A Farewell.

To Ferry Hall we sing
Of bounteous learning,
To thee we sing.
Long may thy colors wave
O'er many a scholar grave,
And many pathways pave
To noble things.

Thy years fly all too fast,
Soon will they all be past
When we'll depart.
Then will we realize
That we have gained a prize
By learning, grave and wise,
Of Science, Art.

We love thy College youths,
Thus many noble truths
Are spoke, in jest.
The Cad who here does bring
The measles every spring
To thee also we sing.
We love each best.

To teachers, helpful, kind,
Our hearts we'll leave behind
Our noble trust.
To president and all
Who cherish Ferry Hall,
We leave you one and all,
For leave we must.

The Newsboy's Home

The Beautiful Lady lived in a great city where fate had ordered her, and as she never quarreled with fate, she made the most of her surroundings. For two weeks she had bought a paper of the ragged and dirty little newsboy, who waited for her every morning, as she stepped from her carriage in front of the high office building. A sweet smile, a cheery word, and often an extra nickel made happy the heart of the little street boy. One morning he had looked so cold, so hungry and forlorn that the Beautiful Lady had called him into the waiting room of her father's office. By many questions sympathetically and winningly put, she won from him the short story of his life. The same tale which is virtually that of all the little newsboys whom we meet on every corner of the streets in a large city.

His mother was dead, father had left him, and the little fellow was left to sleep in an old dry-goods box in the corner of an alley, and eat whatever he could buy with the few pennies he earned selling papers or blacking boots.

That night the Beautiful Lady thought of the words of the Great Helper who had said, "Inasmuch as ye do it to the least of one of these, my children, ye do it unto me." She had been very thoughtful since meeting the newsboy, and suddenly made up her mind to do something for all the poor waifs thrown upon the streets to grow up, beggars, tramps, and criminals of every class.

This Lady was not rich, but she possessed a beautiful and noble soul, and was ready and willing to devote the remainder of her life, if need be, to the rescue of
these children, for whom Satan would soon find something to do.

Not long afterwards, a Prince came to see her; she did not believe in fairies, but this Prince was a bright young business man who looked as though he might be business himself. The Prince offered her a large piece of ground in the heart of the city, and also part of the means with which to build a home for her waif children.

This happened twenty-five years ago. The Beautiful Lady and the Prince are happy now in the pleasure of an eternal home, but down on Wabash Avenue stands the monument of their love and devotion. This monument is a large and comfortable house, having over the front entrance a conspicuous sign with “Newsboys’ Home,” printed in bright golden letters.

In this home, week in and week out, boys ranging from five and six years to fifteen, come and find a home for as long a time as they wish to remain and obey the rules. The majority of these youthful bread-winners, are the true little “Chimney Faddens” from whose lips there comes nothing but slang and curses, and upon whose faces are seen the beginning lines of the criminal career which fate seems to have mapped out for them. Here they are all gathered in one family, from thirty to fifty boys, often of different nationalities, though mostly Americans.

With the cast-off shoes of some dude, stockings which just meet the shoe-tops, a coat which is an even combination of holes and patched cloth, the little Arab enters for the first time his new home. He is taken in charge by the matron, whose policy is kindness and consideration together with proper firmness, in order to have control over each inmate for whom she is responsible. After the matron has registered her new charge, an attendant leads him to the bath-room where he is thoroughly scrubbed. Comfortable clothes and shoes are then given him, and he becomes acquainted with the rules of his new residence. He learns that it is not simply to provide a warm room, good meals, the use of the play-room and the library, that the house was built. There is a method in reaching out a helpful hand to the newsboys and boot-blacks of the community, who are growing up in want and wickedness. During the year he will have the privilege of being trained to habits of industry, intelligence and good citizenship, and these privileges are granted every year to between four and five hundred boys.

There are some customs or duties which at first seem irksome, and are apt to drive a boy away from the Home before he has received any incentive to lead an honest life. One of these is the night school, beginning the first Monday in October, and closing the first of April. There are four sessions each week. The attendance is compulsory. The instruction is largely individual, and only the elementary branches are taught. The boys generally observe good order, are fairly attentive and many of them make good progress. Here the usual school discipline must be relaxed at the discretion of the teacher.

Every Sunday afternoon there is Sunday School. In the well-lighted room, filled with a surging turbulent throng of Arab boys of all ages, with little thought of good, and less desire for goodness, the little band of faithful teachers try not to “weary in well doing,” which many times seems a difficult task. Sunday evening a short song-service is held, in which the boys delightedly choose the hymns whether they know them or not. A student from Moody Institute generally talks to them in an interesting manner with plenty of practical illustrations to keep the boys interested.

The boys have an organization, which they call the Banner Club. As each boy comes home at six o’clock he deposits fifteen cents at the desk, from his earnings of
Sold Out.
the day. This is his board money. An account is kept of those who pay the regular price, and at the end of the month he receives a gold star to place on the banner. Some of the smaller boys are not successful and can only deposit five cents. They are encouraged in doing even this much as it teaches them independence. When a boy has had a "hard day," and "no luck," he is allowed to remain just the same. The lazy boy never fails to suffer, if he has not spent the day in "hustling," because these other indignant citizens take him in charge, and before anyone can interfere, have taught him a severe lesson.

Perhaps the most interesting and characteristic rooms in the building are the play and trunk rooms. In the play-room the walls are white-washed, and the floor, woodwork and benches are decorated in a style of which boys alone are masters. For years the boys have carved their names here. There is an unwritten law in the Arab Fraternity, that no boy will be allowed to join this exclusive circle until he has exchanged his right, lawful name for the indispensable nick-name. "Dr. Jekyll," "Bugs," "Pickles," "Bow-leg," "Rags," "Skinney," "Flatfoot" and other characteristic pseudonyms appear in this room, accompanied by artistic sketches of everything, from a trolley-car to a faint reproduction of St. Cecilia. A genial gray-haired policeman patrols the room when the boys are playing. In their games he is a boy himself, yet ready at any time to check their animal spirits which will crop out. A year ago, during the absence of the attendant, one of the boys in fun started to wrestle with a small colored boy. In the twinking of an eye every boy in the room was lost in the confused mass of humanity, pounding and pummeling to his heart's content. The colored boy had fallen to the floor, and on top of him were piled twenty or more boys fighting like wild animals, but not angrily. The attendant came back, but only to find that the poor colored victim had unintentionally been smothered to death. We can see now how necessary it is for an officer of the law to have watch over these rough little fellows.

The trunk-room is presided over by Mrs. Hazelton, a dear motherly-faced woman, with a deep rich voice. She has grown gray in the Institution, and nothing could induce her to leave the boys whom she loves so much. At any hour of the day she is ready to give the little fellows something to eat if they are hungry, or bind up with lint and kind words, the bruised fingers, when contact with some of the older boys has proven disastrous. In one side of the room from floor to ceiling are rows of small doors all numbered. These open into cubby holes. Each boy has a number corresponding to those on the doors, and in there are kept all his treasures of books, knives, balls, marbles, and odds and ends gathered from every conceivable corner. Mrs. Hazelton is the only person who knows the contents of these treasure-vaults. She carries the keys, and when a boy wishes to open his vault, he must go to her. Smuggling is sometimes indulged in by a new boarder, but Mrs. Hazelton loses no time in confiscating any forbidden fruits, which she may find, such as, cigarettes, cigar-stubs, matches and once in a while, fire-arms.

All of the boys who enter the home have ambitious ideas of some kind. Their ideals may not be high; many times their heroes are found in the rougher element of humanity. The dearest desire of one boy is to become a clown, another is determined to become a burglar, another aspires to the office of a policeman, or become a pugilist, and so on. Their aptitude for these different callings is often demonstrated, but they are always helped to forget their deplorable ambitions by exercising their surplus energy in other directions.
Beneath the rugged exterior of most of these boys, there lies undeveloped some good talent which is sure to declare itself under the favorable circumstances which surround them at the home. The Newsboys' Home enlarges her sphere of usefulness by procuring for all the boys who come there, opportunities for learning trades, or farming, or other avenues of employment which will tend to make them self-reliant, industrious, honorable and useful citizens. With recommendations from the Home, they are apprenticed to many large corporations, and some reach the goal of the average boy's ambition and become locomotive engineers. Nearly all the newspaper offices in Chicago have in their employ in some capacity, boys who have been in the Home.

The influence of this Institution is far reaching. The boys advertise it; for the facilities of education, and the influence of love and discipline which they have obtained, naturally follows them to whatever career may await them in life.

The aim of the Home is to make the boys first of all independent and as nearly self-supporting as possible. That this has been accomplished and that the free hospitality which is granted to some, is not, as a rule, misdirected, is shown by the success of the boys who have gone out from there to struggle with the world.

The entertainments which are provided in great variety for the boys, are of a pleasing and instructive nature. The best talent in music and other forms of art contribute in turn to interest and educate the boys. These in time wear off the rough edges of the life with which they have been in contact so long, and makes them appreciate the beauty of both art and nature. Most of these boys for the first time in their lives hear about God and his great love for them. It is new and difficult for them to understand at first but they soon learn, and it all ends in one way. They are made stronger and better, and are uplifted to a plane, from which they may make a fair start in the world.

There are indeed few intelligent men and women of today who are not connected with some charitable, or reformatory, or some other philanthropic institution, as managers, trustees, or members of committees, or who are not active workers in some organized form of benevolence. They feel and see the good results of the work which is being blessed every day.

When one sees the devotion of these men and women, wardens and matrons to their work, one cannot fail to gain new hope for the poorer classes. Only those whose knowledge of the workings and benefits of such an Institution as the Newsboys' Home is limited could deny the acknowledged power which extends out from it in manifold blessings, to the helped as well as the helpers.
ALUMNAE.

'74. Mrs. Lillian Tappan Beach, who after she graduated taught in South Orange, New Jersey, Vassar College, and Rockford, Illinois, is now living in Minneapolis, where her husband is pastor of Plymouth Church.

Mrs. Lucy Ward Beach, who taught for a year at Oxford, Ohio and who then went as a missionary to Tungchow, China, returned on account of her health in 1890. She is now living in Montclair, New Jersey where Mr. Beach is Secretary of the Students Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions.

'78. Miss Evella Benedict has had a one year’s leave of absence from the Chicago Art Institute which she has spent in Daytona, Florida. She expects to return to the Art Institute next fall and resume her duties as teacher.

'82. Mrs. Annie Patrick Hillis, Secretary of the Young People’s Foreign Missionary Work of the Board of the Northwest is to deliver two addresses at the General Assembly, which is being held at Winona.

'86 Mrs. Sadie Goodsell Fuller has spent the winter in Daytona, Florida.

'90. This class has kept up a class letter until this year.

'92. Mrs. Elsie Webster Shearson is living at Wheaton, Illinois.

Miss Clara Thomas is the Principal’s Assistant in a large school in Highland Park, a suburb of Des Moines, Iowa.

Mrs. Hallie Hall Hurdham now lives in Hinsdale, Illinois.

'93. Miss Grace Taylor has taught a kindergarten in Lake Forest during the winter.

Miss Bessie McWilliams, of Odell, is to be married to Mr. Eugene Patterson on the fifteenth of June.

Miss Theodora Macomber after an extended trip in Europe is now studying at the Chicago Art Institute.

Mrs. Grace Brubaker Linnell is engaged with her husband in Social Settlement work in Chicago.

Miss Alta Barnum is teaching kindergarten at her home in Rockford, Ill.

'94. Miss Lydia Yertson and Miss Ada Mathers are teaching in Illinois.

Miss Lucia Clark is teaching vocal and Instrumental music in a small College in Idaho.

Miss Alice Thompson and Miss Abbie Blair ex’95 are teachers in the Peoria Public Schools.

Miss Mabel Palmer is engaged to Mr. Guy Blaisdell, of Portage, Wisconsin.

Miss Emma Parmerter has spent the winter at St. Andrew’s Bay, Florida, and is now in New Orleans.

Miss Grace Wilton returned to Chicago on the first of April, after spending two years in Florida.

'95. Miss Julia Clark has been at her home in Ottawa. Last winter she took a course in Kindergarten at Armour Institute.

Mrs. Clara Mercer Avery, who was married during the past winter, was given (by her class-mate, Mrs. Satie Harris Clark) a Ferry Hall luncheon, which ten Alumnae attended.

The engagement of Miss Frances Utley to Mr. Henry Noble, of Dixon, is announced.

Miss Zadel Stoddard has been studying music in Bloomington and is a member of the Bloomington Amateur Musical Club. Miss Grace Wilcox, ex’98, Miss Watson and Mrs. Florence Fiser Bohrer are also members.
'96. Miss Isabel Trowbridge is a Sophomore at Vassar.

Miss Jane Zabriskie graduates this spring from Packer Institute, Brooklyn where she has taken an advanced course in Domestic Science.

Miss Florence Latimer has taught during the winter at the Chicago Conservatory of Music.

Miss Edythe Mercer has taught during the winter at her home in Peoria.

In June Miss Gertrude Pate, of Wellington, is to be married to Mr. U. Gordon, Chicago's Postmaster. Miss Lida Pate, ex '99, is to be maid of honor. Misses Rose Hogan, Mamie Burchill, Lita Stoddard, Jane Zabriskie and Marion Calhoun, all of the class of '96, and Miss Corinne Calhoun, ex '98, are to be bridesmaids.

The engagement is announced of Miss Nellie Clark, of Hinsdale, to Mr. W. B. McKeand.

'97. Miss Bessie Lewis is attending the Bradley Polytechnic Institute, Peoria, Ill.

Miss Vittrice Thomas, after a winter spent in South Carolina, has returned to Chicago.

Miss Fannie Hopkins made her debut in Washington in January.

Miss Marion Cummings has visited in New York, Boston and Philadelphia during the winter.

Reunions of the classes of '96 and '97 are to be held in Lake Forest in June.

Glimpses of the Art League.

Scene—Third floor, Parlor. A day in October. Twenty two girls seated and standing in various attitudes, all talking very fast, and at the same time. Finally quiet reigns as Miss Cushman, the art teacher, speaks.

"It has been my idea in asking you girls who are interested in art work of various kinds to meet here today in order to discuss a little plan. I think we have material in school for some good work in the way of an art club or association for the promotion of interest in the art work of the world. You girls would have charge of everything and I would merely help when necessary. The studio could be as used a club room and I think a very pleasant as well as instructive time could be had. Now you may talk this over and decide what to do."

The plan seemed such a good one that in a few minutes a president had been elected, committees formed and the date for the first meeting decided.

Thus began "The Ferry Hall Art League" which for eight months has held meetings in the studio. The work accomplished has been varied but conducive to opening one's eyes concerning many things never before thought of. Painting was studied through contemporary artists. The Congressional and Boston Libraries were taken as examples of architecture, and sculpture was treated of in connection with them. The next subject was the history of ancient and modern pottery. One evening was devoted to illustrators and posters and though the year's program was not fully completed a great deal was accomplished. In studying artists who have work exhibited in Chicago the girls have good opportunities of judging a picture themselves while many copies of fine architecture, pottery and illustrations may easily be seen.

A typical meeting of the League. Scene—Studio, bare floor with rugs, plants, easy chairs shaded lamps and the necessary furnishings of a studio. Twenty girls all attention as the Secretary opens the meeting by reading the minutes of the last gathering. Miss Cushman then introduces the girls who are to give the papers. The first is on the Congressional Library, its history, architecture and deco-
ration are touched on. Then follows music by one of the members. The Boston Library is next presented, and the serious part of the meeting closes with a discussion, everyone takes part, asks questions, gives their views, etc. While this progresses, a low hum of a tea-kettle is heard in the corner of the room and the hostesses of the evening are seen flitting about. In a few minutes one appears with slips of paper so while the guests are regaling themselves on tea, wafers and bonbons, their minds are occupied in guessing, "What celebrity you are anyway! Regular howling dude—Oh! I know Richard Harding Davis—" And so it goes until the papers are collected and the lucky guesser is presented with a pretty potted plant. A song is suggested which lasts, with variations, until the half past nine bell sounds when the party breaks up, leaving the studio echoing with the strains of "Good night, Ladies."

This is merely the beginning of the work the League hopes to accomplish, but we feel that the small beginning marks an important milepost in the art life of the school. It denotes the growth of an interest which will reach beyond the limits of Ferry Hall. It is not the artists but the great masses of people who will make or mar the future art of America.

It is through the schools of the country that its people must be aroused to an interest in art. When fundamental principles are recognized by the many and when eyes are opened to the beauties of nature, we may hope to see good architecture the rule, not the exception. We may hope to see homes where the useful and the beautiful reign supreme, where a simplified regime gives time for interests in those things which bring a deeper, more enduring happiness. For those reasons we rejoice over the least step in the right direction and offer our earnest wishes for the future success of this society.

The Athletic Association.

The Athletic Association is an organization of the students of Ferry Hall. Its aim is to further the interests of physical training in this school and to provide all apparatus, both for indoor and outdoor games.

During the winter months basket ball is the most popular and exciting game. The fact that nine teams were organized shows the extent of the interest taken in the game.

Two challenge games were played between the "Old Team" and the "Sumus Septem", in both of which the "Sumus" were victorious.

The association gave an entertainment, which was a novel and unique affair. Everyone, even the spectators, were required to wear their gymnasium suits. The privilege of wearing citizen's clothes cost ten cents besides the regular admission. Basket ball was the game of the evening, and stealing sticks, a potato race and various other games, besides minor feats of gymnastics, delighted the large assembly of spectators.

Now tennis holds full sway. Exclamations of "fifteen love!" "thirty all!" "deuce!" may be heard during every recreation hour, for all are practicing for the tournament. We have one clay and three grass courts.

The Golf Club is a branch of the Athletic Association. It has a course of eight links on the grounds and provides sticks for the use of members. Each girl is her own caddy, so that Cupid has nothing to do.

The out-door amusements would not be complete without the old fashioned game, croquet. In co-educational schools croquet is relegated to the Divinity students. With this added to the list, Ferry Hall campus offers so many attractions to the girls, that certainly no temptations from outside will lure them away.
Tennis.
This is the Ferry Hall court,
The murmuring trees and the breezes
Whisper of things soon to be,
Which cause us to stop and to wonder;
For, in the first week of June,
On the court of the Ferry Hall campus,
Soon will a tournament be,
Whose outcome by none is suspected.
Numerous guesses are made
As to who'll be the fortunate winner—
Winners they all are for sure.
Yet only one weareth the laurel.
This is the court and the tape
Oft told by the Ferry of yore
Here did Miss Reynolds disport herself
Proudly last year;
Also Miss Thomas, Anderson, Everett,
Who now will contest for the medal.
Here when the 3:30 bell
Tolls softly the hour of dismissal,
Just at the stroke of the hour
Does "Spindle" depart for her racquet,
Also the two tennis balls, so rudely deprived of their jackets—
All that there are at the Sem
Are jealously prized by contestants.
There doth Miss Dewey appear
All clad and arrayed for the combat—
Likened is she to the bee
For sweet are the fruits of her labor.
Soon comes forth Mademoiselle,
Who's the Hull thing when it comes to serving.
Likewise Miss Everett, the bold and the skilful
In the act of returning.
Usually 'tis a duce game
When these mighty teams are before us—
Often wins one of the sides
Yet equally often the other;
None out of all the fair Sem
Dare contest with these teams for the laurels—
None but in breathless excitement look on.
In each face admiration
Makes itself known through their eyes
As gayly they shout, "You done noble!"
Then as the game waxes warm
And the blood of the lookers-on tingle,
And, as the ball oft sent and returned again.
Falls in the alley,
Loudly calls one of the crowd
To the still group of silent admirers
"Now wasn't Maude ever it?
We don't need a champion. Dewey(y)."

Senior Jingle.
B is for Baker, the first of the band.
C is for Coppie, the cutest e'er scanned.
E is for Everett, elegant quite.
F is for Flinn, not fickle but bright.
H is for Harty, and Huizenga too.
No words can describe what those fair ones can do.
J is for Johnson, a joy and delight.
L is for Longcor, loquacious 'tis right.
M is for Moffat, diminutive mite.
P is for Paddy, the pride, she's all right.
S is for Smouse, her sweet little mate.
Who ends the fair Sem for the year ninety-eight.

Junior Jingle.
C is for Carrie so pretty and sly.
E is for Edith, the Hill is quite Hui—
G is for Griffiths, so graceful and small.
J is for Jennie "Carissima," tall.
M is for Maud who has him on the list.
For he asked Mohr, as did Oliver Twist.
N is for Net, she's a tennis net, too.
S is for Strauss, a woman quite new.
T is for Tarbell, the tried and the true.
W stands for Win, who soon will go
To a college called Williams; the reason we know.

The annual musical of the Lake Forest Art Institute was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hall on Tuesday evening. The following artists gave a delightful program—Mrs. Corinne Moore-Lawson, vocalist, of New York; Mrs. Nettie R. Jones, pianist; Miss Marian Carpenter, violinist, and Mr. Doy Williams, violincellist.

Tomaso Mandolin Orchestra & School
21 Central Music Hall.
Ferry Hall.

Ferry Hall may well be proud of its history, though the building itself dates back but twenty-nine years. The need for this institution had for a long time been felt and Lake Forest offered natural as well as financial ones for it. But it was not till the year 1868 that the department was organized. In that year the Rev. William M. Ferry, of Grand Haven, Mich, made a bequest to the sum of $35,000 to be used by the trustees in building a seminary for young ladies "on the park set

aside for that purpose on the original plat of the village." Other sums were received and in the fall of 1869 Ferry Hall was opened. That year there were sixty-six pupils. The number has been increasing steadily ever since,

During the year 1889 the building was enlarged to its present size, and this year there are one hundred and thirty-nine scholars which is the largest number ever registered.

The Seminary building stands in a park back from the road and seventy feet above Lake Michigan. About the grounds are deep ravines noted for their beauty.
Wild flowers are abundant and the campus contains many large forest trees. The library is the most interesting room in the building. It is commodious and well lighted. It contains more than two thousand volumes which have been carefully chosen with reference to the courses of study. A complete card catalogue renders the books more useful. The best magazines and newspapers are always on file. In the decorations soft tones of green prevail. Pictures and casts add to the attractiveness and inspiration of the room. Ferry Hall Alumni have recently placed in the bay window an oak seat. The chapel is a small Giotto structure with a seating capacity of three hundred. A fine Steinway grand piano is on the platform. Hymn-books and Bibles indicate the daily worship for which the room is used.

The pupils who have gone forth from the Institution have come from every corner of the country, showing how wide spread is the school's influence. The work from here is accredited at the University of Chicago and also at eastern colleges. Ferry Hall has always stood for the best and noblest. High ideals are held before the students. Good books and papers are given them to read, while prominent men deliver lectures for their especial benefit.
Vignettes.

The car was full. Two beautifully dressed young women got on at Twenty-second street and stood near the door for a few minutes talking so briskly that the young man who sat near me had some difficulty in getting them to notice that he was offering his seat.

"Louise, you take it," the taller one said.
"No, Emily, you take it."
"I'm not a bit tired, Louise, so you sit down."
"Well, Miss, I am," and the young man resumed his seat.

There once lived a maiden who had been fondly guarded and cherished all her life, for she had interested aunts and grandmammies, and she was an only child. She was very fair withal, and there was a sweet winsomeness about her that won her affection wherever she went.

But she was often wearied with the precautions that others were forever taking on her account, and so there came a day when she vowed she would be free from it all, and she went into the garden of her home, which was very beautiful, and she plucked a great red rose, for it was a soft summer evening, and roses grew about the maiden; and she put the rose in her hair, and then when twilight had gone and the sweet starlit darkness was on everything, she went again into the garden—for the maiden had a lover and she was all this world to him.

Out into the garden the maiden went—her eyes were bright and restless, the color in her cheeks came and went, and her heart beat fast at the thought of what she was going to do. Down the winding path between the roses with a quick light step she passed, until she came to a tall oak tree, and then a hand reached out and took hers, and a gentle voice said something in her ear. They passed through the low gate, and outside two mounted horses were waiting.

The sound of galloping hoofs broke upon the starlit stillness and died away in the distance.

VIM, VIGOR, VICTORY.—What a great subject to make "an attempt at"! But let us vehemently and vigorously sit down to talk it over.

Vim suggest different things to different people. To a Latin scholar it stands for strength, but to what weak mortal was the strength ever given to tide him over the irregular declension of "vis, vis, vi"? To a bicycle rider "Vim" stands for those peerless tires which, of course, never puncture, the "Vim."

Vigor to a bicycle rider surely is an abbreviation for "Vigoral," that unparalled tonic for cyclists, which like Hood's Sarsaparilla "makes the weak strong," and is a "foe to fatigue."

And victory—who does not aspire to that and who does not wish to be a Victor or to have one?

Let me leave with you a picture of a man riding along a country road, not alone.
He has been made strong by Vigoral and on a tandem bicycle, a Victor with Vim tires. He has become a Victor.

I looked at my watch and found that I had only twenty minutes to catch my train. Besides myself, the only passenger on the horse-car was an old woman. I must make my train! How to do it was the question. A brilliant thought! I walked up to the driver and gave him a dollar.

After a while the old woman got up and rang the bell vigorously and shouted to the driver, "Let me off, Fifth street was the place I told you to let me off at."

"Faith, mum, don't yer see this yer horse is a runnin' off."

I made my train.

His chair was gradually drawing nearer and nearer to hers, his voice became more soft and tender, his eyes sought hers more constantly in the fast gathering darkness. At last he had come near enough to whisper lovingly and affectionately "Rubber."

"Yes," said Sweet Rosie O'Grady to her bosom friend, Ambolina Snow, as they sat On the Banks of the Wabash, "our lot has been a hard one and the world has 'certainly been fickle with us.'" "Just think," answered Ambolina, "of the rising generation only knowing such creatures as My Coal Black Lady and she who styles herself "The Belle of New York," the world is truly degenerating.

"I'm not jealous," returned Rosie, "but it makes me sad to see such women as Daisy Bell and our beauty so fitly called The Sunshine of Paradise Alley put aside to give place to the Star Spangled Banner and The Red, White and Blue."

Did you ever visit the exchange in Wall street and see the pushing, howling, surging mob of bulls and bears below? If you have, you will have a slight idea of a bargain counter on a sale day in one of our big stores.

It is six o'clock and behind the counter stand tired and pale looking sale-girls. They wearily look away into distance, mechanically handing change to some wild-eyed purchaser in the mob before them. Women of all ranks are pushing and pulling each other in their wild endeavors to seize some article they will never need but "Oh, 'tis such a bargain." Some have been waiting there for hours which accounts for hats being tipped over ears, dishevelled hair and trampled skirts. Their pocket books are gripped tightly and, like the dog in the manger, they want nothing themselves, but prevent others from buying. Such things as politeness and soft voices are unknown at the bargain counter for each one seems to forget what "manner of men he is," and against all rules of propriety, elbows her way through the crowd, ignoring the existence of her more unfortunate sisters, who must be content to look on and wish for articles they will never be able to possess. Only the husband and children of a woman who has spent the day at the bargain counter can describe to you faithfully the gloom of the aftermath.

She was a maiden with auburn hair, and it was in the days gone by, when artificial hair was wore in profusion, and coronets were the very thing.

The auburned haired maiden was to take a horseback ride, and two saddled
horses were waiting outside—one bearing a lady's saddle, the other a man's. The maiden could hear them on the driveway as she came down the stair, and she stopped a moment to see herself in the long mirror, for she really looked very well in her close-fitting riding dress which she held up a trifle on one side with her neatly gloved hand, her crop-stick under her arm, and crowning it all, the heavy plaids of auburn hair.

He looked well, too—she had often admired him on horseback—and her heart fluttered a trifle before her foot left his hand as she sprang into the saddle.

They start at a gentle trot, but the air is brisk and a slight gale blows. The horses like a faster pace and now the trot is a gallop. He is beside her, and she is holding her horse in bravely—her cheeks glow and she feels the exhilaration of the quick motion, and the joy of mastery. But alas—a shower of hairpins is falling from her auburn head, and a stream of the lovely hair glistens in the sunlight. Down her back it flies in the wind. It has dropped to the ground and the horse is going faster.

"Oh! Miss Helen, wait!" he shouts, and he has dismounted to pick up the glistening mass from the road.

Her horse is standing still, and she is turning in her saddle laughing with all her might as he rides back to her. He is laughing too—for this will make an amusing tale. But she knows his love of a joke, and there is a merry twinkle in her eye.

"Ah," she says, "the chase has been successful, the fox is caught, and I present you with the brush." And she pins it to the lapel of his coat whence it streams in the wind as they ride.

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**Readily Recognized.**

For some reason the girls had nick-named her "Jack." Not an abbreviation of her own name, but it was so like her. There seemed nothing she could not do. With her sweet, boy-like whistle and romping ways she was at once the envy and admiration of all her companions. In every emergency she was the much-sought-for genius. Every one declared that this sixteen year old specimen of happy girlhood as she turned and twisted her legs and arms into every conceivable shape. At dancing—in the waltz or an Irish jig—she must have been taught by the clairs.

Wealth and attention had been showered upon her, but her music teachers had long ago given her up as beyond redemption. She preferred to use her nimble fingers in cutting out paper dolls in dozens of ridiculous ways and amusing the girls on a rainy day, or writing poetry with jingling rhyme and little reason.

Her small, freckled, pug-nose could turn up at times in such a disdainful manner her own friends passed by her unknown. She carried around in her pocket a sample set of false teeth, and at the most unexpected times and places, they were used to lend solemnity to the occasion.

She was a frequent guest of the Principal and had figured prominently in some of the Faculty proceedings. With the most lovable of ways and generous impulses, she had a large corner in nearly every one's heart. Her own organ of beating remained intact and in regard to her gentleman friends she was "hardly off with the old love before she was on with the new."
The sickly gas-light, glimmering through a smoky chimney, fell in flickering rays over the slats of the bath room door. It danced in fitful flashes over the bath-tub and fell on two bent figures perceptible through the clouds of steam. The air was full of a soapy aroma. Little balls of soap-suds were clinging to the ends of the straggling blonde hair and dropping from the lathered head in bubbles. A blue checked apron was loosely tied around the neck of the victim who was blinking desperately in her vain endeavors to keep the suds from flowing in rivulets into her eyes. Meanwhile, little streams were slowly drizzling down her back as the oppressor rubbed the victim's scalp with one hand and poured cold water over the open pores with the other. Near at hand lay several towels, a palm-leaf fan, a huge pile of hairpins and a misplaced switch. At short intervals, little pig-like screams, mingling with the moan and roar of Lake Michigan, varied the monotony of the next forty-five minutes during the hair-pulling process. Then all was still. At seven-thirty, fifteen cents went rattling into the Lenten Box.

In room 13 a girl sits wrapped in deep thought; lines of care are furrowed in her fair brow. Before her lie two pages of untranslated Ovid.

The smooth oily voice of the tempter whispers in her ear: "Now is your last chance—go quickly, in five minutes the guardian of this floor will return."

A moment of hesitation—the door creaks softly on its hinges; a swish of skirts across the corridor—a gentle tap—another door opens. The tempter laughs gleefully.

There was the buzz of happy voices, the rattle of knives and forks, and the tinkle of tumblers, for the girls in the Seminary had just assembled for dinner. Suddenly all noise ceased, not a voice was heard, and the gaze of all was directed to one surprised and embarrassed individual—a man had entered the dining room.

'Tis your serve—now please give me a nice high ball. There, that's good. But I have missed it after all. Fifteen love—now in this court. Such swift balls!! I never can get them, but serve again. I'll do better. There! but I have given it such a knock! yes, 'tis out. The score is forty love. This must not be a love game. I have this ball. What, not over the net? A love game! Well, I don't pretend to be a crack player.

At luncheon she told us in tennis she was no earthly good, but she could play croquet.

Before the first class-bell rang she proved it. Her partner chose her on account of the reputation she had given herself, and they proceeded to play. With seven strokes she made the first two wickets, and in five more managed to get through the third. She intended to make a star play and hit her opponent's ball—it jumped two arches and rolled to the opposite end of the croquet ground. When her partner's ball was in position for a return through the middle wicket she aimed hers for position to come through from the opposite direction. A clash! and both balls land in the middle of the tennis court.

The cool wind was blowing from Lake Michigan while the maiden's brow was bathed in perspiration. Luck was against her. In spite of her brilliant prophecy, she was "whitewashed," and now declares she will never count on past glory and say she can play croquet.
Just a Dream.

The small boy had been out playing in the snow all the afternoon. He had come in and, after the ordeal of changing his clothes, had had his supper in the big nursery with his little sister at the tiny table beside the big grate fire; and then, after some stories and games, he had gone to bed.

He lay there and heard the hall clock ticking—slow and loud—and saw the light from the nursery fire dancing on the wall, and thought of the white world outside. His mother was playing on the piano down stairs—something very slow and soft—and he saw a square patch of moonlight lying on the floor over by the window.

Very soon he had gone to sleep and found himself in a place he had never been in before. It was a kind of grotto that he did not think could have any possible connection with the world. It was long and square, and the walls were of blocked ice with beautiful icicles hanging from the arched ceiling, and the windows were the thinnest sheets of ice curiously marked with frost. In the farthest end there was a big fire that made everything glow, and some people were sitting around it. There were two women and two men, and the small boy stood and looked very hard. He did not feel cold at all.

One of the women was all in pale green, and violets seemed to hang all about her in bunches on her dress, and fell to the floor when she moved. She had on a big white hat that was covered with violets too, and with green twigs and buttercups, and her hair fell in waves from under it. She was sitting on a divan the same color as her dress, and she had lovely eyes—though perhaps the small boy did not see all this. The other woman had on white, and there were roses and yellow flowers all about her. She was very charming too. She sat close to the fire, and did not seem quite happy. A tall man in a long brown cloak and a scarlet cap was leaning over her; and on the other side of the girl in green, an old white haired gentlemen with a very jolly face, was sitting, who might have been the grand-father of them all. They did not see the small boy, and he stood very still. A big red rose was lying on the floor near him, he picked it up and waited.

Then the girl in green, who was idly playing with some flowers in her lap, glanced up and saw him. "Oh, little boy, come here," she called, with a smile, and holding her hands out to him. So he went for there was the something about her that always wins children, and he was in the group beside the bright girl in a minute. "Do you know who I am?" then she said, and he shook his head, for he did not know anything about her except that he liked her very much. So she said, "Well then, I am going to tell you, and after that you must do something for me. We are the four seasons; this is Summer beside me here, this is Winter on the other side, that is Autumn beside Summer, and I am Spring. We once had a quarrel as to which was the most charming—we are all very conceited and each thought himself finer than the others. That was a year ago, and tonight we have come here to Winter's home to decide it, and still we are unable, so you must be judge and say which you like the best.

This was rather awkward, but the small boy looked at them all one by one,
thought for awhile, looked again, and then with his eyes on Spring, said, “You.”

Winter laughed a great, ringing, merry laugh, Summer moved nearer the fire, Autumn frowned, and spring put her arms around the small boy and kissed him. “You are sweet,” she said. Then she took his hand, and led him out of the great doorway into the night. The moon was shining, and there were flowers and green things every where. The clock still ticked, and the small boy’s mother was bending over to kiss him.

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**FERRY HALL NOTES.**

Miss McClintock spent Sunday in the city.

Miss Irene Wallace went home on Friday for a short visit.

Miss Mabel Hart and Miss Mary Moffat spent Saturday at Waukegan.

Miss Musa Mohr spent Sunday in the city with Miss Josephine Stuart.

Miss May Jones entertained Miss Lydia Hobart of Fort Sheridan over Sunday.

Miss Loraine Decker, of Edgewater, entertained the Sumus Septem over Sunday.

The preliminaries of the Ferry Hall tennis tournament, which is to be held on Saturday, June 4th, are being played.

Miss Sizer took the members of her history class to the Field Museum on Saturday last, and for a picnic in South Park.

Miss Emily Johnson took advantage of the holiday on Monday to spend a few days at her home in South Bend, Indiana.

Aimee Diehl, who has been a student at Ferry Hall for the past three years, left for her home in La Mars, Iowa, on Friday.

Misses Flinn, Everett, Smouse, Paddock and Hart were entertained at luncheon by Miss Vittrice Thomas in Chicago on Saturday.

The L. F. U. Minstrel Show? ?? Like one of the bright sayings of the evening: “There is only room in Lake Forest for one of them.”

Ferry Hall Commencement committee congratulates itself upon securing the services of Mr. Louis Falk for the organist at Ferry Hall Commencement exercises.

Friday, May 27, was the last cut day at Ferry Hall this year; by Friday evening very many had gone from the usual number, and on Saturday by noon hardly anyone was left at the Seminary.

On Friday morning at four o’clock the sound of an alarm clock going off was followed by subdued voices and softly creaking doors in the Senior Corridor. The “fishing party” was gathering together its tackle preparatory to trying its skill in Lake Michigan. At seven o’clock five weary girls and chaperone toiled up the ravine carrying three little minnows, the fruit of their labor.

**MITCHELL HALL.**

Miss Miriam Douglass spent Sunday in Ravenswood.

Miss Jessie Wetherhold, ’67, visited the Misses McClanahan last week.

Mr. M. E. Robinson visited his niece, Miss Giondora Stewart, Thursday.

Miss Florence Stewart was the guest of Miss Steele at dinner Friday evening.

Miss Annie Brearly will return to
Mitchell Hall the first of June to remain until the close of the college year.

Misses Grace Coleman, Ina Benton, Miriam Douglas and Glendora Stewart saw Otis Skinner in Shenandoah, Saturday.

The Mitchell Hall Juniors gave a picnic at Lake Bluff Monday in honor of Miss Sarah Williams. For unknown but suspected reasons, they exercise the privilege of those who will soon reach Senior dignity and refuse to give a detailed account of the proceedings to the underclassmen. It is certain, however, that the affair was an unqualified success, both socially and gastronomically.

The open meeting held by the Aletheian Society Friday evening was largely attended in spite of the storm. The very enjoyable program was as follows:

Music, One I Love ............. L. M. French
Miss Wood.

Comediotta, Young Dr. Devine
Misses McNutt, Gridley, Bell, M. and E. McClinton, Miller, Williams, Moore and Douglass.

Music, Prelude, op. 28, No. 15 .......... Chopin
Miss Steele.

Music, Schneider's Band ........ A. J. Mundy
Orchestra.

Comediotta, Fast Friends:
Misses Williams and Bell

While all the numbers were admirably given, the one by the orchestra met with the heartiest applause. The musicians who were formerly members of the celebrated Kamm Symphony Orchestra, displayed that perfection of technique which has won them laurels from the most critical audiences wherever they have appeared.

A good remedy for "that tired feeling" superinduced by chasing people across the campus after nightfall is Hood's Cherry Tonic—forty doses thirty cents. Recommended to the night watchman at the Sem by sundry college students and others.

COLLEGE NOTES.

W. S. Elliott visited in town Thursday night.

C. H. Denslow spent Sunday in the city visiting friends.

McFerran, '97, was in town Wednesday visiting his old friends.

"Don" Cameron and Frank Mayr have been pledged to Phi Pi Epsilon.

Fred H. George came out to the Athletic Show rehearsal Thursday evening.

A. B. Loranz returned to his home in Clarinda, Iowa, for a short visit over Sunday.

J. A. Blackler, W. F. Jackson and L. N. Sickels attended a dance in Edgewater Saturday evening.

Prof. Thomas showed his loyalty by attending the second game with Northwestern Wednesday.

The much talked of War Song Concert and Minstrel Show came off Saturday evening and was well attended.

Training by the college track team is going on every afternoon on the new track. Said team consisting of J. J. Jackson and a set of low hurdles.

The Athenaeum and Leta Epsilon Societies did not meet last Friday evening but attended the reception given by the Aletheian Society at Mitchell Hall.

Monday, May 30th.—Exciting rumor that one of the Seniors was found studying in his room in college. LATER.—Official denial of the report by Hanrath.

The tennis team has been hard at work—killing Spaniards—for the last month. The courts have been much improved by this practice. None of the team has, as yet, received invitations to the Niagara Tournament, although they are daily expected. However, the tournament with Northwestern may suffice.
The Ferry Hall Missionary Society.

The Ferry Hall Missionary Society was organized at the time the school was founded in 1869, and originally dealt entirely with foreign missions. Ten years ago home missions were added to its interests, and now the funds are sent to our missionary in Tabriz, Persia, Mrs. Anna Rhea Wilson, a former resident of Lake Forest and a much loved pupil and teacher at Ferry Hall. A few years ago Mrs. Wilson was here on a visit and gave many delightful talks on her work in Persia; the missionary society frequently receives letters from her.

Our society is an auxiliary to the Woman's Board of Missions, and we join with them in an annual convention held in Lake Forest.

Every year delegates are sent to the National Conventions held in the different cities, and interesting reports are made of the work done by others.

This year's work has been very successful. The girls have taken great interest in the meetings and have given liberally every month, and we have been able to send one hundred dollars to Mrs. Wilson.

The first Sunday evening of each month has been devoted to missionary meetings. Each meeting has been led by a teacher assisted by several girls, and during the year everyone in Ferry Hall has taken some part in the work.

The first meeting of the school year was held in October, the subject being India. Many interesting facts were learned about the country, its people, and the missionary work. The second meeting was held in November and the influence of Christianity on the social and civic life of heathen lands was discussed.

In December Mrs. Rhea gave a talk on the mission work of her daughter, Mrs. Wilson, in Persia. In January a Bible reading was held, giving the Bible authority for foreign missions, with a general review of the mission work of the Presbyterian Church and news from various fields.

The February meeting was on the work in China. There were many interesting items on the life, character, and work done by missionaries. The people among whom they labor were very vividly pictured to us. In March the missions of Mexico was the subject, with papers on the history and present conditions of the Mexican people. The meeting for April was again on India and its Protestant missions, with interesting talks on the customs of the poorer classes.

The May meeting was unique. Several young ladies took the names of well known workers in the mission field, and spoke as returned missionaries from Siam might speak in an American convention.

Old Students.

Miss Leila Lincoln spent a very pleasant winter visiting in Florida.

Miss Anna McWilliams, ex-'95, graduated at Smith in 1897. Miss Vera Scott graduates this year and is president of her class.

Ferry Hall luncheons seem to be quite popular. Florence Pride gave one for Louise Porter, and Elsie Bell also gave one. India Wilson Ward and Annie Lord have entertained in this way.

Miss Phoebe Copps is attending Armour Institute.

Many will be interested to hear of Miss Gertrude Bell. She is still in the Consumptives' Home in Denver, but hopes to make a short visit at home, (Harvard, Ill.,) this spring.

Miss Agnes Oliver is at home in Ton- lon, Ill. Belle M. Oliver, '90 and '91, is now Mrs. Clark and is living in Elmira.
Christian Endeavor Society.

Since so many of the teachers and pupils in Ferry Hall belonged to Christian Endeavor societies in their home churches, it was thought best some five or six years ago to form a Christian Endeavor society at Ferry Hall, and to yield to it the control of the mid-week prayer meeting service.

This movement was largely a student movement. Membership was not restricted to Christian Endeavorers, but was extended to all members of the school. It was not required that relations with the home society should be severed nor that the organization be more than an association of Christian girls, to maintain Christian Endeavor connections and religious life in the school.

Hence there is no doubt that the Ferry Hall Christian Endeavor society differs considerably from the regular Christian Endeavor society. The appointment of committees, the officers elected and the regular weekly meeting on the assigned Christian Endeavor subject are the strongest points of similarity. But owing to the peculiar community life which any such institution creates, many of the more characteristic Christian Endeavor ways and means find no expression at Ferry Hall.

Every Wednesday evening a large company gather in the chapel for a half hour service. These meetings mean very much to Ferry Hall since they bring so much of helpfulness. This year they have been uniformly well attended and well conducted. The leaders have been active and well prepared. There has been a noticeable readiness and heartiness in taking part.

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