had been hidden, and placed it in
the front room. He then went about his
work as usual. When he came in to break-
fast his mother met him at the door. Her
face was bright and happy and there was a
suspicious look of moisture about her eyes.

"Good morning, and a Merry Christmas to
you, my son," she said, "I see Santa Claus
has been here, and he has brought me the
one thing that I wanted more than anything
else."

"Is that so?" said Joe trying to look inno-
cent and very much surprised, "What is it?"
and then as he looked into the front room,
"What an easy chair? Well, the old fellow
must have a pretty log on him."

"And a very kind heart," added his mother
as she lovingly patted his shoulder.

The same morning the dark-haired, rosy-
cheeked daughter of the village physician
looked very happy when she undid a pack-
ge containing two finely bound volumes of
Longfellow's poems. Her cheeks grew
rosier still, and her eyes very bright when
she read on the fly-leaf, in a familiar hand-
writing, "A Merry Christmas and Best
Wishes, From a Friend."

Many people on that day were rendered
very happy by tokens of kindness and
affection, and among them were Joe's mother
and sweet-heart. And yet none were happier
than he. That afternoon he took his rifle
out in the wood shed and carefully cleaned
and polished it. When he was through he
lovingly patted its stock and whispered,
"If you were not a No. 1 gun, old fellow, Mr.
Wolf might have been still prowling about
the prairie, instead of being put to some
good use in some one's drawing room."

C. E. Hebbert.

Mrs. Mary E. Reynolds has recently given
$225,000 to the Chicago University.

CHRISTMAS!

Rejoice! Oh man, for Christmas brings,
On earth good will to men,
For on this day neath angels wings;
Christ came to bear our sin.

Born of a humble virgin fair,
The Christ child, from above,
By God was sent below to bear
The joys and pains of love.

To him in lowly manger laid,
The wise men from afar,
Brought their gifts and homage payed
Their only guide a star.

Long had the world in darkness groped,
By cold philosophers led,
Long for eternal life has hoped,
Life free from Death's cold bed.

Ne'er had the world so great a need,
Of a savior kind and pure,
A voice to frame and iron-bound creed,
To guide both rich and poor;

To solve life's problems dark and drear,
Its cares and toil unequal,
To make the way to heaven clear,
To point to life's glad sequel.

Thus Christ, the child of Christmas day,
The King of Kings on high,
Our awful debt of sin to pay,
Lived sinless, but to die.

By hands of those he came to save,
And mocked by mouths he'd fed,
He died to fill a criminals grave;
Deaths gift to millions dead.

Thro' him have noble men and true,
In distant climes and lands,
Thro' time, been cheered their work to do,
By those nail-pierced hands.

Thus on this day of glad rejoicing,
May gifts we give away,
Be but our hearts and lives rejoicing
The love we ought to pay. -1900-
THE DEATH OF SANTA CLAUS!

"Who would have thought that Santa Claus could die?" "How did it happen?" "Has it happened?" These were the questions of the wondering children. There was to be no more Christmas then, at least so far as toys and stockings and Christmas trees with Santa Claus himself at the top, had to do with making what the children thought to be Christmas. There were some children who had been told that Santa Claus never lived. Yes! some had been led to doubt about it; but nevertheless most of them hung up their stockings, and went on their knees before the chimney and told Santa Claus what they wanted at Christmas. This death of Santa Claus was a bereavement indeed! and the children all wanted to know how it happened.

"How was it Johnnie? Did any one tell you?"

"No, I heard he was dead and I thought perhaps he might have fallen off some roof when he came up there with his sleigh to get near a chimney." "No, I don't think so. I believe there was a chimney that was not big enough and he could not get down. Perhaps he is in there now. I wonder if they found him. I wonder how they knew he was dead! Do you suppose any one found his body anywhere?"

"Well, I don't know for sure, but I'll tell you how I heard about it. There was a great big tall man walking down the street a little while ago, and he was telling everyone Santa Claus was dead, and we never ought to speak about him anymore. I knew it wasn't true because my stocking that I'd hung up by the chimney was just plumb full that very Christmas just before I met the man in the black coat. There was lots of candy in it."

"And you think Santa Claus put the candy in it?"

"Why, I know he did. I saw him myself." "You saw him did you? When? Was it in the night?"

"Oh! what are you dreaming of? He always comes in the night, you know."

"Yes, yes, so he does—but what did he look like?"

"Just the way you've seen him in the pictures, and on the Christmas trees. I don't believe he's dead, 'cause I saw him myself only a little while ago. I'm going to try and find out about it. If he's dead, I'm awful sorry."

"How are you going to find out?"

"Oh, I dun-no, maybe I can find that big man in the black coat again. He ought to know sure, cause he said Santa Claus was dead."

"I don't believe you can find him but I'll go along with you and if you can show me a man that told as big a lie as that I'd like to see him, more'n that, I'd like to tell him what I think of him."

The boys went off in search of the tall man with the black coat and they enquired from house to house whether there was any one there that knew about the death of Santa Claus. In all the houses the dear old Saint was known and loved. Nobody had heard of his death.

"What! Santa Claus dead," said one kindly looking old gentlemen, "and the spirit of Christmas gone with him? I don't believe it. Who was the man in the black coat that told you that? I'd like to have a talk with him myself. I'll go along with you, and we'll try to find that man. Boys! did anyone tell you where he died?"

"No, but it couldn't have been long ago because the big man in the black coat was just talking about it."

"Well then there must be a funeral somewhere because everyone loved Santa Claus. I wonder now where that funeral might be. We'll surely find that man in the black coat there. He will want to say something at Santa Claus' funeral. I'm sure of that."

Then the boys and the old man went off together and they found the place at last but it was a long journey for they had to go away off to Holland to a little town on the shore of the North Sea where Santa Claus was born, and truly, there he was, dead, as they thought, and his body was in a great room that seemed so big that all the children in the world could come into it. All of them that could come were there, for it seemed that many had heard of the death of the saint of the Christmas time.

There was his body lying in the middle of the great room and there were candles about it burning like those on Christmas trees. There was a little white frost on the long grey beard that had not melted since he came back from his last Christmas ride with the reindeers. Some one had put about the bier the bags in which he carried the presents for the children. They were empty now. Poor Santa Claus! Could he never
go again to gladden a child's heart? There was another who had found his sledge and his reindeers and they had been brought into the big room. The man in black did not like it and he went on telling them there was no Santa Claus and there were no reindeers, and no sleigh, and he came very near to saying there wasn't any Christmas joy for children. But then a very remarkable thing once happened. When the German emperor went into Charlemaga's tomb to find out whether the body of the great king was really there, and when Otho opened the door of the vault there was the mighty ruler of the peoples seated in his chair his scepter in his hand, his sword across his knees. This ruler of the peoples was not dead, nor was Santa Claus, the children's king dead. He rose up and looked into the eyes of the man in black and the man was paralysed with fright. He turned and fled. The reindeers were there and the sleigh was there. Ah! the bags were empty. "Do they think there are no more children who want toys?", said the awakened Santa Claus. "I must go straight to Nuremburg and fill the bags, and then we'll go on the roof again, my swift chargers! and down the chimneys and all the children shall know that Santa Claus isn't dead yet."

WALTER CRANSTON LARNE.

AT PEACE WITH THE WORLD.

When winter winds are piercing cold,
And the ground all white with snow,
And other fellows worry and scold,
In the distance they must go.

At half past six, when the first bell rings,
I'll take another snooze,
Ah! visions sweet to me it brings,
And takes away the blues.

I wake up suddenly—'tis time
To a hasty toilet make;
I think I hear the breakfast chime,
My tie in hand I'll take.

What care I? it matters not—
I never get a snub;
I'll find my breakfast piping hot
At the University Boarding Club.

A MEMBER.

A senior student of philosophy was recently heard to remark: "In the bright, halcyon days of youth there is no such word as Kant."


good body brings.

INTO THE GREAT BEYOND.

I paused a moment, looked long and steadily ahead of me, straining my eyes in trying to pierce the inky blackness beyond; looked till my lids must close of their own accord on my aching eyes. Could I say I saw anything? No. My pause was by this time a quarter-rest but it still continued. Should I go on or not? Go on? and bravely face the dangers that in an unknown country lie; or remain? and live in peace and security on the narrow edge of a ten foot plank till morning dawn should bring me tidings of my lost whereabouts. Before me lay this undreamed of dread pile of shadows. A step forward might lead me to—I knew not what. In one instant my very breath came short, my blood seemed filled with electric needles, as there appeared to my minds eye the nameless horrors which might await me. Suppose a yawning chasm should invite me with open jaws, at my next move; suppose a slimy pit should throw its clammy embrace round me if I dared advance. A great feeling of deepest despair, came over my nature, before so free and easy in my lightness of spirit. A pall of black despondency seemed settling on me; I waver, hesitate, feel my thoughts deserting me, struggle with giant energy to regain my composure, my self control, for the agonizing thought comes o'er me that I am lost. Lost! I? No, how can it be? Oh the agony of those moments. I breath hard, shake myself, throw back my head, struggle with all my giant energy to free myself from the fast gathering gloom on my spirits—but alas!—'tis hopeless. With one giant effort I catch my voice and give one long, long shout, as it seemed to me—and then I feel the numbness of despair creeping over me, my knees give way under me, and I sink to the ground. The mists of despair gather before my eyes, the darkness of oblivion settles down slowly upon my troubled senses and—but hold—Oh joy! joy! a light—now shout, my voice—obey me, shout—oh deliverance is near. Raise me my legs—respond to my call; hold me up that I may see this light. The light draws near and ever nearer, and soon I cling with trembling grasp to my deliverer—John Donne, who happened to be crossing the campus with a lantern.
COLLEGE NOTES.

The snow, the snow; the beautiful snow!

R. H. Curtis will spend part of his vacation
with relatives in Waukegan.

A. B. Loranz and S. Knouff saw "The
Wedding Day" in the city last week.

Artie Colwell expects to spend part of his
vacation hunting near Kankakee.

WANTED; for Xmas, a full-fledged mustache
cup.

"WILLIE" JAEGER.

The final examination in Psychology
takes place today (Tuesday) and tomorrow.

Everybody is going home Xmas vacation
for they say Santa Claus seldom visits
colleges.

The Cad Dormitory-Cottage game was
well attended by college students, Saturday
afternoon.

The choice of rooms in North Hall took
place Tuesday afternoon. The building
will be well filled.

A very pleasant evening is reported by
those who were present at the Seminary re-
ception. Friday evening,

Oakenwald received an invitation to attend
a dance at Waukegan, given in Mrs. Perrin's
hall on Saturday evening.

The things most appreciated by the col-
lege boys during these dark nights are the
numerous lights (?) on the campus.

O. H. Sweezy visited Lake Forest last Mon-
day. Mr. Sweezy is an assistant in the
Biological Laboratory at Northwestern.

A railing has been added to the narrow
guage sidewalk to pilot unwary Freshmen
across the dangerous pass to the Art
Institute.

F. A. DuBridge and W. A. Graff are circu-
lating Athletic subscription papers. Let
everyone show his loyalty to the school by
giving to a good cause.

A number of alumni, among whom were,
F. A. Hayner, Aubrey Warren, Mr. Pratt and
N. B. Gallway, looked over the athletic field
Monday, and caused much speculation as
to their purpose.

Signor Italiana Bananana visited one of
Prof. Harper's classes last week. As the
class was "enjoying" itself dissecting earth-
worms it was in no haste for a dessert, and
the genial professor escorted the distin-
guished gentleman to the stairs.

H-n-y W-i-e says he has studied love all
his life, and expects to take the degree of
M. M. (m-r-i-d man) ere long. We wish him
much success in his post-graduate course,
and may it last long.

Thursday afternoon four captains were
chosen to make up basket ball teams. Special
days will be given to practice after
Christmas. The captains chosen were Fisher,
Kemp, J. J. Jackson and Miller.

Students who intend to visit Milwaukee
during the Christmas vacation will do well
to consult An——n and Sk——r as to the best
place to get their fortunes told, pockets
stuffed (with rags), coat sleeves sewed, etc.,
etc.

The heroic action of a student prevented
the reading room from becoming an exten-
sive bonfire last week. One of the lamps,
after smoking voluminously but peacefully
for a while, suddenly flared up without
apparent cause, and had a red hot argument
with the ceiling. A passing student how-
ever "turned it down."

It was a moving scene. Some wept, but it
was for joy however. After long months of
waiting, the dormitory was ready for occu-
pancy, and the Oakenwald boys were mov-
ing their earthly possessions into their new
place of abode.—N. B: We could not put off
this local any longer. It has been handed
in five successive weeks. ED.

"Deacon" Rath celebrated his 21st birth-
day on the 16th inst. In the evening he
delivered an "eloquent" address, which was
often punctuated by very loud and pro-
longed applause, on his native state, to a
self-selected audience. As "Deacon" is an
exceedingly modest young man he only
hinted that Iowa is the long-lost Garden of
Eden.

It has recently come to light that two of
our college boys who visited Milwaukee
during the Thanksgiving holidays spent
the greater part of their time at the "Sem,"
on Milwaukee Ave. Dame Rumor has it
that they behaved "admirably" when one
evening they found themselves the victims
of practical jokes. For details apply to H.
R. A——n and E. R. S——r.

Ralph Barton K—— was sitting in deep
meditation, while above him hung great
clouds of thought-inspiring tobacco smoke. A look of "pain" wrinkled his normally placid brow, and about him were strewn great piles of Peri-pearl paper as large as a Sunday Tribune. An open Trigonometry, much fingered, and with dog-eared pages, lay before him, as he covered aforesaid, Peri-pearl with sines, cosines and formulas without end. Ever and anon the preparation started out on his forehead, and an agonized groan issued from his shirt bosom. No, knowing reader, he is not preparing for an Xmas examination. He is only calculating how a man six feet two can occupy with comfort a bed only six feet in length, as the new dormitory beds are reputed to be.

Tomorrow's the day, the much longed for day When numerous and sundry mustaches, Will perish away, forever to stay, Midst numerous razor made gashes. Many will weep, still longing to keep, This ever beloved plaything, Others'll be sad, they have not had, A fuller grown harvest to bring. Yet all will be free, 'tis easy to see, From gibes and unkindly remark, So come lets agree, 'twist just you and me, To toast to the Mustache Club sharks.

Flashes From the Wires.

Dec. 15. Graff misses a recitation. General concern as to his whereabouts.


Dec. 17. Train bearing Chicken Ear Haas from the city is twenty minutes late.

Dec. 18. Colwell's rattle lost.


MR. BURNAP AT HARVEY.

Mr. Burnap appeared as representative of our University and delivered an address before the Woman's Literary Club of Harvey III., on Friday evening Dec. 18th. He was while at Harvey the guest of Miss Mabelle Gilson, Lake Forest '95, who is teaching in the High School at that place. Mr. Burnap also visited for a few minutes the Presbyterian Mission which was holding a Bazaar at the time. Mr. W. H. Matthews, Lake Forest '92 has charge of the mission and is carrying on a successful work.

INDIANA SLIM'S CHRISTMAS.

It was the eighteenth of December and flurries of snow were beating in upon a little group of homeless wanderers gathered around a camp fire in a hollow beside the railroad track. A barricade of old railroad ties on the windward side protected them from the most of the storm, and they were not unhappy as they sat there puffing away on their old black pipes; and the flames of their crackling fire cast a lurid glare over their faces and disclosed a variety of characters.

"Soon be Christmas," remarked Weary Walker. "Won't make no difference to us poor devils!" replied London Jimmy. "Last Christmas we had lots of good turkey where I was," ejaculated Billy the Kid. "Where was that, Billy,—Sing Sing or Joliet?" laughingly asked Omaha Pete. "Speaking of Christmas," Indiana Slim remarked, "reminds me of home—" Here he paused and they all looked at him inquiringly. He had never before spoken to them of his home; he even tried never to think of it.

Four years before he had left a good home. He thought his father was too strict, and wanting to enjoy the fullest freedom, he packed a few of his belongings into a sack, and, taking a sum of money he had saved up, struck out at the age of sixteen, resolved never to cross the threshold of his father's house again. Reaching Baltimore, he hired out as a "cow puncher" on a cattle steamer bound for Liverpool, and after a short stay in England, he returned to America and soon became a typical prodigal. He worked at various jobs in various places, never wanting to stay long in a place and having a desire to visit every state in the Union. He was not slow at learning the tricks of the professional tramp and he boasted of his ability to ride any train that ever ran. It made little difference to him, except in winter, whether it was an empty box car, the "blind baggage," the brakebeam, or the rods of a Pullman sleeper, on which he rode.

Only once he had written home, and that was when he was laid up with rheumatism in a San Francisco hospital. His father and mother were overjoyed by the intelligence from their long absent boy, and they hastened to reply with a letter of forgiveness enclosing a little bank check, and entreat him to come home. But before their letter reached San Francisco, he had been discharged from the hospital and it was re-
turned to them, stamped "un-called for." This was six months ago.

"Home," spoke up Dick the Hobo, "Yer mighty lucky if yer ever had a home!" Ralph Buckingham—for this was "Slim's" real name—didn't look up but kept poking the fire with a stick. He was thinking, thinking deeply. His ragged, dirty clothes seemed to become loathsome all at once; and his empty stomach; the cold, raging storm; the blackness of the night, all combine to make him think of his father's comfortable home away back in Indiana. "Fellows," said he, "I had a home, and I have a home yet as far as I know." "Well," replied Kansas Skinny, "if I was in your fix I'd get there as soon as ever I could. And I'd say, says I, 'Mother, I've come home to die!'" "Yes, an' she would say, 'I know you Skinny my boy, you haven't come home to die at all—you've come home to eat!'" put in Dick the Hobo. And they all chuckled at this bright remark.

Ralph Buckingham kept poking the fire thoughtfully. At last he said, "Did any of you fellows ever go to Sunday School when you were little?" "Yer mean ter insult us, do yer?" replied Billie the Kid. "Der we look like Sunday School chaps?" added London Jimmy. "What yer askin' that fer?" spoke up Weary Walker. "My mother was a good Christian woman back in old England, and I used to go with her to Sunday School when I was a little feller.—But I'm a long way from bein' a Sunday School boy now, as you all know," he added apologetically. "I was just going to ask you if you remember a story in the Bible about a feller that went away from a good home and took all his money with him, an' spent it all havin' a sporty time with the bloods, an' at last he wound up a herdin' sheep, er hogs, er something, an' one night after he hadn't a thing but corn husks to eat all day, an' it was mighty cold where he had to sleep, he got to thinkin' about home. He imagined he could hear an angel chorus away up in the sky somewhere's a singin' 'Home Sweet Home,' an' he could smell the turkey that his dear, old mother was bakin' for Christmas, an' see the good clothes that was a hangin' on the ward robe fer him to wear, and, and, and—well, fellers, I don't remember just all the points about the story, but I do know that it is just my fix; an' I'm goin' to do what he did—arise, and go to my father, and tell him I'll take care of the horses, or work in the garden, or chop wood or do anything he wants me to do, if I can only get under the old home roof again—God helpin' me I'll do it!" Ralph Buckingham had risen to his feet as he made this last remark, and turning to his fellows, he bade them good bye and went out into the night.

The night operator at the depot had just finished sending his messages when a poorly dressed young man with a determined look in his flushed face, stepped to the window and asked what the fare was to Terre Haute, Indiana. "Fifty dollars, first class; thirty-five, second class," was the reply. Ralph sat down in the waiting room and studied the situation. It was just a week till Christmas and he was determined to eat Christmas dinner at home. He was equally determined never to beat his way over the road again, and he was over two thousand miles from home, without a cent.

Christmas morning was a time of rejoicing in the Buckingham home. The usual tree was loaded with presents in the corner of the drawing room, but it was not the center of attraction. The neighbors were whispering the news to one another, and casting curious glances toward the house.

While the family was at breakfast, a knock was heard at the back door. Mrs. Buckingham went to the door, and her shriek of delight and sobs of joy gave the announcement to the household of the return of the prodigal. Not only the father, but all the family "fell on his neck and kissed him." They didn't need to "bring forth the best robe" for him, however, for he was already dressed in a good black suit and looked neat and clean.

After dinner on that memorable Christmas day, they all gathered into the drawing room to listen to the tale of Ralph's adventures—which concluded with the account of his singular meeting with his cousin, Robert Strong, the night operator at Phoenix Arizona, who furnished him with a suit of clothes and a ticket home.

WALTER S. ELLIOTT.

Senior—There will be no "bettin" on the Freshman team when they play the Sophomores.

Junior—Why?

Senior—Because he is a Sophomore.
On this occasion the STENTOR takes the opportunity of wishing a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all its friends and patrons.

In this our last issue of the STENTOR for '97 we wish to say that our watch word for '98 will be “Forward,” and hope that we may be able to illustrate its meaning in the future.

The literary department of the STENTOR we do not consider inferior to any that has been published, and it is our aim to make it if possible superior to any previous STENTOR. For this we are dependant on the response of the student body to our calls. The efficiency of the present staff is noteworthy and to them is due the credit for such a paper as we have been enabled thus far to circulate.

There is probably no student enterprise which is more deserving of praise and hearty co-operation of all than the musical clubs. That such organizations are almost indispensable to colleges of any standing is shown by the fact that nearly all colleges have them. Our clubs have during the past years achieved a very enviable reputation in this line of work, both for their excellence from a musical standpoint and for their genuine gentlemanlike actions on all occasions. The object of a trip which it is customary to take at the latter part of the season, is an inducement to the members to work with a will and always aim at a high standard. The trip this year will be especially long and interesting, and every man who possesses any talents in this line should show them now and develop them, both to the gain of himself and the clubs. The active practice of the clubs this year is somewhat late in beginning, but now that it is started we hope it will continue with a will.

With this number the STENTOR completes a short but successful term in its twelfth year. At the beginning of this year the outlook for the STENTOR was, to say the least, discouraging. No staff had been appointed or chosen for this year; the credit of the paper was minus; no books had been kept for some years past, so that all work done on the STENTOR this year is original with the present managers; and above all we have been harrassed by debtors, who have trusted “not wisely but too well” the managers in past years. The University has steadily refused to acknowledge the disadvantages under which we are laboring. The result of all these draw-backs would naturally be the complete discouragement of this enterprise. We do not hesitate to say that thus far we have worked harder than any managers for the past five years. We have shouldered with determination part of the present indebtedness and we hope at least to give next year’s managers a better footing than we have found this year.
FERRY HALL.

Mourning time, 6:30 A.M.
Ferry Hall Yell: "Has the mail come?"
The popularity of the back seat in the Rhetoric class remains undiminished.

WANTED TO EXCHANGE—Samples of handwriting and fudges, for a 'stand in' with the college men.

FOUND AT THE COUNTRY FAIR—A photograph-letter of high literary type, and several withered violets, which are significant of constancy, ever-faithfulness and many other expressions which only a student of literature is able to see buried in a withered flower. Unless this letter is called for before school closes, a copy will be furnished the STENTOR for publication.

The value of the X Ray is unquestionable. It has been fully demonstrated at the "Sem."

Why are the Ferry Hall girls like birds at Christmas time? Ans. Because they find it hard to liquidate their little (?) bills.

For the improvement in facial decoration of some members of the Moustache Club, a would-be-beautifier recommends the use of Peroxide.

FOR RENT—Trusting that the season has arrived for skates I will rent my shoes for a tenement house. They are large and commodious and will make a suit of excellent flats. Their building is perfect, as I superintended the laying of the floors and putting in of bay-windows myself.

J. F.

We've got a Prof. of music
Who's pretty hard to beat,
Whenever he goes at a thing
He gets there with both feet.
You may be blonde, you may be black,
Short, tall, or thin or stout,
If you've got the music in you,
He's sure to get it out.

TO WHOMSOEVER IT MAY CONCERN—Would it not be well if more of the American girls had your spirit of womanly independence? You do exactly what you should do when you race into the library like one mad and act as if it belonged to you. What if it does disturb those who wish to study? The library was never put there for people to study, but for a reception hall for you and your small circle of friends, a place to gossip and hold social meetings. A few spirits like yours, and women will reign supreme.

Miss Fanny Hopkins, of Aurora, attended the Ferry Hall Reception and while here was the guest of Miss Helen Paddock. Miss Hopkins leaves immediately after the Holidays for Washington, D.C. where she will make her debut into society.

Miss Carrie Moran, of Waukesha, Wis., was the guest of Miss Maude Everett over Sunday.

The Misses Follansbee will entertain the "Summa Septem" at a house party during the Holidays.

Miss Marguerite Harbaugh will spend Christmas with Miss Grace Wilcox, Bloomington, Ill.

Miss Sargent will be entertained by friends and relatives in Philadelphia during the Holiday vacation.

Rev. Mr. Williams, Mrs. Frick and daughter, Chicago, visited Misses Faith, Carolyn and Gracie Williams last week.

Miss Adele Keene has returned to school after an absence of several days.

Miss Edyth Platt is boarding at the Seminary until the Holidays.

Tuesday evening a very enjoyable practice recital was given in the chapel by members of the Elocution Class together with a vocal solo by Miss Thatcher. The programme, which was highly entertaining, was as follows:
1—"The Dog of Flanders" Miss Souter.
2—"Jes 'Fore Christmas" by Eugene Field, Miss May Jones.
3—"A Christmas Memory" by James W. Riley, Miss Thatcher.
4—"Goliath" by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Miss Johnson.
5—"Peter and His Son Story," James Lane Allen. (Taken from "Two Kentucky Gentlemen of the Old School.") Miss Jones.

Pastels in Prose.

"It would never do to throw it in the waste-basket, some one might find it, even if torn up, they might piece it together. Oh! I have it. A cremation will be the best thing." The scratching of a match. A flame leaps up. A rush for the window, but too late—a blister two inches long ornaments her slender thumb. She gazes at it
for a moment, then dashes wildly towards the nurse’s room. A dull thud in the corridor, and all is still. The maiden remains oblivious to her surroundings all on account of an “old love tie with ribbons blue.”

The flickering glimmer of the many gas lights shed a delicately softened halo of almost ethereal lightness upon the radiant faces of the happy girls as they float zephyr-like in the bewitching mazes of the entrancing waltz. No cloud of care or sadness throws its sombre shadow over hearts bounding high with blissful happiness at the thought of vacation. No ominous presentiment of evil lifts its languorous and deadly head—a serpent in this Eden of innocent pleasure. Every heart leaps with enthusiasm during the strains of Patsy’s Waltz. But hark—a sudden and ominous pause, a movement, almost imperceptible at first, but increasing; toward a darkened corner of the “gym” shouts of applause, excited cries of encouragement. Those in the rear crush to the front regardless of the weak and small on whom they trample with careless tread. Necks are thrust forward, eyes starting from throbbing heads, and see—“Polly” executing her wonderful and original “break down.”

“Two days more and vacation!” “Behold your freedom again!” “Happy will be no name for it!” Thus exclaiming they flopped down, these tired Seniors, in all manner of poses in the den of the popular girl. The dreamy maiden strummed a few chords on her banjo and plaintively lipped songs which reminded the others of home. The studious girl retired into the next room to “peg away at Domestic Sciences, the ban of her existence.” Later on she joined them. Conversation drifted to “people who walk in their sleep,” “snorers” and “girls who are easily frightened.” The studious girl was free from all these feminine failings. “She had never been guilty of walking in her sleep,” as for being a coward! “Never.” Such a thing was foreign to her nature. The incredulous smile on the faces of the loungers, caused her to add to this bravado “a box of Allegretti’s to the one who can ever prove me guilty.” * * * *

Midnight. The slamming of a door, a cry a shriek that chills the blood, issues from the neighborhood of the fourth floor.

Frightened girls, with muttered whispers and bated breath, rush through the corridors. They arrive, Lady McBeth style, at the scene of disaster. One of their comrades wild-eyed and panting, leaps towards them. She clutches the arm of her room-mate and points to the class-room door. “It is there,” she gasps, “the horrid thing with its ribs rattling and carrying a big scapula, chased me.” What was the matter? Had she gone insane? The dreamy girl made a suggestion—oh, yes, the old skeleton—they opened the door. There he hung with an apparent smile of satisfaction playing over his bony face, one hand against his side as if to prevent a burst of laughter, and the other resting in a box of bones. The next evening the exultant Seniors were eating Allegretti’s.

Junior week with a County Fair, Does come but once a year.
That’s true, you say, yet so to speak, Within the days which follow drear,
There’s many a fair Junior week weak.

An Interruption.

It was midnight. The cold December morn shed its frosty rays through the parlor windows, flooding the whole room with silvery light. The night-watchman had just made his half-hour round, the sound of his steps growing fainter and gradually dying away in the distance, when the S chair somewhat awkwardly walked over to the old sofa.

“You needn’t think you’re the whole thing;” said the sofa with an envious look, “your day is over, for we have some new-fangled furniture in here now.”

“You’d better not talk,” retorted the chair, “for they’ll take you out entirely. But let’s not quarrel, I came over to tell you what I heard to-night.”

“All right, go ahead, I’m all ears.”

“Well,” said the S chair leaning its tired back against the arm of the sofa, “it being Friday night, I tho’ to be alone and had just settled down for a quiet evening when in walked a man—a stranger to me. He looked around the room and then, alas, I saw him approach me and sit down. In a few minutes one of the brightest girls in the school came in and appropriated the other side of me. After the usual greetings she exclaimed:

‘You said when you saw me you would
tell me of your experience while hunting this fall, won't you tell me now?"

At this the young man began the story which I am going to tell you.

'The last week I was in Scranton one of the boys, Raymond Bennett, came to my room and invited me to join a hunting party that he was getting up. We were to go up into Maine and be gone three or four weeks. Of course I accepted and the next Monday Bob Egerton, George Fenton, Frank Morrill, Ray and I left for the wilds of New England.

'Rob had never roughed it much nor was he accustomed to life in the woods, but he boasted of his endurance and bravery and scornfully spoke of anyone who would flunk out or be frightened by a cat-bird.

'One day Rob, Frank and George had been off for some time and at night had brought in a bear. George and Frank had done the work but Bob took the credit of it, boldly telling how he had done it. The boys were disgusted and swore then their day of revenge would come.

A few nights later the camp was quiet while only the pale moon and stars gave light in the wood. An oppressive silence reigned when a cracking sound was heard in the distance as of some animal stepping on dry branches and dead leaves. The sound lasted a moment, then all was more quiet than before, and except for the breathing of the tired sleepers not a sound broke the deep stillness. Suddenly and without warning came a crash. We sprang to our feet, grasped our guns and with one bound started off in the direction of the noise. At the sound of voices the animal of whatever kind it was started away on a run with us in close pursuit.

We could hear the cracking of sticks ahead of us but could not discern the animal distinctly through the trees. Minutes sped on, and our way over fallen trees, through briars and bushes and across ditches, ever lead us farther and farther from camp.

We had been about ten minutes in the chase; our shoes were splashed with mud, our clothes torn and our breath jerky, when the noise ahead ceased and the animal whirled around and faced us.

Bob jumped behind some bushes, the rest of us leveled our guns.

'Don't shoot!' cried Bob, 'the guns might kick.'

'Take good aim,' called Ray.
Bob trembled, closed his eyes and put his hands to his ears.
'O, I don't know,' said a deep voice ahead.
"Hark!" interrupted the sofa, "some one is coming."

'I'll finish tomorrow," called the S chair as it whisked back to its corner.

"CERUB."

ALUMNI.

Mr. McCune, ex-'90 has returned from Amherst and is a student at Chicago University this year.

Mr. McGaughney, ex-'95 is pastorate of the Presbyterian Church, Bushnell, Ill.

Mr. Timberlake, '97, is taking a post-graduate course at the University of Michigan.

Miss Jessamine Britton, ex-'99, spent a few days in Lake Forest last week.

Mr. R. O. Strops, '97, is teaching in the high school, Libertyville.

Miss Idella Herron, ex-'96, is teaching music in Paulina, Iowa.

Miss Annie Adams, '93, is teaching in Fargo College, North Dakota.

Miss Anna Davies, '89, left Lake Forest last week for Philadelphia, where she will be engaged in social settlement work.

THE ENGAGEMENT.

She often sighed—I ever sued.
I often tried—She never wooed.
And so, in time—I went to court—
This girl of mine—As last resort.
The charge I made was common theft.
Poor stealing maid—me little left—
She stole my heart—'Twas easy proved.
She tried the part of one unmoved;
But beaming eye, and flushed cheek,
And heared sigh, and look so meek,
Are witnesses there's no impeaching,
When lad for lassie is beseeching.

Dame Rumor next day simply stated—
"A lad and lass are finely mated!"

W. S. E.

E'er great Adam spake with
Wisdom, all honour A. Smith—
We shall never need alter
Our esteem, while there's Walter

W. S. E.
ATHLETICS.

Arthur Blackler has been elected captain of the indoor base ball team.

Manager Banta of the Academy indoor base ball has several games scheduled for the winter term,—among them is a series of three games with Lake View High School.

Senior to Freshman—"What are your chances against the Sophomore in the game of indoor base ball?"

Freshman—"You will never know that there was a Sophomore team."

The Sophomore-Freshman game of indoor base ball will be played Saturday evening Jan. 22. This will be the most spirited game of the year and everyone should plan to attend.

At a recent meeting of those interested in basketball Mr. R. B. Kyle was elected Manager of the basketball team for this year. Mr. Kyle has had experience in this line before and we feel that in placing the managing of this team in his hands that everything will be handled in good shape.

A close and exciting game of Indoor Base Ball was played in the Gymnasium Saturday between the two Academy Cottages, and the Academy Dormitory. Although it was the first game of the season, the material showed up so well that the management expects to pick from it a first class Academy Team.

Stark and Terwilleger for the Dormitory did good work and Whitney and Page were the opposition battery, who having had more practice played a better game. These two teams which played Saturday will have the privilege of electing a captain for a regular Academy Team. The line up and score were as follows:

Dormitory,        Cottages
Terwilleger,........p.............Whitney,
Stark,..............p.............Whitney,
Halden,.............1st...........Cameron,
Landman.............2nd...........Crosby,
Campbell.............3rd...........W. Banning,
Mathews,..........r.s..........P. Banning,
Johnson...............l.s..........Benjamin,
Hale...............r.f...........Biggs,
Hamm...............l.f...........Norton.

Runs—Dormitory 6, Cottages 7. Strike outs by Stark 3, by Whitney 8. Total bases, Dormitory, 35, Cottages, 44.

Umpires, Jaeger and Betten.

Athletic Meeting.

The Board of Directors of the Athletic Association held a meeting on Monday night, last week, and a general discussion of athletics for this year was taken up. A committee was appointed to be present at the next meeting of the Alumni in Chicago and to consider ways and means in and by which our association may secure their cooperation for the support of Athletics.

Mr. Tewksbury was elected manager of the Base Ball Team for the coming season. A committee was appointed to have charge of the Annual Athletic Entertainment. An informal report of Mr. Graff, the foot-ball manager, was heard and will be published later. A committee was appointed to secure funds for the support of Athletics this Spring. Mr. Will Jackson read a list of names of persons who will be permitted to wear L. F. on their sweaters for work done on the foot-ball team. The list was as follows:

W. Jackson.       Blackler,
W. Jaeger.        McCornack,
W. Rice.          Sickels,
Walker.           Skinner,
Fisher.           Wood,
DuBridge.         Roberts,
Rheingans.

The committees appointed were:—on finance, J. J. Jackson, W. A. Graff, F. A. Dubridge; on athletic entertainment, J. J. Jackson, W. Jaeger, J. B. Tewksbury; to confer with Alumni, J. J. Jackson, W. Jackson, W. A. Graff.

Animal Games.

The fowls are in baseball, and ducks are in tennis,
At football are sables and minks.
We've horse shows, and pigs in the clover,
But the fleas play golf on the lynx.

So the Tribune Didn’t Report it.

The strife was long and bitter,
You couldn’t call it less—
And still they claim the football game
Was hardly a success.

For though some men on either side
Are maimed for life, ’tis said,
And several lost an eye beside,
Not one was picked up dead.
A CHRISTMAS IN JAPAN.

Now our Merry Christmas is coming. How shall we prepare ourselves to have a good time in the pleasant festival? And how shall we get ready to thank God for the blessing of the past, and to beseech Him for blessings in the coming year?

A few days ago, I promised to contribute to the STENTOR a description of Christmas in Japan. But now I wonder at my boldness in undertaking such a work in my poor English!

In Japan Christmas is held as the only festival for the Christian, though it is not yet recognized as a national holiday. Some churches sanctify Easter. But few people celebrate Thanksgiving or any other festival. To remember Christmas as the birthday of our Saviour and to celebrate it with all heartiness, the Japanese Christian has rather a noble idea. But the way for the celebration is very simple; for we Japanese Christians should be careful not to make the people misunderstand Christianity, and to avoid from building up any superstition and formality, or anything that resembles such things.

On Christmas day we have a service in church, where the house is decked with festoons, and many presents are piled up on a table for the church members, and a Christmas tree is loaded with many kites, balls, dolls and other playthings for the children. After a solemn worship and the recitations by the bible classes, the presents are handed to the members, and they freely enter into conversation. Sometimes some games are played, and a tea party is held. When the meeting is over they, in high spirits, come out of the gate of the church; and the little children, smiling and clapping their hands, hurry to their homes to see how big a dinner their mothers have prepared for them. In short, every Christian finds it a good time to open his shut up heart freely on the festival day, and receive from Him more faith, hope and courage than he ever had before.

Among the Japanese Christians nothing is said about Santa Claus, so our children do not receive from him any prize for their good deeds. I do not know why Santa Claus has not gone over to Japan; I think perhaps he is too old to travel so far, or too busy in the Christmas time. In truth we must consider whether it is wisest to make the children rejoice by such a superstition.

To have a good time in the festival, we prefer the churches of countries to those of cities, where we receive a heartier welcome by the simple and warm-hearted people.

The Christianity of Japan is growing up year by year. So we believe that a time will come, when Christmas will be recognized as a national holiday, not only in Japan but in all the Orient, and so in all the world.

ASADA SOSHICHI.

ACADEMY NOTES.

On Saturday Principal Welch's mother made a visit at the Eliza Remsen Cottage.

On Tuesday last Mr. Chaffee, a cousin of Mr. Gilbert, was a guest at the Dormitory.

N. B. Stevens ex-'98 who is attending Lawrenceville Academy this year visited Cameron and some other of his old Cad friends last week.

Dr. McClure led the Y. M. C. A. prayer meeting Tuesday night. He took as his text the familiar story of David and Goliath and from this drew many helpful lessons. More than two-thirds of the boys were in attendance.

The Academy has lately received an offer from Quinn chapel, a church in the city, to give an entertainment. A liberal guarantee accompanied the invitation but owing to the ill health of our Glee Club leader it was not thought advisable to accept it.

Recently, in the Zoology laboratory, the class enjoyed a "tug of war" between several members of the turtle family. Miller lays claim to the winner and although his contestant was finally out-pulled he says it was accomplished only after it had been tiring out in dragging the others about the room.

The Gamma Sigma Literary Society had an election of officers at its last meeting. The following officers were elected: President, F. C. Myres; Vice President, E. S. Hamlin; Secretary, C. A. Williams; Financial Secretary, A. E. Hall; Treasurer, H. A. Cameron.

The Athletic Association lately awarded the Academy monograms to those who had earned them during the football season. Heretofore the boys have bought these badges of honor, but the Association has decided from this time on, to give them to the boys.

The following are the new possessors of the badge of honor: Hall, Fehring, Tupper, Mayer, Hamlin, Peet, Williams and Baird.
MITCHELL HALL NOTES.

Miss Andrews will visit her brother in Dakota.

Miss Elizabeth Attee is the guest of her sister at Lawrence, Kan.

Miss Byllesby will spend her vacation with relatives in Chicago.

Misses Eva and Grace Steele left Friday for their home in Cherokee, Iowa.

Misses Moore, Bell, Miller, Douglass, McNitt, Gridley and Stewart will be at home during the holidays.

Miss Williams will spend the Christmas vacation with her sister Miss Elizabeth Williams L. F. U. '93.

Misses McClenahan will entertain Miss Jeanne Wood during the holidays at the home of their sister Dr. Eva McClenahan, Manhattan.

The Athletic Society elected the following officers Friday evening: Pres. Miss Williams; Vice Pres. Miss Bell; Secy. Miss Gridley; Treas. Miss Douglass; Critic, Miss Miller; Sergeant, Miss Andrews.

SEM RECEPTION.

One of the most enjoyable events of the year was the Ferry Hall reception last Friday night. The young ladies had decorated the building to make it, if possible, more inviting to the guests. The Junior class had tastefully decorated the parlors with ferns and palms, and the Senior class had taken charge of the library and transformed it into a delightfully inviting retreat.

The Senior Septem also had the decorating of a room, and the result was an exquisite effect in the club colors, red and white. The room was transformed into a sea of billowy cushions and pillows, and throughout the evening a keen appreciation was shown of these changes by the large number of persons who occupied the room. Refreshments were served in one of the recitation rooms, which had, however, lost its daily garb of sobriety, and assumed an aspect of delightful revelry. The evening was pleasantly spent in renewing old acquaintances and making new ones. A number of Alumni students of both Ferry Hall and the College were present and enjoyed to the full the festive occasion. A very pleasant evening was spent by all and the time came only too soon, as such times will come for taking leave.

ATHENAEAN REUNION.

The Annual Reunion of the Athenaeum Society took place Saturday evening in the College Hall. The meeting was a jovial affair throughout and the evening passed rapidly as the Alumni spun their yarns of college days and the old games and pastimes were recalled and revived. The meeting was called at 8 o'clock and Mr. Graff, as president of the society delivered an address of welcome. He then introduced the alumni who each in turn spoke a few words to the society. Many thrilling and amusing anecdotes were recounted by the alumni concerning their life in the old College Hall. After these speeches the members resolved into an informal gathering and the guests were all furnished with "cobs" and Yale mixture. Later they all entered into close commune with a large grey jug of cider and came into close connection with a large cheese and a box of zephyrettas. These refreshments were settled by a small spiel of the royal old game which has been "handed down" in the society for nearly a generation. The musically inclined members furnished entertainment before the evening's close by a few of the old college songs. When the meeting broke up all voted a jolly good time and three rousing cheers and a tiger were given for Old Athenaeum.


Tell me not in mournful numbers
College life is what it seems;
For the student often slumbers,
And then wonders what it means.

Lives of students oft remind us
They can through their courses ride,
By just staying on a pony
Which they only have to guide.

Let us then be up and ready
For the things which others scoff,
Get our nerve up, quiet, steady,
Learn to ride and not fall off.

A. LA LONGFELLOW.
EXCHANGE.

The requirements of Johns Hopkins University have been such that but 781 of 270 students have obtained degrees.

A party from the Lick Observatory, sailed last week for India, to observe an eclipse of the sun which will occur January 21, 1898.

Yale annually buys $7,000 worth of books for her library. Harvard spends $16,000 for the same purpose and Columbia $43,000. -Ex

In the November number of The Mirror published at Phillips Andover Academy, we notice an article on "True Andover Spirit," by Charles E. Durand ex '96 of that institution and formerly a L. F. A. student. John F. Ferry an ex-cad is chairman of the Board of Editors of the Phillips Andover Mirror.

D. Broke (after the Wisconsin game)—
"How did you manage to raise enough money to see the Indian game?"
G. Sport.—"Oh, I got a scalper's ticket, of course."—U. of C. Weekly.

In the new gateway at the entrance to the Cornell University Campus will be placed this inscription: "To enter, that daily thou mayest become more learned and thoughtful; to depart, that daily thou mayest become more useful to mankind."

He went away to college
A sheep-skin was his quest
But the chase for it was bootless
And a pig-skin pleased him best.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of zinc
Some hydrochloric acid, and—
'Twill pop before you think.
—Wesleyan Argus.

Mary Again.
"Mary got a little lam,"
My tale I know's not new.
This wasn't one with fleecy wool,
'Twas with her mother's shoe.
—Williams Weekly.

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—E. WILKS.

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