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1891

To the Ladies of the
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INTRODUCTION.

WITH the opening buds of spring, while all nature seems to smile, the annually-expected SOPHOGRAPH appears. No apology is necessary in presenting it to the public. Never entirely without faults, it has never been without merits. It has afforded opportunities for development in a line peculiarly essential to the American student; it has been a theatre for our best efforts, and a depository for thoughts that would, otherwise, never survive the forgetfulness of the busy world. How gladly, in the years to come, will its pages be turned, while every line will sparkle with memories of our youth! We have only praise for the work of our predecessors.

Upon assuming the responsibilities of editing such a magazine, we confess to having felt considerable diffidence, almost approaching fear for the result. We were inexperienced; we had too little time to devote to the work; we were conscious of our lack of knowledge. Therefore, we beg your patient indulgence if we have failed to come up to your expectations, or if we have fallen below the mark set by those who have gone before us.

With these few remarks we present No. VIII., hoping that you will find it not wholly wanting in that which goes to make up a readable and entertaining magazine.

1891

Our Camp at Walnut Grove.

AT SIX o'clock one bright August morning, a party of boys and girls might have been seen at the boat landing of one of our Illinois' River towns, awaiting the boats that were to carry them to the spot chosen for a two weeks' sojourn in the woods. There was much disappointment expressed that we were so late in starting, for the sun was well up in the heavens as we pulled out of view of the church towers and the bridge.

The row was a pleasant one, but after seven miles of pulling, the girls, at least, were thankful to see the long, wooden landing at Walnut Grove. I neglected to say that, some three miles below, we turned from the river and, after going through several lakes, reached Lake Snachwine, on which the Grove is situated.

How delightfully cool to us weary travelers did the green grass look in the deep shade of the tall walnut trees! Four of our party had escaped the heat of the August sun by rowing up at four o'clock in the morning and were waiting to welcome us.

We were all resting under the trees when the long wagons came down the hill, bringing our tents and all things needful for our stay.

We had four tents, and we had selected the prettiest place in the Grove for pitching them. After the stove was set up and the dining table placed under a shady tree, we made preparations for dinner and invited the men who had done our hauling to eat with us; so we had company the first meal. During the afternoon a heavy shower surprised us and tested our tents, which proved to be good ones. We all huddled into the provision-tent, and one, equal to the emergency, read to us from "The Circuit Rider."

It was a hard storm with much wind, and as the sun began to shine through the clouds and the rain to fall in big drops, we were surprised to hear the shrill whistle of the "River Queen," a pleasure boat from home.

All hastened to the shore and saw the boat, containing a party of ladies, more than one of us recognizing our mothers among them, and one gentleman. They left home in fair weather, but had been caught in the storm, and, indeed, had had a narrow escape. With difficulty they landed—the ladies in a much bedrabbled condition.

We made them a cup of tea, lent them our shawls, and Mr. Sparland, who lived on the hill, took them home in his "carryall"—the ladies prefering not to trust themselves again to the "River Queen." Darkness settled down rapidly, and as we stood around the stove, holding an umbrella over what was cooking, as 'twas still drizzling, there came over us "a feeling of sadness and longing."

But, after supper, the rain cleared away, so we made a small bon-fire, gathered around it and told ghost-stories.

It was about nine o'clock when some one shouted—"the moon!" There it hung in all its splendor, and with one war-whoop we rushed to the lake, jumped into the numerous boats, and with singing and laughter, rowed to the hotel at Under Cliff, half a mile

distant. Here we landed, were received kindly by the hostess, and, after taking a swing and hearing Billy, the darkey, play on three instruments at once, we returned as gaily as we went. Then followed the first night in the woods and the battle with mosquitoes. The timid ones wept and declared they would never stay another night. When the sun looked in at our tent we were sleeping sweetly, and after a hearty breakfast none spoke of going home.

Of the two weeks spent at "Walnut Grove" each day had something to characterize it, but this they all had in common—company. Nearly all brought along something good to eat, and this, of course, insured them of a welcome. About the third day a kind lady brought us three watermelons, and, as we were supplied with the luxury of ice, we had them deliciously cool by the afternoon, and, forming a party, we went forth deep into the woods, found a romantic spot and proceeded to have a watermelon picnic.

The main vocation was fishing. We frequently went at four o'clock in the morning and fished industriously until the sun was well up. It was not, however, a surprising thing to see the fishers returning burdened with naught but water-lilies.

On Saturday, the mother of one of the girls came to spend Sunday with us; so Saturday evening we determined to have an extraordinarily good time. We gathered sticks from a neighboring swamp, and when darkness settled down we lighted the pile and brought robes and camp-stools and gathered around it. Each was asked to furnish some amusement. As a senior member of our party was telling an interesting story, a stranger appeared. At the conclusion of the story the stranger, raising his hat, enquired, "Is Miss B. here?" Miss B. was sick and not present. Then he said, "Is Miss G. here?" She had gone to stay with the sick one. "Is not young Mr. B. here? for," said he, with a bow, "I am Mr. C.——, of Streator." Very reluctantly Mr. B. rose and welcomed the gentleman. Mr. C.—— spent Sunday and Monday with us, and if he thought we were unhospitable, we considered him a dreadful boor. That night as we dispersed, six of us stole off and rowed to the "Swan Lake Club House," four miles distant. It was a grand night on the moon-lit waters, and we who were so fortunate as to take that row remember it as the most pleasant experience of our free camp life.

I must hasten over the jolly time we had when an amateur photographer came from a neighboring camp and took a picture of our party—over the many pleasant visits to the "Under Cliff Hotel," and our evenings spent at the neighboring camp around the camp fire. I have not mentioned the two immense swings, the hammocks and the croquet ground, where we idled many happy hours away.

We all walked to Putnam, a small town two miles away, one hot afternoon, to attend a Sunday School picnic. Here we were looked upon as curiosities—not so much for our peculiar appearance as for the manner in which we disposed of their ice-cream.

The night that is best remembered by the girls of our party, was the last Saturday night in camp; we had visitors from town who had firmly determined not to sleep *themselves* nor allow anyone else to sleep. In this they succeeded far beyond their most sanguine expectations, for, after singing, talking and teasing us for hours, they, themselves, became weary. But they ha'

forgotten our deadly enemies, the mosquitoes, and had pulled up one corner of the mosquito netting that lined the the tent.

The blood-thirsty villains swarmed in and a battle began, in which the mosquitoes were victorious. We fought them bravely for a time and then began slowly to give up the field. Singly or by twos or threes we left the tent for the hammock, or to try sleeping on the ground without even a knap-sack for a pillow and "no blanket but the sky." Some of the more hilarious might have been heard singing "Carry me Back to Old Virginny," at three o'clock in the morning. When daylight came a more weary bevy of girls could not be imagined. We voted such company a bore.

An old gamester came from home the next day with a supply of game and gave us a roast dinner. This was a rare treat, and we are ever staunch friends to the kind old gamester.

Early the next morning we broke camp. Another party came as we were starting; and as we looked at their fresh apparel, we heartily wished them as good a time as we had had. We came for enjoyment and rest and had not been disappointed; and we devoutly wish that all who have spent a year of hard work in school may go and do likewise.

WAYSIDE ECHOES.

McCormick, T. P.—
"As some tall tower."—*Dr. Young.*

Green—
"O, he's as tedious as a tired horse."—*Shakspere.*

McClure—
"This is the man to do the bloody work."—*Anonymous.*

Miss L. Beach—
"She seizes hearts, not waiting for consent
Like sudden de th that snatches unprepared."
—*Lansdown.*

Hottes—
"Company, vil'ainous company, hath been the spoil of me.—*Shakspere.*

Sperry—
"I am the very pink of courtesy."—*Shakspere.*

Powell, J. E.—
"I hope I don't intrude."—*Anonymous.*

Harvey—
"Man delights not me, no, nor woman neither."
—*Shakspere.*

Miss Sibert—
"Such harmony in motion, speech and air."—*Crabbe.*

Yamada—
"Wise man, maker of his own fortune."—*Schiller.*

McCormick, W.—
"Truth needs no flowers of speech."—*Pope.*

Harris, B. F.—
"With head upraised, and look intent,
An eye and ear attentive bent."—*Scott.*

Harris, W. H.—
"In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater."—*Butler.*

Lockhart—
"Merit like his, the fortune of the mind,
Beggars all wealth."—*Thomson.*

Coen—
"Hear me for I will speak."—*Shakspere.*

Parkman—
"I was born, sir, when the crab was ascending,
And all my affairs go backward."—*Congreve.*

French—
"Very like a whale."—*Shakspere.*

Hall—
"A gentleman well bred and of good name."
—*Anonymous.*

Miss Pickard—
"For she was full of amiable grace
And manly terror mixed therewith all."—*Spenser.*

Miss Carson—
"There's no miniature
In her face, but is a copious theme."—*Massinger.*

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

IT IS a matter of congratulation to our government that congress has at last passed a bill incorporating a company for the construction of a canal through the isthmus of Panama by the way of Nicaragua. Such a canal, under the auspices of the United States, has been one of the bright dreams of our people ever since the nation came into possession, by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, of the vast territory washed by the Pacific Ocean. Owing however to the unfortunate, not to say unwise, act of the government, in the beginning, the work has been postponed, and is now only undertaken at the risk of incurring the displeasure of the English government.

During the past forty years, volumes have been written on the subject of the domination of the proposed canal, the greater part of which has been called forth by the application to the question of that principle of the United States government, known as the Monroe doctrine. This doctrine, in the sixty-five years since its declaration, has become an integral part of our national policy, and impels our legislators to jealously guard against any foreign nation gaining an advantage in America.

In order to find the real reason for the promulgation of the Monroe doctrine, it is necessary to begin with the history of our nation's independence. One of the richest legacies left to our forefathers by the revolution, was the conviction that the security of the young republic depended upon complete political isolation from Europe. At first this feeling went no farther than to discountenance any American interferance in European affairs; but with growing strength the people took more advanced ground, until they regarded with marked disfavor any European enterprise on this side of the Atlantic. This growth of feeling may be illustrated by a representative quotation from the most prominent man of each of the two periods. Washington, in his Farewell Address, asks this pertinent query: "Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, humor or caprice?" To have gone farther at that time would have been premature. But a quarter of century later, when Jefferson wrote that one of the fundamental maxims of this government shall be "never to allow Europe to meddle with cis-Atlantic affairs," he but expressed the opinion of a majority of the people, soon afterwards officially rendered by President Monroe.

The Monroe doctrine was the legitimate outcome of this growth of an inherent sentiment, fostered by circumstances. It was in no sense a product of the President's brain. Indeed, it would have been presumptuous for him to pronounce such a doctrine without knowing that the nation would support him. The people expressed their feelings, simply using him as their mouth-piece.

Thus we see the real cause for the pu

lication of the Monroe doctrine;—the cause which made such a declaration not only possible, but even necessary. There was an immediate, visible danger, which a superficial observer is apt to mistake for the real cause, but which really had a subordinate influence, merely fixing the time for the declaration. This danger was seen in the attitude of the Europen powers toward the struggle between Spain and her American provinces.

At several International European congresses held between 1818 and 1822, all the powers, except England, agreed to the proposition that they should make common cause against any insurrection or movement of any kind tending to imperil absolutism. This plan was brought into execution in quelling rebellions in Naples and Spain. At the last of these congresses, held at Vienna in 1822, the revolt of the Spanish American colonies was considered. England, for selfish reasons, strongly opposed any interference, and, indeed, a joint declaration of the governments of England and the United States against the design of the powers was prevented only by the refusal of the English government to recognize the independence of the struggling provinces.

When the president learned of the designs of the powers, he was so impressed by the gravity of the situation that he asked advice of ex-presidents Jefferson and Madison. Both expressed the opinion that the United States should allow no European powers to interfere in the affairs of America, Jefferson using the language above quoted. Soon afterwards, in his message to congress of December 2d, 1823, seeing that the time had come for decisive action; believing that the memory of our own arduous struggle for independence should be a source of sympathy for those still laboring to throw off the yoke; knowing that such declaration would express the sentiments of a majority of the people whom he represented, gave to the world the doctrine which closed the gates of the New World to the Old. It is set forth in the declarations that "The American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and *maintained*, are hereafter not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers," and that "we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety." The powers, seeing themselves opposed by both England and the United States, immediately desisted from carrying out their designs.

Since its publication the doctrine has been reasserted on various occasions which, in the judgment of the president, demanded it. It has never received the sanction of congress, that body preferring special legislation whenever there was danger from European interference; but the high regard in which it has always been held by our legislators and diplomatists, is shown by the fact that on only one occasion have they departed from its principles, and that departure, ever since it was made, has been a source of humiliation to our government and of triumph to that of England. I refer to the signing of the notorious Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850, by which the two governments agreed that neither one should obtain or maintain exclusive control of the proposed Panama Canal, or assume or exercise any dominion over any part of Central America. To this treaty we owe the fact that there is at present no canal across the

isthmus, and that the one being constructed is in the hands of Europeans.

No sooner was this treaty signed than differences of opinion in regard to its correct interpretation began to arise between the two governments. Various attempts have been made to settle these differences; but nothing short of the abrogation of the treaty itself can give permanent satisfaction to the United States. England, naturally, will not consent to this; but our statesmen are coming to believe that no treaty can be made an eternal bond, and that the great change in circumstances growing out of the development of our western coast, fully warrants our government in considering the treaty of no force.

Meanwhile De Lesseps has begun his canal and the work steadily progresses, in spite of the expostulations of this country. Now, however, if the proposed canal through Nicaragua is constructed, the fact that the Panama canal is in the hands of Europeans will be of less consequence to the United States than it would be otherwise.

Where the principles of the Monroe doctrine have been upheld by the government, it has wrought wonders in the destiny of America. It called the South American republics into existence; it prevented Cuba from falling into the hands of any other European power than Spain; it caused Russia to withdraw her claims to the Northwest coast, and prevented Mexico from becoming a monarchy tributary to France. In accomplishing these results it removed dangers from the path of the United States, and opened the way to wealth and security for both continents. These are a few of the direct results which it has brought about. Indirectly, its influence has been almost world-wide and cannot be measured. Had not its principles been departed from, the dream of Columbus would have been realized years ago, and the United States, having charge of the gateway through which the golden stream of commerce would flow between Europe and the Pacific ocean, would not only have their own trade secure, but would exert a much greater influence over the affairs of the world than they can otherwise hope to secure.

SPRING.

Spring, with happy countenance,
Comes again to bless the north;
In her train are buds and blossoms
Testify ng to her worth.
In the air the gentle breeze,
With his flute so soft and low,
Plays for her a lay of welcome,
While the birds their songs bestow.
Happy, careless, wanton maid
Gladly we accept thy ways;
Thine, are they? Nay, thou'rt an angel
Sent by Him who all things sways.
All the good that thou canst bring
Is from Him who rules thee, spring.

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE.

OF all the great men that have made the world wiser and better, none is so little known to the mass of the people as Sir William Blackstone. The illusions of ignorance lead those unacquainted with the writings of Blackstone to hold the name of the great commentator in awe, and to suppose that his works can be read only by the educated. On the contrary, those who are accustomed to read good literature, find the style of Blackstone attractive, while the student of law resorts to the pleasing metaphors and similes of Blackstone to relieve his mind, wearied by the writings of less gifted men.

Sir William Blackstone was born on the 10th of July, 1723. He was the posthumous son of a silk merchant in Cheapside, England. Before he was twelve years of age his mother died, leaving him to the care of his uncle, Mr. Thos. Biggs, an eminent surgeon in London. However sad it may seem that he was left an orphan at so early an age, it was, nevertheless, an event which saved to England such an excellent character. Had his father lived he, being the fourth son, would undoubtedly have been deprived of the advantages of education, and that rare talent would have been lost behind the curtain among the dusty shelves of his father's establishment.

At the age of seven years Blackstone was sent to school at the Charter House. Here, applying himself to his studies with the same assiduity which accompanied him through life, he soon became the favorite of his masters. At the age of fifteen he was matriculated at Pembroke College, Oxford. About this time he received a gold medal for the best verses on Milton, thus early showing his genius. At college he pursued his studies with unremitting ardor, being particularly fond of the Greek and Roman poets. Mathematics was of less interest to him, yet he found recreation in that branch which relates to architecture, and, at the age of twenty, published a book, "Elements of Architecture," intended for his own use. At the age of eighteen his choice of professions was determined upon, and he entered Middle Temple for the purpose of reading law. This change from the lighter studies of his youth to the more severe study of law, seemed to be a very disagreeable one to him. His feelings on this occasion are vividly described in a copy of verses entitled, "*The Lawyers Farewell to his Muse.*" These verses, and others which he wrote, show that, had he turned his mind to this class of writing, he would not have been inferior to the best of English poets.

In November, 1746, he was called to the bar. Blackstone was no exception to young lawyers, in that his practice was exceedingly limited. Probably the great drawback to him in his new profession was that he did not possess such a flow of elocution and such a graceful delivery as is necessary for a brilliant success in that profession. Not being very much engaged in the courts, he had leisure to spend in reading and digesting further the laws of England. He also became acquainted with several eminent men in that profession who foresaw, through the then intervening clouds, that genius which afterwards broke

upon the world with such splendor. About this time he was elected to a fellowship in the University of Oxford, from which he gradually arose to higher places. In these positions he greatly benefited the University in the line of completing certain buildings, which had been commenced but remained unfinished for want of funds.

After vainly struggling for seven years to obtain a foothold in the practice of law at the courts of Westminster, he retired to his fellowship and began writing the lectures he had previously planned. In June, 1754, he commenced reading these lectures to a large class of young men of the best and most noted families. Owing to the excellence of these lectures they were copied, in which process many mistakes were embodied in them. In order to correct these mistakes, he published a correct edition of the lectures, the first volume appearing in November, 1765, under the title, "*Commentaries of the Laws of England.*" In this condition the modern students of the law in England and America find them.

These four books of commentaries is a work which for ages to come will transmit his name to posterity among the best and most eminent of English authors.

Blackstone was returned Burgess to Parliament in 1768, and finding it impossible to perform his duties here and at the University, he severed his connection with the latter institution. He also began his practice at the bar again, and, already made famous by his Commentaries, he was soon recognized as one of the most able lawyers England then possessed. Appointments of all kinds were showered upon him, only to be refused, until 1770, when he accepted the appointment of Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. He received the honor of knighthood, and on the resignation Mr. Justice Yates, Blackstone, was appointed Judge of the Court of King's Bench. He enjoyed this latter position but a year, when, upon the death of Mr. Justice Yates, he was returned to the Court of Common Pleas.

His legal vacations were spent in works which would prove beneficial to his country or town. Many buildings in and near Wallingford, his home, are due to his activity and architectural genius. In this kind of employment he spent the last ten years of his life. His constitution, impaired by severe study and an unhappy aversion to exercise, grew daily worse; not only gout, but a nervous disorder also, which brought on giddiness or vertigo, added to a corpulency of body, rendered him still more inactive and contributed to the early breaking down of his constitution.

In the early part of 1780, he was seized with an attack which brought on drowsiness and stupor and baffled all the art of medicine. The disorder increased very rapidly, and he died Feb. 14, 1780.

As a judge, Blackstone was upright and honest; as a citizen, he was ever active and a judicious promoter of whatever he thought useful to the public; as a senator, he was moderate in sentiment and averse to partisan violence. He was a believer in all the great truths of Christianity from a thorough investigation of its evidence. His religion was pure and unaffected, and his attendance on its public duties regular, and those duties were performed with seriousness and devotion. All who have ever studied his works, find in them evidences of the great professional abilities he possessed. He read much, and whatever he read and digested he never forgot. Probably the greatest reason for his success in life is the fact that he was an excellent manager of his time, considering unpunctuality a sin not to be forgiven.

Although he spent much of his time a
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his studies, this was done without the parade or ostentation of being a hard student. He always found time for the innocent amusements of society, for which few men were better fitted, being possessed of that happy faculty of making himself pleasing and instructive to others, while he could enjoy the society of others himself.

What Mr. Blackstone has done towards elucidating the science of law cannot be overestimated. That science, once almost incomprehensible, he has polished, cleaning it from the dust and cobwebs of the office. He has decked it out in figures and classical allusions and sent it abroad to instruct, and, above all, to please the most varied and fastidious societies.

AN INCIDENT.

I saw a strange thing at one of our restaurants the other day. A man entered and seated himself at one of the tables. He gave his order to one of the waiters, who soon brought it steaming from the kitchen. The man began to eat, but was soon overcome by some strong emotion; the tears started from his eyes and he wept aloud. The proprietor's attention was attracted, and, going up to the weeping man, he inquired the cause of his grief. "Oh!" sobbed he, "Oh! that my wife would cook like this!" "Yes," approved the proprietor, "we get things up in good style here." "Oh you don't understand," said the other, "my wife cooks so much better than this that I can never keep from overeating and bringing on dyspepsia." The proprietor fainted.

SKETCH OF CHAMPAIGN AND URBANA.

THE twin cities of Champaign and Urbana are situated in the most fertile region of the Prairie State, one hundred and twenty-eight miles south of Chicago. The settlement of Urbana was started by a few men, a little north of the present business part of the town. It was just beginning to be prosperous, and consisted of from a dozen to twenty huts, when an "Indian scare" disturbed the peace of the colony.

The Indians, about this time, were being constantly pushed westward by the incoming Easterners, and news reached the settlers of an approaching band of savages. Terror spread through the little colony; children sat around the fireside with eyes and mouths wide open, listening to harrowing tales of the terrible redman.

The suspense of the settlers was at length relieved. The band of Indians finally arrived, bearing the wampum belt of peace. A great council was held and a treaty was signed under the spreading branches of the great elm east of Urbana.

The Indians camped a little south of the white man's encampment and all was very peaceful. But the settlers finally grew restless and told the Indians that they must "puckachee," so they sadly puckacheed.

The chief of this little band was a noble old Indian named Shemanger. Although a savage he was possessed of many hardy virtues, which

his white friends might have done well to imitate. He was always friendly to the white men and did them many services. Old Shemanger lived to a great age, near Urbana, where his grave may yet be seen in the old cemetery. Many of his band used to come in the winter and build their camp-fire on his grave to light his spirit on its way to the "happy hunting grounds."

Meanwhile the settlement grew and thrived. Many industries sprang up in it. In the time when railroads were spreading over the country, Urbana desired and needed one. When the Illinois Central was in process of construction, Urbana offered a certain sum of money and land to have the road pass through there. In addition, land was offered for sale, at a reduction, for the station. The railroad company wanted land donated for a station. Urbana stoutly refused to comply with the demand, so the company, being perfectly independent, built a station for itself about two miles west of Urbana. This was the beginning of Champaign. Being started in this way, there has always been a rivalry between the two towns. There was much discussion as to the name for the new village. It was called *West Urbana* for some time. Finally Champaign was agreed upon. From this time Champaign grew rapidly and proved a formidable rival to Urbana, which, after a time, came to be known as Old Town. Now, looking over this thickly settled country, we can hardly imagine the scene which met the facinated gaze of the early visitors. The prairies, stretching away to vast distances, a treeless waste, looking like a "congealed ocean." Coming from the countries of hills, probably a scene like this had never obtruded itself in their strangest dreams. Now all is changed. Man, with his inventive genius and creative power, has wrought a marvelous transformation. Railroads cross the country in every direction, while telegraph and telephone wires offer means of swift communication. This rapid development testifies to the industry and enterprise of the people.

Urbana and Champaign now boast of a population of ten thousand inhabitants, of which Champaign claims six thousand. There are sixteen churches in the two towns. Several attempts have been made, indeed, to establish factories of various kinds, but the most haye been failures. There are now, however, two small manufactories in each town.

The facilities offered for agriculture more than compensate for this deficiency. The vicinity of Champaign and Urbana is one of the richest farming districts in the state. The fertility of the soil is phenomenal. It so surprised our early visitors, seeing it for the first time, that they declared thrt it could not last but would "leak through." But now, after more than fifty years of usage, it still displays the richness of the original soil.

The people settling in Champaign and Urbana come from Ohio, New York and Massachusetts. That they were a very intelligent class was shown by the early establishment of schools and newspapers. The first school was established in 1832, and was taught by a man named Tompkins.

The first newspaper was the Urbana *Union*, established in 1852. But the crowning triumph in educational advantages, secured by the citizens, was the University of Illinois. About 1851 there spread over the country a general excitement concerning the establishment of state universities and colleges. The question where the one in Illinois should be located became one of absorbing interest. Champaign and McLean counties were the principal rivals in the contest for the location, and both fought bravely. Citizens gave all

their energies, sparing neither money nor trouble for the cause. Champaign county was finally successful. Great excitement reigned. Bon-fires blazed over the county, and native orators stirred the multitude with their eloquence.

The University of Illinois was established under the name of "The Illinois Industrial University," with the idea of furnishing work to all students desiring it, to pay their tuition.

The Institution opened March 1868, with an attendance of fifty students, and Dr. J. M. Gregory as Regent. Of the original faculty but four are left in the present corps.

The University, since that time, has been steadily increasing its attendance and enlarging and improving its departments. It now has an attendance of four hundred students, and if the future may be judged by the past, the number will steadily increase until our halls will be overflowing and all departments be filled to their utmost capacity.

A hopeful future may well be expected of our two little cities. Concerted action will be an advantage to them, if the old feud between them but die out.

May increased population and business attend them; and this we may reasonably hope from their present wide-awake and thriving condition.

RANDOM SHOTS.

FISCHER, J.—
"What should this be?"—*Shakspere.*

VAIL—
"I stood
Among them but not of them."—*Byron.*

ORR—
"In morals blameless, as in manners meek,
He knew no wish that he might blush to speak."
—*Cowper.*

BRUEGGEMANN—
"By heaven I cannot flatter."—*Shakspere.*

HICKS—
"Slow consuming age."—*Gray.*

HARRIS, J. T.—
"From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot he is all mirth.—*Shakspere.*

ARNOLD—
"I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark."—*Shakspere.*

CULTER—
"And (strange to tell) he practiced what he preached."
—*Armstrong.*

MISS DARBY—
"For she was timid as the wintry flower."
—*Mrs. Tighe.*

BRAUCHER—
"For I am the only one of my friends that I can rely upon."—*Apollodorus.*

MISS HELLER—
"O she will sing the savageness out of a bear."
—*Shakspere.*

HILDRUP—
"When found make a note of."—*Dickens.*

POWELL, J. H.—
"He's all right."—*Anonymous.*

CHESTER, D. -
"A villain with a smiling cheek."—*Shakspere.*

KLINGELHOEFER—
"He did the utmost bounds of knowledge find."
—*Cowley.*

MITCHELL—
"Jokes of all kinds, ready cut and dry."—*Microcosm.*

MISS HARRIS—
"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit—Sit, Jessica."—*Shakspere.*

SANDERS—
"Talents are best nurtured in solitude."—*Goethe.*

SIEBERNES—
"Begone my cares! I give you to the wind."
—*Dryden.*

COMPLETE ANNIHILATION.

SOUTHERN Illinois, or the Egypt of the New World, has often been termed the "land of milk and honey." Its broad and fertile prairies, interspersed with dense forests, its many rivers and creeks, forming a network of waterways, present to the mind the scenes of that far-off land from which it has received its appropriate name. With Cairo at the point of the great waterway of this country, its inundating rivers and creeks, depositing their sediment and fertilizing the country, it is surely a remarkable likeness to Egypt of the Old World. Relics and antiquities abound. In paradoxes it excels Egypt proper, and approaches Australia. Most of these are well known and have often been rehearsed, yet I shall relate one which I personally witnessed and can hence vouch for.

A hot July afternoon found me on the banks of Silver Creek fishing. My outfit was wholly taken from nature, and consisted of, first, a pole, the thorn of a common Locust tree, thirty feet in length, light, and tapering to a fine point. Second, the line, twenty feet long, the tendril of a wild grape, very strong, and flexible as a common thread. Lastly, the hook, a peculiarly bent and barbed thorn of a shrub (*Settohkciredert selrahc*), found in great abundance by the river side.

Thus equipped I sat anxiously waiting for a bite. Suddenly my attention was drawn to the opposite side of the stream, where a struggle of some kind was going on. A minute later I saw a mass of living matter tumble from out of the flowers, roll down the steep bank of the creek and alight below on a wide sand bank. The animals were slightly stunned by the fall and I could for the first time make out what it was.

It consisted of three frightful snakes of exactly the same length and thickness. Each had the other by the tail. Each was swallowing at the same rate. The circle thus formed, when first observed, was no less than twenty feet in diameter. This, however, was gradually contracting as the swallowing continued.

I sat on the opposite bank, no longer watching the fish, but that strange spectacle, which continued for two hours. The circle gradually became smaller and smaller, and at last nothing whatever remained.

I returned home, satisfied that this was the first case of total annihilation of matter which had come to my notice.

I try to pierce the gloom that hangs before my face,
The curtain dark between what is and is to be;
And as I look, behold! before my eyes is raised
A life of perfect action, crowned with love of man.
I do not see a blot or stain. The spotless page
Reveals no trace of time ill-spent—of sin's revenge;
All's beauty, happiness and joy,—such is my dream.
I turn from this fair scene to what I am; and think
How oft, in times beyond recall, the tempter bland
Has wrought my fall and led me from the path of right
To wander in his ways so dark. Then down I fall
And pray, O God, not of myself may I aspire
To live the righteous life. Thou art the Christian's strength.
Lift up my fainting heart, restrain my wand'ring feet.

Prep from the rural districts.
Are you a senior?
Freshie. Here's a quarter.

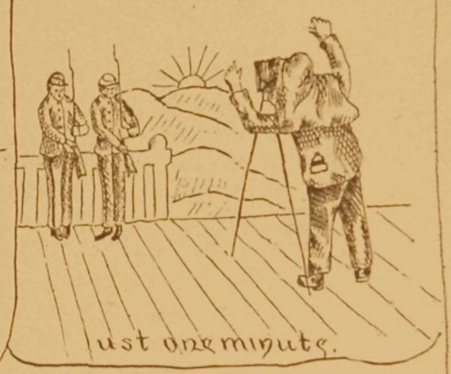
Huff ought not go to sleep on the floor.

Wonder if my maw'll know me?

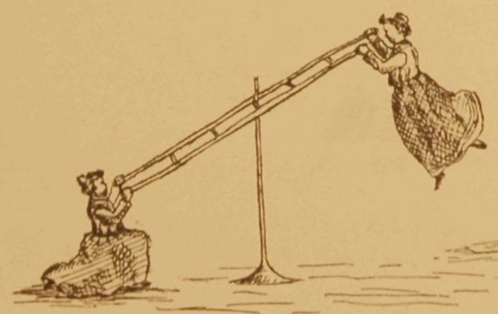
Theoretically

Practically

Prep's dream Halloween after the march.



ust one minute.



That girl gymnaseum

What the little prep girls are likley to do to their better halves after five years gymnastic Training

WOMAN AND MEDICINE.

A VERY interesting thing is the position woman has taken in the medical profession. In all of the large cities, and in many of the small ones, the female physician has her place beside her brother in the profession; and, indeed, she is doing a grand work.

It is the purpose of this brief article to give a little of the history of the movement which led to the establishment of so many female medical colleges, and to the successful practice of medicine by so many women during the last half-century; then, a short discussion of the merits of the question.

It will, perhaps, not be impertinent to mention the fact that woman's connection with medicine is not altogether modern. We are assured by Homer that there were not a few women, as well as female divinities, who were skilled in medicine. A thousand years before Christ there was a college of physicians, in Egypt, including both sexes. The mother of the philosopher, Socrates, was a midwife. Thus I might go on and name many women among the ancients who knew, at least, the rudiments of medicine and practiced the art of healing. During the eleventh and twelfth centuries, several women became celebrated as teachers of medicine in the great school at Salerno, and later, in other universities of Italy. Coming down to modern times, we find that Napoleon appointed Maria Della Donne, a graduate of Bologna, to the chair of mid-wifery in the institution there. In the first half of the present century, Frau von Siebold and her daughter both acquired renown, having taken medical degrees at Giessen. In France Mesdames veuves Lachapelle and Boivin became prominent not only as mid-wives, but also as practicing physicians.

But it was not until 1864, except in the case of one or two persons, that any medical school in Europe was opened to females. In that year the University of Zurich was thrown open to men and women upon the same terms, and one woman, a Russian, availed herself of the advantages thus offered, graduating as M. D. in due course. The number of female students rapidly increased until 1873, when, because of certain improper conduct upon the part of the medical students, the Russian government issued a mandate stating that all Russian women attending the University of Zurich after the first of January of the following year, would "not be admitted, on their return to Russia, to any examination, educational establishment, or appointment of any kind under the control of the government." Upon the promulgation of this, all but twelve of the women left Zurich; but, in the meantime, the medical school at Berne had been opened to women, and a number of these went there and continued their studies.

Since that time, women have been permitted to study medicine at the Academy of St. Petersburg and the University of Moscow in Russia, and the University of Helsingfors in Finland, by order of the Tsar. In other countries of Europe the good re-

form spread rapidly. The first woman graduate of medicine in Paris was Miss Garrett, a native of England, who took her degree in 1870. The next was Miss Mary C. Putnam, (since, Mrs. Jacobi),of New York, who graduated with honor, in August of the following year. Nearly every nation upon the continent now admits women to its medical schools.

England was slower in granting medical education to women than most of her neighbors. The medical profession made a strong protest against the admission of women not only to the schools but even to the practice of medicine, and it was only after the matter had been brought before parliament that woman's rights in the matter were vindicated. This was largely brought about by the efforts of Dr. Sophia Jex-Blake, a graduate of Berne, to whom great credit is due for her untiring perseverance. The London School of Medicine for Women was opened in 1874 with twenty-three students, the course covering four years, three in school and one in the hospital connected with it.

From Europe the medical training of women spread into India and Australia. As early as 1867 a medical school for women was founded at Bareilley, another at Madras a few years later; and still later, others at Benares and Bombay. These schools in India are peculiarly beneficent institutions owing to the social customs of the higher classes. Very many of the women are debarred from the employment of male physicians, suffering, in consequence, great inconvenience, and sometimes loss of life. It was with a view to the melioration of their condition that these schools were established. Designed, primarily, for the training of native women for the duties of mid-wives and physicians, they are doing a great and increasing amount of good.

In America, the first woman to take a medical degree was Miss Elizabeth Blackwell, an English woman, who, after vainly seeking entrance to various colleges, was at last admitted to Geneva Medical College in western New York, where she was graduated in 1849. In the autumn of the next year the Female Medical College of Philadelphia was opened with a class of forty women. A few years later a dispensary was established in connection with it, which was afterwards enlarged to a hospital. The college is now known as the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, and is the oldest woman's medical college in the world. There are two courses of study, one extending over three years, the other, four. It is fully equal to similar institutions for men. In the gift of the Board of Incorporators are several free scholarships, each of the value of $240 *per annum* for the first and second years, and $120 for the third year. They are available to young women, between the ages of twenty and thirty, who are financially unable to take the course unassisted. The number of students in attendance last year was one hundred and sixty-three, of whom twenty-seven were graduated in March.

Besides this college, which may be considered one of the best, many of like character have been established. The Woman's Medical College of Chicago was organized in 1870 and is now in a prosperous condition. The students have access to Cook County Hospital and the Woman's Hospital of Chicago.

Let us now look at the medical profession as it presents itself to the practical, independent woman of to-day. The matter of

her adaptability to the work is no longer an experiment. When such women as Mary Putnam-Jacobi, Clara Marshall, Elizabeth C. Keller, Emma F. Gaston, and dozens of others are among us, living examples of what she can rise to in the study and practice of medicine, surely the fitness of woman for this great work is proved. She is especially adapted to the treatment of diseases of women and children, though there is no good reason why she should not practice, to some extent, in other fields.

One purposing to enter the medical profession should be possessed of a good constitution, calm judgment, steady nerve and sound morals. Habitual earnestness should be joined with a capability of seeing the bright side of things; for it is no small part of a physician's duty to cheer his patient. Now, there are thousands of noble women possessing these qualities, some of them, perhaps, right in the midst of us, who are too sensible and independent to wed, merely in order to get a support, but who are not decided as to their life work. So many places have been opened to them of late years, that they are bewildered, not knowing which to choose. Women are keeping books, type-writing, merchandising, doing architectural work, and besides a hundred other things, even pleading at the bar and torturing their brains with legal quibbles. But the grandest opening, the one most sympathetic and worthy of woman's best efforts is, we believe, the practice of medicine; and, next to that, a kindred work, that of the professional nurse.

Nor is the study of medicine to be pursued only by women who are unmarried and expect to remain so. It fits a woman better than any other training, for the duties of wife and mother. Many female physicians marry physicians and continue to practice, a blessing to any community in which they may reside.

The preparation for the work, while at college, is exceedingly fascinating,altogether unlike the drudgery which accompanies many other kinds of study. The writer knows a number of female medical students, and can say, without hesitation, that he never met a more happy, and, at the same time, more earnest and enterprising set of students than they.

The woman of to-day is not the simple, helpless creature of a half century ago. She is finding out that she can do something more than marry. She has proven that she can work and that it is no disgrace. She is fast demonstrating to the world that she is not what she has masqueraded for so long, but that she is the complement—a full five-tenths—of man, ready and willing to bear her share of the burdens of humanity.

MORNING.

Morning has come again,
  Birds are singing;
Earth has a smile for men,
  Bells are ringing.

With a calm, mellow sound,
  Cows are lowing;
Green in the fields around,
  Grass is growing.

Over the earth's fair breast
  Dews are drying;
Up! from thy sleepy rest,
  Winds are sighing.

Freshmania.

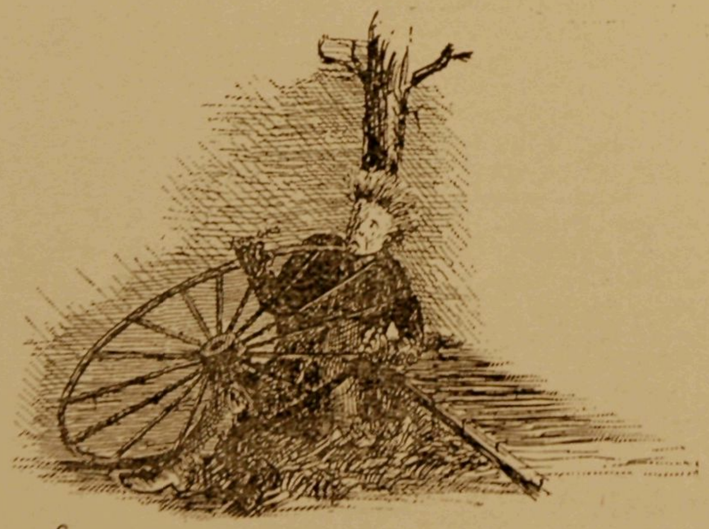
Of Freshmen gay, and Sophomores, I sing,
Who, led by pride and youthful enterprise,
Did vex the night of February first
With revelry and odors strange and foul.
O muse, that oft hath filled with gen'rous hand
The student's cup of music full,—too full—
So that it needs must be poured out in rhyme,
To thee I come, a pilgrim low and meek,
To ask thy guidance. Thou alone canst help,
Thou student spirit, gay and sad by turns,
That walk'st with gentle step along the banks
Of classic Bone-yard; or, that, high in air,
Dost look down on the sport at Crystal Lake;
Or, clothed in light, art present in the halls
Where learners seek the way to Wisdom's fount,
To thee I come. Wilt thou sustain me now
And give me wisdom: so that I may sink
So low, may rise so high and still remain
My proper self.

Once had the new year's moon her circled course
Fulfilled; another month had dawned; the air
With animated talk was rife; for, know
That on this day, the Freshman class had fixed
Their choice,—the one great day of all the year
To them. That evening they proposed to hold
A banquet in Urbana: this, strange fate,
Was noised abroad, some days before, just when,
Or where, or how, I cannot surely tell.
Now, 'tis an old-time custom, reverend,
On such occasions, for the Sophomores,—
Yea, Juniors, e'en grave Seniors lend their aid,—
To seek, by all the means at their command,
To use the Freshmen as the butt of jokes
And laughing stock; and, by all sorts of tales,
To sharpen their imaginations and
Thus raise their expectations of dire haps
So high, that oft such terror seizes them
As never held them in its gripe before:
They cannot hide it; plain as day it shows
In ev'ry look, and act, and word. But, when
The awful day has passed, they boldly say
They were not scared; were only shamming, and
Enjoyed the whole thing hugely. Thus by vain
And hollow words they seek to heap unearned
Derision on the heads of any who,
By word or look, appear to hint that they
So much as thought the Freshman boys were scared.

On that eventful day the morning broke
With more than usual radiance; the Sun
Shot forth his golden pointed arrows, swift,
Dispersing all the sons of Darkness, and
With regal pomp set up his orient court
Of light Urbana and Champaign, aroused
From peaceful sleep, are filled with sounds of wheels
And whistles, pots and kettles, shaken stoves
And breakfast bells. The morning meal dispatched,
The students haste to seek the learned halls
Where some, intent on bookish lore, proceed
To delve in mines of knowledge; others group
Themselves in knots and secretly confer.
The Freshmen talk of coming dangers; of
The awful night, and dreaded Sophomores,
Whom they have learned to fear from stories told
Of other days of like design, when eggs
Of doubtful age were used, not in sweet cakes
Or aught to please the palate, but, as an
External application; slippery
Molasses was put where it would do the
Most good; the atmosphere was filled with smells
Pestiferous: all this, and more, was in
Their minds distressing them with anxious thoughts.
The other classmen plot and plan how they
May tease the terrified. In secret some
Assemble for a consultation. One
Stands up and says 'I move that none of us
Go to Urbana!' Some say, yes; some no.
One says, 'We can't do anything at all
After they reach the hall of banqueting,
So we must do our work before that time.'
All nod assent, and, one by one, they tell
Their various schemes. Old Earth produces, in
Her crust, full many a kind of matter, which,
Alone, is innocent of outrage to
The sense of touch, or taste, or smell, or sight;
Compounded by the hand of cunning man,
These elements lose former properties,
Assume new shapes, new colors and new smells.
Of these the students talked; for there had been
Invented vials filled with stinks for use
Upon that fated evening. Schemes were planned
To use them to the best advantage. Some
Were to be placed in street-cars, some in hacks,

So that the rotten stuff, uprising and
Corrupting all the air, might fill with smells,
Far from delectable, the noses of
The unsuspecting Freshman and his girl.
Another scheme to discommode him, was
To hide his clothes, proposed by not a few,—
Yea, some had *done* the deed for room-mate or
Dear friend. But it would be impossible
To name the many ways discussed to thwart
The merry Freshman's sport.

At length the night came on; electric lights
Blazed out; the Freshman's girl awaited him
In doubt—doubt whether he would come, escaped
From all the snares she feared were laid for him.
He, trembling, in his room, laments in these
Sad words: "Is life worth living? What fate has led
Me hither? Would that sociables were things
Unknown! These clothes I wear, what fiend may tear
Them limb from limb! If I were only with
My girl, were only safely in the 'bus—
But, what a space between myself and that
Fair ark of safety! Why did I not do
As he from Davenport,—conceal my clothes
At my fair damsel's home, and there prepare
My toilet? Ah, methinks I have an old
And trusty pistol; that will clear the way
Before me; happy thought! Now come, ye fiends!
I'm ready for you!" Out into the dark
The armed hero goes, and, presently,
Is welcomed by his girl. Without mishap
They reach the place of merriment. Not so
With all; hard pressed, while on his way to get
His girl, one sought safe refuge 'neath a wheel;



Another reached his lady's home all well,
But when the hack arrived and they climbed in,
No sooner had they sniffed the air, than straight
A horrible smell forced them out, and they,
With tearful eyes and noses upward turned,
Secured another vehicle to bear
Them on their way. One rode two miles by car,—
The longest ride he ever took, for there
The smell was, also.

From scenes like these, let change the view to fair
Urbana; there, before the happy door
Of "Caldwell House," a beastly crew of men,
The guardians of the peace, stand, with their eyes
All bloodshot; 'twixt their jaws a nauseous cud;
A club portentous in their hands; their heads
Filled with gross ignorance. On down the street
A growing crowd of students; some are there
On business; some seek the place because
They wish to see their Freshman friends arrive;
Some come because the crowd in which they are
Decides to come; alone, in pairs, by threes
And fours they come to swell the number in
The street. And now a hack draws up before
The door; the crowd draws nigh; they cheer the hack
And speak in praise of those who come in it.
But one there was among the throng (who shall
Reveal his name) who threw a vial which
Exploded at the feet of one of the
Policemen. Ere the pefume reached the height
Of his proboscis, he, with angry looks,
Commanded that the crowd disperse. He and
His men push right and left and force the boys
Across the street. And there they stay and talk
And scheme, and move about among themselves,
While hacks draw up, unload and go.

At length, all have arrived. One Freshman, he
In bulk the greatest, proudly wore his gray,
Brass-buttoned uniform; necessity
Had driven him to this last expedient;
For some bold thief had robbed him of his clothes,
All save the suit he wore. Some others had,
Upon their backs, the coats of friends, their limbs
Encased in borrowed breeches, their faces
Illumined by a look of triumph. All
Were gathered in the spacious rooms and halls
Of the hotel, relating each his tale
Of how he came, what dangers he escaped,
How he was armed; and one told how the man
Who drove his hack, had, in each hand, a great
Big gun, which he held cocked and ready to
Shoot down the bold, bad highwaymen, who were

Supposed to be abroad that night, if they
Should cross his path.

And now the hour of banqueting is come;
At table all are seated; some in pairs—
Delightful doubleness—alone, a few,
Without a girl to cheer their lonesome feast.
Presiding, at the head, there sits a youth
Of happy mien; near by, a man to all
The students dear, who trains the lisping tongue,
Instills poetic thoughts, exhales rare jokes,
And leads the Senior up to fame. But see,
Another man there is, above them all,
A favorite with the people, honored with
A seat among the fathers who devise
Our laws. At signal from the president
The feast begins, proceeds, and ends. Then, toasts
Proposed, responses follow from a few
Of the bright lights around the festive board;
Hart, Kiler, Carnahan, Miss Hill, and he
Whom men call Tscharner, spoke with eloquence;
Then rose our Hermes, and such silvern words
Flowed from his lips that those who heard were dazed,
Not comprehending, for they could not lift
Their dull and torpid minds up to that height.
Then Stator spoke in words designed to please
The Freshmen, telling them they were, indeed,
Most godlike in their ev'ry look, and that
The Sophomores were like the majesty
Who dwells in regions hot and sulphurous
He ended; and the music of the waltz
Announced that dancing was to follow. All,
With one accord, desert the dining room,
To "trip the light fantastic toe." And thus,
With merry hearts and minds divorced from care,
They while away the hours until the first
Gray dawn of morning.

Without, strange things occur. A dreadful crowd
Of three presumes to congregate before
The very eyes of those who were, by chance,
Exalted to the high estate, to them,
Of special night police. Oh, direful deed!
Presumption unexampled! How could they
Expect to 'scape the just infliction of
A reprimand? A burly officer
Descended, like a buzzard, driving them
Across the street. A German, timid, and
The sweetest type of boyhood's innocence,
Was in th' obnoxious crowd, whom, not content
Alone to drive, the fiend pursued with jibes.
('Tis said, because he would not leave the earth)
And grew so wroth, as to lay hands upon
The guileless youth and march him off to jail.

The students crowd around and offer gold
For his release. Their suit is granted; but,
Upon condition that the morrow see
Him there again to answer to the crime
Of occupying space. Emerged from that
Foul hole, the injured youth gave vent to the
Sad words, 'It's awful dark in there;' then left
The hated place and was soon tucked beneath
The soft, warm clothes of his own downy couch,
And dreaming of the coming day, so full
Of mystic fear to him. But yet the streets
Are full of students, who continue to
Provoke to wrath the servants of the law.
And, ever and anon, the chief, with all
His consorts, sallies forth and routes the mob.
Another Teuton falls a victim to
Their clutches—woeful day to Germany—
Is cast into the damp, dark dungeon, and
Through intercession, freed, as was the one
Before. So goes the night till earth has turned
Half round upon her airy axle, when
The last stray student leaves the scene.

Next day, before the magistrate, the two
Unfortunates appear, surrounded by
A multitude of sympathizing friends.
Their crime is tried in open court, and they,
By help of one of nature's noblemen,
With swift dispatch, are freed from calumny.
All praise to honored Matthews, who, without
Solicitation, pleaded for the right
From love of it. Like some great tow'r he stood,
And dealt such blows, that error fled before
Him, as night before the dawn.

Let us out !!! Let us out !!!

OUR FRIENDS.

ONE morning while in chapel, my attention was called to the student's manner of marching.

The girls left first; but I shall not attempt to picture the many gradations of gracefulness, from the willowy creature with a vibratory carriage to the more substantial damsels.

The grave and reverend seniors followed next. They were conspicuous by their leisurely movements, combining the precision of soldiers with the grace of dromedaries.

After them followed the old companies. Not being on exhibition, they marched as if they were doing it only because they had to and would rather have a dollar than go to chapel any way. Some of the boys wore an expression of deep thought on their faces, indicating, either that they were vainly attempting to remember a lesson—which had never been read over,—or that their breakfasts were still unsettled. A few had their heads reverently bowed, but whether from force of habit or because some one had slipped some ice down their backs, could only be conjectured.

Behind the old companies marched the new. They seemed to be really endeavoring to keep step to the music and at the same time to gaze with envious admiration upon the shoulder straps and precise tread of their doughty captain.

While seeking for some basis upon which to classify all of these various types, I found that I could not adopt the regular division, for, from the preplet, chiefly characterized by "a foolish hanging of the nether lip," the mighty senior, upon whose massive brow "Consideration sits and kingly care," doth grow. So I grouped them according to their chief characteristics as follows:

The *frolicsome* student who is found at the bottom of all deep-laid schemes, and also at the bottom in his studies. However he never intends to injure anyone, not even when he locks the class room door, before chapel, and loses the key or persuades some verdant student to make a fool of himself.

The next division contains the *verdant* students; this division is a variable quantity which changes continuously from a maximum in the fall to a minimum in the spring. Here may be found the student who called at the library for a "bogus program;" and also the one who asked for military drill on his class card.

The *familiar* student greets you as if he were your rich uncle from Australia, insists on kissing you for your mother, hugging you for your brother and finally striking you for a favor. He wishes to be your bosom friend and shows his inestimable worth by removing a dent which he previously placed in your hat, or by dusting your coat in an offhand manner.

The *scholarly* student; here we should find the student who always has his lessons, never dreads going to class, was never known to "flunk" in an examination, but always gets "ones" and does not inform his friends of the fact several times. He always stays at

home and studies evenings and is always ready and willing to aid others. It is needless to state that we do not find him except in Sunday school books, as he died long ago and his descendants have not inherited his virtues.

Other divisions would take in the *social* student who spends seven or eight evenings a week out calling and sleeps in class. The *learned* student who knows it all and cannot keep it to himself. The *athletic* student who can't find time for recitations, and several other divisions too well known to need description.

THEY SAY:

That the senior ball will be a banquet.

That all the boys privately admit being at home Hallowe'en.

That an overcoat sewed with fish glue is required for skating.

That Klingelhoefer says "Vell, excuse me from dancing school."

That a "prep" who was a government scout applied for a position as captain.

That Eidmann says that he didn't even have a plane-table in the dark cold cell.

That the "impartial man with the black mustache" has not been seen near the lake this year.

That matching pennies is not so fashionable as it was last year on account of "Cæsar's" absence.

That Boyd attends dancing school and sociables, and that his formula for introducing himself is a dandy.

Harmonious Combinations.

HELM.—
"His face was of that doubtful kind,
That wins the eye but not the mind"—*Scott.*

RICHART—
"When old Time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument."
—*Shakspere.*

MCWATTY, MISS—
"So unaffected, so composed a mind."—*Pope.*

TAFT—
"All my ambition is, I own,
To profit and to please unknown."—*Cotton.*

ROGAN—
"Learning is better worth than house or land."—*Crabbe.*

WAIT—
"I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise."
—*Shakspere.*

CUNNINGHAM, MISS—
"Her looks were like beams of the morning sun."
—*Spenser.*

HOBBS—
"Perhaps the breath of music
May prove more eloquent than my poor words."
—*Sir A. Hunt.*

WALLACE—
"A man whose blood
Is very snow-broth."—*Shakspere.*

SHERFY, MISS—
"You've too a woman's heart, which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty."—*Shakspere.*

SHAMEL—
"They say that he has genius."—*Willis.*

ROYER, MISS—
"Do I, like the female tribe,
Think it well to fleer and gibe"?—*Swift.*

VAN VLECK, MISS—
"A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament."—*Wordsworth.*

WILLIAMSON—
He knew what's what."—*Butler.*

YOHO—
"His actions speak much stronger than my pen."
—*Churchill.*

SHANNON—
"As melancholy as an unbraced drum."—*Mrs. Centlivre*

HOBLIT
"The man who printeth his poetic fits
Into the public mouth his head commits.—*Wolcot.*

THE EVOLUTION OF NOTHING.

I thought and thought,
And tried
To write,
With all
My might,
But brought forth naught.

I then got up and took a walk around my room, looking at various works of art which adorned the walls, and seeking to draw inspiration from them.

And then, again,
I sat
Me down,
Began
To frown,
And siezed my pen.

I held that pen with desperation; but, do what I would, I couldn't get anything to flow from its point but ink,—cold, black, lifeless, thoughtless ink.

I swore, and tore
My hair
In vain;
Then, full
Of pain,
I sought the door.

Yes, I thought the fresh air might do me good; and so I strolled down the street, with the "blue canister of heaven" above me, and the rotten sidewalks under my feet.

But, though I know
I worked
And flamed
With head
And hand,
Words would not flow.

I returned to my room, burnt up the paper I had spoiled, and, after soaking my head in ice-water for three-quarters of an hour to reduce the fever, went to bed.

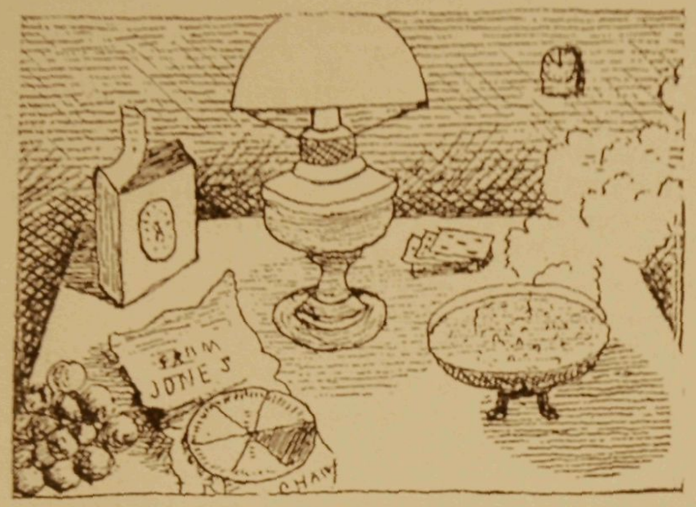
7

A STUDENT'S DREAM.

IT was a Friday evening—such a Friday evening as keeps so many visitors away from the societies,—when four serious students were wading through the Champaign sidewalks to their rooms. They had ceased to criticise the numbers on the society program and were arranging, as best they could, above the noise of the rain, a plan to give a friend a pleasant surprise and to spend the remainder of the evening in a social way. At last, providing themselves with the necessaries for such an occasion (oysters, pies, etc.,) they dropped in upon their unsuspecting friend.

The oysters were soon stewing merrily in the pan over the little alcohol lamp and the euchre deck was murdering time in its usual merciless manner. Thus, all too soon, passed the evening which is such a pleasant oasis in the monotony of a student's life. With many a merry joke and hearty laugh the hours wore by until it was early morning—very early morning—when each one reluctantly withdrew, secretly hoping that his head would not ache quite so severely as he knew it probably would, and also that he would rise in time to get to the club before the boys had all finished their breakfast.

Strange to say, one of these pleasure-loving students had a dream! In the few hours which were left till the whistles would blow and warn him that it was time to rise, he had, as he solemnly told us at breakfast, some thrilling experiences.



The silence of expectation, which at any student's boarding-club, precedes the narration of a story, was broken by, "Well, fellows, I had a Rip Van Winkle experience last night; but instead of sleeping only twenty years, I slept for two hundred or more." "Oh, come down a little, please," interrupted some one, but he went on. "Yes, more than two hundred years had elapsed, and, as I strolled along a beautiful street and gazed in wonder at the strange buildings and immense crowds of people, I was reminded of some great display at one of our large cities in our own time."

"I suppose I looked strangely out of place in that busy throng, in my prep. suit; but there was no help for it, and as no one seemed to pay particular attention to my dress I felt reassured. The language seemed a little strange as I heard it shouted from the street-vender's stand; however, it had not changed so much but that I could make out what was said."

"After overcoming my amazement at finding myself in so strangely beautiful a spot, I began to wonder how I happened to be there of all places in the world; but the reason was soon apparent; for, just in front of me was a sign-board on which the word 'Oysters,' still unchanged, was artistically portrayed."

"Being hungry, I could not resist this temptation; so I went in and took my seat at a plain table covered with a number of dishes of a quaint design; but I paid little attention to the furnishings, my curiosity being attracted to some young men who were eating and chatting at a table near me. The curiosity was not reciprocal, however, as they did not notice me, but continued to talk and sip their beverage, which was contained in shallow dishes where it was apparently cooling. They seemed to be members of some antiquarian society and were discussing with much enthusiasm a strangely bound book, said to be one of the oldest of the kind known, which had been found in a small collection of oddities left by an aged friend to one of the members of the society."

"A little bell tinkled at my side and my attention was withdrawn from the conversation to my table, where, though I had given no order, I found the dishes filled, and could see by my soup that the name of the oyster was as changeless as the characteristics of man. The other edibles were very palatable, indeed, though different from what I had been used to. It was an agreeable change, I assure you. Again I turned my attention to my antiquarian neighbors, but they were now discussing a new subject, one which interested me as much, or even more, than did the old book."

"They were speaking about a great disaster which had happened only a few days before to the ship 'Meda.' It had been totally destroyed, together with the lives of nearly a hundred people. From what I could gather from their conversation I was led to think that the ship 'Meda' was of a different kind from those which I had learned to call ships; for according to their words it had fallen from a

considerable height and struck upon a rocky place. This seemed, to me, too absurd for belief; but I remembered that I was in a strange place and must accustom myself to strange sights and ideas. I further gathered that the accident had been occasioned by the explosion of gas in the reservoir overhead, no one knowing exactly how. This last decided me in the suspicion that I was listening to the story of the sad end of an air-ship experiment."

"My friends having finished eating and having exhausted the possibilities of the cause of the explosion, rose from their table and walked toward a small counter,over which were numbers corresponding to others on the tables, where it seemed to be the custom to settle with the clerk."

"As I had become interested in the young men I determined to speak to them; so I walked to the counter, and, throwing a dollar in front of the clerk, turned to them, thinking to make some remark while the clerk was making change. Think of my surprise when one of them snatched up my dollar and examined it with more than sufficient attention to see if it were good, and then excitedly turned to me and offered me fifty dollars for it. I calmly refused his money and told him that if my dollar was of so much value to him he must accept it as a present. He did not seem to comprehend me at first but said that, as the design and date had become nearly extinct; to coin collectors, it would be quite an acquisition. I assured him that he was welcome to it which so delighted him that he offered to show me his collections of coins and antiquities, if I would meet him at the club-rooms of his society that evening. He would pay for my dinner, and, more than that, he invited me to spend the afternoon and take supper with him. As this invitation savoured of more delicacies, which, to a half-famished student, is of itself almost too much, and also, since my ancient dollars were almost extinct too, I graciously accepted."

"Rightly thinking me a stranger, he took me to several parts of the great city showing me many triumphs of science and art. There were tall towers, different from anything I had ever seen, some of them surrounded with slender columns of exquisite design; there were massive buildings which my friend assured me were factories although I could see no tall chimneys nor the dark lines of smoke synonymous with factories in my experience; there were bicycles and tricycles flashing through the streets here and there, and they, together with the heavy locomotives and their long trains of freight, were the only things I could see that had not almost entirely changed. The factories, I presume, were run by electric engines, but electricity had not been altogether a success in the case of the locomotive, so that steam was still the power that transported the heavy articles of commerce."

"I tried to make my friend understand my predicament, but it must have seemed as absurd to him as it did to me for he only smiled at what I presume he took for some weakness of mind."

"We were standing on an elevated platform viewing the beautiful streets as they stretched away, vanishing in perspective, for they seemed interminable, when I noticed an object in the sky which resembled somewhat a cigar and was growing momentarily larger. I called my friend's attention to it and asked him to explain. He gave me a searching look to see if I were playing with him, then smiled at my ignorance and told me it was an air-ship which would stop near where we were so that if we remained there we could see it alight and depart again."

"I watched the approach of the strange object till it became quite large and took on a

shape resembling nothing I had ever seen before. It was longer in proportion than a cigar, was pointed at both ends, had a row of windows on the side and the height was rather greater than the width. It was propelled by large screw-propellers whose rapid revolutions gave the eye only a hint of their position at the stern of the vessel."

"Nearer she came until almost over us, when, gracefully as a bird, she descended to the very platform upon which we were standing. Immediately a crowd of people came streaming out of one door while others crowded in at a second."

"This vessel stops again in the north end of the city where I live, and, as the trip over the city will give you a good view, perhaps you would not object to the ride," remarked my companion.

"His words brought me back from my wandering astonishment to a sense of the great reality before me, for I saw that, instead of an experiment, the air-ship was a practicable conveyance for passengers."

"I ventured to remind him of the accident to the 'Meda' only a few days before and expressed some timidity in regard to the proposed ride, but he only smiled, saying that there was no more danger in riding in an air-ship than there was in the possibility of being struck by lightning. 'In either case,' he continued, laughing, 'if there is any danger, the result is similar.' He led the way and I followed,tremblingly to be sure, for I did very much desire to try it and find out what it was like."

"We entered a long hall with seats arranged not unlike those of a railway coach and with large square plate-glass windows through which one could see the city to good advantage. I looked for the machinery which gave motion to the immense propellers at the stern, but I saw only two round cases made of the same metal as the rest of the vessel, which, I was told, was aluminum. There was little time left for observation. A bell sounded and immediately the platform seemed to drop from under us and soon became confused with the buildings around it. Now the city ceased to drop and began to sweep to the rear presenting the appearance of a stream of buildings, streets, parks and lakes. But all the while I was entirely unconscious of motion in the ship for there was not the slightest jar."

"As the wind changed and the vessel's bow swung toward the direction whence it blew, I noticed that, instead of the current of buildings rushing to the rear, it seemed to change its direction and drift to the right. I could just make out what I supposed to be the limits of the city away in the distance on either side of the river of houses which had been rushing so rapidly beneath us—so sluggishly in the distance."

"I was interestedly observing the grand panorama, when, suddenly, the part of the city beneath seemed to rise to meet us and there was a scarcely perceptible tremor of the ship; then a bell gave two sharp strokes and we rose and left the wonderful ship. I found myself upon a similar platform to that from which we started, but this time surrounded by fine residences instead of imposing store buildings and factories."

"After a short walk we arrived at my friend's home, a beautiful place. Having become, by this time, somewhat accustomed to the new ways, I was able to conduct myself so as not to show my astonishment so much as I had before."

"The supper was all it promised to be, and after it was over, we walked to the club-rooms together as they were not far away. We found the other young men whom I had seen at dinner time and many more seated in groups talk-

ing. I was introduced to several of them who all helped to make things pleasant to me,showing me their treasures of ancient things and giving me the histories of many of them."

"Finally the meeting was called to order, and, after the preliminaries the possible history of the old book which I have mentioned was brought into discussion. Many theories were advanced to explain certain things about it; one member stating that the picture representing an animal with long ears must have been an illustration of the class of people who lived at the time of its publication; another declared that it must have been the gentleman with the plug hat on who lived in the year ninety-one and who got out the book."

"At last one arose and tried to give a satisfactory interpretation of the word 'Sophograph.' My interest in the old book had steadily increased till I heard the honorable member mention the word 'Sophograph,' when I could stand it no longer, but ran frantically to the president's table, where, ragged and musty, lay a coy of the bogus Sophograph."

"My agony of mind was unbearable. I faced the audience, but had no sooner opened my mouth to enlighten those sage antiquarians, than it was promptly filled with cold water by my room-mate who assured me, with tears of laughter in his eyes, that it was breakfast time, which was likewise announced by the loud piping of whistles all over town."

A DONATION.

WHAT WAS IT ?— ? ? ? ? ?

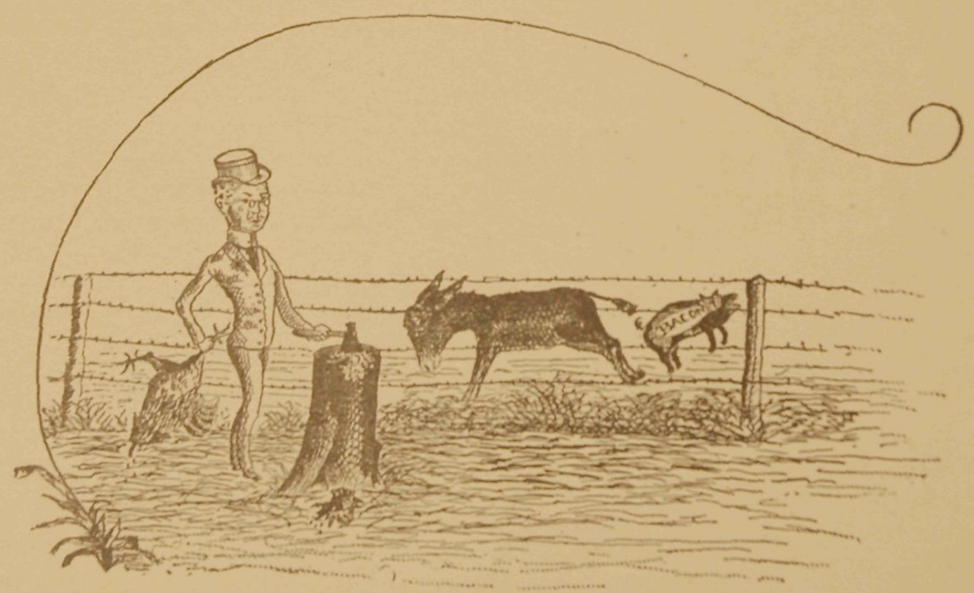
WHERE WAS IT ?— On certain door-steps.

WHEN WAS IT?— After dark, 2—25—1889.

WHO MADE IT ?— The toast-master at the "Newman" banquet.
The man with the warped moustache in the band.
The manipulator of the pudding-stick in the band.
The long, lank, lean hat-slinger.

WHY WAS IT ?— Because their blood
Was full of "prairie mud."

WHAT WAS IN IT ?—The menagerie is shown below: You will not fail to recognize the "Typical Sophomore" and the Freshman rooster. The other animals explain themselves.



ILLINOIS PRAIRIES AND PLANTS.

THE surface of Illinois is divided into two parts, namely—prairie and forest. With the exception of a small strip of forest on the southern border, and narrow fringes along streams, the entire state is covered with extensive prairies, which are characterized by their dark colored rich soil, a comparatively level surface, and by the absence of trees.

Ever since their discovery by the early French explorers, diverging theories have been advanced as to the method of formation; but, as yet, no universally accepted explanation has been offered. One writer thinks that the treelessness is due to the scarcity of moisture in the soil, another to the excess of water!

One naturalist asserts that the prairies were once covered with forests under whose protecting shade luxuriant growths of southern cane flourished. The cane robbed the soil of its moisture, thereby causing the death of the trees. When the cane was deprived of the shade, it died also, and in its place sprang up prairie grasses and flowers, but the trees had been wholly destroyed and never appeared again.

Some vegetable physiologists solve the problem by saying it is impossible for plants of the same genus to exist for any great length of time upon the same soil. The "excrements" from the roots, the decayed vegetable matter of the leaves and dead branches make the ground poisonous for trees, although plants of any other genus may grow abundantly.

But the most plausible theory regarding the treelessness of Illinois, is that the soil is of lacustrine origin. It is thought that at one time Lake Michigan extended over almost the entire state. Great quantities of mud were deposited covering the preglacial germs and completely destroying them. When the water receded a barren waste remained, upon which the lowest forms of vegetable life obtained a hold. By their death and decay these left a little food for plants higher in the scale. This continued until the former lake bed became a blooming prairie.

A rather curious explanation is given in regard to the timber along water courses and lake shores. The soil is more moist near bodies of water, so that here the grass grew earliest attracting herds of buffalo, which kept it short the remainder of the year, thus preventing destruction of larger vegetation by prairie fires in fall. Trees gradually obtained a foothold extending out into the prairies and thus forming the belts of timber found along our streams.

But however conflicting be the theories, we do know that when the first settlers entered this region they were impressed by the vastness of the level prairies as well as by the vegetation that covered them. As far as the eye could reach in all directions, nothing could be seen but grass and flowers. It seemed as if one were in an open sea bounded only by the horizon. The surface was in some places almost level, while in others it was slightly undulating, giving the country a most pleasing appearance. As there was little natural drainage, large portions were often covered with water, sometimes to the depth of three or four feet. This remained until fall when most of it dried up.

The plants were also different from those to which they had been accustomed. With some, indeed, they were familiar, but a great many were distinctly prairie plants. The

most conspicuous flowers are the *phlox*, which grow in rich soil to a large size, measuring from one to four feet in height. They are exceedingly abundant, often many acres being covered with them. There are six or seven species in this state differing principally in color, which varies from a pure white to a dark rich purple. The flower has five petals, which are elongated into a tube three-fourths of the length of the corolla and then the petals are placed at right angles to the tube. They are borne in loose heads each flower on its own stem or pedicil. The phlox blossoms in June and July.

The American Cowslip, or Shooting Star, appears about the same time as the phlox, possibly a little earlier. It is of nearly the same height, but grows singly and not in clusters or colonies. The flower is usually white, although in some instances it is a light purple. The corolla is pointed and reflexed with the stamens protruding. The flowers are in heads upon a single naked stem surrounded at the base by a cluster of oblong green leaves spotted with red. It may be found in rich timbered soil; but is most commonly met with in the prairie.

No one could enter a prairie after June and not be attracted by a plant from three to seven feet high belonging to the *compositæ* family. It is known as the Rosin-plant, or Rosin-weed, so-called on account of the resinous juice it exudes from its stem. This juice when hardened, may be collected and used for chewing gum. It is also known in the west as the Compass plant, because of a tendency of the base leaves, to point their edges north and south, especially in the wide, open prairies. The stem is from one-half to one inch in diameter at the base, and is covered, in common with the leaves, with rough hair. The root is exceedingly large and thick but not more than eighteen inches long. The base leaves are large, often being thirty inches long, oval shaped with deeply lobed margins. The leaves on the stem are smaller, but with the edges cut in much the same manner as the base leaves. The flowers resemble the common sunflower, except the ray and dish flowers are of the same color—yellow. It measures from one and a half to four inches across. This plant grows on the prairie only, hence may be called a characteristic prairie plant.

The common Wild rose known to botanists as the *dwarf* rose, is found on high prairie land in groups or colonies, one of which often covers several square rods. When fully grown, it has a branched stem twelve or fourteen inches high. It seldom stands upright but reclines on the ground. Each plant bears a great number of pink roses an inch or two in diameter. The leaves are ovate with roughly serrated edges; the stem and branches are armed with sharp prickles which fall off after the plant has fruited. It blooms from June to the first of September. This is also a strictly prairie plant.

The only prairie plant whose fruit is used for food is the wild Strawberry most commonly found on high rising ground. It may grow in the woods; but its favorite fruiting place is on the rolling prairie. An old Boston record says that at one time in the vicinity of that city there were several acres of strawberries, which, as there was little cultivated fruit then, were highly prized. All our cultivated varieties of today have been produced from the wild plant.

Many other flowers such as the puccon, Solomon's-seal, lady's-slipper, black-root and snake-root, noted for their medicinal properties, iron weed, partridge pea, the violet butter cup, spring cress, blue-eyed grass, wood sorrel, cardinal flower, aster, button-wood, etc., may also be found on the prairie.

In considering prairie plants, there is an-

other class, which, although not so attractive to the eye, was of much greater importance to the pioneer than those mentioned above. This class comprises the grasses. It was upon them that the first settlers' horses and cattle lived in summer. The same, cut and cured, was their food in winter. With it the farmer covered his out-buildings and in many cases his own dwelling. When bound in compact bundles it was used for fuel during the long winter season.

The variety valued most for hay is what is known as Blue joint. It is tall, often being as high as a man on horse-back. The head is a loose open panicle; the base of each stalk is surrounded by a cluster of long slender leaves. Its main characteristic, however, is its dark blue joints from which it receives its name. The yield per acre is not so great as in some varieties; but the quality is better.

The next in value is Brome grass also much used for feeding purposes and usually found growing together with blue-joint. It, however, is shorter, has a more slender stem, the panicle is looser, the leaves somewhat finer and the blue joints are wanting.

The variety called Marsh grass, but more commonly known as *slough* grass, is from two to six feet tall with a coarse stem, long linear leaves fringed with sharp points. It grows in low marshy ground springing from a scaly red colored root stalk.

Hair grass is small, the stem being only twelve or fifteen inches high. The leaves are almost cylindrical, shorter than the stem, and form a cluster around the base of it. The grass grows on dry or wet soil being soft and tender while young, but becoming hard and wiry after two or three weeks.

Besides the above there are several other varieties growing upon our prairies as well as four or five kinds of sedges which abound in low places only.

As we look over our country at present, do we find the flowers, the acres upon acres of living bloom with which it was wont to be covered in former years? No! they are gone, and other vegetation has usurped their places. As the number of white men increased, the prairie flowers and wild grasses became scarcer and scarcer The sod was broken up and the ground given to plants that were more useful and profitable to man. The place of the flower is now occapied by fields of corn or wheat, while the natural grasses are superseded by tame varieties.

But they are not all gone. In a few places they may yet be seen; such as along railroads, in fence corners, or an occasional field that has never been cultivated. They, however, are poor specimens compared with those that formerly flourished here. Like a conquered people, whose land has been taken possession of by the victors, and who become weaker and weaker as the years go by, so it is with the flowers. In a few years they will be no more and will be remembered only by botanists and by those who saw them in their full beauty.

DISCIPLINE IN EDUCATION.

IF one should ask any one of the many students now attending the colleges and universities of the State why he is attending school, the answer would come readily enough, "I attend school to get a good education." In not a few cases, the one who would make such an answer does not realize what constitutes a good education, nor does he secure all of the most important parts of such an education.

Webster says: "Education comprehends all that series of instruction and discipline which is intended to enlighten the understanding, correct the temper, and form the manners and habits of youth, and fit them for usefulness in their future stations." In this we find no special mention made of learning, of the store of facts which is so apt to appear as the most important part. We find, rather, stress placed upon the development of the understanding, the cultivation of such a temper and such habits as will best fit a man for the duties of active life; in fine, those characteristics which make the man.

Learning is not to be neglected. The disciplined man without learning is probably no better than the learned man without discipline, in advancing civilization. If one would be successful in any department of life, he must know such things as pertain to that department. Without a knowledge of his business, he will be unable to compete with the others. Yet, with all this, if he has not a well balanced temper, temperate habits, regularity, patience and perseverance, his success is uncertain. Numerous incidents could be cited of learned men, known to the public, who failed in life because of the lack of this discipline. Many of us can recall cases in our own experience illustrating the same principle.

The young man's college life usually includes those years in which he passes from the changeable habits of youth to the firmer ones which characterize manhood; therefore it is important that the habits should be right ones. When he enters college he is inclined to think that he knows very nearly all; consequently there is an inclination to be careless. Heretofore he has attended school at home under the loving care of his parents and the kind and careful guidance of his teacher. Both parent and teacher have striven to secure a habit of promptness, regularity and perseverance. He has accepted the discipline of parent and teacher without hesitation. He has not thought of questioning its justness. After he has been at the college or university long enough to become acquainted we find him much changed. Every instructor seems to him a task-master. Every exercise appears as a nuisance. But he does not see that this is due to his own false conceptions.

In the management of any affair in which many persons are concerned, it is not only essential to have a good system but also necessary that that system be followed

promptly and cheerfully by all. Without this obedience, effectiveness is destroyed. So in the college, where characters are made, it is especially necessary that the system be as perfect as possible and doubly necessary that it be followed by all.

Prompt attendance at all exercises is, as stated before, the chief source of that moral discipline which constitutes so important a part of a good education. Exercises which sometimes appear as foolish or as a loss of time, may thus be made a valuable means of training. Again, this regular attention to duty is the best because easiest. One absence leads to another; the first makes the second easier and so on. The following rule is applicable. The unwillingness to miss a recitation, or any other exercise, decreases as the square of the number of absences increases.

The negligent student will say to you, "Such things are very good for children. What's the use of being so particular? I am no longer a child," and much more of like nature. Such thoughts are the best proofs of the necessity of this promptness. There is a peculiar notion prevalent with some students in regard to what shows a manly nature, which has an influence on the weak student. They consider a close attention to all the rules and regulations an evidence of a childish nature. The weak student, having formed good resolutions, keeps them until a temptation appears. He persists in obedience. The others taunt him for what they call childish weakness and he at last yields. Careful thought will show any one that persistence is strength and not weakness.

Learning, apart from the influence which it has upon our lives, can be of comparatively little interest to us. After all, the great object of education is to teach us how to live. Learning is desirable, but in securing it we must not lose track of discipline, without which it loses its strength.

AN EXPERIENCE.

"AN article supposed to be funny" was my allotment. The long looked for opportunity had come to make my name famous enough to go down to our much-to-be-favored posterity, tangled up with the names of Mark Twain, Burdette and Bill Nye.

My heart went pit-a-pat when, at the first leisure hour I sat down provided with the necessary literary implements, determined to let my muse out. However, my muse didn't seem to be in, or was lazy, so I tried to invoke her aid with burnt incense, (cabbage leaves)but she didn't seem as likely to respond as something else. Perhaps my position was not conducive to easy writing; so, selecting the chair with the highest back I used it as a foot stool. This was better, but still my attempts lacked both sense and humor. Remembering the fable of Robert Bruce, I took a fresh start and fell asleep.

Immediately I was walking with a tall, gaunt individual who had a "lean and hungry" look, towards a strange city named Humor, the houses of which were all painted a deep black with bright yellow trimmings.

Just outside the city we passed a large hole in the ground called "the pit of puns." Here we saw Jerry Stevens (who was killed by one of his own productions) greasing the edge so that it would be dangerous to take a step in that direction.

Entering the city, the Temple of Humor, remarkable for its length, a large building called "Brevity" because it is the sanctuary of the wits, "Satirical Hall," an ugly structure, and several smaller buildings of interesting appearance were pointed out as the principal points of interest. Before "doing the town" I went to a hotel for dinner. As soon as I had registered, the clerk called out to a group of walking skeletons, "Here is the man who is trying to bring disgrace upon this community; what shall be done with him?" "Let us roast him," they cried; and, seizing me, they rushed to the kitchen to fulfill their threat; but the fire was out. Pausing only a moment, they dropped me into a caldron of cold soup. Just then I awoke and found it not all a dream.

Chips from the Workshop.

REAT—
"A deep, occult philosopher,
As learned as the wild Irish are."—*Butler.*

HOWORTH—
"We are two travellers, Roger and I;
Roger's my dog."—*J. T. Trowbridge.*

JERRY—
"What seem I that I am not?"—*Shakspere.*

BOYD—
"Awkward, embarrassed, stiff, without the skill
Of moving gracefully, or standing still."
—*Churchill.*

SHATTUCK—
"Let me sleep on and do not wake me yet."
—*Longfellow.*

YOUNG—
"And look how well my garments sit upon me."
—*Shakspere.*

TUBBS—
"Statesman all over! in plots famous grown."
—*Churchill.*

MISS JONES—
"And when she danced—oh, heaven, her dancing."
Praed.

DINWIDDIE—
"Tis, alas,
His modest bashful nature, and pure innocence,
That makes him silent."—*Randolph.*

BARCLAY—
"This is as strange a thing as e'er I looked on."
—*Shakspere.*

GODFREY—
"With every change his features played,
As aspens show the light and shade."—*Scott.*

BOUTON—
"Why, how know you that I am in love?"
—*Shakspere.*

FRAHM—
"How shall I ever go through this rough world?"
—*Coxe.*

ELLIS—
"I know what study is; it is to toil
Hard through the hours of the sad midnight watch."
—*Young.*

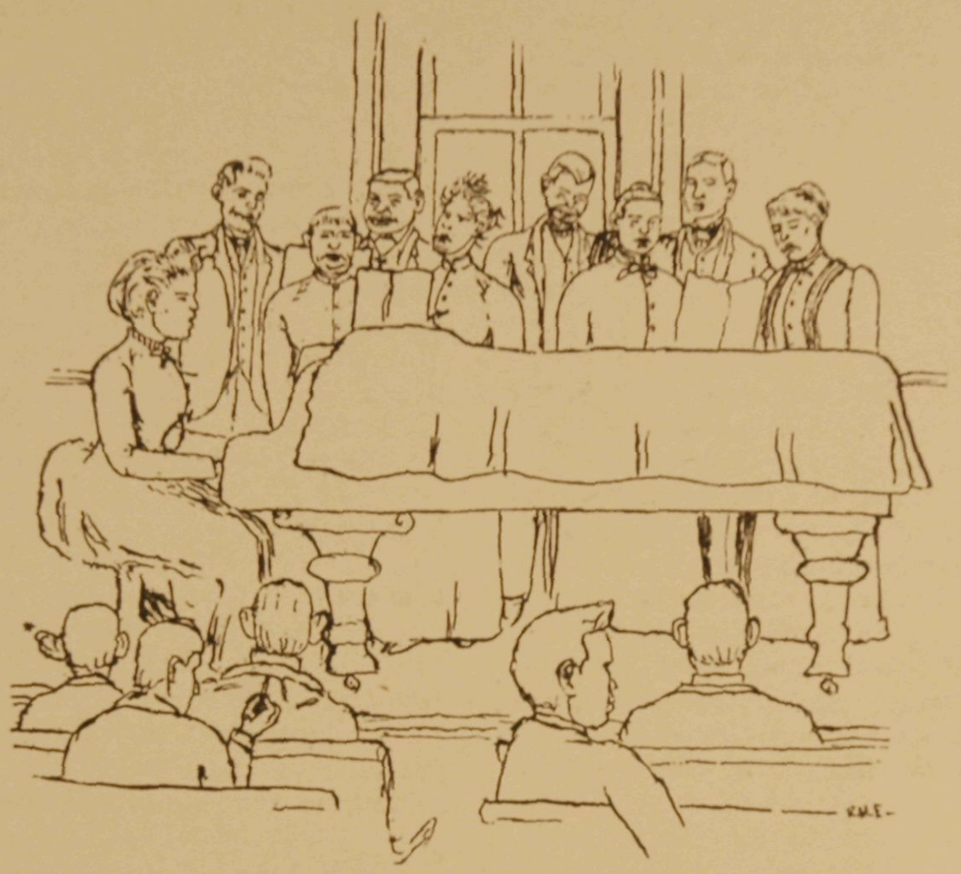
BECKWITH—
"This is the rascal: this is he I spoke of."
—*Shakspere.*

SMOLT—
"If he take you in hand, sir, with an argument,
He'll bray you in a mortar."—*Ben Johnson.*

ENO—
"My mind to me an empire is."—*Southwell.*

MISS BUTTERFIELD—
"For her own person,
It beggar'd all description." *Shakspere.*

OUTCALT—
"How greatest geniuses oft lie concealed."
Plautus.



OUR CHOIR.

This group of lads and lasses
You all will recognize,
For 'tis a perfect likeness
Of what we all do prize.

It is our chapel singers
Of whom we're justly proud;
They warble rounds and songlets
In voices clear and loud.

The lads sing bass and tenor,
The girls, alto and air;
Thus all make time go faster
And drive away our care.

We thought you'd like to have them
Preserved in black and white;
So we have had them pictured
At song with all their might.

VIEWS IN THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN.

FRIJINOYAMA is situated fifty miles southwest of Yokohama and Tokio. It is the most beautiful, as well as the highest mountain in the Rising Sun. Attired in a blue dress and white bonnet, she proudly lifts her head among the clouds. Her expressive features smile on all alike from every side. This majestic mountain welcomes tourists even before they cast anchor on the shore of Yokohama. The height of the mountain is about fourteen thousand eight hundred feet. During the hot summer a great multitude of people climb the mountain to take deep draughts of fresh air. No pen can do justice to the scenery of this mountain.

YOKOHAMA is one of the great harbors of the Rising Sun, and is located eighteen miles from Tokio. Between these two cities an extensive business is carried on, on the land by trains, telegraph and telephone; on the sea, by boats and steamers. Most of the streets are built after the American style. If the traveler sails from San Francisco, the steamer will carry him to Yokohama in twenty days, where he will see an Oriental country with its customs. There are over six thousand foreign residences in this city.

UENO PARK, Tokio, is the most beautiful and largest part of that city, as Central Park in New York, Lincoln Park in Chicago, and Fairmount Park in Philadelphia. Dense forests cover the ground and the scenery is very fine. Every year the Imperial Exhibition and Provincial Fair are held in this park. The tower of the National Museum lifts itself toward the sky, inviting the visitor to come in and look at the curious zoological and botanical gardens and library connected with this museum. When General Grant, ex-president of the United States, was visiting the Rising Sun, he was welcomed and entertained with national honors one day in this park. Before leaving, General and Mrs. Grant planted two American trees in this park. Those trees, now growing finely, are an undying memorial of the honor and fame of that soldier.

In the west side of the park is a lake with many fishes, and having lotus planted in it. When soft spring time comes, and the lotus blossoms, those who walk on the lake shore, when the air is filled with fragrance, have an idea that they are in Paradise, for Buddhism teaches them that if they go to Paradise they shall sit upon lotus blossoms.

There has been newly built a race-track around the lake, and great crowds will be there when horse-racing begins.

CHERRY TREES and blossoms on the banks of the Sumida river:—These blossoms are red or pink in color, not white as those in America. The appearance of the blossoms, therefore, is very rich. When spring time comes the people, men and women, young and old, are ecstatic about their Ohanami. They dress in their Sunday clothes, drive or ride out, or sail up and down the river. At

such times the banks will be covered with gay and joyful crowds. On the boats, merry singing and dancing will be heard everywhere around this part of the city. The trees are two hundred years old and were planted by the third Shogun of Tokugawa. They extend seven miles along the banks. It has become a fine park in the city of Tokio. The cherry blossoms are so beautiful that the people call them the Queen of flowers, but their fruits, unlike their blossoms, are far inferior to those of America.

NAGOYA CASTLE, situated in theprovince of Owari, was founded two hundred and fifty years ago, when Tokugawa Iyasu took the sovereignty over all the feudal lords by the Kotei's command, and at that time gave to his oldest son his inheritance, and to his other sons the lands in different parts of the Empire, and ordered them to be helpers of the Shogun. Nagoya became a Daimio's city; that is, one of his sons resided there and governed the province. With the revolution of 1867, the feudal system was abolished and this castle became the seat of the Imperial garrison instead of a Daimio; a general commanding the troops. This castle is famous for the two fish statues made of pure gold and situated at the entrance gate of the castle.

YOKOSUKA, distant about forty miles from Tokio and twenty-two miles from Yokohama is a trading seaport, and travelers can now go from Tokio to Yokosuka either by railway or by steamer. It is a naval harbor of the Rising Sun, like Boston or Brooklyn in this country. There is a naval medical school, a naval engineering school and a naval academy. The city has about twenty thousand inhabitants.

A RAILROAD TO KAMAKURA is about to be completed. This city is about fifty miles from Tokio. It was the old capital of the Shogun of the Minamota dynasty about six hundred years ago. Then this was the only city east of Saikey, and flourished three hundred years until the Shogun was conquered by the emperor's army. But if a traveler go there now what a wonder! It is altogether changed. Where is the Shogun's palace? Where is his lord's castle? Where are the citizens of the once flourishing metropolis? All are gone. Only ruins remain to be seen in the wide-extended district of Kamakura.

Kamakura is now oftentimes the subject of poets who love to sing of its departed glories. The statue of Buddha there is a remnant of that ancient time. It is bronze work in which the artisans of Nipon made great progress, even in ancient times.

NAGASAKI is seven hundred miles west of Tokio, and is one of the five ports for foreign commerce in the Rising Sun. When she closed her doors, the Portuguese and Spaniards were driven out. Only the Dutchmen and the Chinese were allowed to stay and trade in the city. It has fifty thousand inhabitants.

A hundred and sixty years ago, the Niponians began to study the Dutch language. So when the United States, Great Britain, Russia, Germany, France, etc., knocked at the door, to make a treaty, the Dutch language was the only means of communication. If the Niponians had also driven out the Dutchmen, what a great difficulty they would have met, when they made treaties with those nations!

HIGURASHI GATE, Nikko:—Nikko is about one hundred and twenty miles north of Tokio. Now a traveler can go to Nikko

by railway from Tokio. In general, Nikko is famous for its fine scenery on the mountains, its waterfalls, its lakes and its temples which indeed display a great deal of Niponian art and workmanship in architecture as well as in sculpture. Therefore, a Niponian pun says, "*Nikko minakera kekkoto iwna;*" that means, if you did not see Nikko, please do not talk about the beautiful or the fine.

Higurashi means "to pass or spend a day easily," because this gate is very finely made. Whenever a visitor comes to look at it he will forget time and will stay until the sun sets in the western mountains.

An effort is being made by friends of the University in the Legislature to secure an appropriation of $88,000 for the erection of a new drill-hall and gymnasium. This is a much needed improvement and we hope the appropriation will soon be made. Our present hall is not large enough to accomodate the military companies, which are growing larger year by year; further, the machine shops are too much crowded, and the upper story of the old hall would be used, in the event of the erection of a new building, for the architectural shops. We are sure that those who have investigated the industrial department of the University are pleased with the work done and will be ready to aid in anything which offers better advantages to the students.

The Importance of Scientific Knowledge to Practical Men.

IT is plain that those whose livelihood depends on their skill in the arts, should be instructed, as far as possible, in the scientific principles and natural laws upon which the arts are founded. This should be done to the end that they may pursue their calling to the best advantage; that popular errors about science may be corrected, and that every improvement in the processes of industry, accidental or otherwise, may be grasped and pursued to some ultimate end by scientific principles. It is necessary, in order to obtain economy of time and labor, that those upon whom the industries of the world depend shall be so familiar with each principle and phase of their work that no idle notion of an ignorant person shall influence them against their better judgment.

The history of the progress of the human mind shows us that, for want of a diffusion of scientific knowledge among practical men, great evils have resulted both to theory and to practice. Many of the errors which arose in the earlier development of scientific knowledge are only even now being eradicated. Before the age of printing, the means of acquiring and diffusing knowledge were few. The philosopher was, in consequence, exclusively a man of study. He retired to some monastery or secluded spot, where a few books had been saved from the ravages of time, and there tried to learn the writings of some other

man, who perhaps knew no more than himself. The learning of that day was mostly of an abstract or metaphysical nature. It contained hardly anything of practical value.

The learned man of that period lived in a sphere of visionary speculation, not one of practice and intelligent experiment. However perfect a theory in itself may be, it has no force or value unless sustained by experiment. There can be no particular value of a theory which practice does not prove unless it is to show how far man's great reasoning powers may be perverted from their true channel.

Hence, the projects in earlier days for the transmutation of metals, a notion, not originating in any observation of the properties of metals, but in reasoning on their supposed identity of substance. So deep rooted was this false idea that a large portion of the natural science of the middle ages consisted in projects for converting the baser metals into gold. At the present time such projects would no more be thought of by intelligent persons than would be one to change pine into oak, or fish into flesh.

In such a state of affairs, accident could be almost the only source of improvement; and for lack of mechanical philosophy very little of this could be utilized. For want of a general circulation of information among practical men, the principles of an art, practiced in one place, were unknown in another. In this manner many valuable processes were lost and are now known as the "lost arts." In those days complicated machinery, which needed for its invention the union of scientific knowledge and practical skill, was an impossibility. The absence of one thing prevented the extension and improvement of the other.

At the present time this is certainly changed. Popular text books and works of reference make the great principles of natural science generally accessible. It is possible for any person, who will take due pains, to gain a respectable knowledge of any branch of practical philosophy. Still, generally speaking, even now, all instruction in the sciences is confined to the college. The elementary knowledge of science taught at colleges is useful to any person, whatever be his vocation; and it does not seem right that those intended for the pulpit, the bar, or the profession of medicine should not receive instruction in those principles which regulate the mechanical forces. It would seem that this kind of knowledge is more necessary to those who are employed in the making or using of labor-saving machinery, to those who construct railroads, build steam engines, and conduct large manufacturing establishments.

People are now beginning to call for a more practical type of education; an education which, while it gives a man all the advantage of a severe college training, furnishes him, at the end, a knowledge of something that will enable him to cope with the practical affairs of the world. Is it not better, if a man can spend several years at college; that he should carry away with him something real, something, by means of which, he may achieve fame and, at the same time, provide for his temporal needs, than that he be set adrift at the close of his college career with his mind simply filled with the stories of the ancients?

I am aware that the argument has often been made that the greatest discoveries and inventions have either been the production of self-made men or the result of accident. There is much truth in this. As long as there is no regular system of scientific education for the working classes, it is necessary, if any great improvement be made, that it come by accident or be the happy thought of some native genius, who pushed himself forward above the

common level. This, however, is no more the case in the mechanical pursuits than in any other, and will continue to be the case no matter how good a system of education is adopted. As our land becomes more completely enlightened by the new system of education fewer cases will arise where the main-spring of success is genius. It will be natural talents aided by education and sustained by perseverance. The instances where ignorant men have made great discoveries are not few, but the fact that native genius sometimes makes its way against all obstacles and under every discouragement proves nothing as to the course which is best for the generality of men to pursue. The mere fact that great men have arisen from low estate to astonish and benefit mankind, instead of being instances to show that education is useless, prove only that occasionally men, who begin their education late, are as successful as those who commence it earlier.

It follows them, not that an early education is no benefit, but that the want of it may sometimes be made up in later years.

It is not intended that this education be carried to a minute acquaintance with the details of every art. I wish only that the general laws and principles be taught so as to increase the number of persons competent to carry forward their art to that state of increasing excellence which all arts reach only by long continued intelligent cultivation.

As Ithers See Us

FREDERICKSON—
"Now this he tastes, then that he glances on,
Diversity confounds election."—*Baron.*

MISS BROADDUS—
"O, sir! I must not tell my age,
They say women and music should never be dated."
—*Goldsmith.*

EASTMAN—
"Lightly he dreamt as youth will dream."—*Scott.*

LEONARD—
"He who knows much has much to care for."
—*Lessing.*

MISS ASHLEY
"Her looks do argue her repl'ete with modesty."
—*Shakspere.*

CLARKE, F. W.—
"Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast."
—*Moore.*

GARDNER—
"What I promise to do, I'll do."—*Daniel.*

MERRITT—
"What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?"
—*Shakspere.*

MISS GOULD—
"Her words are trusty heralds to her mind."—*Ford.*

CHESTER J.—
"Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world."
—*Shakspere.*

HARMS—
"I cannot hide what I am."—*Shakspere.*

MISS MYERS—
"All will spy in thy face
A blushing womanly-discovering grace."—*Donne.*

GIBSON—
"He can write and read, and cast accompt."
—*Shakspere.*

HAY—
"Fantastically bedizened with inconsistent perfections."
—*Scott.*

MAUE—
"I am devote to study."—*Bailey.*

CLARKE, E. B.—
"And if thy *picture* I am forced to blame,
I'll say most handsome things about the *frame*."
—*Peter Pindar.*

MISS J. BEACH—
"True worth shall gain me, that it may be said,
Desert, not fancy, once a woman led."—*Dryden.*

EIDMANN—
"His years but young, but his experience old."
—*Shakspere.*

FISHER, L.—
"A mere soldier, a mere tool."—*Byron.*

"His Majesty"

A Primer Lesson.

See the man. Who is he? He is an Urbana po-lice-man. Is the boy a po-lice-man also? Oh! no. What has the boy in his hand? It is a lit-tle vial full of stink. What will he do with it? He will put it in the man's pock-et. Does the man like it? No, not at all. What will he do if it breaks? He will smell it. How strange! Yes, in-deed.

A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

SHALL the world ever see an end to the confusion of tongues? Shall differences of language ever cease? Or, at least shall some selected medium of thought be established throughout the world, by which all men may understand one another on occasion, while each shall still employ his vernacular at home? Many proposals have been made for removing the difficulty resulting from a variety of languages, and all having one thing in common. They start from two propositions which cannot be disputed: (1.) That life is too short and man too busy to learn more than two or three languages well; and (2) that it is perfectly useless to write scientific works in any lauguage but French, German or English. They then go into raptures over the time when the whole earth was of one language and one speech; even going so far as to call in prophecy to prove that a pure language will be given to the people, "that they may call on the name of the Lord and serve him with one consent."

How is this prophecy to be fulfilled? The answers to this query vary. Some say, "Let everyone learn English," (as that language is now the predominant one) "and the problem will be solved at once." So it would be, so perhaps it will be, when the lion shall lie down with the lamb. But, as the millenium is not yet come, various compromises have been suggested. To a close observer it seems that better means are in process of formation.

Those who lament the imperfections of human speech, may claim, however, an advantage over the ordinary grumbler, in that they are quite prepared to produce a better article. Again and again has the world been presented, not only with new alphabets and with new systems of spelling, but also with brand-new languages. Of late there has been a goodly number of them.

To make amends for past failures, scholars have, from time to time, endeavored to solve the difficulty by the invention of a universal language. Language is a growth, and every living language is growing, like a plant shedding leaves here, putting out leaflets there. The most copious language of to-day was smaller yesterday.

In this stage of the world's history, we do not need to concern ourselves about a universal language; that will develop itself in due time. A closer intercourse between nations must have a fusing effect on their speech, and will tend to an ultimate change, a unification of their languages. This change is now being accomplished by commerce, railroads, and extensive travel. The only *universal language*, for which we may hope is thus growing, slowly but steadily around us.

In the comparative study of language, and in what we know of human history, we may trace the evidences of this continuous cross grafting of branch on branch in various directions; and the oldest tongues are those in which some peculiar form of growth can be traced back through the greatest number of stages. If we could follow these older tongues to their respective sources, we should find an extremely limited number of words used to express as limited a number of ideas. But we

should find no God-given language; the faculty of expression and instinct of imitation are the only parents of language. Different families or tribes of people would develop for themselves languages apart from the neighboring families. Thus it continued, until by constant intercourse, by the individuals of one tribe coming to another, gaining new words and leaving others in return, the individual peculiarities dropped away and a systematic language remained.

This very effect indeed may be seen in our own English. In the time of Chaucer our language was poor in words, whereas now we are promised by Oxford University a dictionary containing two hundred and fifty thousand words. If the matchless works of Shakespeare could have been written with fifteen thousand words, the new Oxford dictionary is simply a monstrous piece of extravagance; but still the fact remains that the words are in our language, borrowed from all possible sources. Thus it would seem that a strictly universal language is one of the good things to be hoped for at some future date, distant perhaps as the millenium but just as sure.

Whether it will take the lines of the English, French, or German, depends entirely upon the intrinsic merits of the language. Jacob Grimm, one of the most profound historians of language, and an enthusiastic lover of his native German says: "The English speech may with full right be called a world language. It will go on with the people who speak it, prevailing more and more to all the ends of the earth. In richness, reason, and compression no living speech can be put beside it, not even our own German, which is torn, even as we are torn, and must first rid itself of many defects before it can enter boldly into the lists as a competitor with English."

Carrying out these laws of change, the English of the future will be completely simplified in its inflections. The relics of Anglo-Saxon declensions will be made regular, the plurals "oxen," "mice," "men," and so forth will pass away. Generations of children will be allowed to grow up saying "foots" and "mouses" and "mans." The irregular verbs will all fall into line, as they have been doing one after another since a time beyond which memory is lost. The news-papers try in vain to force new irregularities upon the language, like "proven" for "proved." The condensation of the old words will be carried out regularly in the written as well as in the spoken words: we shall write, "tho," "tung," "tizic," "catalog," "thru" and the like. We shall pick up and invent thousands more of compact phrases and idioms.

But while we in our time, may not hope for a strictly universal language, still, the learned ones of the world have been trying to find a substitute, as nearly perfect as may be. "Treasures of science and patience have been spent in the study of this question, and yet it would be difficult to quote, among the forty or fifty universal languages, invented in the course of the two centuries, any having practical value whatever;" with one exception, they are either "pasigraphic systems, meant to be read only, or languages accessible only to the highest intellects, or simply some existing language more or less ingeniously mutilated."

The single exception mentioned is the system called Volapuk, invented by Johann Martin Schleyer of Constance, a celebrated German polyglot, who after twenty years unceasing labor gave his system to the world in 1879. "His aim was first, to produce a language capable of expressing thought with the greatest clearness and accuracy; second, to make its acquision as easy as possible to the greatest number." He sought these ends by observing many

languages, "following them as models wherever they are clear, accurate and simple, but avoiding their faults, obscurities, and difficulties."

"For some time after the appearance of Schleyer's grammar, his adherents were few, and his project was ignored by the scientific and literary world." His project "spread first to Austria where it awakened considerable interest, and where the first society for its propagation was formed." Soon it spread to Germany, Holland, and Belgium. In 1885 a strong National "Societe pour la propagation du Volapuk" was formed at Paris. Lastly it has spread to England and the United States. In each country, its introduction has been immediately followed by a grammar suited to the language of the people.

It is now estimated that two hundred and fifty thousand people have studied Volapuk, while eleven periodicals are published in the language. "The most obvious application of Volapuk is for international correspondence, especially commercial, which is numerically the most important." It will require no argument to convince the business world that a universal language, if easily learned, and once established will be an immense aid to commerce. This modest claim is all that needs be put forth at present. Whether its introduction thus far will lead to its adoption for general use is an unsolved problem. "It will, in any event, be watched with great interest, and its rise and progress will form a novel and curious chapter in history."

One protest only we offer. Nothing could be a greater mistake than to imagine that these clever and amusing experiments have anything in common with Leibnitz's conception of a philosophical language. He says, "I believe truly, that languages are the best mirror of the human mind, and that an exact analysis of the significance of words would make us better acquainted than anything else, with the operations of the understanding." Volapuk is as far from this conception as a battle on the chess-board is from real war-fare.

A Visit to an Insane Asylum.

BEING in Jacksonville a few months ago, I spent a few hours viewing the sights at the Insane Asylum. Upon arriving there, a lady attendant was directe! to show me over the building.

We first went to the chapel, a separate structure situated several rods south of the main building, and connected to it by a covered passage. Services are held here every Sunday, all those who are able being required to attend. Adjoining the chapel on the right is a large hall in which entertainments, such as concerts and theatricals are given twice a week for the amusement of the patients.

Returning to the asylum proper, we glanced at the rooms on the first floor. None of the patients are kept here; but the entire space is occupied by offices, public parlors, and the homes of those who have charge of the inmates.

We then went up one story; a heavy door was unlocked; we passed through and were among the insane. As I remembered stories I had heard of these people, my heart began to fail me, but I kept close to my guide and walked forward. We are now in a broad hall that runs through the building, widening at intervals, thus leaving a large space which is used as a general sitting room. On either side are the patient's rooms, each of which contains a wash stand, one or more chairs, one, and in

some cases, two beds, with various ornaments, such as flowers in bloom, pictures, birds, etc. These rooms are attractive and homelike as far as possible, all appearance of confinement being concealed as much as is practicable.

The halls are also nicely kept; pictures and mottos are on the wall; at one place stands a piano, at which a girl with a vacant expression of countenance is seated. Farther on is a billiard table, also a card table around which sit a group of men evidently deeply interested in the game. Checkers and chess are provided for those who desire to use them. The halls and rooms are kept exceedingly clean. Not a speck of dust is to be seen anywhere.

Each hall, or ward, has a small library consisting of works of fiction, poetry and other literature. The patients are encouraged to read and take part in the games as it turns their thoughts from their troubles.

The first ward is occupied by those recently received for treatment. Having completed the inspection of this, we ascended to the second story, which is arranged in the same manner as the first. Here are those who have been treated for some time and are improving. We passed through and spent a short time in the third and uppermost story, occupied by the mildest cases and those who are almost ready to leave. The incurables and violently insane are kept in a separate building erected quite recently.

The appearance and actions of some of the inmates were quite interesting to me. When we first entered, I noticed a man sitting with his head resting on his hands and his knees drawn up almost to his chin. He remained in this position as we passed, and an hour later, when I went out, he was still in the same attitude. Another, who had been sitting quietly near the wall started up as we approached and moved rapidly toward us; but he suddenly stopped, stood motionless for a few seconds, then resumed his seat. Some of them stand with their eyes on the floor for hours at a time; others wander up and down the hall, often talking to themselves in a low tone. A few have the appearance of rational beings, but most have a vacant, melancholy look that is pitiful. Some, though wild and fierce looking, are harmless. Once in a while a laugh is heard but into the faces of the majority even a smile never dares creep.

I next visited the workshop, where the men, who were able, were working at their different trades. Some were making shoes and harness; some were working in iron, while others were doing carpenter work. In connection with the institution there is a large farm, the labor of which is furnished by the inmates.

The women do needle work, assist in keeping things in order, knit, crochet, draw, paint, or do anything they desire.

In pleasant weather, the men are taken out in companies of twenty each for exercise, while the women are driven out in carriages. Many are allowed the liberty of the lawn under the supervision of attendants.

The main building is a large brick with east and west wings. The window-sashes are made of iron. The grounds surrounding it are elegant. All kinds of out-door sports are encouraged and provided for.

The asylum was founded in 1847, through the influence of Miss Dorothea Dix. She had investigated the condition of the insane in this State, and finding them poorly provided for, appealed to the legislature for aid in their behalf. Appropriations were made and work began immediately. It was at first supported by a tax of one-fifth of a mill on the dollar of all the taxable property in the state. This, being more than was necessary, the system was discontinued in 1855. It is now supported by ap-

propriations; the expenses last year amounted to three hundred and eighty-one thousand dollars.

The first patient was received in 1851. Now it contains over nine hundred. An additional building was erected last summer increasing the capacity to twelve hundred.

As I walked back to my hotel, I thought how much better the insane are treated at present, than they were a century ago. Then, many were entirely neglected. When asylums were first founded they resembled jails, both in construction and in the way in which they were kept. The keeper was chosen more for his muscular power than for his experience or ability. The unfortunate inmates were shut up in small cells and often cruelly treated.

The buildings now are provided with every comfort. The best doctors and the most experienced and humane attendants are employed. The influence of kindness, recreation and employment have been added to medical treatment and substituted for terror, force and cruelty.

THE NEW MINING MACHINERY.

THE school of Mining Engineering, the youngest of the technical departments of the University, within the past year has been supplied with some much needed apparatus. This has been placed in rooms assigned in the basement of the Chemical Laboratory.

The machinery is not merely a small model, adapted to illustrate a single process of ore treatment, but is intended to give the mining students some degree of familiarity with the principles underlying a variety of processes. Provision has been made for testing mine products upon a large scale. Small samples which yield no results beyond their educational utility can also be used by the students.

In the south room is a new fourteen horse-power boiler, communicating with an eight horse-power engine made at the University shops. In the northwest corner of the north room are rows of shelves, a long table, drawers, filters, cupboards, a sink and so forth. A raised platform over an excavation provides a convenient ore floor through which the hopper of the *Dodge crusher* passes. This machine is so arranged that it may be used alone or as an adjunct to a pair of Cornish rolls which rest upon the floor under the platform. The product from the rolls will ordinarily pass by a spout to the elevator which raises the material to the ceiling. From this it is discharged either into a receptacle upon the main floor or into the first compartment of a revolving screen. The ore is then graded into six different lots. All but the very fine and the very coarse can be separately worked upon the jigging machine which washes out the gangue, retaining the valuable portion. The coarse fragments which cannot pass through the first screen are returned to the rollers to be recrushed. The finest grade passes at once to the hydraulic separator where it is assorted into three parts for further treatment upon the rotating table. Here the waste portions are washed off, the heavier, valuable portion remaining.

Each part of the plant can be used independently, making it possible to change the process at will. The leaden generator, washing bottle, hopper vats, leaching troughs and other appliances along the north wall are designed for gold chlorination; those along the east side, for roasting, fusing and cupelling ores.

Sophograph.

A YEAR of young manhood's, young womanhood's life;—what a period! What a throng of thoughts comes to us when we look back over a single twelve-month! Have we done any good thing, we think of it with pleasure. Have we wasted opportunities, we think of it with regret. There is something awful in the thought that the past is forever gone; that the present is only its imaginary border, ever being washed away by the black waves of that fathomless sea.

It is well to take a retrospect occasionally; to look at ourselves, as we were, and compare the picture with what we are. But not only is it profitable to look thus at our own lives; those with whom we have associated, the world at large, all things have felt the touch of passing Time and bear the mark he put upon them. The Past is our great teacher. We dream of what will be; we know what has been. We are making stuff to fill the past every day, every moment. Yesterday is as much a part of the past as any other day in the centuries that are gone. Thinking of these things seriously, is it not an urgent reminder to us that we should shape our daily acts, not with a view solely to pleasure nor even to present profit, but with a view to the grand sum total of our life as it will look to us in the time to come when, having ceased to build, we shall contemplate the finished structure? Is the past year a solid stone in the foundation? Let the coming one be another.

THE reform most needed in the United States to-day is a reform of the educational system. In no other particular are we, as a nation, so far behind many of the others. Benighted Ireland has a system of which she may be justly proud. Her schools, unlike ours, are not at the mercy of unqualified and undeserving teachers; nor are her teachers, when too old to teach, in danger of dying in the poor-house. Our schools should be controlled by the state; the books should be uniform, and published by the state; and the teachers should be encouraged to make teaching their life-work. How many good men, eminently fitted for the business of teaching, would give their lives to the work if they were sure of a competency when they were old! As our school system now stands, how few are the professional teachers! There are, it is true, many who take courses of instruction in Normal schools and fit themselves conscientiously for the work; but how many of them follow it for any considerable time? Salaries are low, positions are by no means certain, and the general lack of interest shown by the people toward the schools soon discourages the young aspirant in pedagogy, and he seeks other employment. Let the government systematize the schools as she has the post office department and questions of minor importance will settle themselves in a short time.

ONE of the evils of the day is the use of slang. If one of the great writers of pure English—Hawthorne, Irving, Emerson—should be placed among a company of ordinary young people to-day, he would find it difficult to comprehend their conversation. Now, this is a grave state of affairs, largely due, we believe, to thoughtlessness on the part of those who indulge in such language. There is no one, who habitually uses good language, but feels a sensible lowering of his self-respect and loss of dignity when he allows himself to use a slang expression. There is never an excuse for its use. It is an offense affecting not only one's associates but affecting himself. The habitual use of slang is evidence of a vulgar mind. We do not mean to imply that all who use slang are necessarily low; its use is so prevalent that those who are wholly free from contamination are very few; but we do believe that the frequent use of questionable words and phrases is strong circumstantial evidence of innate vulgarity.

THE hardest thing in the world to make, is a beginning. After the first few steps are taken, all the rest is only a matter of course. It is the summoning of one's forces to set out through the unknown wilderness, as it were, that tests his strength. Think, for a moment, of the number of life-failures which might be traced, directly, to the fact that the persons under consideration failed to make a determined beginning in any particular line. Too many are possessed with the idea that there is, somewhere, a sort of golden gateway to the hill of life, where, if they can only find it, they will be provided with wings and be able to soar on up in the most elegant way imaginable. So they stand around, gaping at the busy crowd and flopping their incipient wings, till, finally they find it too late in the day to attempt the ascent and are compelled to remain at the bottom. In the first place, then, begin; and begin at the beginning of whatever you begin.

FELLOW-STUDENTS, what are we getting at the University? Is it the dried and labeled contents of books? Is it the polish of contact with men of broad and varied attainments? Is it a few years of grand good times, proverbial with students? Or, is it the ability to work? This last is the great aim of all education. If we are not getting this power to use the faculties which we possess for some worthy end, there is certainly something wrong with us. If, after a year or two of schooling, we are no more fitted for work than when we began, we may well doubt whether a course at the University is worth the time it requires. It is well to store the mind with facts, well to acquire a social polish, well to enjoy the days at college; but these should be only incidental. What we want, what we are here for, what the world imperatively demands of us is the ability to work.

THE presidential election last November, after a campaign of exceptional cleanness, passed off very quietly. Reason, thought, and common-sense were the weapons used. Very little blackguardism was indulged in, all such

matters being overshadowed by the great questions of revenue. Shall we consider the result of the election as a final expression of the people upon the tariff question? We think not. The party spirit is stronger than the behests of reason among a large class of citizens. So long as this is the case, no matter can be considered as settled by a presidential election. The people must be educated, taught the nature and value of their suffrage, and led to a just appreciation of the fundamental principles of a republican form of government. Then will the popular voice have a higher value and things be what they seem.

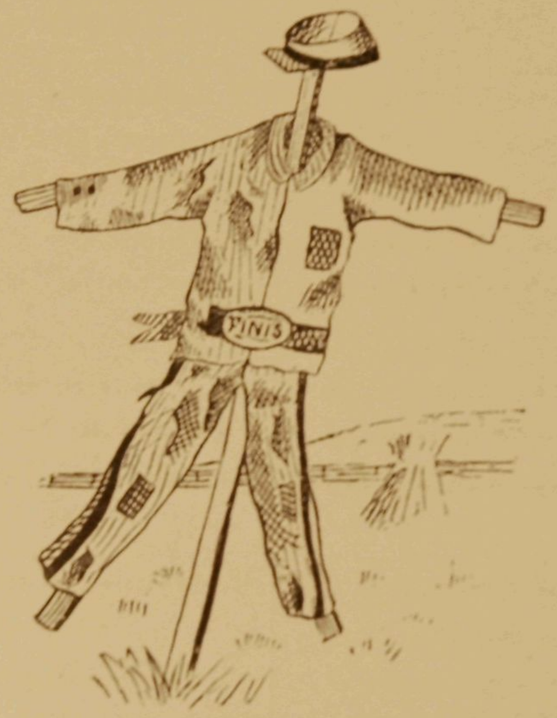
THERE seems to be a popular belief that the editor of the Sophograph, whoever he may be, is, for the time-being in direct communication with the spirits, and, therefore, that he is in a position to know just when the magazine will make its appearance. For the information of such as are so deluded, we would briefly say, such is not the case. We are extremely grateful to you, kind reader, for the interest you show in the affairs of the Sophograph; we have endeavored to answer each of you with a smile (sometimes thin and sickly) when you asked, "How's the Sophograph?" and "When's it coming out?" but, beyond that smile, we have, in the majority of cases, been unable to enlighten you. At last it is out. Next year another editor will mount the sacrificial altar, and it is for his benefit that this paragraph is written.

SINCE the 11th of February, Japan has been under a constitutional government. The power is vested in a House of Commons consisting of three hundred men elected by the people, and a House of Peers, some of whose members hold their seats by inheritance, while others are elected. The Mikado is still at the head. All free men of the age of twenty-five years, and paying an annual tax of fifteen dollars, are entitled to franchise.

This is a wonderful stride towards a higher civilization in the East, and, we believe, the beginning of a course which will, ultimately, revolutionize the whole Mongolian race. The Japanese are a remarkably wide-awake and progressive nation, and it gives us great pleasure to record this evidence of their good sense. We shall watch their progress under the new system with interest and hearty sympathy.

GYMNASTICS has received its usual attention from the athletic students this year. An entertainment was given at the Armory opera house which netted the boys a hundred and forty dollars. Much interest has been aroused and maintained and the outlook for the spring term sports is good. All these things, properly subordinated, are to be commended, not only as pleasing diversions from the heavier duties of school work, but also as means of discipline. But it should be remembered, that while muscle is desirable and to a certain extent indispensable, it cannot supply the place of brain; first train the mind, then the muscle.

OUR work is done. It might have been done better. We have learned thoroughly some things in the preparation of this magazine and will tell you just one of them. Perhaps you know it already, but you cannot know it too well. It is this: whatever you undertake, the best and surest guide to success is EXPERIENCE.


FINIS

Announcement:

In order to place in permanent form some of the most interesting and valuable papers read at its meetings, and also to extend the influence of the society, "The Civil Engineers' Club of the University of Illinois" in May, 1887, published "No. 1, Selected papers." In May, 1888, No. 2, of the same series, made its appearance.

The results to members in carrying out this work have been a stimulation of independent thought, a development of the ability to hunt up one's own information and the cultivation of the power to express ideas clearly, concisely and forcibly. In consideration of these results and the general interest and favor with which Nos. 1 and 2 were received by undergraduates, alumni and others, the society feels warranted in issuing a similar publication this year.

No. 3, Selected papers will be ready for distribution about May, 1889, and will be in merit at least equal to last year's issue.

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Reader, the following pages are worthy of your study. They contain the cards of business men who will make it to your advantage to call upon them when you need anything in their line. Their interest in, and substantial support of the Sophograph, which may be considered as representing, not a single class, but the whole body of students, is *prima facie* evidence that they will do their best to please you. Read what they have to say and paste their names in your hat for future reference.

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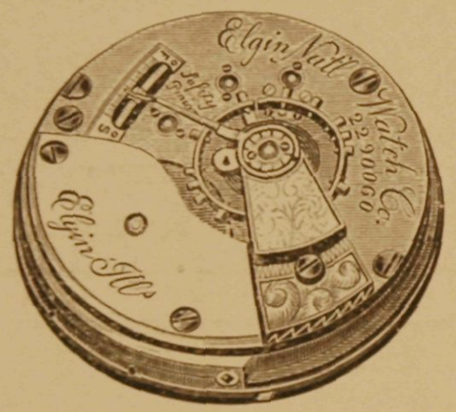

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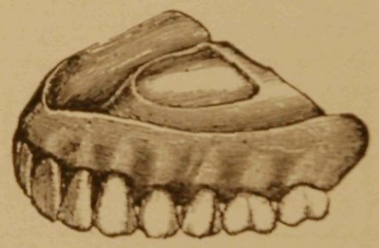

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