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1889







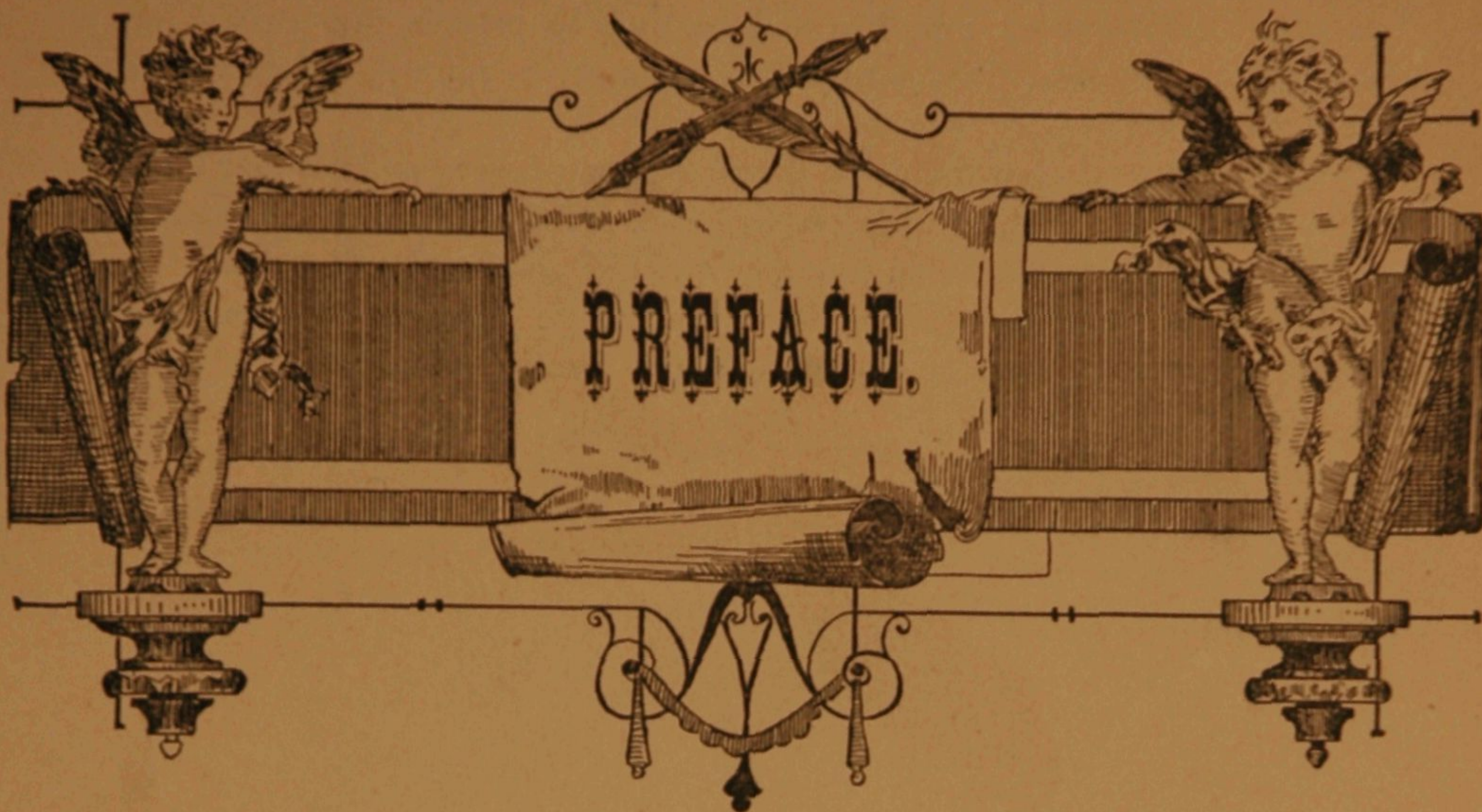
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Our Sophedude



AN Introduction to the SOPHOGRAPH at this time will scarcely be necessary. We trust it comes to you like an old friend, in whom are visible some improvements which the lapse of a year have affected.

We have endeavored to make the SOPHOGRAPH neat and attractive, as well as useful to all its readers. Our aim has been truthfulness and originality. In pursuance of the latter you will notice the absence of the time-honored "prophecy," which is necessarily a chestnut on account of its continued repetition; also, "Ye Entomologist," which has posed in so many different attitudes. Our intention has been the kindest in the matter of grinds, and we have endeavored to treat everyone fairly, and it has been on the side of leniency if we have erred at all. Neither have we catered to the favors of the powers that be, but have in all things used our right as free American citizens, modified by the respect which we gratefully acknowledge to the institution of which we are members, and have expressed our opinions, untrammelled by any consideration save that of justice. Our advertisements show the light in which we are held by the merchants of this and other places; and we only hope they will be treated with the same generosity that they have used towards us.

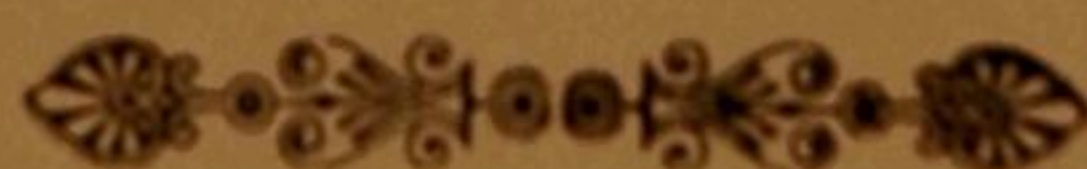
To any who should be so critical as to think that our muse, who relates

the history of our trip to Monmouth is a *limping* one, we remark that very likely she is, as just before she condescended to immortalize our ball nine she was seen disporting herself in the *limpid* stream which flows in placid beauty from the foot of *Mt. Olympus*.

Some may also wonder that in our cut illustrative of winter, the cherubs, rolling the snowball, appear in such light apparel. Our explanation of this seemingly remarkable phenomenon is that this was the first snowstorm they had ever seen, and thinking that it would be nice to play in, they rushed out of doors just as they were. As a result, we are sorry to state that they all caught severe colds.

Of the general appearance of the SOPHOGRAPH, we need say but little, for without doubt, the workmanship surpasses the material, and we are pleased to say that Mr. Dunlap has acted squarely with us. He is a good printer.

With this short introduction, dear reader, we leave you to determine for yourself whether the class of '89 has acquitted itself creditably.



A RETROSPECT.

AS we look over the year that has passed, like a dream, with all its eventful happenings, a feeling of sadness comes over us. Our first year in college! Have we laid a sure foundation on which to build the education which we all intend, some day, to have? The question is one which each must answer for himself.

The record of the University presents no fairer year than the one just passed; but we look for better years, and hope for an increase in the number of students. Were the advantages which are offered here to the students more fully known to the people of this and surrounding states, it seems as if the numbers might be doubled. Be that as it may, those that have been here have certainly done good work.

The outlook for Athletics was never more promising. A series of games has been arranged between the class nines of the college. This will give excellent practice to a large number and make good material from which to select a University nine. Football does not have such a hold on the college as it should, for no better game was ever indulged in on a college campus. In our field-day sports last year only one record was broken, and that an unimportant one. This certainly is not as it should be, and we hope next field-day to see a greater interest manifested in all directions. The only way to secure good results is to continually practice. Let each man make up his mind what particular thing he wishes to excel in, and then go to work and do it. In this way we gain good results, and only in this way.

A very valuable addition has been made to our corps of instructors in the person of Prof. Butler, who is not only very much liked and respected, in the recitation room, but also in the pulpit; a notice that he is going to preach being sure to bring out the students in large numbers.

A friendly relation has existed between the faculty and the students, only one or two cases of discipline having become public.

Within the last few weeks the *Illini* has appeared in a new cover, which greatly improves its appearance and renders its smiling face more welcome than ever.

The work of the societies has been of a character to reflect credit upon the members and the University. Harmony has prevailed, and good fellowship reigned in all inter-society doings.

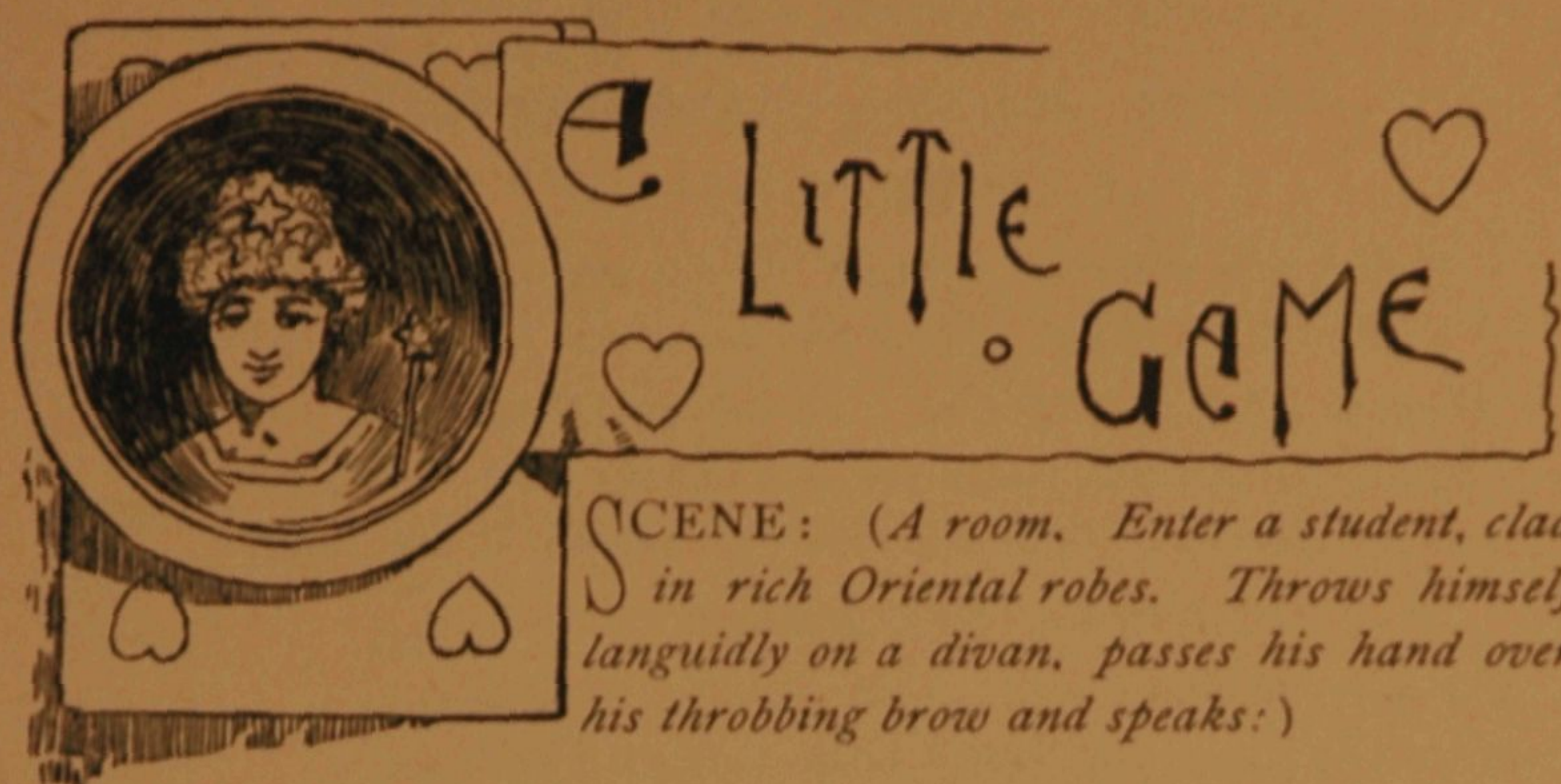
As Sophomores, we look with admiration on the sturdy Freshman, who look to us for guidance and direction, and we are endeavoring to help them in every possible way; our only fear is that on account of the extreme freshness of some of them, we shall be unable to fit them for the places we now occupy, by the end of the year. However, we will do our best.

Reader, we finish, and turn with light hearts and happy thoughts from the past, to the future, feeling that we merit well the appellation of "wise fool."

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STUDENT:

"Tis well, our studies for the day are done,
And now rich meerchaum in our hand we've come
To seek the quiet which this mansion grants
Here is sweet ease and dignity—What's that!"

(a sound is heard without.)

"What ho! Without! Who knocks?"

A VOICE:

Hast thou forgot?
Behold me! I'm thy Midnight Oil.

STUDENT:

Come in!
Full many a time hast thou us well bestead
At late review and midnight cram
Old friend, our hand! Be seated at our side.

(They converse, seated on a divan. A voice is heard.)

M. O.: Oh! hark, that noise! Ah woe! Why came I here?

STUDENT: S' death! blood and sin! Our ear should know that sound!

(Arises; throws open door. Enter a Shape.)

THE SHAPE: I am thy Recitation.

STUDENT:

I know thy voice.

(Another noise. Enter Second Shape.)

2D SHAPE : I am thy Calculus Lesson.

STUDENT : Ah ! Where's your friend ?

C. L. What !

Any-Questions-To-day ? He follows.

STUDENT : *(aside.)* Used to lead.

(A deep sound is heard. Enter a Form.)

What ! Can it be ? I thought thee dead, but lo !

THE FORM : Tis I, none else, 'tis I, M——'s Dull-Sickening-Thud !

(Poses)

STUDENT : Dull Thud come in ! Here, take a seat—

In this stout chair. How are the other Thuds ?

D. S. T. Humph ! fair to middling. Drunk-on-Hallow een
Accompanied me, you know she always does—she's run
across the room.—*(aside)* Couldn't see her if she hadn't.

(A sound of many footsteps)

STUDENT : *(Striding to door.)*

Give ye good-morrow, Squad Drill, Carpet Tack.

And you Cram-Cram, and Vile Eggs.

Thrice welcome Ananias ; I-want-to-be-Jo.-Pulitzer.

Come in.

OMNES : Ah there !

STUDENT : By all our beard, we'll take our royal oath
That there's some scheme to glad us,
Is it so ?

OMNES : Correct !

STUDENT : But why so sad ? What do ye lack ?
What ho, without ! Bring us some wassail here !

OMNES : Not that ! we know not what, but something wrong.

STUDENT : The ruddy beer———

OMNES : Ah no, our grief too deep,
Alas ! there is no Glamour to this scene.

(An Ineffable Something glides in at the transom.)

All hail, dear friend, sweet Glamour of the scene.

(The company increases. Four or five Illini Jokes totter in.)

STUDENT : Old friends and comrades all, what do ye seek ?

A VOICE : We seek Knowledge. We scorn not study
But we wish wealth and fame as well as toil.
We've broken loose. We've struck—that's what we've done.

STUDENT: It likes us ill, that word, that "Knowledge."
 Us thinks 'twas such a like,—the tyke—which erst
 Our free unfettered nose in wrath did tweak,
 To the Bone-yard's shades us forth did drive.
 And larged the increase of the Uni's revenue!
 It galls our soul (but students have gall
 And so do shun the word) that beardless
 Youths and unpracticed bearded men
 Should tutor in the U. of I.
 That such as these of worth so little
 Should thus get the start of this
 Fair world, and genius such as ours.
 Oh, blood! O, tare an 'ounds! Oh, death and gore!
 Oh! lasses. Oh! rats. Oh, don't. Oh, anything!
 Knowledge me, no knowledges, I pray,
 Don't mention it.

OMNES: Beseech thee!

STUDENT: No!

OMNES: But pray!

STUDENT: Our hairt tho' stair, relents. Have known thy wish.

OMNES: We'll institute reform. You our Leader.

STUDENT: What!!

OMNES: Yes.

STUDENT: What!!

OMNES: Yes.

STUDENT: Any mon in it?

OMNES: Ten a week.

STUDENT: 'Tis done! I am your man—your manager.

(The Faculty enters timidly and stands unobserved in a corner.)

CHORUS TO THE TUNE OF "YANKEE DOODLE."

Oh, we'll mould the Faculty's thought

And we'll correct abuse, sir.

Our college shall be always sought,

For C. E's, M's and D's, sir.

(Grand fanfare of trumpets, bazoo, French Horn, etc.)

STUDENT: Friends all and students ere we rise to shine
 Our policy must first be promulgate;
 For though no student keeps a policy,
 'Tis well to have a police to keep (the students)?
 'Tis politic to have police.*
 What shall it be. Or shall it be "What is it?"

VOICES: "Strong Reform!" "More Light!"

*[Is it though.]

STUDENT: More light is good. We'll give the Faculty light.
No matter what it thinks, the faculty needs more light.

(*The Faculty listens intently.*)

CHORUS TO SAME AIR.

OMNES: We care not what the Faculty thinks—
The Faculty may be ———, sir.
We're going to give the Faculty light
All in a blinding flash, sir.

(*Overture with Chestnut Bells and French Horn accompaniment*)

[*The FACULTY then steps timidly forward looks inquiringly about, moistens its hands, develops sudden and surprising force and largely wipes the floor.*]

THE FACULTY: Alas! So young. Ah me. 'Tis well.

Curtain.

A "BASE" TRAGEDY.

ALPHA TO OMEGA.

In Four Acts.



Amid tremendous cheering
he took first on a muff by
short-stop.



By a skillful turn
he sneaks second.



With the agility of a
polar bear he dropped
on third.



But spoiled it all by
sliding home.

A Walk in Spring.

How many are the times in joyous spring
That I have wandered forth and sought to bring
To a weary mind contentment sweet,
From bright, blue skies and happy bird's gay song
And tender flowers that grow my way along!—
Consoling pleasures these and meet.

Once on a calm and sparkling morn of May
I strolled away to spend a quiet day
In solitude, yet with reflections;
The morn was flushed with youthful happiness;
All nature seemed to have the power to bless,
And bring back pleasant recollections.

Fair flowers had that morn a fairer hue,
Bespangled all with diamond drops of dew;
The light was heavenly, pure, serene;
More soft and sweet the morning songs that day;
More sprightly were the lambs on the hill at play,
More peaceful was the herd upon the green.

But nature's beauties cannot please alone,
Only beauty of mind can make them known,—
An inward spirit happy, free;
So constituted is the mind of man;
And this part greatest, best of all the plan
Is one that is denied to me.

The glories of that day I could not feel;
But only thought of life,—its woe and weal,—
Of youth with sweet enjoyment blest,
Of many cares advancing age reveals,
Of sprightly spirit that old age conceals,
And last the still, eternal rest.

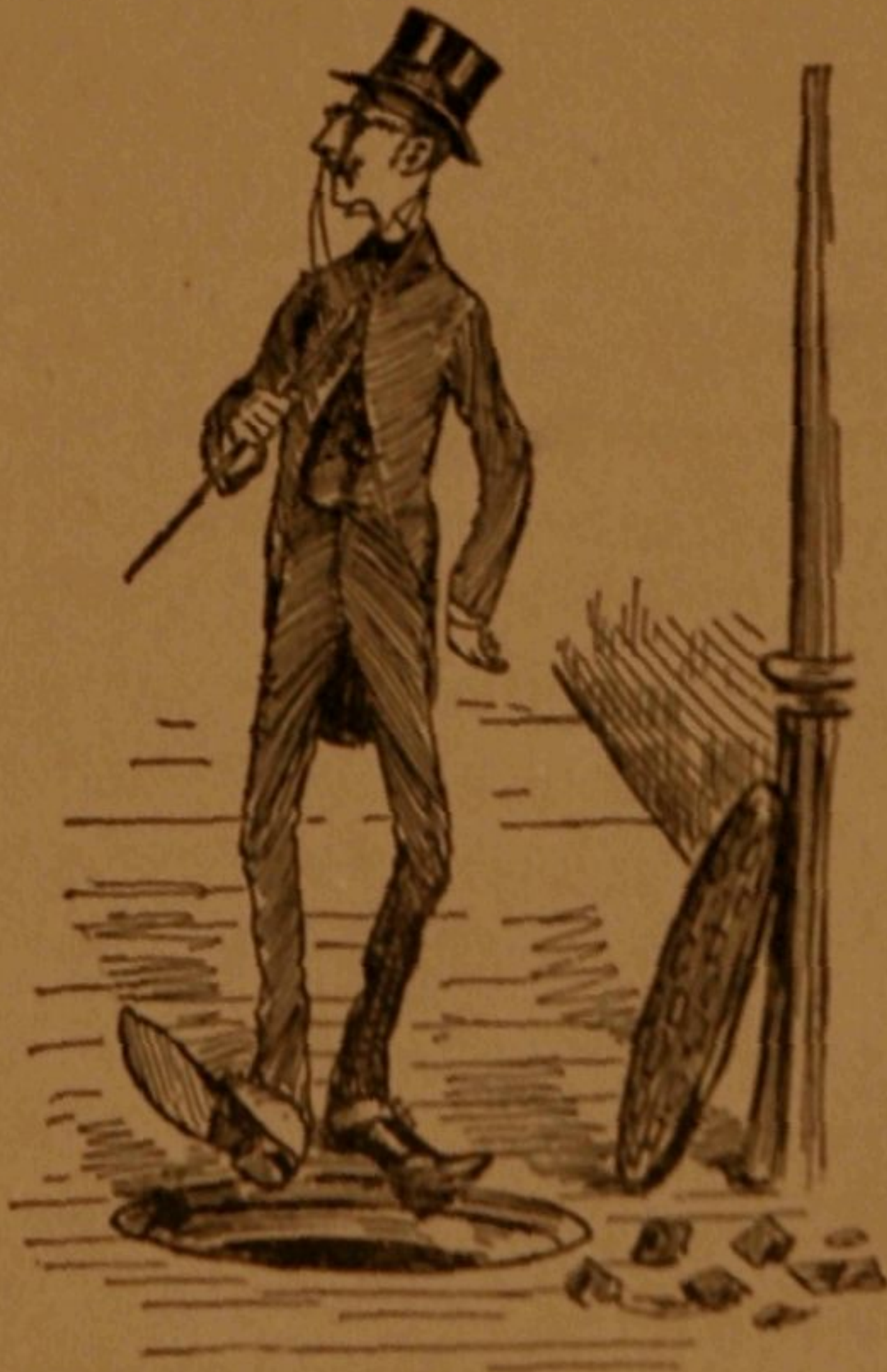
Memory turned back through the flood of years
To early childhood's time of joy and tears,
The age of fancies odd, and fears;
We feel then that a glory disappears,
Some beauty from which darkness never clears,
Some sweet sound lost to human ears.

And thus it ever is as life advances
That youth the joys and age the cares enhances.
I thought that day of each old scene,
And felt the calm enjoyment which it brings;
Then I saw, youth and age were sep'rate things—
A yawning chasm there seemed between.

And then I saw that youth does fleet away
 And leave its home to age's dull decay;
 It seemed no more than beauty, truth,
 And virtue were the guiding lights of day;
 For vice and sin beleaguered every way;
 A dream was that of foolish youth.

Then age advanced, and lingered like the beams
 Of setting sun that fade away in streams
 Of glory when its course is run;
 And life's calm autumn brought back peace again,
 To sweeten sorrow, to relieve all pain,
 And stay till life itself was done.

Then came a vision of an after life
 And what had passed before this mortal strife;
 It was a dim, uncertain scene
 Of human life connecting like a chain
 Darkness with darkness deep, while joy and pain
 Were strewn along the way between.



A good opening for the only
 Sophomore Mining Engineer.

From Egypt to America.

The age in which we live is great and wonderful.

Four thousand years have passed since those vast piles of rock were built on the banks of the Nile. The Persian and Assyrian empires have risen to power and passed away; Alexander has sighed for more worlds to conquer, emptied the cup of Hercules, miserably died, and the Grecian empire has sunk into oblivion; Rome, that enjoyed a thousand years of power, has decayed, even while diffusing over the world her civilization; but the Pyramids still stand, monuments to all time of the magnificence and splendor of the first days recorded in history. We are moved to uncover our heads in reverential awe before the stupendous ruins of Karnac with its sphynxes,—of the Labyrinth with its thousands of chambers,—of the great wall of Babylon 300 feet high and 90 feet thick.

Contrasted with these piles of stone, brick and mortar, the largest buildings of modern times dwindle into insignificance. It cannot be denied, that in some things the ancients surpassed modern achievement. The "Lost Arts," so often heard of, and whose existence we are prone to doubt, did really exist. The art of embalming the dead, the art of building structures that defy the ravages of time, the beautiful Tyrian dyes, carvings in ivory and fine work in bronze are but feebly imitated by the best skill of to-day. The orations of Demosthenes "unapproachable forever," the songs of Homer, the sculpture of Phidias, the paintings of Appelles, and the patriotism of Leonidas and of Brutus will remain the best examples of all time.

Where then is the difference between ancient and modern greatness? The central idea of ancient civilization was centralization of power,—the usurpation of individual rights and happiness. All art was for ornament. On the contrary, the tendency of modern times is toward the equalization of power, individual, universal happiness, and useful art. The difference may be expressed by two words, beauty and utility. There was great beauty in Karnac, in Thebes and in Babylon, but it was all in king's palaces, for their gratification alone, and not intended to lift humanity out of the darkness of ignorance and poverty to sunlight and to happiness. And, Oh! the squalid wretchedness of ignorance and poverty with no hope of ever escaping from it! There was beauty in the Acropolis, and poets, sculptors and painters will ever visit this spot to draw inspiration therefrom; but when it stood in its pristine glory the

farmer still scratched the ground with rude implements, and the artisan; the true producer of wealth was lightly esteemed. Music, poetry, painting, and sculpture were cultivated, but the mechanic arts were despised. There was beauty in the philosophy of Greece, but it did not teach men the laws governing the universe around them. There was beauty in the teaching of Socrates, but it did not move men to spend their lives in lifting up the fallen, clothing the poor, and carrying the truths of life and immortality to the heathen. On the one hand you have stupendous walls, immense carvings, sumptuous feasts, and grand hunts; on the other, railways, telegraph, electric light, and asylums for the poor. Herein lies the difference between the hanging gardens of Babylon and the New York and Brooklyn bridge; between the hall of Karnac, built by wretched slaves to satisfy the caprice of despots, to record for posterity a list of their great robberies and murders, and our own national capitol, where the representatives of fifty million people meet to enact just laws; between the Pyramids of Egypt, built to afford work to kill off the rising race of the Jews, and to perpetuate the memory of tyrants, and Washington's monument, towering aloft to show to the world and to posterity, the gratitude of a free people to "the father of his country, the first, the last, the best, the Cincinnatus of the West."

The more we study the history of civilization, the plainer we see the gradual change from the ornamental to the useful. This change is natural. Nations change as do individuals. The love of the beautiful is one of the first desires man shows in infancy or in his savage state. The child is fascinated by a glittering coin or toy. The lowest types of savages love to decorate themselves with plumes or with paint. The love of the useful is of a slower growth and is particularly the product of civilization. The rank of a nation's civilization depends upon its progress in the useful arts. The place man takes in the scale of civilization depends upon the same thing. Primeval man made rude implements out of stone, the material easiest to obtain and to fashion. A higher state of intelligence brought on the bronze age. This was followed by the iron age, and we might now be said to be living in the age of steel. The end is not yet. There is a metal stronger than iron, harder and lighter than steel, which, like silver, will not rust, and can be welded, rolled, and drawn into wire. It is as common as dirt, every claybank and ledge of slate is a mine of it. As yet its separation has been too costly and laborious to make it a success from a commercial standpoint; but discoveries recently made claim to reduce its price so much that we look forward to the time when aluminum will be cheap as steel. Problems in construction can then be solved that have hitherto been impossible, and the age of iron will be as truly superseded as has been the stone age of the primeval man.

No where in the world have the forces and materials of nature been used to greater advantage, or the useful arts attained so high a degree of perfection as in America. Every field of labor has its machinery especially adopted to do that labor. If she has not painted like Raphael, nor sung like Homer, nor

sculptured like Phidias, America has invented more labor-saving machinery than any other country. America has to-day by this standard the highest appreciation of the useful, and hence can fairly claim to exhibit the highest type of civilization in the world.

We do certainly live in the best, the greatest, the most wonderful age of the world's history, and reverence for the "good old times" should not blind us to the fact. When Guttenberg in his little workshop in Meintz perfected his printing press, little did he think that his invention was the beginning of a new era. Then and there originated the true liberty and power of the American Republic. Born at Meintz, carried westward by the Pilgrim Fathers, gathering strength and vigor among the pines, the hills of New England, the red-woods, the vineyards, the peaks and cascades of California, the tempests of Minnesota, and the breezes of Florida; its influence flows back with every wave of the Atlantic, bearing freedom of speech, nobility of thought, greatness of heart, and purity of government, making old forms of despotism and monarchy totter and fall. Taught by her divine lips, the whole world shall yet be enlightened, and one day be made to resound with "praises to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men."

Autumn Tints.

The haze on the distant hill-side,
The glow on the evening sky
Tell that Summer is passing
And Winter is drawing nigh.

The shade trees where nestled the cottage
The orchard, the woodland, the lawn
Are touched by the frosts of October,
Transmuted, their vendure is gone.

Bedecked with yellow and crimson
With dark-red, olive and brown
Oaks, hickories, maples and sumachs
All really wear a crown.

The ripe fruit strewn in abundance,
Nuts scattered on every side
We gather the gifts and are thankful
That our wants are so fully supplied.

The Spring-time with blossom and new life
From Winter's embrace is set free,
The air richly laden with perfume
All nature seems dancing with glee.

Though joyous the Spring-time and Summer
The crown must to Autumn be given
Of all that is lovely and richest
An emblem, a foretaste of heaven.

And when we approach life's autumn
Be brightness and beauty combined
To make up the picture resplendent
The fruits garnered well in the mind.

Conversations Overheard by Our Religious Editor.

Lady to servant: "Bridget what did you do with the meat left from breakfast?"

Bridget: "Faith mum, there wasn't iny left, so I giv it to the dog."

Freshman girl to ditto: "Oh, Mary, don't you think Mr. B——'s lips are perfectly lovely, and they say that he is the best ball player in college"!!!

Time 11 p. m. Place, street on west side. Participants, Freshman "Kid," Prep. "Kidess." Situation, Kidess' head on Kid's shoulder, Kid's arm around Kidess' waist. Conversation: Kid: "Alice, dear, don't you think that we may call this heavenly bliss?" Alice: "Yes, dearest Ed, I should be perfectly happy if—if only your hair wasn't quite so—so—decided an amber. There, Oh, dear, I've said it. I'm so sorry, let's kiss and make up." Finale. Smack! Sm—— Sm. Smack!!!

This so wrought upon our religous Ed. that he immediately went home, but on his way overtook a couple of men and could not help hearing the following: "Tell me Pat, what is the matter with you an' your swateharte?" "Oh! Shamus, a strange thing has happened to me. You know a few Sunday avenings ago, I wint as usual, you know, to see my Lulu, a swater gurrl niver lived, may the virgin bliss her; and as usual, you know, I sat meself down in the rockin chair, and prisently, you know, she come and sat down beside me, and I was beginnin to fale quite at home, you know, whin all of a suddint she sez, sez she, 'Pat you've been drinkin!' Your mistaken, sez I, with dignity, becoming to a gentleman. 'Don't tell me I'm a liar, sez she, you've been drinking, and what's more I know what you've been drinkin.' What, sez I, 'Eggnog,' sez she, 'I shmell the eggs. A, no, sez I, you must be jokin. 'I'm not,' sez she, 'an I don't want to talk no longer with a miserable drunkard.' Well, you know, that made me kinder mad and I sez, good night, me fine lady, and lift. Well, that night after I wint to bed, I got to thinkin about that eggnog, and do you know, Shamus, I solved the mishtery." "You did, Pat, well tell me what it was." "Well you know, the night before was Freshman Sociable, and I was wan of thim extra cops as Hizzonor Mayor Beech appinted to squelch thim bloodthirsty students." "Yis, Pat, but what of that." "Well, do you know, dom it! that what sweet Lulu took for eggnog, was wan of thim same Freshman sociable eggs, and—" But our Ed. reached his home at this interesting part of the conversation, and went in telling his confiding relatives that he had been over to Urbana to a prayer-meeting and had missed the car and had to walk home.

The Nobility of Man.

DIGNITY of mind and character is the nobility of man. It is this high elevation that determines him a superior being. Men who have come into the possession of a sense of goodness, which prompts them to the abhorrence of sin and vice, have gained a strength of character that is true nobleness. Men, who are able to look upon all low and unworthy things, and yet believe and feel and do what is higher and better, have become the best and most powerful of their race. An intelligent performance of all that is just and good and true is perfect nobility. Those whose lives are permeated by the pollutions of earthly lowness, who have not come to believe that truth and virtue are the very highest qualities of a good life, have not the elevation of mind and spirit which is true human greatness. They have not risen up to harmonize with the will of the Creator and be a little lower than the angels.

Man, by cultivating a lofty and noble character, by resolutely performing all duties, fulfills his worldly mission. The highest nobleness is the perfection of man. The finest feelings of heart, combined with the divinity of the soul, ever prompting man to the improvement of his kind, and as man to feel for man, is all that is positively noble in his nature. To place truth in the way of man, to leave foot prints for him to follow, to advance freedom and independence, to work for the eternal cause of man, is truly noble.

Who are the true noblemen of earth? They are the men who propagate truth, who farther the interests of civilization, and who strive to make the world better. There are ever some who are doing good and some who are doing wrong. There are ever some who in the semblance of well-doing are plotting and working evil among their fellows. The noblemen are those who are straight-forward in all their dealings, and not those who are ready to play the hypocrite in order to carry out their plans.

In nations the kings and the rich have been styled the nobility. But are these always the noblest men of a nation? No, many are the examples in the history of nations, where those who have had the name of nobility, have been an injury to their country and sometimes the ruin of it. But it cannot be said, that the nobles of a country are never deserving of their high name; for not unfrequently they are the preservers and the benefactors of their country. Glittering crowns of gold and green laurel wreaths are not always signs of high

nobleness. Many are the kings and emperors, though they bear the marks of greatness, who have not committed a single act worthy of a particle of the riches and fame bestowed upon them, or who have gained their seeming renown and attained to their lofty positions by unjust and unworthy means. Such men can not be counted among the high and the noble of the world. They are really the ordinary men, and those whom they have trampled down and built their fortunes upon are the true nobles.

Let us turn to history for examples of those, who have professed nobility and possessed it not; and those who have had all the good qualities that should belong to a noble character. We may take, as the best examples of the baseness of some princes, several of the minor Roman emperors. *Heliogabalus*, one of the later emperors, was the most ignoble ruler that ever sat upon a throne. He was an avaricious and corrupted noble, who was raised to the head of the empire by the soldiers. The army was then the supreme power in the nation; and the most unfit to choose a ruler. They placed men upon the throne and pulled them down without the least discretion. They were ever looking after their own interests instead of those of their country. Thus they placed Heliogabalus upon the throne in the hope of gaining a special benefactor. Perhaps their hopes were in a measure realized, but the welfare of the country was far from being secured. His cruelty and tyranny were unbounded; and the ignominious debauchery, which he entered into, has never been equaled by any ruler. Little better were *Caracalla* and *Maximian*, who were crowned by the soldiery and who proved themselves the basest and most brutal of men. Though these rulers are of small importance in the history of the Roman Empire, yet they are good examples of the degeneracy of those who should be the noblest.

Augustus Cæsar, *Antoninus Pius* and *Marcus Aurelius* are fit examples of true noblemen. Augustus strove through many years of misfortunes to place himself at the head of the Roman world. It was not personal ambition, but the good of a mighty nation that moved him to do it. By the great strength of character which he showed in accomplishing his designs, he gained the love and admiration of the people. When they were convinced that he was the strongest man of the nation, they were not loath to make him chief ruler. The high position once attained, his only ambition was to make his country the best and the strongest the world had ever known. This he did by fair and worthy means, and because of its virtuous accomplishment he has gained an immortal name and a high place among the noble ones of earth.

Antoninus Pius was one of the noblest of princes and lived a life that was almost unimpeachable. His reign was one of undisturbed peace and the golden age of the imperial rule of Rome. All, the result of a blameless character. Perhaps Marcus Aurelius should not be considered a noble prince and ruler, because he persecuted the Christians. But then, the question may be raised, whether from the backwardness of civilization and his effort to maintain peace, the persecution of a religious sect that seemed dangerous to the state, can be

AUTUMN



The long vacation now is past
With all its happy times
Of rowing fishing pie-pieking
And writing silly rhymes



The thoughtful student leaves his home
And bids farewell to friends
Packs up his traps and to Champaign
His weary way he wends



When Junior follows who watch for frosts
And gain some good opinions
But soon break ranks and fly away
Pursued by flying onions
And find that every blessed tree
Has stripped the week before
And when a Junior officer
Has purchased his new clothes
He kneels before a winsome lass
His great love to disclose



When seniors nine
With muscles strong
Do bat the ball with vim
And pros do miff
And get caught out
Their show is rather slim



Althirst for knowledge siezes some
Altrason lets them through
The pros ask for apologies
And bid them all adieu

Now Mary leads her senior lambs
To pastures fair and green
Though dark the night no sheep are lost
Nor prowling wolf is seen



All these and many things besides
Are equally true but queer
And prove to every thinking mind
That all the boys are here

called a blameful act. Aurelius was a wise and good man. His rule was vigorous and propitious to the improvement of his subjects.

Now that the national distinction of classes has nearly passed away, we find that nobility still exists, but are not what they were before the power of kings and nobles was displaced by the united power of all, when freedom and independence assumed their natural supremacy. The great statesmen, orators, and generals are the nobility of this age. They have gained high distinction by virtuous deeds and are deserving of the name.

In all times there have always been many who have possessed all the nobleness of human nature, and yet have not been kings, or statesmen, or generals. There may be nobility without kingship, or generalship, as there may be kingship, or generalship without nobility. Among all peoples, there has always been a majority who have not conceived that the nobility of man is the endowment of an all-wise creator, who have not felt the high importance of their lives; and thus, have not performed the offices which they owe to mankind.

Some men live only for the accumulation of wealth and the sensual pleasures which it brings. They are not possessed with the belief, that the true force of riches is the ennobling of their own natures and those of their fellow-men. Such men have prospered, but their prosperity is the prosperity of evil. They have had enjoyments but not the enjoyments of virtue. However vast the material wealth and the exaltations of sensuality, they have not enjoyed the innate happiness of those that prosper in well-doing.

The wicked and the sinful are the victims of a still meaner deficiency of nature,—the disbelief that man was made a perfect being, and that his duty is to extend his perfection toward the fulfillment of an end known only to the Creator. They cannot believe that man has a high significance in the world, and cannot see the divine justification of it, in so much, that he is made a reasoning creature. They have not allowed the blessings which God placed in the world for them, to descend upon their heads, and by so doing to ennoble their lives. The felicities of truth and virtue shed upon this earth are lost to many of its people amidst wrecks of sin and wickedness, like the glorious sunset rays shed upon unreceiving heavens and lost forever in the dark, eternal depths of space.

The true noblemen of earth are those whose lives bear the immortal stamp of truth and virtue. It matters not whether they are kings, statesmen, or generals, or men of the lowliest station in life. They who are ever doing good,—who in their daily walks in their business, and amidst the pleasures and comforts of their homes are ever benevolent and kind, and who are ever mindful that the highest duty of man is in well-doing,—possess a high sense of truth and virtue; and in that lies the nobility of man.

A Ripple on the Sophomoric Sea.

THE last meeting in the fall term of 1885 was one long to be remembered by all who were present. For some time an unmistakable spot had been slowly but surely spreading itself over the sun which usually shines so brightly upon our illustrious class, and Monday, Dec. 13, in the Physical lecture room, the storm broke upon us with all its fury. Clouds of war hung dark and lowering over us, and for two long hours the cannon's roar was only broken by the sharper reports of musketry and small arms. On one side Generals "Grimes" Steele and "Bill" Rounds were in command, while the opposing forces were marshalled by Generals "Alpha" Davis, and "Foreman" M. Bennett. The ball was opened by a volley of musketry which Gen. Davis aimed at the enemies' head, but the aim was poor and the shot went high above its mark. Davis' lieutenant, Greaves, came valiantly to his superior's assistance with a battery of artillery, but as his powder was damp, he failed to produce any effect whatever, his guns all refusing to go off. Gen. "Grimes" now opened up from the center of the opposing column with his twelve pounders, but he had forgotten to put anything in his guns except powder, so a big noise was the only result. Gen. Rounds came to his assistance and got in some good work with his sharp-shooting. Commodore Schaefer, a neutral man, now poured a broadside into each side, doing more damage than had been done before, as his ammunition, being "hostile cats," was very effective. Gen. Bennett had during the entire fight kept up a sputtering fire, but now began to draw back his troops, and a few minutes later the fight was declared off. The Generals still debated, however, and dark indeed it looked for our Sophograph. A half hour later, in the classic shades of the library, those same fierce combatents were found locked in each other's arms, shedding tears of true repentance. The setting sun burst forth in all its grandeur upon a land filled with joy and peace, and its last rays were reflected by a sea lately so troubled but now as smooth as glass.

ATHLETICS IN COLLEGE.

FROM the earliest times, much interest has been taken in athletic sports, especially by young men. The youth from ten to twenty-one years of age, who takes no interest in any sort of muscular development, is hard to find. The ancient Greeks and Romans had special schools for the training of young athletes, and no pains were spared to develop the youths as well as possible. From these gymnasia came the splendid gladiators and warriors of olden times.

Now, this kind of work, or training, or exercise, whichever we may choose to call it, always has a great influence upon the future man. Until a boy is fifteen or sixteen years old, he has generally sufficient out-door work to keep him healthy, and he is probably fairly well developed.

Then he goes away to college. There it is often the case that he takes no physical exercise, except that made necessary in going to and from recitations. He thinks that, as he isn't compelled to exercise any, he won't tire himself out for fun. It is right here that a great many boys are checked and stunted in their physical development, and from this four or five years set-back become small, unhealthy men.

In most colleges, however, associations have been formed for the promotion of athletics. Take, for example, the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. There were the boat crews, the foot-ball teams, and the swimming clubs, all composed of students, and actively participated in by them. In these old colleges they had regular series of sporting events, and some of those who took part gave so much time to their favorite pursuits that their studies were neglected. It is here that the great objection arises to athletics in college. For this reason, namely, that of neglect, a great hue and cry has been raised, and so there have always been many bitter enemies to college field sport. The opposers are not, as a rule, college-bred men. They are generally men who believe that young persons ought to go to school to do nothing but study, study, study, and it never occurs to them that the more exercise taken, the better for the boy both at present and in the future.

But there is another enemy to college sports, and perhaps the most dangerous of all. That is the student's own indolence. Too many boys who have been doing hard work go to college and then suddenly stop everything like their former occupation. The first time thereafter that they attempt something that calls their muscles into active play, they are made as stiff and sore as those of

rheumatic old men. In more than half the cases this settles the matter for good, and the youth settles down, for the time being, to a life of comparative inertness.

At the end of a four years course, when thrown upon his own resources, in what condition is he to begin his battle with the world? His muscles are soft and flabby, and if he has to attack any hard manual labor, he finds himself sadly deficient. And a graduate cannot always count upon getting at once into his chosen profession. Indeed, it is often the case, that a person, even with his diploma, has to accept the first chance offered him, no matter what it is.

Open air sports in America have heretofore been less popular than in England, but of late years the athletic cause seems to be steadily gaining ground in this country. The great standpoint for objection to the cultivation of the sports is, that those who are deeply interested in their out-door work hold an inferior rank in their books.

Occasionally, but only occasionally, in the old history of Oxford, did the athletes hold high rank in their chosen studies. But in late years, the athletic spirit seems to crop out in almost all the leading scholars. In Yale and Harvard, in the last few years, almost every one of those who were graduated with honors were athletes. Last year, the *captains* of the ball nine and boat-crew stood the very first in the large classes of their respective colleges. How much better impression does the straight, muscular, ruddy-faced man leave, than he who is weak, stoop-shouldered, and apparently afraid of being stepped on? Good athletic exercise will work ten times the effect that a person unacquainted with the actual facts would think. It is simply wonderful, the way that some boys can be improved by training in the right direction. After it is all too late, many a man wishes that he had taken more care of his physical welfare. But how often do you find a graduate who is sorry that, in his youth, he put part of his time on his body, instead of putting it all on his books?

Again let me say, that year by year, the best scholars show more and more physical training. Here in our own school, at our last commencement, the best general athlete among us was graduated with the first honors. And it is not only here, but in every college in the land, that this matter of physical training is receiving careful attention. Gymnasias are being furnished, and eventually, as much care will be taken of the body as of the mind, and the sooner the better. Young men cannot afford to get even an education at the expense of their bodily health, and nothing appears more against a man than the drawn-up look caused by "all work and no play."

If you can do anything in the sporting direction, do it, and help keep up your school's reputation. If it has no reputation, help to make one for it. Do such things reasonably, and don't be too much carried away, and you will never regret what you have accomplished.

BASE HITS.

SCHAEFER, P. A.—

"I would give all my fame for a pot of ale."

DAVIS, F. L.—

"'Tis true, 'tis spitty; and spitty 'tis 'tis true."

STEELE, P.—

"The galoot that bobs up and down like a well-sweep when he walks."

SCHAEFER, J. V.—

"Forsooth a great mathematician."

TALBOT, G. S.—

"Asinus asinorum."

WEIS—

"From wooden shoes to pumps. Gods! what a change!"

AGUILERA—

"One of our tropical fruits."

ROSS—

"What specimens doth nature sometimes turn out, when she is in a merry mood."

SCOTT—

"His eye a pale, sick, skimmilk blue,
Such eyes do poets have and idiots."

KENDALL HARRY—

"Deride not my small stature. A flea, my lord, may shed the king's blood and not hang for it—the which thou canst not do."

BOPES—

"And furious mustachios did lend a sort of wild, brigandish look unto his handsome face."

BENNETT, F. M.—

"A great big gob of nothing."

WALKER, A. E.

"The base drum virtuoso."

BEVIS—

"Ha, ha! She smiled on me."

WALTERS, B. F.—

"If I am so great when a boy, what will I be when a man?"

WARREN, J. B.—

"As an M. E. I came here, full of conceit;
As a C. E. I stay here to sleep and to eat."

WESTON, N. A.—

"When Juniors spout and Profs. are on the scent,
The post of honor is a private station."

CARVER, A.—

"Every ass loves to hear himself bray;
Doubt not, my lord I'll play the orator."

ROUNDS, W. P.—

"There is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger."

MORE, GEO.—

"Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was every thing by turns, and nothing long."

PIATT—

"I am but a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."

Natural History Society of the U. of I.

THE Natural History Society of the University of Illinois was organized March 5th, 1880, with an enrollment of sixteen members. G. A. Wild was elected president, J. A. Armstrong vice-president, and J. Forsyth secretary. It is the object of the society to promote the direct observation of things in nature and to make systematic reports upon the same; thus, rather than the discussion of difficult scientific subjects, being the object, it is easy for a new member to take an active part in the work of the society, although he may be just beginning a course in natural history.

Any one, whether a student of natural history or not, may become a member by receiving a unanimous vote, his name having been proposed at a previous meeting. No fees are required, as there is no expense connected with the working of the society.

The regular meetings, two each university term, are held Saturday evenings, at private residences; usually but once a year at the same place. Special meetings may be called, when thought proper, by the Executive Committee, which consists of the president, vice-president and secretary. No failure of meeting has yet been made.

On the thirteenth of March, 1880, the first regular meeting was held in the old dormitory building. A formal paper was read by Prof. T. J. Burrill on "The Trees of Champaign County." About twenty four reports of observations were made by members and non members.

It is the practice of the society to have one special paper from some member, after which each member is called upon for a report of some observation made by himself. Specimens and drawings are exhibited as often as practicable to illustrate the reports. The papers and reports are freely discussed, every one present being at liberty to give his opinion on the subject in question.

The special papers may be on any subject connected with natural history; on some subject of chemistry or geology, but more generally, however, on botany or zoology. These papers are carefully prepared, taking much time and study, thus giving the author excellent practice in writing a scientific paper that may be not only instructive, but also entertaining.

As the field for the observation of the phenomena of nature is so large, and the circumstances under which the observations are made are so various, the reports given are on almost every conceivable subject in nature. It may be

one member has seen some strange freak of a bird; another, the abundance or the scarcity of a fungus, and so through the wide range of possibilities.

As in all other societies, so in this, those who take the most active part in the work, receive the greatest benefit accruing therefrom. The society is a credit to the college of natural science with which it is so closely related, and is accomplishing that which was intended by its originators. Since its organization about forty special papers have been prepared, which if put in compact form would make a very valuable volume of scientific essays.

Former members have succeeded in securing for themselves places among scientists; and some of the present members have national reputations. There is at present a roll-call of twenty-five active members

Prof. Stephen A. Forbes, president; M. S. Waite, vice-president, and Clarence M. Weed, secretary, are the officers for the year 1886-7.

Work of inestimable value has been done by the natural history society, and there is abundant reason to believe that its future success will be even more marked than its past.

Senior's Lament.

WHY do Preps stare
As I pass by
And "Rodents" cry
And say "Ah there?"

And Freshmen brats
Waft sticks and stones
And utter groans,
Exclaiming "Rats!"

While Junior churls
Poor me revile
With baleful smile;
Likewise the girls.

Why does this crowd
Now, treat me thus
And scurr, and cuss,
A Senior proud?

The reason note:
I am a dude
Coat-tails protrude
'Neath overcoat.



Gleanings from the Great.

BOYLE, ANNIE—

"And where she gazed a gloom pervaded space."
—Byron.

CHURCH, BLANCHE—

"I'll versify, in spite, and do my best
To make as much waste paper as the rest."
—Dryden.

SIM, EVA—

"His air, his voice, his looks and honest soul
Speak all so movingly in his behalf
I dare not trust, I dare not trust myself to hear him talk."
—Addison.

BRIGGS, W. C.—

"Alas, the love of woman!
It is known to be a lovely and a fearful thing."
—Byron

TIEKEN, THEO --

"Highly fed and lowly taught."
—Shakespeare.

BRONSON, LILLIE O.—

"Daughter of the rose, whose cheeks unite
The differing tints of the red and white,
Who heaven's alternate beauties well display—
The blush of morning and the milky way."
—Dryden.

SPARKS, MYRTLE—

"Though scarcely skilled to dress or cook a hen,
Scans Attic with a critic's Ken."
—Byron.

WILLIS, MARY B.—

"If she can but raise a laugh for her own diversion, she will not spare any
friend."—Horace.

MC CONNEY—

"A youth to fortune and to fame unknown."
—Gray.

EVANS, R. W.—

"The infinitesimally hard atom "
—C. F. Emerson

GREAVES, G.—

"What fools those mortals be!"
—Shakespeare.

LEWIS, A.—

"Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet." —Dryden

NILES, W. E —

"Are his wits safe? Is he not light of brain?"—Sophomore Girls.

PARKER, H.—

"Woman is man's confusion."—Ovid.

SPAFFORD, F. S.—

"This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve."
—Old Manuscript.

A BLASTED HOPE;

OR,

The Way of the World.

CHAPTER I.

I have lately been caught in that dangerous net,
By a creature so charming and fair;
She has me enchanted—you know how it is,
I guess you have all been there.

—*Lord Byron.*

THIS evening's mystic time. A darkness, grim, gloomy, and sepulchral envelops the habitations of man as in a vail of Stygian gloom. Not a sound is wafted through the balmy air, redolent with the aromas diffused from the busy mart on Main and Neil streets. One solitary individual can be seen perambulating the deserted streets, evidently in abstracted meditation. His visual organs are bent fixedly upon the bosom of mother earth. His ears are deaf to every sound. Every feature, every motion, expresses total unconsciousness, as far as his external surroundings are concerned.

Let us embrace this most fitting occasion to make the acquaintance of Mr. Frankie S., of the Freshman class of 188—, a fair student, a better billiard-player, and a general favorite among his acquaintances. To-night his genial brow is clouded.

There is an air of meditative anxiety upon his open countenance that betokens deep and searching thought.

Perhaps he is devising some scheme by which the poor Freshmen can get through Trigonometry, without having to cram so, or he may be wondering why it was that he got so many second prizes last Field Day, and couldn't get any first ones. There is a bare possibility that he may be planning some nice, smooth story to tell his father, when the old gent sees the demerits, on his report, which he received on account of Junior ———.

But he starts in surprise as a trim female form, in a suit of some grey material, brushes past him, and glides off into the gloom. His apathy is shaken off; and with rapid steps he pursues the retreating figure, vanishing like a phantom in the glowering darkness.

To one accustomed to the best society, as our hero was, it took but a moment to assume the guardianship of the fair being who had just passed him.

Let us draw the veil of secrecy over their first meeting, filled with so many guarded laughs, delicate sallies, and formal questions. As at last they approached a ponderous gate-way, the fair charmer said quietly:

"Mr. S——, I must leave you. We've had such a nice time! You must see me again."

Frankie, whose susceptible heart yielded to this touching request, replied that he should be most happy to meet her again, raised his hat, and vanished with a light "Ta, Ta!"

CHAPTER II.

Give me the girl that is tender and true,
Give me the friend that is faithful to you.

—Dean Stanley.

The week following the event narrated in the preceeding chapter, the spring term ended, and Frankie went home to spend the summer vacation; but, gentle reader! you may rest assured that he did not forget the fair creature left behind in the college town.

The weeks sped swiftly by, and again Frankie S—— is in Champaign, this time as a *Sophomore. It was a lovely autumn eve, not cold enough to be uncomfortable, but enough to give keen enjoyment to the pleasant exercise of dancing.

The Champaign opera house held a small and select gathering made up of the devotees of the Terpsichorean muse. It was a pleasant scene, and one which will doubtless remain long in the memory of the young lady in whose honor it was gotten up, and who was about to leave town for the frigid climate of Michigan.

Prominent among the happy throng were our hero and the object of his utmost devotion.

As they paused for an instant for a brief tete a tete, she murmured, clasping her tiny hands delightedly:

"Oh, just ketch on to that lovely dancer! I'd like to know who he is."

"That," said he, "that's 'Germany.' He thinks he's a toughie, but he ain't; he looks too recent for that. Duckie," he continued, as he gently fanned her carmine cheek, "let's promenade?"

"Not this eve," she replied, furtively.

"Oh, come off, now; you know you will," he teasingly added, edging near her, beseechingly.

"Go 'way, you naughty boy," she pouted. "If yer don't, I'll biff yer."

"No," he retorted, incredulously.

"Well, I will, yer know," she said.

Then she broke out again:

"Look at Mr. S—— with Jennie M——."

"Who?" said he.

"Mr. Blondy, of the Senior class. I know a good story about his taking the two P—— girls over to the college, one night, but I won't give it away, bet yer life," said she, giving him one of her most bewitching smiles.

"That' a mighty nice dancer, too, she continued, 'that fellar with the white hair and a new mustache; but they say, that he and Miss S—— are not so good friends as they used to be."

"Ah," said he inquisitively, leaning toward her. "Do you know that elegant dancer with the morose face?"

"Now don't be asking me who all the fellers are. I ain't common property."

"Please tell me, dearie," said he coaxingly, trying to clasp her delicate hand.

"Why, if yer must know, that's Johnny B——. He tried to pick me up one night, and—"

"Got left," said Frankie, insinuatingly.

"Don't you wish yer knew," she said, artfully recoiling. "I'll give yer the shook if yer say any more;" and she turned languishingly back toward the floor. Frankie, carried away by the enchantment of the scene, was fast losing consciousness of his surroundings, when two words, and a gesture at his elbow, caused him to start up fiercely, and turn deathly pale. But controlling himself by a powerful effort, without a word of excuse he left the hall.

CHAPTER III.

"Little darling, how I miss thee!
How my heart doth ache with pain!
How I love and long to kiss thee
On thy ruby lips again."

—Isaac Watts.

Half that night did Frankie S—— pace with restless step the floor of his chamber. Sleep came not to his weary eyelids. His hopes, his joys, his aspirations, were all at one fell swoop imperilled.

Never as now could he appreciate what she had been to him, with such subtlety had she entwined herself into his very being.

Must he relinquish those hours of happiness, those influences of culture, refinement, and modesty, because of two little words spoken in idle jest? At last, harassed by recalcitrant fears, he threw himself upon his bed, and fell asleep.

The morning sun brought a resolution. He would assure himself; he would hear the imputation denied by her own rosy lips, or —— He trembled for the alternative.

Evening found him determined on solving the mystery; and, with step heavy with anxiety, he approached the well known trysting place. It was a lovely evening. The air was warm, and balmy, the moon shone with seemingly unwanted brilliancy, and everything seemed to combine to make an enchanting picture. But our hero's thoughts were far up the Avenue, where from the familiar place glided the well known figure. They met; and as he saw her re-

proachful glance from those clear, limpid eyes, his heart in its tender yearnings, seemed for a moment to cast out every doubt.

"What did yer leave me that way fer?" she broke forth.

"When?" said he absently.

"Last night. Yer know well enough if yer want'er."

"Dearest," he said, winningly, drawing very close to her, "may I ask you a question?"

"Naw!" she said fiercely. "Don't speak to me; I won't listen."

"O, come, now, just a word?"

"Nary one," she answered, emphatically.

He could control himself no longer. Bending over her, with accents tremulous and low—for her words were to decide his future happiness, perhaps his whole life—he said:

"Tell me, dearest, do those stories calumniate you? Are you what they say you are?"

Her eyes blazed with anger.

"What do they say? Who am I?" She burst forth at last. "Can you insult me?"

Forgetting himself in the intensity of his anxiety he exclaimed:

"Are you a cook?"

She shrunk back as though smitten, but her countenance revealed the awful truth. He left her side with a cold "good night." His worst fears were realized. Never again did he wander after nightfall, by the light of the moon. But in the evening's deepening dusk, the boys say that from his window come the plaintive notes of the old, old song:

"We Never Speak as we Pass By."



Base Ball at Monmouth.

[As most of our readers may be aware, last fall, at the inter-collegiate oratorical contest, at Monmouth, our ball nine participated in the series of games arranged for the state college, championship. The following is the Muses' description of the trip.]

MUSE divine, who dost o'er college worlds
Preside, and note with joy each ripe return
Of autumn's golden days when through the streets
And avenues of quiet Champaign town,
The festive student rushes, headlong-bent
To find some good, cheap club, where he can live
Upon the fatness of the land and have
To pay two dollars only, at the end
Of each and every week; and having found
It, out upon the campus, runs, and calls
With clarion voice and accents clear for some
Fresh. "to brace up," and bring a ball wherewith
To limber well each bone and joint of Soph.
And Junior proud, and Senior grave, and with
The rest, the childish Prep, who lately from
His mother's lap, with head upon his frame
As large as any man's, comes here to see
If it be true, that there are things in this
Great world he does not fully comprehend;
Thou, who, above all this dost chiefly love
The frantic strife, the wild intense delight
Of our great national game, do thou, my muse
Indite a lofty strain on this great theme
Of how the Champaign boys did fight and win
At Monmouth Let thy rich tongue with richer
Speech than is thy wont, pour forth a strain of
Eloquence befitting well a noble
Deed. 'Twas on a cool and quiet eve of
That gay month, which poets most unmindful
Of the actual facts do call the sweetest
In the year, October, that upon the
Platform of the great I., B. & W.
Depot, a little group of boys stood waiting for
The train. On these few limbs of oak
The University of the great and
Glorious Sucker state was willing to
Put up good stuff in the ensuing games.
But there was one included in the crowd,
Whose every action seemed to indicate
Supremacy, and that was Doc, our Doc,
The only Doc McGr ——. How he

Did sport that new silk plug, and calling to
 His chum, Sp———, the two assisted by
 Some ready Preps. did sing the good old songs
 Our fathers sang in years gone by, until
 A "cop," with "paddy" written plainly on
 His ugly mug, meandered slowly up,
 And said in cold stentorian tones, "Oi'll pull
 Yer all me dandy byes, if yer don't quit
 This howlin." Then silence reigned and Doc, Oh
 Where was he? Inside the waiting room, most
 Busily engaged in talking to a
 Friend. Ah! then it was most evident that
 Doc. had not much sand. But what of that? The
 Train came rushing in, and on it all the
 Boys did pile, and settle down for quiet
 Calm repose within the sleeping car, but
 When they thought to sleep, how badly were they
 Left, for in that car were three small Preps, who,
 Thinking this their only chance to make a
 Breeze, did howl and yell and tried, most vainly
 Too, to patronize and feed to that brave
 Nine, some taffy, but they would not be fed,
 Until fair Bloomington was reached, when each
 Set up a howl for pie and got it too,
 To some extent. Then on they rode till break
 Of day, when Monmouth town was reached. But what
 Is this? As they get off, expecting much
 That some one will advance with open arms
 To meet them, two bashful looking kids, whose
 Very walk betrays them from the woods, show
 Up, and kindly ask if they prefer to
 Walk or to the hungry hackman pay the
 Big round sum of fifty cents, to take them
 To the Baldwin House, a good half mile or
 More away. With one accord they all did
 Choose to walk, expatiating greatly
 On the benefits of walking for one's
 Appetite; At last the house was reached and
 All began to cry for "grub," but let them
 Wait awhile. The hungry crowd of men from
 Jacksonville was in the dining-room just
 Ahead of them, and would perchance stay there
 Till nine o'clock. At last the cravings of
 The inner man were satisfied, and they
 Meandered forth, well clad in overcoats,
 Expecting much to see a game between
 The valiant knights of Knox and Monmouth, but
 Now they learned with much surprise that Knox's
 Heavy team, although but fifteen miles or
 So away, refused to come before the
 Morrow's sun should dawn. What then? perchance they
 Thought to rest a while and get a little
 Sleep, but no. The Gods decree it otherwise, for
 When the lots were cast to see between which
 Nines the game should be that morn, Champaign and
 Jacksonville put on their suits and hastened
 To the prairie north of town. Oh! how the
 Wind did blow, and chilly blasts go whistling
 Through their pompadours! But well they played, and
 Though the score was somewhat large, when nine fierce
 Innings had been fought, the plucky Champaign
 Boys stood far ahead and boldly took the
 Laurels from the field, where they had fairly
 Won, and thought to rest upon them till next

Morn. Ah, no! That afternoon young Borders,
Captain of the Monmouth nine, came boldly
Forth, with cheek like adamant, and said that
They preferred to play the conquerors, that
Very afternoon. At first the coolness
Of the man so staggered him, that Captain
Beedle said, they'd play, but as the thought came
O'er them, that they were being much imposed
Upon, the boys all kicked and forthwith changed
Their suits. Then war began, and out upon
The field, the self-appointed umpire called
A game in favor of the Monmouth thugs,
As rank a piece of impudence as one
Can well imagine, since an umpire's rule
Does not begin till he's been well approved
By each contesting nine. While at the Baldwin House,
The theatre of the fight, a scene ensued
Which much betokened that upon the moon
Was blood. The Champaign boys, though few, boldly
Stood their ground and stoutly claimed their rights, but
All in vain methinks had not Sam Parr, that
Gallant Prof. from Jacksonville, stepped boldly
To the front and called for justice. His words
Were terse and to the point. "Although I have
No personal interest in the U.
Of I. I like to see its members, used
As well as anyone," and asked, "What rules
Of etiquette are you accustomed to,
My friends, in entertaining visitors?"
Thus placed upon their pride the Monmouthites
Cooled down, and even asked their visitors
To banquet with them that same eve. Long will
That banquet be remembered by the kids
From Champaign town since all they had to do
Was lean against the wall and watch others
Have the fun, and when it came to eating,
Pay a big round "wheel" to get a plate of
Hash. Next morn, though icy winds still blew, the
Long expected game took place. At first the
Monmouth nine got such a lead, that dark it
Looked for Champaign's humble sons, but ere six
Innings had been played, their prospects brightened
And, from that time on, the game was nip and
Tuck, between the two. How Beedle pitched! and
Kline, although little, "got there, just the same"
Behind the bat. The rest all played good ball
And filled their places well, so well that as
The game drew near its close, and for the last
Time Champaign took the field the score stood three
Ahead for them. "Two out:" Then two on bases stand,
When to the bat, with lofty mein, strides up
The slugger of the Monmouth nine, and drives
The sphere far out to "left." A cheer bursts out,
But dies ere yet 'tis born, for through the weeds
And grass, with step like deer, the sturdy fielder, Briggs,
Of eighty-nine, darts out, and grasps the ball
Ere it can touch the ground. Hurrah! The game
Is won, and as they leave the field, they wear
The champion's wreath upon their brows. What more
Need there be said? That night they took the train
For home. And now when time hangs heavy on
Their hands, they bore some weary listener, with
The tale of how they fought and won, upon
The field, at Monmouth.

DEER PARK.

DEER PARK glen, situated about four miles southeast of LaSalle, Ill., is one of the most remarkable formations in the west, and in beauty rivals the noted glens of the east and far west.

At Deer Park the St. Peter's sandstone usually found at great depths appears at the surface. In its bosom the waters of ages have carved out this wonderful glen—a gorge 170 feet deep encased in perpendicular walls festooned with vines, ferns, flowers, scarred by the rushing floods of untold ages, with the trees of the forest above growing at the very edge of the cliffs. The Park is divided by nature into two sections, the upper glen and lower glen; the two being separated by a cascade 40 feet high. Throughout the entire length of the glen, one and one-half miles, new beauties of verdure, of falling water, and marvels of formation continually delight the visitor. The entire glen is one grand wonder whose form and grandeur are strangely out of keeping with the unpicturesque country surrounding. It remains as nature finished it, save for a few improvements necessary for the convenience and comfort of visitors.

Weary of the endless routine of business life, let us cast off all care and spend a day communing with nature. Having arrived at LaSalle via the Chicago Rock Island and Pacific or Illinois Central railroad we put up at the Harrison House. We rise early, partake of a hearty breakfast, and amply supplied with lunch baskets are ready for the day's pleasure. It is a fine morning in June. The air is clear, cool and refreshing, even our span of bays seem to enjoy it, for our hack though well weighted down seems to be no load at all for them. Driving down a steep rocky street, and crossing the Illinois and Michigan canal at its foot, we leave the busy city behind and drive out upon the rich bottom of the Illinois river. The sun has just risen above the woods to our left and as we look down the valley to our right the broad Illinois river looks like a waving line of silver sweeping gracefully to the right and left past the city of Peru under its large wooden highway bridge, now approaching the precipitous bluffs and wooded hills on the one side and then on the other, till it is lost in the haze and mist in the distance. Immediately to our left the valley is crossed by the elegant and massive steel viaduct of the Illinois Central railroad bridge three quarters of a mile long and a hundred feet high. Having driven across the bottom land and over the steel highway bridge spanning the Illinois, we drive up a winding road through the woods till we emerge upon the level prairie of Illinois.

Large barns, fine farms, pastures and yards full of sleek cattle, indicate a land of plenty, and such indeed it is. It is a country of which some one has said: "One need only tickle the soil to have it laugh with a plentiful harvest."

Leaving this level country we turn to the left and soon again enter the woods. Our road now takes us down a ravine, across the line of the Illinois Central, down another ravine, and we are once more in a valley. Crossing a narrow strip of bottom land we arrive on the bank of the Vermilion river. Once more we will pause and look about us. At our feet flows the swift Vermilion about 100 feet wide. On the farther side of the river the bank rises almost perpendicular from the water's edge 150 to 200 feet. At places the cliffs are clothed with vines and shrubbery, at other places they are formed of smooth walls of sandstone. Directly opposite us is the only opening we can see in this wall. Behind us are the dark green woods whose cool shadows are not yet warmed by the rays of the sun peeping over the edge of the cliff before us. On the right and left turns in the valley take the river from our sight. There is beauty enough in this little valley to detain us for some time, but we are impatient to get to the Park.

Following the minute directions given us by our host we drive down stream to where the river ripples over pebbles and small rocks. Driving straight across to the other side we turn up stream as sharply as possible, hugging close to the bank. Right at the opening at the angle made by a huge boulder the current always washes a deep hole. When the water is low it reaches to the buggy box, but often it goes through it. As the Park is a famous pleasure resort and as all from the west side of the river must cross at this place, this hole is a great terror to the girls, and we can easily imagine from our knowledge of the sex how they climb upon the buggy seat and hang on to the boys, and the boys in turn hang on to the horses. However, we get through the hole all right and arrive safe and sound, though perhaps a little wet, in the entrance of Deer Park.

By this time it may have become quite warm, but as soon as we drive in between the perpendicular walls the cool breeze that meets us warns us that we are going into another atmosphere. A quarter of a mile or so up this narrow defile brings us to the Lodge. This is a small house built in an angle of the glen, where tourists register and where refreshments and directions may be obtained. At this place also, nature has provided a stable for our horses. A long deep niche in the rock on the floor of the glen needed only the addition of partitions and feed boxes to make a comfortable stable for many horses, while numerous strong springs and a clear rivulet furnish abundant water.

Lunch baskets and wraps safely stowed away in the lodge, we set out on our tour of exploration. On our left above the cave in which our horses are placed the rock rises straight and smooth to the very top—170 feet. Not a rift or crevice in which even the smallest shrub or plant can take root, not even

moss to any great extent breaks the smooth, polished surface. On the upper edge, fringed with grass and vines, we see the tall forest trees, among others large rugged pines. On the right in bold contrast to the smooth unbroken surface opposite, the wall is uneven, sometimes overhanging and again retreating, forming terraces which, covered with vines, shrubbery and patches of moss, form a beautiful blending and harmonizing of colors, of animate and inanimate nature. A few trees near the bottom, reaching upward to the sunlight enjoyed by their brothers above, send their tall shafts up close to the wall nearly to the top. Back of the lodge we see the opening to another glen similar to but smaller than the one we are in. Leaving Cold Water Glen for the present we pass on, crossing the little stream here and there by a rustic footbridge. Turning an angle in the glen we see on the left, close to the smooth wall, a small mound of earth covered with small trees. Around this are scattered boulders of soft sandstone, some of them snowy white. They seem to have been placed there by a giant's hand, for a glance up at the rocks on either hand gives us no clue whence they came. One of them, the largest, has been fitly called "Sentinel Rock," as it seems to stand guard at the entrance to Echo Cavern beyond. A noticable feature of the glen is that through all its windings the sides remain parallel, so that if we could imagine the sides to close in they would form a good joint. A little beyond Sentinel Rock the edges retreat and the rock is deeply excavated on both sides, forming two large caverns facing each other, the whole forming an elliptical area 300 feet long by 200 feet wide, with the long diameter perpendicular to the line of the glen. On the farther side the walls closing in form the end of Lower Glen. Directly opposite the entrance about 40 feet above the floor a rectangular opening forms the outlet of Upper Glen. The cascade falls from this opening in a smooth sheet about 25 feet, when striking the inclined side of the glen it slips down quietly into the lake at the bottom and at our feet. This lake occupies the left hand half of the elliptical area. On the farther side, under the overhanging ledge and near the cascade is a small sandy beach, from which a good view of the falls may be expected. But we cannot pass around the lake to reach it as the water comes up to the wall of the glen. Entering a cave near the edge of the water we crawl through a hole in the bank corner and arrive in another cave from which we emerge on the beach. Here we will spend a couple of hours, skipping flat stones over the water, throwing pebbles at the other side, and producing strange echoes. The two concave walls facing each other form such good reflections that very slight sounds made upon this beach are reflected from the opposite side with remarkable clearness. Our voices sound strange and unnatural and are so much reflected that it is hard to tell where they come from. The singers in the party are mustered out, and as their voices rise in song, the very air about us and the rocks around, under, and above us, seem to be quivering with melody.

But we must see the upper glen. Wending our way back to the lodge, we climb a steep rustic stairway to the top. A footpath leads us through the

woods back past the cascade to a steep path leading to the bottom of the upper glen. Picking our steps carefully we arrive at the bottom of a gorge smaller but similar to the lower glen. Following down the brook, sometimes walking on the smooth mossy rock and again clambering along the vertical side clinging to vines, roots and gains cut in the rock, we come to the opening. From this place we get the most comprehensive view that is possible of the park. We are standing about 20 feet from the cascade. At our feet the brook drops down 6 or 7 feet into a kind of cistern worn by the falling water in the layer of rock below. This overflowing, the water again drops down into another cistern similar to the first. It is only after having passed into these two cisterns that the water is permitted to take its final leap into the lower glen. Looking out between the rocky abutments at the opening into the lower glen, we see over the edge of the precipice a part of the lake on the right, the opening of one of the caves and Sentinel Rock, and on the left a part of one cavern with the floor covered with drifts of snow white sand. In the distance the turn in the gorge closes the scene and prevents our seeing the cave stable and the lodge just beyond. As seen from this place, standing just above the upper cistern, the Park presents to the eye a scene of strange beauty, and we would linger here but for the fact that new beauties still await us in the glen behind us. Even the cascade refuses to break the enchantment of the place for it glides over the smooth mossy rock so quietly and is received so easily below that not a murmur escapes it, only a gentle musical ripple as it glides into the lake below.

Behind us the upper glen extends for some distance gradually coming out to the surface. Though not so picturesque as the lower glen, it is much richer in beauty. We have neither the time nor the power to describe all the magnificent ferns, the delicate and curious mosses, the festoons of vines and ivies drooping gracefully from the trees overhead, the strange grotesque figures in the rock, the beautiful clusters of flowering shrubs standing out in bold relief against the gray surface of the rock. Such things must be seen to be fully appreciated.

Getting back to the lodge we will take a rapid glance at Cold Water Glen. This is a small glen extending back from the lodge about 50 feet, and ending in a cascade similar to the one at the end of the lower division of the Park. Here springs abound, some of which are said to be of rare medicinal value, not less than four of them close together each differing from its neighbor.

The day now being well toward its close we must prepare for the return trip. Our names are added to the many that already cover the pages of the register, and we are informed that several thousand visit the Park annually. In this same region are also Bailey's Falls, Starved Rock, famous in the early history of the west, Clark's Falls, Sulphur Springs and Buffalo Rock.

We get back to LaSalle in the evening refreshed and glad that Illinois also has some natural wonders that are worth visiting.

EYE OPENERS.

BENNETT, C.—

"Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is (occasionally) truth."
—*Scott.*

CHESTER, T. P.—

"His corn and cattle were his only care,
And his delight a country fair."
—*Dryden.*

COFFEEN, AMY—

"My tender youth was never yet attaint with any passion of inflaming love"

SHATTUCK, ANNIE—

"And I would be a mirror, that you may ever look at me."
—*Anacreon*.

DAVIS, E. E.—

"An amusin' little cuss."
—*A. Ward.*

HOLLY—

"Der Nieflunkendweilernpferdcheninseinerwestetaschehate Tangenichts."

DUNAWAY, HORACE—

Is one of those—"Who think too little and who talk too much."
—*Dryden.*

MEANS, W. P.—

Cleom.—Thou hast said true, Demetrius, his look is Heavenly, for hath he not a face like a full moon and a head like a blazing comet.

JONES, HARRY—

"We will not blame him, for the race of fools is without end."
—*Simoindes of Ceos.*

BOWSHER, C. A.—

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.—*Shakespeare.*

PAINE, SARAH—

"He never knew pleasure who never knew Pain."

HODGES, FRANCIS—

"You tell me that a woman's heart is precious. I have one to give away."

GODFREY, ELEANOR—

"Her for the studious shade kind nature formed."

BATCHELDER, JANE N.—

"The tartness of her face sours ripe grapes."

SMITH, GRACE C.

"She tuned her notes both even, noon, and morn."

CARTER—

"I have seen men better balanced."
—*Old Saw*



This is Winter: jolly Winter
 How the wind about us blows
 How the frost wakes the lethargic
 Corns and chilblains on our toes
 Now a robe of flaky whiteness
 Decks the landscape far and near
 The pedestrian's madly scolding
 Down the hill side on his ear



Now the senior yokes the steedlet
 To a sleek conchoidal sleigh
 And looks sadly at the shakels
 That he is compelled to pay!

Now the guileless freshman marvels
 At the coal piles swift decline
 And the club boy cracks his derzals
 On the pre-adamite kine

Now the soph and his Dulcena
 Sit about the roaring grate
 And forget ice cream and boating
 In a blissful here-a-têre.

Now the freshman, hope elated
 Boards his negotiable
 And provides him a revolver
 For the annual sociable



But this Winter jolly Winter
 And its joys will soon take wing
 Then I guess that we'll be winter
 Kind o' sort o' think it's Spring

The Alethenai Society.

THE University of Illinois was first opened to gentlemen only. After many heated discussions and much consideration, the trustees decided that the young woman of our land not only needed, but ought to have equal educational advantages with the young man. She, too, should be made acquainted with the sciences, literature, and the arts of civilized life, for the person who knows most is the most entertaining to himself as well as to others. He will be the largest, live the longest and the happiest who is the best informed.

The place assigned to woman in society has been rising since the beginning of civilization. The age of barbarism, when she was considered a mere slave and all intellectual pursuits were denied her, is long since past. For at that time it was thought to be a duty to keep her in the position of slavery, degradation and ignorance. According to some of their religions she had no soul, nor hope for a future existence. Emerging from this low degraded state, woman made one step forward into the stage of semi-civilization, when she was expected to be only an ornament to society, but was still considered an inferior. Her true value was not recognized. But in the bright light of the nineteenth century, woman is regarded with deference and respect, and is believed to be capable of receiving equal education with man. The young lady of the present day is expected to receive the same mental instruction, to be able to reason as thoroughly and logically, and to possess the same strength of mind and intellect as the young gentleman. The world invites to no grander mission than that of the woman of to-day.

Recognizing these facts the trustees admitted young ladies to the University of Illinois in 1871, allowing them to enter any of the classes and permitting them to partake of, and to enjoy all the pleasures and benefits to be derived from a course of study here. The young ladies organized a literary society October 11th, of the same year, in order that they might be enabled to "better themselves in composition, elocution, debating power, and to enlarge their fund of general intelligence." The charter members comprised all the young ladies

then in attendance at the University, thirty-two in number. They chose as a name for this organization "Alethenai," which signifies "the truthful ones." Truth, which emanates from the bosom of the Father. Truth, what a noble foundation upon which to build; the only one that will stand firm when the rains of discouragement descend and the floods of adversity come.

The first president elected by the society was Miss Mary E. Gregory, daughter of Dr. Gregory, who was then Regent of the University. She married Prof. Webb, of Stevens Institute, Hoboken, New Jersey. For several years they resided in Germany. The meetings of the society were for some time held on Wednesday afternoon with closed doors. But the members soon resolved to "let their light shine," holding open meetings every Friday evening, gladly welcoming all to their exercises, which were, no doubt, entertaining.

This grand work, begun so successfully by the charter members, has been taken up each succeeding collegiate year and carried on with more than ordinary ability, zeal, and earnestness. Continually gathering strength as the years have rolled on, it has fulfilled the design for which it was organized. Many of the members have become able orators and excellent essayists. The society has for many years been represented with honor at our oratorical contests. In the fall of 1885 Miss Lida Ashby, of the Alethenai Society, creditably represented the University at the State Oratorical Contest, which was held in Chicago. Although all the members have not excelled in this direction, they have received much benefit from the society work and have been so infused with the spirit of earnestness and truth in their lives, that we know that they are recognized as powers for good in whatever position in life they may be placed, for "None but such as are good can give good things."

The work accomplished by the Alethenai during the present year has been attended by the greatest prosperity and success. What it has lacked in numbers, it has made up in energy and industry, each member willingly doing her part. The standing and success of the Alethenai at the present time is felt to be due in a great measure to the kind assistance and excellent advice of Prof. Snyder, who at a time when its members were almost discouraged, extended a helping hand. This placed the society again on a solid foundation. For this timely aid the Alethenai is most grateful.

The society has this year been enabled to bring before the public two of the best entertainments of the season, the lecturers being gentlemen of our own community. Not only intellectually have these entertainments been a success but financially.

The society still is characterized by the spirit with which it was organized, still holds fast to the grand principle of truth, still is inspired by its meaning, still has for its motto "Live." To live a life that is not merely an existence, but a full development and right use of all the powers and privileges, physical, mental and moral, that have been vouchsafed to us. With the noble example of those who have been well tried and found so worthy, with a work so vast, so

pleasant and so encouraging, and with past successes to cheer onward, surely there will be no faltering.

May the Alethenai ever push onward with growing strength, increasing power, and higher aims. In the forward march of Time may the place left vacant each year in the Alethenai ranks be filled to overflowing with active, able, and noble-minded young ladies, whose greatest interest will be the good of the society and the help that they themselves may derive from it. May they be so inspired by the motto, "LIVE," that the Alethenai will exist as long as the walls of the University shall stand.

Q. MORATII FLACCI.

Carm. Lib III.

Carmen XXX.

Lo! I have reared a stately monument
Than brass more lasting; and the lofty piles
Which kings have built to glorify their names
Are not so high. The forked lightning
Sent from the clouds, the impotent north wind,
The cycles of the years, and fleeing time
But bring me glory. I shall never die!
The coming ages will increase my fame,
A future race will speak in praise of me,
The lowly peasant, by the gift of song
Shall rule the world; by all it will be said
That I, the humble born, the lowly one,
First fitted classic strains to Roman lyre,
Come hither muse, thou great Melpomine,
And bring the laurel I have fairly earned,
The victor wears the bay, crown thou my head.

What we Would Like to See.

The University have a still better name abroad.

The *Faculty* look smilingly in chapel.

The *Preps* do less prancing in ranks.

The Librarian see *that Prep* bring a rat into the Library.

The University extensively advertised.

The captain of company A drill it. (?)

The *Freshie* who made that curious gesture behind the Professor of Elocution.

Oh, how we would like to see another Junior Ex!

The students as a whole endeavor to sustain the reputation of the University.

That newly bonded and *exuberant* Senior couple at their nightly invocations of the fair Goddess.

Our choir sized up.

Order in the Library at noon.

The gallant, knightly Senior when Venus defined for him the word "Angelina."

A Class-day Programme next spring.

Those *large blue eyes rolling* in love.

A worthy Senior class.

The couple that courted in the court—in the nighttime—on a Friday—in the autumn of the year.

A fellow classmate "rush" one of our girls. (?)

Oh, how we would like to have seen the veteran Senior Two, when Cupid, at midnight's silent hour, for a moment reversed his magic wand!

Oh, how we would like to have seen them when he renewed the spell!

Where a Prep would make his mark, if a Senior makes his on the cornice of a building.

The Junior Class show some "spunk."

Champaign and Urbana people exhibit some appreciation for good lectures.

That Senior's wife.

Music and Musicians.

FOR high thoughts, noble aspirations, conceptions, and sensibilities that lose their sublimity when uttered by speech, what fitter mode of expression can there be for these than music? Music, that most sublime combination of science and art, can not be defined by words but must be heard to be understood and appreciated. It is both a science and art and as such must be studied to be understood. As a science it has its theories, and principles of composition. As an art it is placed in close relation to poetry, painting, and sculpture.

One who loves music loves poetry, and one who loves poetry values painting, sculpture, and the other fine arts. The true musician is a poet. He expresses his thoughts and emotions through the medium of his highly excited imagination.

The vagueness of expression, instead of detracting from the art, only places it high in art-excellence and enables it like poetry, the higher poetry, to suggest still more than it displays. As that poetry, whether prose or verse, which attempts, in vain, to be minutely descriptive loses the nobler essence without attaining the object proposed, so music which attempts to be minutely descriptive of sounds and scenes loses its charm while attempting to accomplish something impossible. "The great mystery of music lies in its power of suggesting and exciting ideas and feelings in persons endowed with a sufficient degree of sensibility and imagination." Music is not appreciated when the listener can not receive and expand the ideas suggested. For this reason such persons consider it a frivolous and useless art, but it is only because they do not feel nor understand it. They should not be censured for this when "nature has denied them a musical ear" any more than the crippled are blamed for not being interested in those sports in which they can not participate.

When musical compositions are frivolous and useless the fault is in the artist, not the art. We look at poor pictures, bad sculpture, read poor poetry and blame the artist not the art ; but with music the case is generally reversed and the blame falls on the art. Because some music is a little below the fixed standard, it does not follow that the art is a useless one. All the fine arts are from one point of view superfluous, unnecessary, as they do not contribute to

the necessities of human life ; but if poetry and music, and painting and sculpture can not satisfy man's animal wants, they at least beautify and adorn the structure of civilized society and contribute innocent pleasure to man's transient life. The cultivation of these arts also tends to divert our thoughts from the mere gratification of animal wants. It is then unkind to deny man such sources of pleasing occupation and reduce him to one who enjoys nothing beyond his bodily comforts and has no thoughts but of himself. Often, learned men do not appreciate or understand music. They can listen to the best performance and hear it only as an agreeable or disagreeable noise. It fails in its object to arouse in them the feelings it would in some others, perhaps not so highly educated, and yet we esteem such persons none the less for not being able to understand and enjoy it with us. We have just as much respect and admiration for their intellectual powers as before, but we regret that they can not feel and admire with us.

Music, though the natural expression of innocence and joy, as illustrated in the singing of the birds, can also express the deepest and grandest emotions of the soul. The painter who has mastered his art can put upon canvas such a likeness of the human face with the expression of joy, hope or despair as will cause us to pause in wonder before his masterpiece ; the sculptor can so imitate Nature's various forms as to call forth our admiration ; literature whether prose or poetry expresses our thoughts and ideas through the medium of speech ; but music, the grandest of all these, embodies the inward feelings whose effects are illustrated by the other arts.

Of the great musicians Mozart is acknowledged by all to be the greatest. His early instructor was Hayden, a composer of great genius. Now his name is overshadowed by that of his pupil, but his compositions are none the less worthy of note. He led a quiet and retired life, contented, laborious and unambitious, the greatest figure of his little world and unconsciously the then greatest figure of the great world. He did more to develop instrumental music than any of his predecessors, and composed the first symphony. The great love between him and his pupil Mozart is one of the most touching incidents in the history of art. Mozart ranks next in the order of time, but first in the order of worth. He was born at Salzburg, January 27, 1756, where he lived until six of age. During this time he showed a remarkable talent for that art by which he became so famous. At the age of six years he played with great skill and even composed small minuets. Childhood's sports he enjoyed with ardor and showed considerable interest in his studies, but music was his chief delight. His only sister was also quite a skillful musician, and when their father, Leopold Mozart, visited Munich with his children in 1762 their playing and talent attracted much attention. In 1763 the Mozarts made a second tour, visiting most of the important cities of Europe, and it is from this time that the celebrity of Mozart's name is to be dated. Mozart when a child of but seven years composed most of the symphonies which were played at his concerts, and which aroused London to enthusiasm in 1764. In 1766 his father gave

him a few months instruction in the theories of music, and the works of Handel and Bach become his classical models. From 1767 to 1768 he resided with his father in Vienna and his life here was anything but pleasant. From here they traveled in Italy, and in Milan Mozart's opera "Mitradate" met with great success. It was in his twenty-fifth year, however, that he wrote the opera "Idomeneo," the first work that raised his name to celebrity as a dramatic composer. His health was quite delicate and he was often troubled with spells of melancholy. One day while unusually sad a stranger appeared to Mozart, requesting him to compose a solemn mass as a requiem for the soul of a friend recently lost. He promised to have it done by the end of the month, and the stranger left as mysteriously as he came. Mozart brooded over this mysterious affair for some time, and then suddenly began composing with such ardor that the application was more than his strength could support and he was obliged to suspend his work. At the appointed time the stranger returned, but the work not being finished, Mozart was given another month in which to complete it, and he applied himself with so much zeal to his work that in spite of his exhausted mind and body the requiem was completed before the allotted time had expired. But Mozart never recovered from this extra exertion; he died before the return of the stranger, December, 1791. In the death of Mozart the world lost the greatest of its musical composers. He has been rightfully called by some the Raphael, by others the Shakespeare of music, and at his death left a place which has not since been filled. Embracing the art in its whole extent he excelled in all of its departments.

Beethoven's musical genius showed itself very early. He began the study of music in 1775, when only five years old, and like Mozart studied the works of Bach and Handel. His early powers of execution and improvisation on the piano astonished every hearer. He was afflicted with deafness the greater part of his life which was the cause of many disappointments. It rendered him unable to enjoy audible music as well as carry on a conversation by speech. In his twenty-eighth year it was almost total, and in his will dated 1802 one finds many expressions of wretchedness under his affliction which caused him so much anguish that he was often tempted to commit suicide. His art restrained him. There is something affecting in this which reminds us of Milton's frequent allusions to the miseries of blindness. The fact of his deafness explains the reason of his withdrawal from society and leading such a solitary and desolate life which ended in 1827. Although not as great a genius as Mozart, yet Beethoven stands in the foremost rank of composers. His best compositions are pervaded by "an enthusiastic spirit of inspiration, a wild and masculine energy, relieved by frequent touches of tender beauty and melancholy which stamp the superior genius of the man."

The life of Mendelssohn, the most distinguished composer of the 19th century, is in marked contrast to the lives of Mozart and Beethoven. His wealthy and distinguished parents spared no expense on his literary as well as musical education. He received his first lessons from his mother and in 1821,

his twelfth year, he was an excellent pianist, being able to improvise with ease upon any theme given him, while his retentive memory enabled him to play without the music any selection after reading it but twice. Having the advantages that wealth could supply he was at full liberty to develop his musical powers in any form he might choose. In 1827 his comic opera was presented in Berlin, but meeting with a complete failure he was disgusted and retired to Leipsic, where most of his works were composed and where by incessant labor he formed a school of music which is the best in Europe. But his indefatigable efforts affected his health and in 1846 while in Switzerland resting from his labors, he received the news of his sister's death, from which he never recovered. He died a year later. Mendelssohn received a classical education and was also acquainted with the modern languages, being able to write and converse in English quite fluently. Though not endowed with genius yet his talents were of a superior order and his early death prevented the full development of his powers. His style improved with the number of his compositions, and as he was not compelled to write for bread he always wrote his best.

Among the less noted musicians are Schuman, whose music charms the weary mind to rest and the sweet melody of which none will deny; Wagner; a composer of our day who will always be remembered with pleasure; Schubert, whose quartettes we all have enjoyed; Rubinstein, Strauss, Faust, Chopin, Liszt, Weber, Ganz, Merz, and many more too numerous to mention.

Music as distinguished from the many different and rude attempts of the ancients, is only about four hundred years old. Modern music is the best and youngest of the arts and is consequently in an unfavored position. The development of the plan of design in the progress of music has been extended over the last two centuries and notwithstanding all disputes as to its preeminence among the arts "hope points to it as the everlasting standard of genuineness in art"

It is supposed that the power of music can only be felt by the cultured, and this is generally true; but who has not felt the pathos of "Home, Sweet Home?" The power and harmony of this song can be and is felt and appreciated by all classes of society. Music throws its power over all and we are all made to feel its wonderful charm, but it is not always the most difficult passages that cause the most feeling. When evening's shadows fall around us, when we sit with folded hands and listen to the melody as it is wafted to us on the breath of the closing flowers then

"How this inarticulate speech—
This deep-souled music's subtle power,
Doth play beyond our widest reach,
Divinely charm the weary hour."

We Grieve to Know

That Piatt sometimes smokes;

That "Smooth" Bennett has given Urbana the "Shake;"

That Means cannot raise a moustache;

That "Mary's Lambs" have lost their shepherdess;

That Geo. Talbot has, also;

That Maud Atkinson lost her critic;

That the Freshmen have not even thanked the heroic
"cops," who kept the "horrid Sophs" out of their sociable;

That Mr. Swannell says he will never again let his hall for
a Fresh. sociable;

That the college fireman is knock-kneed;

That none of the students went to Black Crook;

That Harry Jones wont get his hair cut;

That the art room has such an attraction for certain students
who have no business there;

That the students keep better step to choir music than they
do to that furnished by the band.

The Sophograph.

WHAT emotions thrill the man who sees for the first time some literary production of his appear in print! How feelings of pride and fear struggle in his mind! Will his readers be pleased, or will they criticise? Has he hit anyone too hard, or are his witticisms flat? These and many other questions come to him as he awaits the popular verdict. The Editors of the SOPHOGGRAPH are no exception. The most of us appear as editors for the first time; however, we have done the best we know, and hope that our friends will look on our work with an approving rather than a fault finding eye.

THE death of John A. Logan, coming so soon after we had all heard him speak right here in our midst, brings to us an especially forcible example of the uncertainty of earthly hopes and ambitions. Many other prominent men have died within the past two years; but Logan was one of us—"the favorite son of Illinois." He was a man of common birth and advantages, but he made an enviable name for himself, and may well be taken by any of us as a pattern by which to model our lives. We will not attempt to eulogize him, others have done that already much more ably than we could hope to do, but simply give a few thoughts that his death has suggested. The vacancy made not only in the United States Senate, but also in the Republican party, by his death is one which it will be difficult to fill. We do not mean that it will be hard to put a man into the position, but to fill it as Logan did. This forcibly illustrates Daniel Webster's remark to a young man who was complaining that the professions were all so crowded that there was no room for a beginner, "My friend there is always room at the top." Thus while we, young men studying to make the most of our God-given abilities mourn the seemingly untimely death of our beloved countryman, let us not overlook the lesson it brings, that we so fit ourselves that some day we may take our place at the "top." Logan was a brave, patriotic and hard-working man. He had no easy path marked out for him, but simply took things as they came and made the most of them. His worth was noted. People found out that they could trust Logan to do his best for the right, and as a result at his death he was almost within reach of the

highest honor of his country. What an incentive such a life should be to us to make the most of ourselves and our opportunities, being sure that true worth will be found out and will receive its reward.

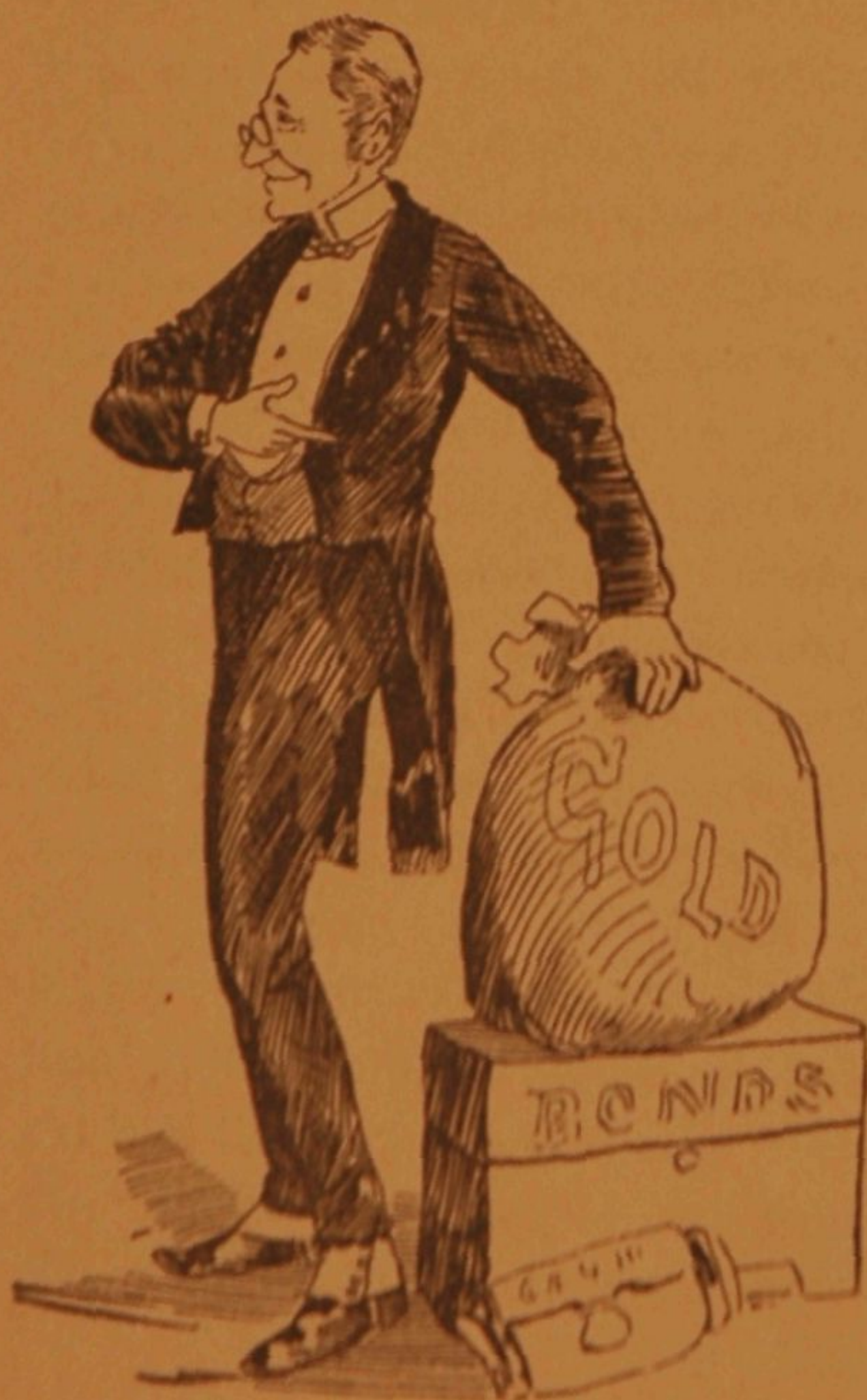
WE call the attention of our readers to the dude on Page 5, not on account of any particular personal beauty, but on account of the rarity of this species of the *genus homo* in this section of the country. Once on a time we read of this University as a "dude factory," and as this aroused our curiosity have watched faithfully and inquired diligently to find some product of said "factory." At our first inquiry we were directed to the machine shop; but what was our disappointment to find only a dozen or so grimy looking sons of toil, clad in overalls and frocks, hard at work pounding sand. On our asking if there any dudes there we were politely requested to "get-ou-out," and not be insulting them. Again inquiring we were directed to the Veterinary's room. After a long search we found the Doctor and his class busily engaged in the difficult, though highly commendable work of cutting up a hog which had died from some unknown cause, and trying to determine the nature of the fatal disease. We scanned the boys closely, but there were no dudes there. Neither did we have any better luck in the Chemical Laboratory, for as we entered, such a terrible stench fell upon our nostrils—the like of which we never but once before experienced, at a certain sociable a year or more ago—that we fled precipitately, being sure no dude could exist in such a place. The C. E's., in shirt-sleeves, were surveying the college yard, and when we approached one of them who was muttering to himself something about measuring within 4-1,000 of an inch to the mile and asked him about dudes, he became so enraged that had not his professor seized him we should have probably been killed on the spot. When we looked into the Architectural room we saw only a class of hard looking fellows drawing as if their lives depended on it, and when we put the oft repeated question, "Any dudes here," a silent shake of the head was our only answer. Across the hall in the Art room we found one "dudine," but no dudes. With weary steps we descended to the basement and entered the Natural History room. A class so closely engaged in examining a new kind of "Bacteria" that they did not notice us at all was the only sight that met our eyes. Feeling sure that the man who called the U. of I. a "dude factory" was a consummate liar, we were about to leave, when we were directed to the headquarters of the special students. With languid steps we were entering when our eye fell on an object of our weary search. Seated there was a dude, a real live dude, with his eyes half closed and a sheepish expression on his face, listening pensively to his professor. We mentioned the object of our search, and having obtained permission, seized our dude, took him down town, and had his picture taken, and now, kind reader, we present him to you; and should you ever meet that "dude factory" man, tell him you know he is not a liar, and if he don't believe it, just show him '89's SOPHOGRAPH.

WE hoped and expected till within a few weeks to give our readers sketches of the lives of our honored Faculty, feeling that this would be a step towards making the SOPHOGRAPH a more general college production. It certainly should not be confined to the narrow limits of the class which publishes it. We were especially anxious to do this as several students, not only in our own class but in all others, had asked us to do it, as they would like the biographies of their professors in a convenient form, like the SOPHOGRAPH, to keep as mementoes of those happy days when

"The Senior, and Junior, and Freshman, and Soph,
Each upheld and defended his favorite Prof."

We were somewhat surprised, on asking the professors for data on which to write up the sketches, to be in several cases refused, but knew that they must have had good reasons for their action, and so let the matter drop. We speak of this so that any who were expecting biographies may know that they do not appear, not because we didn't want them, but because we couldn't get them.

AGAIN we urge our readers to carefully look over our advertisements. We can assure you that in doing business with any of these men you will be fairly dealt with. And STUDENTS remember the men who advertise in the SOPHOGRAPH are the ones you want to patronize.



THE REGENT'S LULLABY.

Oh my, Oh Pshaw, Oh Me,
I wish Dick Oglesbee
Would draw on the State
For about ninety thousand
To give to the State-Varsity.
Then wouldn't I hop
On my pinions with
Glee. He, He. (*warbles.*)

CHIPLETS.

The latest college yell—"Hi! Hi! Hi! Hi!"

M. E. to C. E.—"Say, Bill, do you know in what part of the Bible that remark, 'Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace,' occurs?"

C. E.—"If I remember rightly, John, it is in the first epistle of Patrick Henry to the Americanos."

Prep. to Senior.—"Ah there! what makes you look so tough this morning?" Senior.—"Just got home from Urbana, you poor, little fool."

Why is an oyster-dealer like a suction pump? Because he works bi-valves.

A good question for debate—"Is a man hatching chickens with an incubator a manufacturer?"

A STRANGE FISH.

In the warm waters of the Indian ocean, sailors say, a strange fish, is found that has given rise to many curious tales among the natives of the coast. They tell of a great sail often seen in the calm season preceeding the hurricanes that race over those waters. Not a breath disturbs the water, the sea rises and falls like a sheet of glass; suddenly the sail appears, glistening with rich purple and golden hues, and seemingly driven along by the wind. On it comes, quivering and sparkling, as if bedecked with gems, but only to disappear as if by magic. Many travelers had heard with unbelief this strange tale; but one day toward evening the phantom craft actually appeared to the crew of an Indian steamer, and as it passed by under the stern of the vessel, the queer "sail" was seen to belong to a gigantic sword-fish, now known as the sailor-fish. The sail was an enormously developed dorsal fin that was over ten feet high, and was richly colored with blue and iridescent tints; and as the fish swam along near the surface of the water, this fin waved to and fro, so that it could easily be mistaken for a curious sail. As it approached the steamer a light feathery spray was emitted at regular intervals from the head, and as no two could agree upon the cause of this phenonemon, the captain leveled his unfailing telescope upon it, and discovered, to the amusement of every one, that the fish was actually smoking one of Allen & Ginter's Richmond Straight Cut (No. 1) Cigarettes.

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Samuels, s. s.	Gilliland, r. f.
Theo. Tieken, c. f.	W. C. Briggs, l. f.
<i>Substitutes—W. Frederickson, Fuller, Spafford, Stebbins.</i>	

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'88—*Captain, Grant Beadle, p.*

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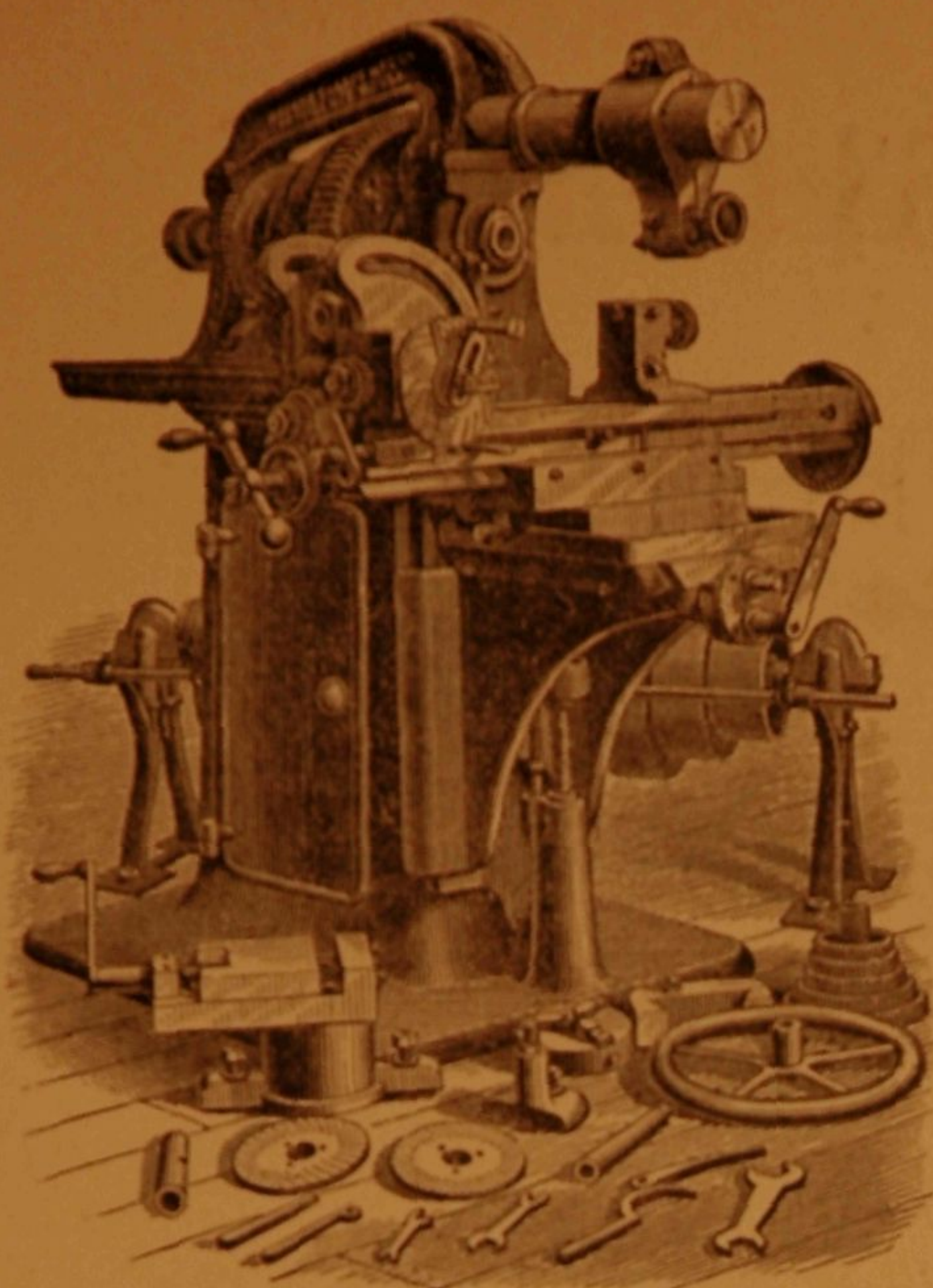
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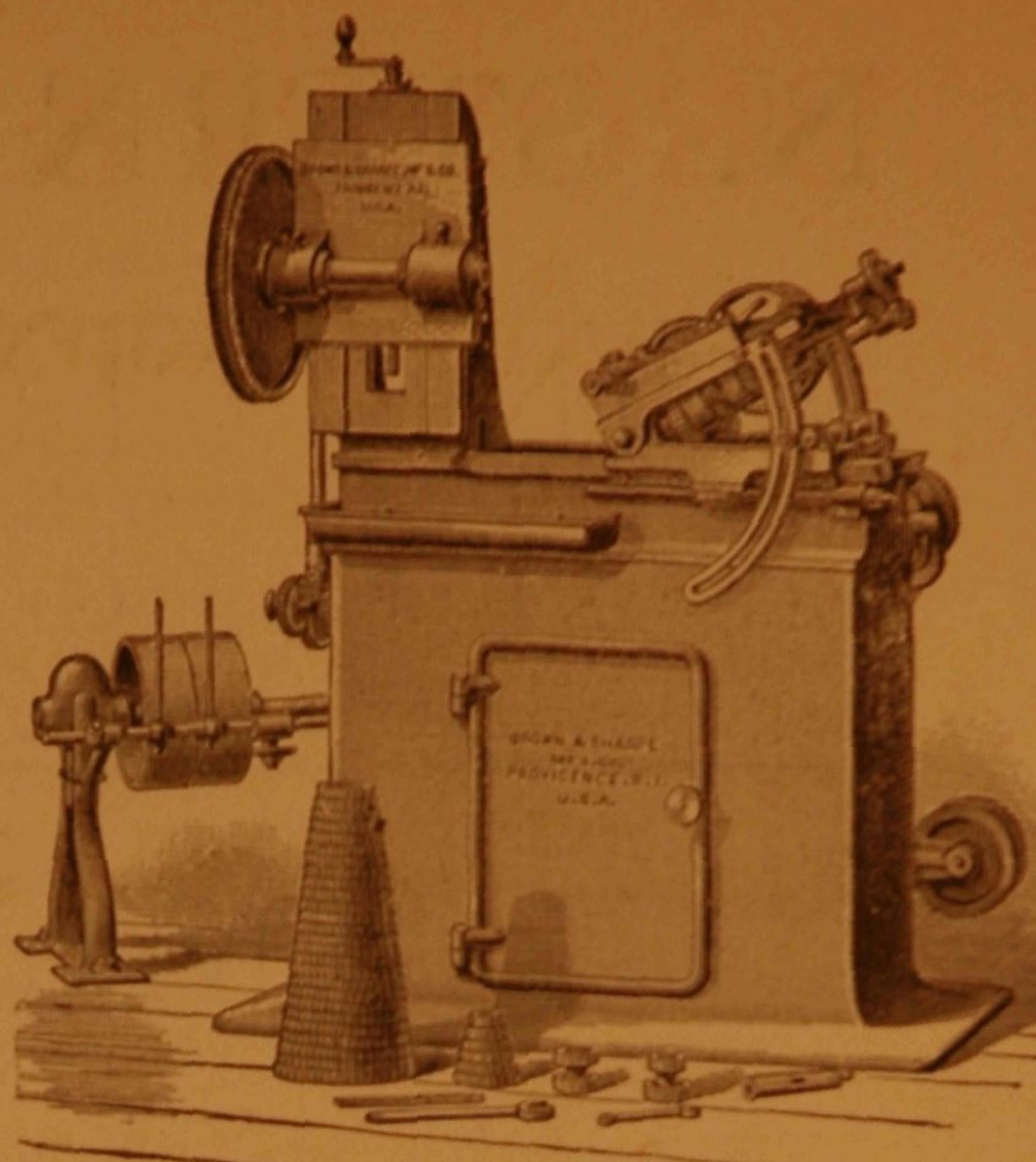
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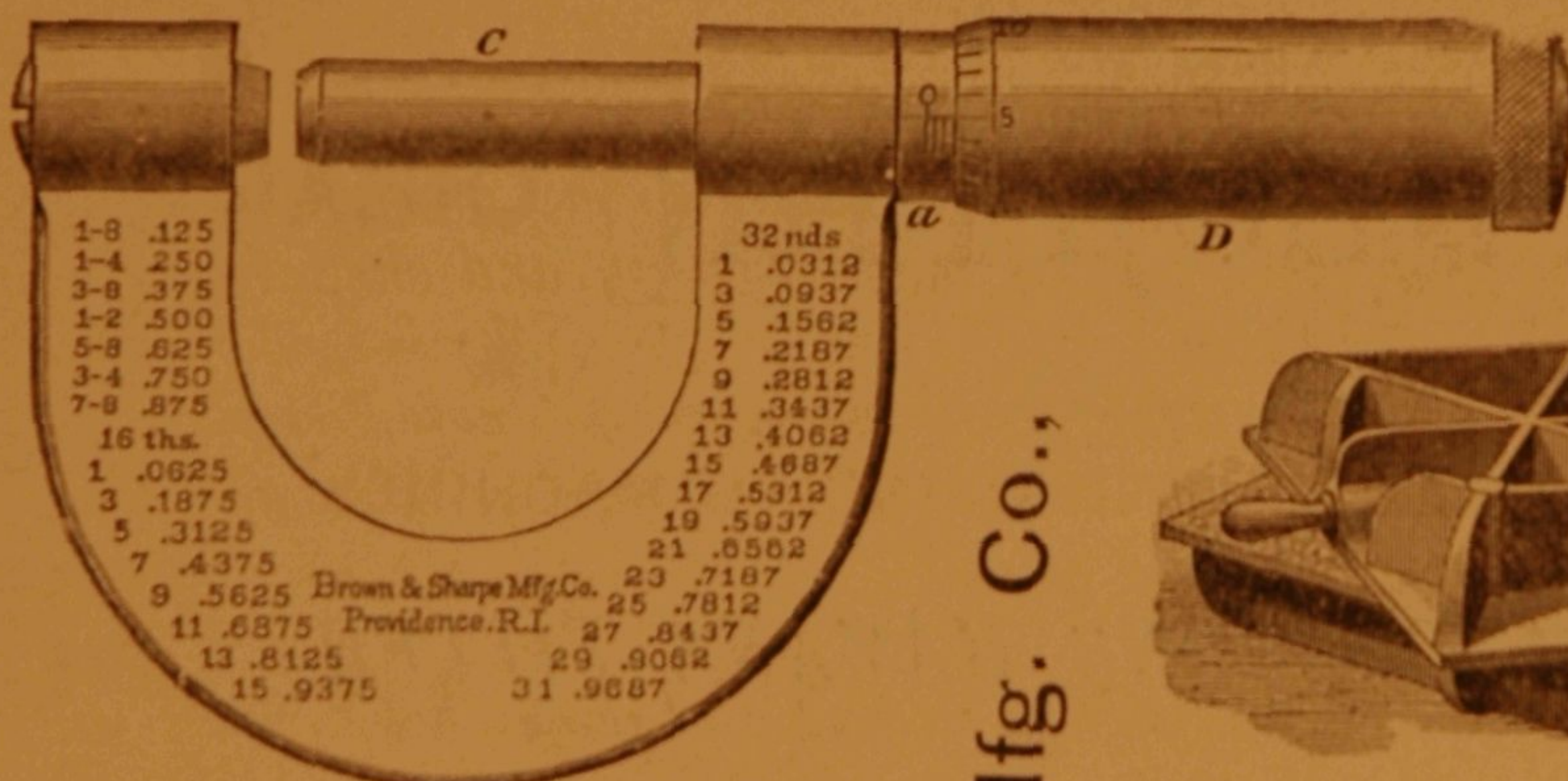


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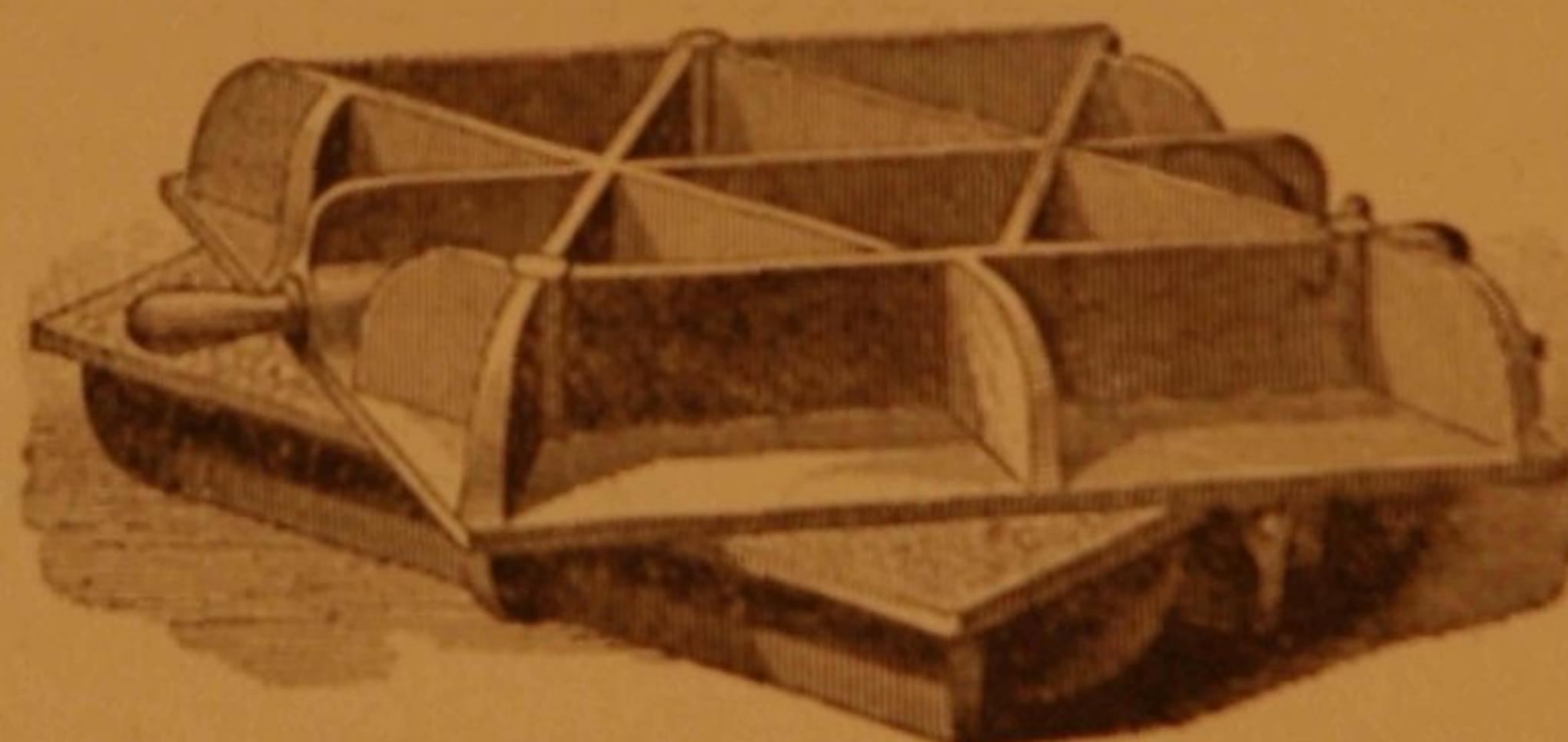
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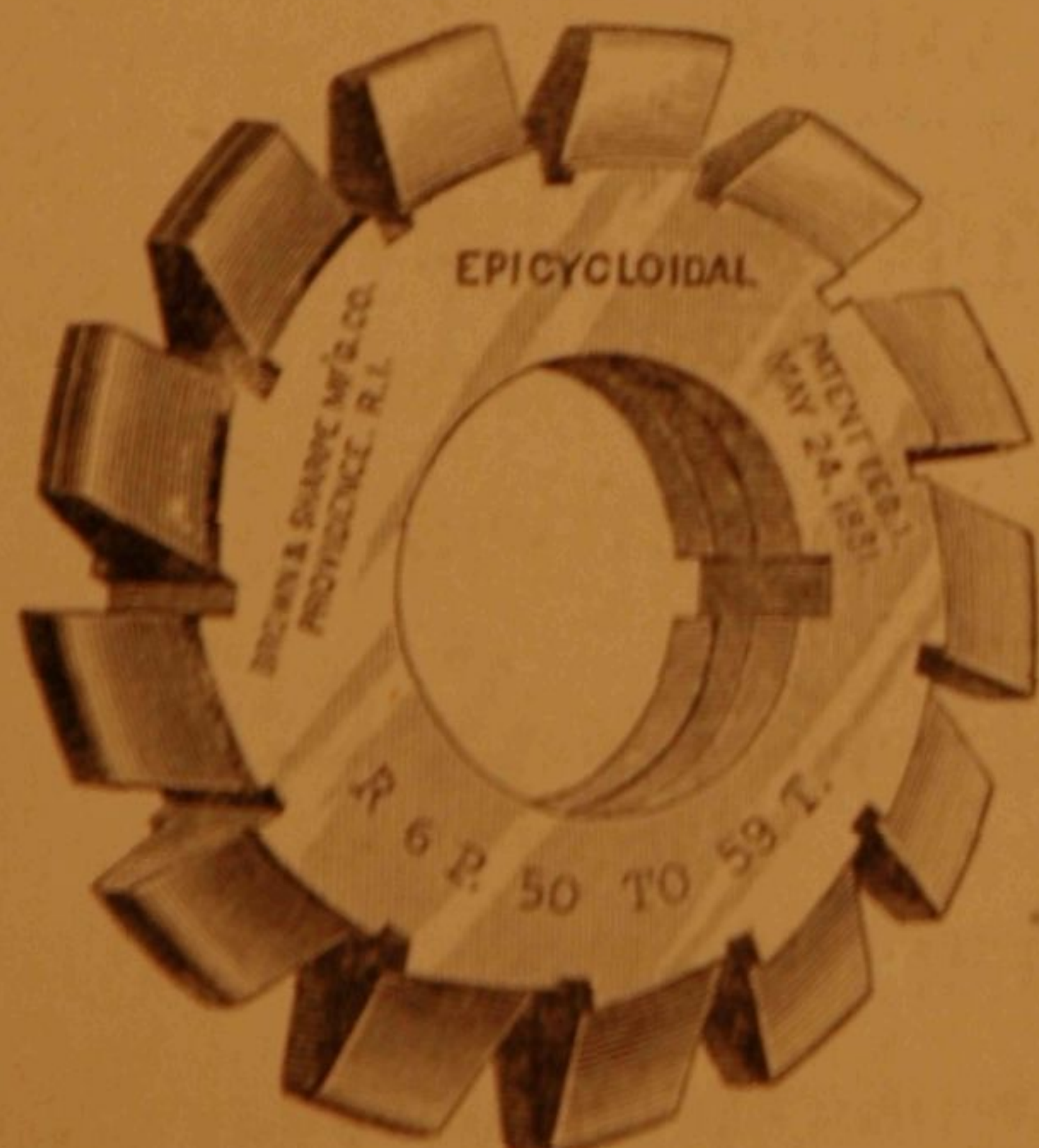
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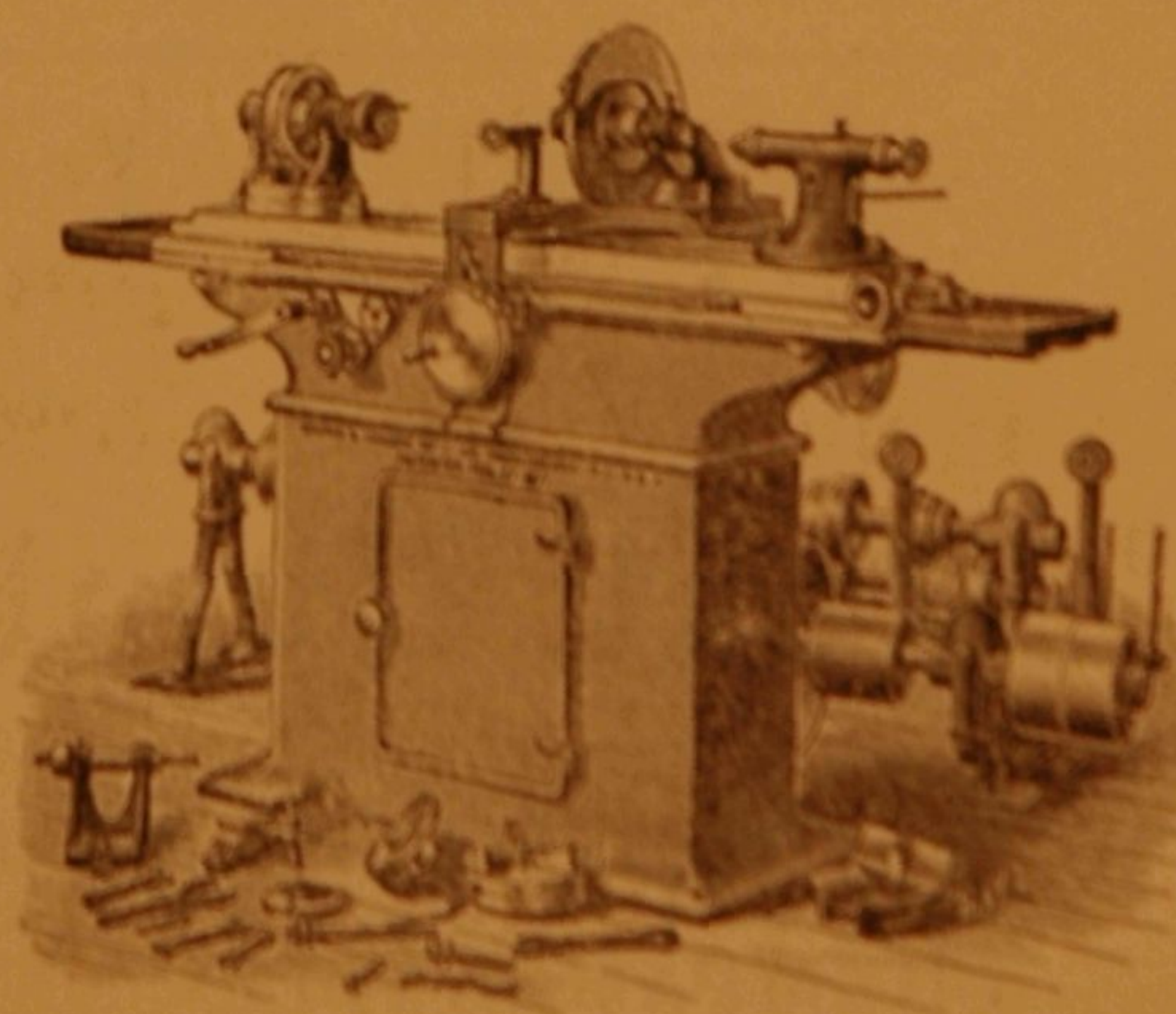


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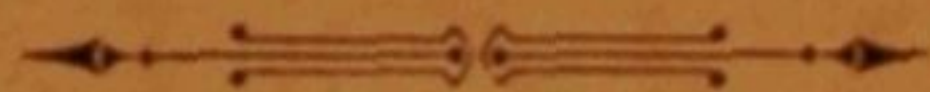
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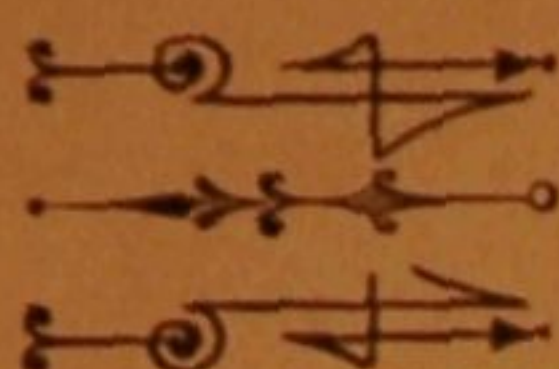
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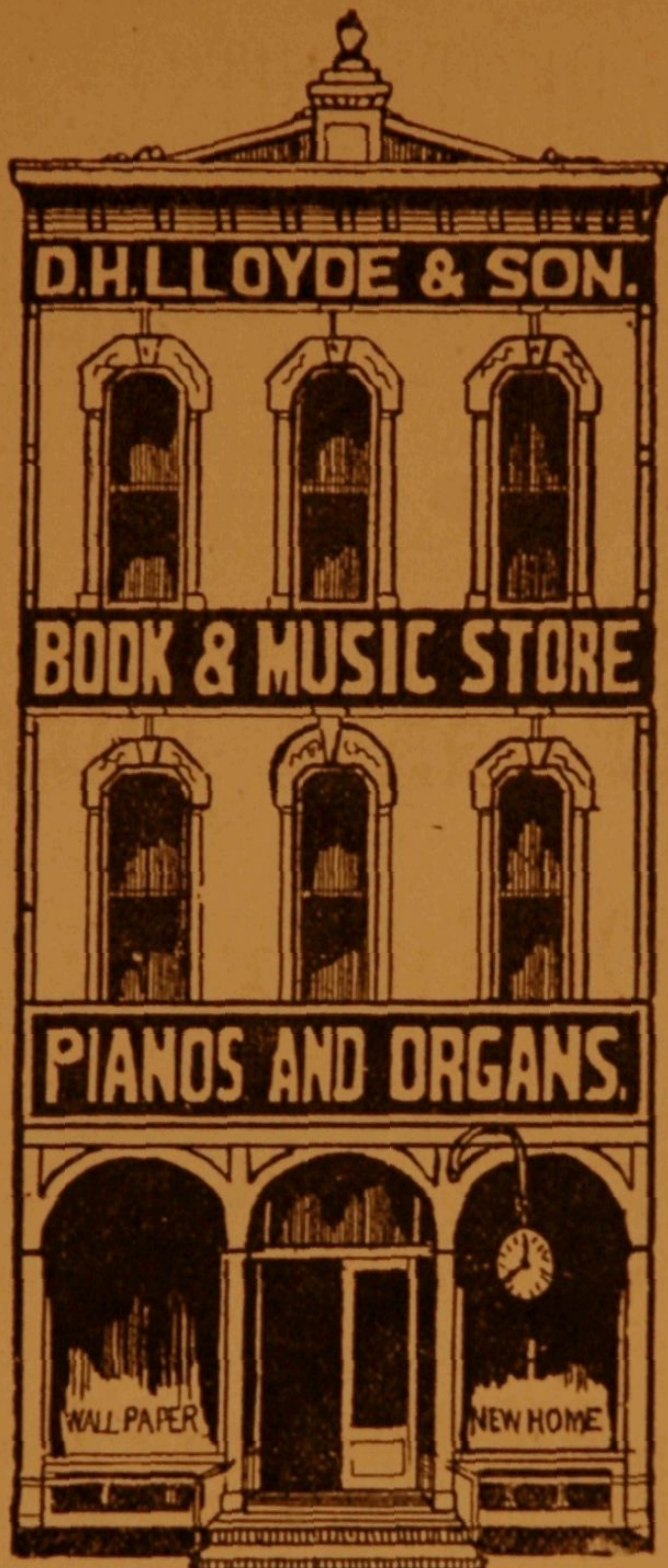
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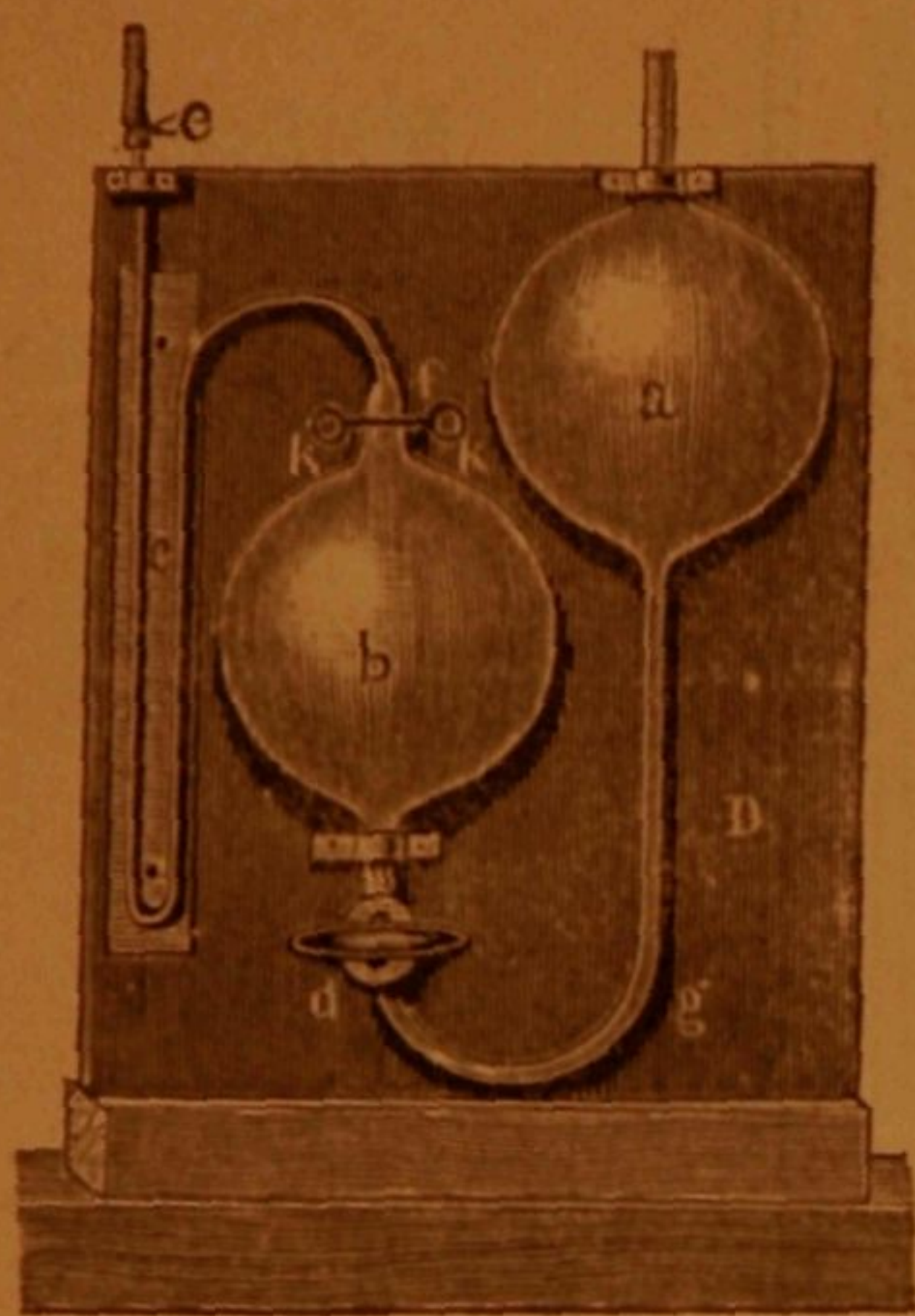
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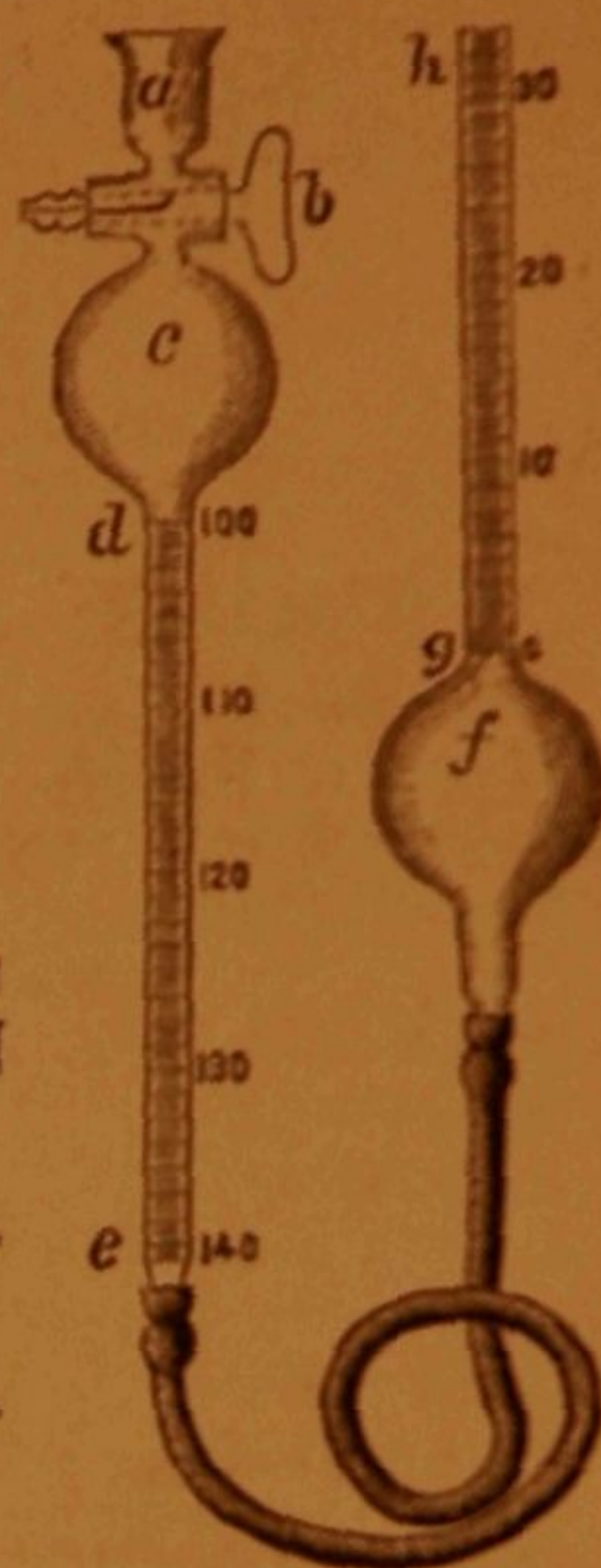
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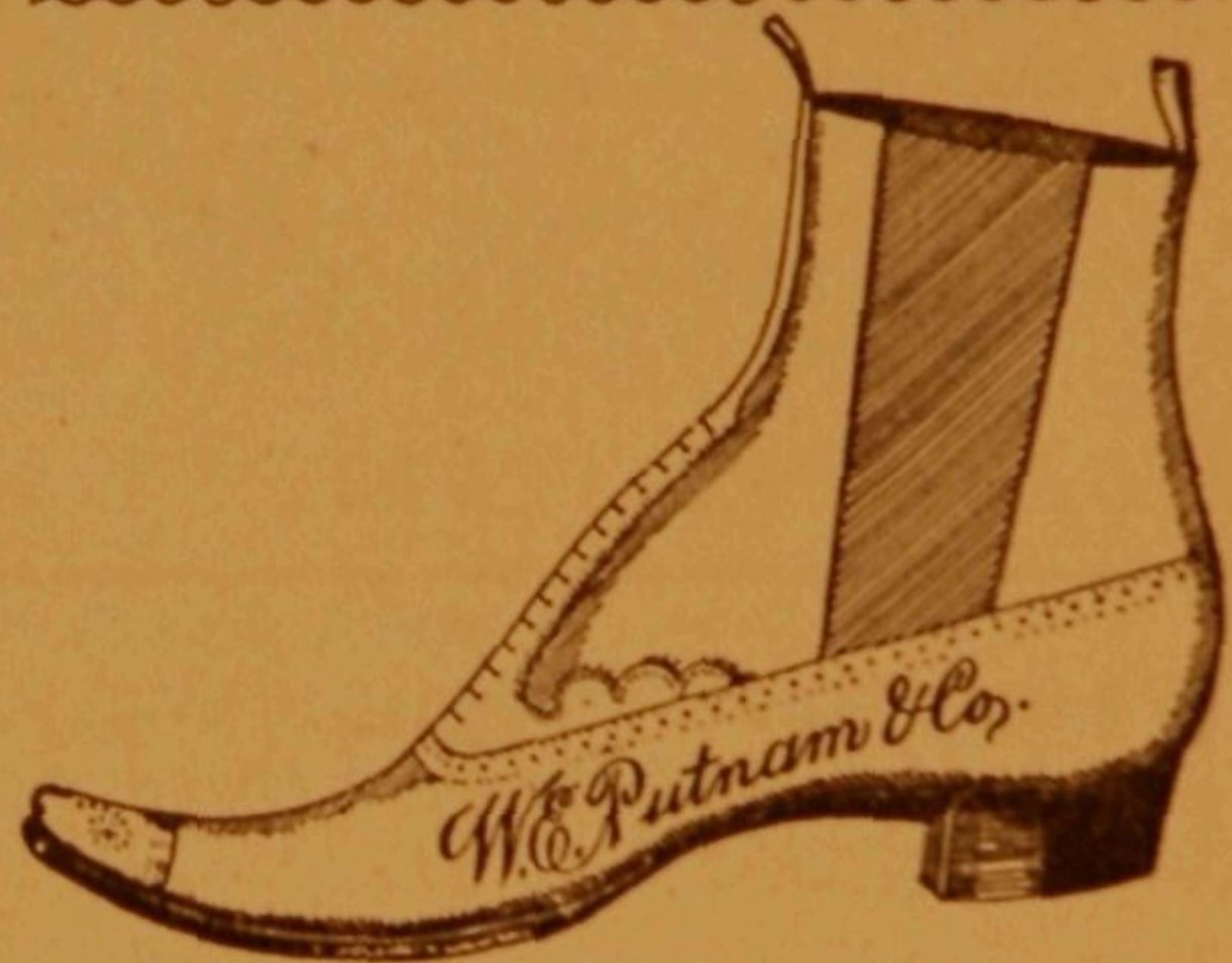


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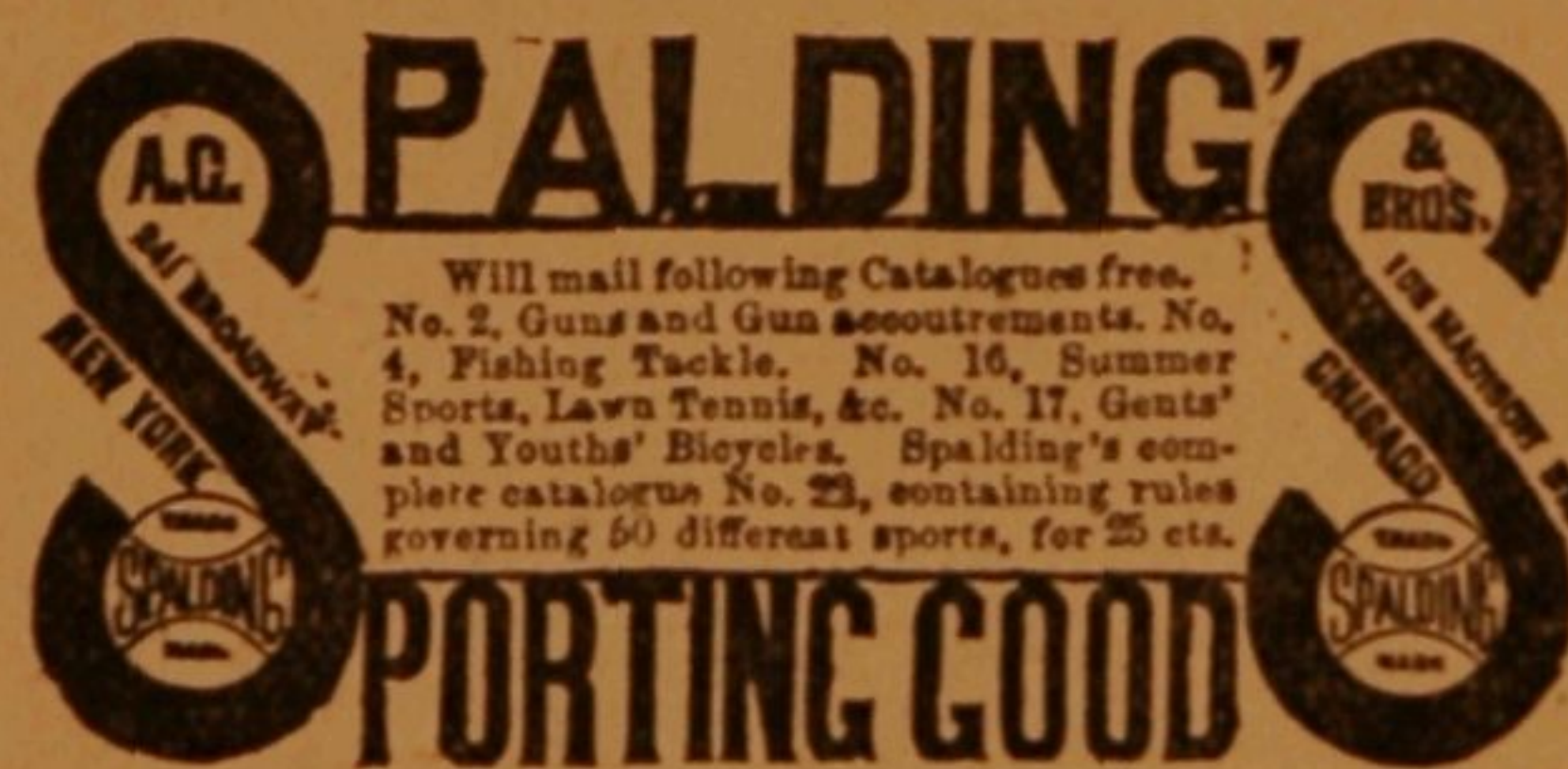
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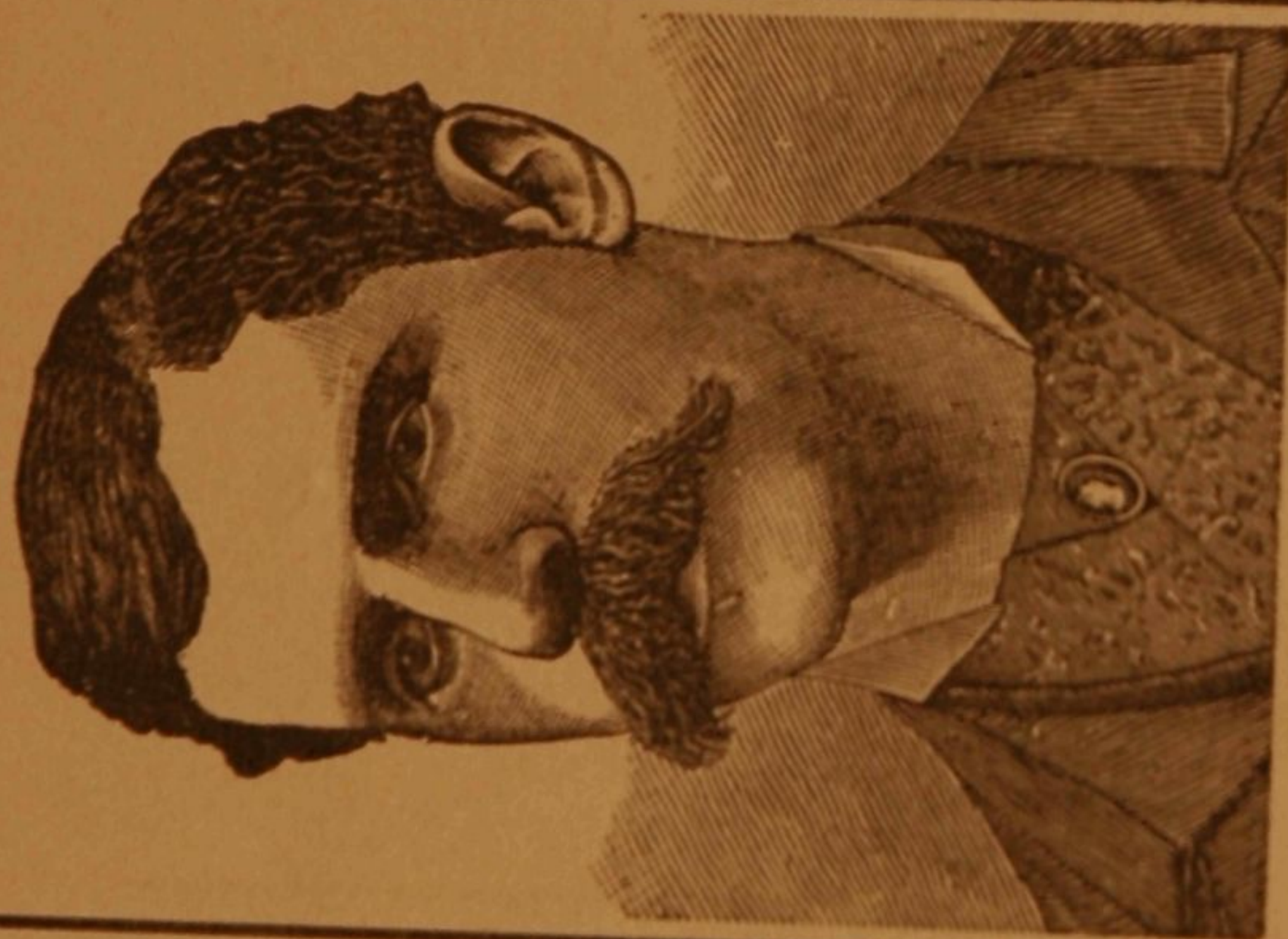
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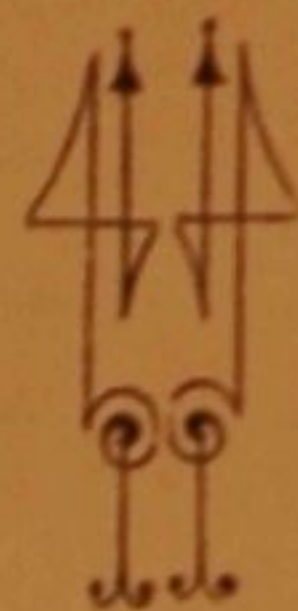
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