

C
ILGUPs
1893





To the Athletic Association,
the mind and muscle
of the University of Illinois,
that by its effort and perseverance
has won so many laurels for the
University, the Sophograph
of '93 is gladly dedicated.

ELECTRIC PRESS
OF
THE CHAMPAIGN COUNTY NEWS,
CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS,
1891.

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Volume X of the SOPHOGRAPH is, so far as we are concerned, a thing of the past. Our work is done and our reward, if such a thing there be for earnest effort, is waiting for us.

The preceding classes have rummaged the earth for new features until there is nothing left for us to do but follow in the beaten paths of others. We have tried to present nothing startling and if any such things should creep in it is purely accidental.

We present this volume with feelings of pleasure mingled with slight tinges of pain—pleasure in the thought that our labors are over and in the hope that it may find a welcome; pain that we have not been able to offer a better sample of the work of '93.

Our class has been true and loyal to us from first to last, aiding us in every way possible; and it is to this, and not to our puny efforts, that the SOPHOGRAPH owes whatever merits it may have.

We mourn that we have not the skill and ability that more advanced years and experience bring. Yet even in this we may serve others. Years hence, when we are quite forgotten, some struggling, drowning literary soul may open these lids and receive instruction so that he may shun the paths of failure which we have trod.

When the heavy hand of age is laid upon the members of '93, and some are not, some of us that are may turn these pages o'er and see the light of former days afresh and drink happiness from '93's brim-full sparkling goblet. If this can be we shall be content.

WILLIAM CARRICK,
Editor-in-Chief.

Sophograph Board.

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CLASS HISTORY.



WITH parting words of fortune and success
We bent our steps toward this sacred spot
Some months ago, from learning's cup to sip.
Strange and unknown we were to every one
Until we in one happy body met
To organize that great machine—our class.
How our young hearts did swell with con-
scious pride
When from the chapel rostrum 'twas an-
nounced
In deep stentorian tones, The Freshmen meet
Within the room above at three to-day.

With great eclat at the appointed time
The Freshmen gathered 'round the fast-shut door,
Each one as anxious as he well could be
To gain an entrance and an office too.
Many the factions were both wise and sly,
Each putting forth its most approved attempts
To place its favorite in the seat of power.
Long we debate and hot the speeches were
Till finally the vote was reckoned up
And Hattie Gaston chosen to preside,
With Grace Dickinson as our worthy scribe.
We left the meeting in a friendly mood,
Resolved that we our union would preserve
Though trouble and disaster should assail.
We studied hard through all the busy days
From early morn to the dead hours of night
Until Thanksgiving came to greet with cheer
Our weary hearts and tired intellects.
Then gathered 'round the table full of joy,
At our respective home or some one's else,

THE SOPHOGRAPH.

Our books took up and squandered time no more;
 And soon examinations came again
 When flowers of spring most fondly greeted us.
 Our minds were sick of care and busy toil;
 And so we romped o'er meadows to the green
 To see our gallant boys assault the ball.
 We crossed our bats with every other class,
 The Senior, Junior, Prep, each in his turn;
 But Eddie's curves and Slugger Pearson's stop
 Were far beyond the other players' skill
 And each one fell an easy victim to our team.
 Proud were we all, and well we might have been,
 Of our brave boys who carried off the palm.
 At last the sturdy Soph we had to meet.
 Great crowds assembled 'round the base ball ground
 To see the game that settled our career.
 Excitement ran extremely wild and high
 As '93 meandered to the field
 To face the champions of the year before.
 First one and then the other side did lead
 Till after many a hard and furious fight
 Proud '92 was seen to be ahead
 Though only by a score of six to four.
 Now as the term drew nearly to a close
 The Freshman once again took to his books
 For each day brought him nearer home again,
 And now his work was almost fully o'er.
 We scattered far and wide when June arrived
 With various plans in mind. Some spent their time
 In rest and travel; some at home; and some
 In earning money for the next year's work,
 So they might seek again stern wisdom's halls.

SECOND YEAR.

Again we turn our faces to the place
 We've learned to dearly love, but no more called
 Gay Freshmen, but wise Sophomores sedate.
 Once more we meet in spirited debate,
 And Ed Craig then is made our president.
 'Tis study hard and study constantly

CLASS HISTORY.

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With nothing to assist old time along,
Except some dismal hints from '94
About a cane rush or its counterpart.
But that soon died away, for '93
Took up the gauntlet when it was thrown down
And caused them to withdraw quite suddenly.
Well, since we could not fight for Freshmen canes
The thought occurred to have a cane ourselves.
Soon they were ordered, and with envious eyes
The other classes see us wear them round.
They do not dare attack us in a crowd,
But lie in wait for isolated Sophs
And swoop upon him like a Bedouin horde,
And lo! his precious cane has disappeared!
Some lose their treasured stick in battles fierce,
Some have them wrenched in twain by cruel hands,
But happily the most of them remain
A witness firm of Sophomoric strength.
The callow Freshmen soon their plans perfect
To hold a social in a hall down town,
But wily Sophomores bethink themselves
What fun 'twould be to circumvent these plans,
And fill the hall with odors rare and sweet,
Of benzyl bromine and of H_2S ,
And put a stop to frolic for a time.
The Freshmen with their lasses by their sides
Would come, look in, and quickly make retreat
Amid the cheers of scheming '93.
That sociable will long remember be,
For lasting odors clung to all their clothes.
Next morning '94 her colors wore
To prove her valor in a color rush.
Alas! how futile that we build our hopes
On mortal plans! From hall to hall we rushed,
Putting the coward Freshmen all to flight
And wearing off their colors. On the bulletin
Next day the fragments of our vanquished foes
Were seen. Some buttons, scraps of pantaloons,
Cuffs, collars, hair, neckties and strange debris,
A sight most horrible to look upon,

THE SOPHOGRAPH.

But long to be remembered by our foes.
 And now our time was given to other sports.
 We meet the classes on the foot ball field
 And beat them woefully, each in his turn,
 Until the pennant waved for '93.
 Nor were these all the victories we won.
 When cold November spread the earth with snow,
 In contest with the best his friends could do,
 With scarce an effort Locke bore off the palm
 And showed that Sophomores can well declaim.
 In oratory, too, no one need try
 To beat our boys; for Chambers proved to all
 With satisfaction that he was the best,
 While Carter took, with ease, the second place.
 Thus day by day we demonstrate the fact
 That we are champions of the Uni. field.
 Are champions? Alas! not always so.
 With Death no man can well contend.
 He knew full well where beat the bravest hearts
 And marked them for his own. We mourn
 Those two he bore away from earthly toil
 As brothers gone before, who wait for us
 On high, who still the mountain-side of life
 Must climb, before we reach their blest abode.
 'Twould be a pleasant task to him who writes
 These lines to follow '93 through all
 Her college course, and e'en through all her life,
 But time and space forbid, and were it done
 The SOPHOGRAPH still later than it is
 Would be in coming out.

But one word more
 And our *attempt* at poetry is done.
 When college life is o'er, and far and wide
 In distant lands we're seeking wealth or fame,
 An exquisite delight 'twill be to look
 Back to the happy days in college spent,
 Review their toils and sorrows once again,
 And give a rousing cheer for '93.

THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS.

THE University of Illinois is the outgrowth of a movement for the higher education of the industrial classes, begun in Illinois in 1851. The Congressional land grant for the founding of a University in this state amounted to 480,000 acres. The first Legislature that convened after the close of the Civil War passed an act for incorporating the Illinois Industrial University. The institution was then put up as a prize to be won by the highest bidder. In this, Champaign county was successful, making a bid of \$400,000. The first Board of Trustees, appointed by Governor Oglesby, met in the Representatives' hall at Springfield. They elected as Regent, Dr. John M. Gregory, formerly Superintendent of Public Instruction in the State of Michigan.

The University was chartered in February, 1867, and was first opened to students March 2, 1868. The number present during the first term was seventy-seven. The subjects taught were nearly the same as those now taught in the preparatory department. The instructors at that time were Dr. Gregory, Professors William M. Baker and George W. Atherton. Professor Baker died in 1873, while still in the service of the University. Professor Atherton soon resigned and afterwards became President of the Pennsylvania State College, which position he still holds. Although the University was opened in March, 1868, University work may properly be said to have begun in the following September. The faculty then consisted of Dr. Gregory, Regent, and Professors Burrill, Shattuck, Snyder, Bliss and Stewart. In January, 1870, Professor S. W. Robinson entered upon his duties as Professor of Mechanical Engineering.

The University enjoys the distinction of being the second institution in America to give machine instruction to her students. Instruction in wood-work was first given in her shops in 1871. N. C. Ricker was made Professor of Architecture in 1873. Elegant exhibits of the work done at the University have been made at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, in 1876, at the International Cotton Exposition in New Orleans, in 1884-5, at Springfield, at Chicago and various other places.

The Legislature of 1871 authorized the construction of the main University Building, which we now occupy. The cost of this building was to have been \$150,000, but only \$75,000 were appropriated. The amount necessary to complete the building was taken from the endowment and was never refunded by the State. The corner-stone was laid September 12, 1871, and the building was dedicated December 10, 1873. A machine shop and drill hall in one building were opened in September, 1871. The chemical laboratory, costing \$40,000, was dedicated at Commencement in 1878. At this Commencement degrees were

first conferred upon graduates. It will be remembered that the old University building was destroyed by a storm in 1880. The name of the University was changed in 1885, from the Illinois Industrial University to the University of Illinois. A new drill hall, 100 by 150 feet, was completed in 1890, at a cost of \$14,500. In addition there is a veterinary hall, an astronomical observatory, a green-house, besides numerous dwellings and barns.

Within the main University building are three museums, viz: The museum of zoology, of geology, and of the industrial arts. The library contains nearly 20,000 volumes, besides the leading American, English, French and German periodicals, devoted to science, literature and art. The State Laboratory of Natural History was transferred from Normal in 1885, and together with the zoological laboratory of the University and the office of the State Entomologist, may be found in the west division of the main building.

Students' government was organized in 1870. Although it had many commendable features, yet as a whole it could hardly be called a success. It was abandoned in 1883. The question of admitting women as students was agitated in 1869, and after much discussion they were admitted the following year. After serving the University faithfully for twelve long years—the most critical period in her history—Dr. Gregory resigned at Commencement in June, 1880, and Dr. Peabody, who had once been Professor of Mechanical Engineering, was appointed Regent.

Both the Philomathean and Adelpic literary societies were organized March 7, 1868. The Alethenai, the young ladies' literary society, was organized October 4, 1871. In 1890 the Blackstonian Society was organized. In addition, there is the Natural History Society, Civil Engineers' Club, Mechanical Engineers' Club, Architectural Club, Agricultural Club, Athletic Association, Young Men's Christian Association and Young Women's Christian Association. The class of '84 was the first to publish a SOPHOGRAPH. The *Illini* was first published in 1870.

In 1890 Captain Hazelton presented the University with a gold medal, to be annually contested for by members of the battalion, and to be awarded to him whom three competent judges should pronounce the best drilled contestant. By the terms of the gift, the successful contestant shall have the exclusive right of wearing the medal for one year, at the end of which time he shall return it to the proper authorities to be again contested for. The same year R. R. Conklin, banker, Kansas City, Mo., a graduate of the class of '80, bestowed on the University \$100 per annum, to be given in two prizes of \$60 and \$40, respectively, the prizes to be awarded to those members of the Junior class who shall write and deliver the best orations at the annual exercises of that class.

Additions to the faculty have been made from time to time, until now any one can find instruction in almost any study, and a more competent corps of instructors cannot be found in our land, than the faculty of the University of Illinois.

ROBERT E. McCLOY.

RAMBLES IN THE KASKASKIA BOTTOM.

THE booming of a bittern came drearily to my ears, as I sat in my camp one night, listening to the lonely echoes of the woods. The camp was situated on the banks of the Kaskaskia River, at the edge of a magnificent hickory and oak wood. It would have been difficult to find a more beautiful or convenient location for a camp, or one more inviting to the naturalist. The open space on which it was situated is about fifty feet above the waters of the river, and is flanked by massive hickory and oak timber.

I had come hither for the purpose of collecting insects for my own cabinet, as well as birds and other taxidermic specimens for the cabinet of my father.

The first night spent there was one never to be forgotten. The very stillness seemed oppressive; the intense and all surrounding darkness, the occasional boom of a bittern, or the mournful cry of a loon, coming from over the water, filled me with forboding fancies and with a sense of impending danger. Mosquitoes constantly troubled me; they seemed to come in myriads from the adjacent swamp. Sleep for me was impossible, and, to add to the discomfort, the rain commenced to fall in torrents. Altogether, with the streaming wet and the mosquitoes, it was one of the most uncomfortable nights I have ever passed.

As the day broke, the rain ceased, the mist cleared away, my spirits revived, and I forgot the discomfort of the night in admiration of the beauties of the river. After a hasty breakfast I went to my boat and rowed slowly up stream.

The banks of the Kaskaskia may safely be called a natural arboretum, for they contain a greater variety of trees and shrubs than other tracts of the same area.

When about a mile from camp I left the boat and walked along the sand-banks that extended several miles along the river. A king-fisher, which was apparently sitting on a projecting log, seeing my approach, suddenly darted across the river. The characteristic habit of these birds is to sit motionless watching for their prey, to dart after it and seize it on the wing, and return to their original position to swallow it.

As I wended my way slowly forward, a large lake suddenly burst upon my view. Here both wading and aquatic birds abounded. In some greatly tangled shrubbery I noticed a great disturbance among some small birds which were very numerous. On investigating I found the cause of the disturbance to be a small "horned owl" which was sitting in the shrubbery casting reproachful glances at the noisy little birds. On an adjacent tree I saw a large brown hawk apparently watching the thoughtless chirping birds, ready to pounce down when opportunity offered. The hawk sat motionless as a sphinx. The birds soon got over their scare and resumed their play or feeding. Then suddenly the hawk swooped down and imme-

diately arose with a small bird grasped in his strong talons. Its comrades were terror-stricken and dashed madly into the thickets.

On the lake I saw many wading birds, the most noticeable being four loons. These birds are very awkward on land but the contrary is true of them in water. They are noted for their ability in diving, being able to evade the shot from a gun by disappearing at the flash, and to swim for many fathoms under water.

On the wet, sandy banks of the river I found multitudes of butterflies that gathered in great masses on particular wet spots. They were chiefly the yellow cabbage butterflies. Papillionidæ also abounded, and on a favorable afternoon many different species might be taken at these spots.

I now began to retrace my steps, for the afternoon was waning, reaching home just before sunset. The sun went down, the cries of the birds resounded, and night soon shut me in, bringing with it the solemn silence of the forest. The night passed quietly. The next day broke in all its glory. The birds soon began to chant their morning song, and the hawks and kites soared above my head in search of food; on every bush insects spread their gauzy wings. The day being fine and clear, I chose the deepest part of the forest for observations.

I had been walking for half an hour with eye and ear both on the watch, and the finger on the trigger of my gun, without discovering the least evidence of life, when suddenly I heard a great chattering a short distance ahead. I immediately stepped behind a tree, on perceiving several squirrels playing in the branches of a large oak. I fired, killing one of them which proved to be a peculiar specimen. It was a "fox squirrel" with black head and black limbs.

While I stood there, admiring this beautiful specimen, my attention was suddenly attracted by a noise like that of a mallet striking the trunk of a tree. I at once recognized the large wood-pecker, sometimes called "Indian Hen." This bird is about the size of an ordinary pigeon. Its body is black, streaked with white, with a large red crest and brilliant yellow eyes. I followed the noise for some time, occasionally getting a glimpse of the winged workman, but failed to get within gun-shot.

The wood-pecker is a wonderful case of animal mechanism. With its wedge-shaped beak it easily rips up the bark under which its prey is found. Its tongue is well adapted to seize larvæ; and the stiff and elastic feathers of its tail afford it a very firm support in its search for food. Wood-peckers are abundant in nearly all portions of this country. They dig insects and their larvæ out of trees and are consequently beneficial to the agriculturalist and fruit grower. Their boring does not, as was formerly supposed, injure fruit trees, which may be riddled with holes without harmful results.

Under the fallen trees which were strewn about, I found the breeding places of multitudes of beetles, and made many good captures. But it was now nearly noon; the sun was high and hot, and the birds had mostly retired into the deepest shades for their mid-day siesta; so I concluded to return to camp.

I had just reached an open glade and was crossing it when I heard the peculiar

sound of an American cuckoo. I soon espied the bird which was very wild. As soon as I got within sight it would hide or dart away through the brushwood, and in a few minutes I would hear it cry again as if in mockery of my pursuit, but I finally got a shot and found it a beautiful specimen of the "yellow-billed cuckoo." This is a well known inhabitant of our streets and parks as well as the forest. It is noted for its loud jerky cries, which it is supposed to utter most frequently in falling weather, whence the popular name "rain crow."

As one may carry his observations almost indefinitely, so I might carry my narrative through a volume without having told all concerning my few days "outing." But, lest I become tedious, I bring my narrative to a close. Suffice it to say that I returned home the next day well satisfied with my trip, having derived from it both pleasure and profit.

PHILIP M. HUCKE.

IN the third month and on the fourth day of the month behold a Freshman stood up in the assembly of the dwarfs of '94 and proclaimed with a loud voice saying, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, the Sophomores have no valiant men of war in their camp that can fight their battles upon the foot ball ground against us. Let us arise and make war against the wicked Sophomores, for did they not shake canes under our noses? And did we not fear to go out against them in a cane rush? Did they not make us sore afraid when we talked among ourselves of feasting and making merry? When the day of feast was fully come did they not boil bitter herbs all the day? Verily they did put incense in the censer and did fill our place for merry making with sweet perfume. Did they not pour oil of sadness upon the floor so that we could not abide there? Did they not steal our yellow and white sackcloth and deck themselves out in our habiliments when the sun was up next day? And were we not too weak to go out in battle against them and take from them our possessions? But behold they are not cunning and are not skilled in foot ball warfare and we can drive them back to the going down of the sun." And when the Freshman had seated himself the rest of the dwarfs gave a great shout.

Now arose another and said: "We will fight these wicked men; and Williams, the son of Williams, shall lead us." Behold it pleased the king and the decree went forth.

Behold in a few days it came to pass that the Sophomores heard of the ways of the dwarfs and sent messengers unto them saying: "Know ye not that we have ever spoiled your houses and laid waist your pleasant places? Come not up against us." But the dwarfs arrayed themselves against the Sophomores in battle and fought until the evening was come and prevailed not, for the mighty warriors of the Sophomores were too strong for them. And behold when the night was come the dwarfs fled every man to his own place and did sit in sackcloth and ashes and cried saying: "Woe! woe! woe!"

NATURAL HISTORY AND AGRICULTURE.

"ALL THESE AND MORE CAME FLOCKING."

- F. BROWN:
"I am constant as the northern star."
- A. L. WILKINSON:
"He seemed all perfect, finished to the fingertips."
- H. JOHNSTON:
"Aye, but he can smite the top of the ball,
Jerry."
- P. M. HUCKE:
"Dwells my soul in secret hour,
With music sweet as love which overflows my
Bower."
- W. S. MCGEE:
"This could be moved to smile at anything."
- W. J. GRAHAM:
"O son, thou hast not true humility,
The highest virtue of them all."
- HATTIE GASTON:
"I am constant as the northern star."
- G. C. CONE:
"It beggars description."
- O. P. CHESTER:
"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"
- C. W. CARTER:
"That clear-featured face was lovely."
- W. C. TACKETT:
"High, cold, self-contained, and passionless."
- L. McMAINS:
"Dull and self-involved,
Tall and erect, but bending from his height,
With half allowing smiles for all the world,
And mighty courteous in the main."
- H. F. ANDREWS:
"Oh, heed! How wise he is."
- J. Y. SHAMEL:
"For I am the only one of my friends that I can
rely upon."
- W. D. GIBBS:
"For the present world and the world to come
Was a string of eels and a jug of rum."
- O. E. YOUNG:
"Suffused with blushes."
- D. H. ALLAIN:
"Uncertain, coy, and hard to please."
- F. GULICK:
"I have sworn to be a bachelor,
Ann has sworn to be a maid;
For we quite agreed in doubting
Whether matrimony paid."
- R. W. SHARPE:
"I dare compete with Gabriel as a blower of
the horn."
- L. T. GRAHAM:
"Oh, Lord, how lazy!"
- R. D. COFFMAN:
"We are not angels here, nor shall be."
- K. TOMINAGA:
"While he talks he is great."
- H. H. BRANCHER:
"Does he not hold up his head, as it were, and
strut in his gait?"
- H. O. WOODWORTH:
"Oh, how I long for a female kiss!"
- W. H. BALDWIN:
"He was not yet in love, but very near it."
- W. F. LODGE:
"Struck blind with beauty,
Shot with a woman's smile."
- E. C. TROLL:
"You may break, you may shatter the vase if
you will,
The scent of the roses will hang around it
still."
- MRS. ANGIE RITTER:
"Blessed with each talent and each art to
please."
- MRS. C. A. HARVEY:
"Methinks that there abides in thee some con-
cord with humanity."
- F. U. DAUGHMER:
"A loyal, just and upright gentleman."



NATURAL
HISTORY
AND
AGRICULTURE

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THE DECLINE OF ROYALTY.



ALL THINGS are perishable. The same forces which build, also destroy. The existence of anything may be summed up in few words, rise and fall, life and death. The rocky crag which has felt the storms of ages beating against its rough sides, and the proudest forest king, must crumble at length to the dust from which they sprang.

An infinite Deity has created an infinite universe. Finite man a finite universe—a universe filled with petty worlds, each with its central attractive body, about which it circles as the years go by. The same fixed and incomprehensible laws which rule the myriad works of nature, rule the works of man. Customs, habits, laws, all are crumbling in the very places whence they took their being—crumbling swiftly and

falling away as silently as melts the pale winding-sheet of snow before the splendid herald of the new season.

Man, as a rule, is pleased with anything unusual. Within the last year the attention of the civilized world has been drawn to an event which will stand in history as one of those great social revolutions which mark an era in the progress of man; an event which, for the shrewd statesmanship exhibited and for the peaceful attainment of great ends, has never had an equal. Brazil, the only country on the west of the Atlantic over which a King ruled, burst the bonds which held her political being, and, casting aside the hated insignia of royalty, stepped forward and took her place among the great Republics of the world. No demoniac hiss of an assassin's bullet is heard. No motley troop of insurgents is seen. No bloody battle fields nor crimsoned scenes of carnage. No burning town nor blighted homes. But one blow was given, and that as sure and as swift as the lightning's stroke. One day Dom Pedro gazed with proud eyes upon a prosperous land, and knew that it was his to sway the regal sceptre over that land; the next he was an honored outcast, a man among men. And as Dom Pedro turned his regretful eyes for one last look at the land which had rejected him, I have no doubt the breakers, as they dashed their foam-capped heads against the gravelly strands of old Brazil, sounded in his ears a mournful cadence, the requiem of his vanished power. Who can tell what thoughts filled his mind? What are the thoughts of a man, when he sees the