

To J. V. SCHAEFER,

WHO BY HIS EARNEST, FAITHFUL LABOR HAS

won Honors for Himself and the University,

AND WHO BY HIS MODESTY HAS

Gained the Love and Respect

OF HIS

Instructors and Fellow Students,

THE SOPHOGRAPH

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.



## Board of Editors.

---

Editor-in-Chief.....T. A. CLARK  
 Business Manager.....JOHN B. TSCHARNER  
 Class Artists..... { EDITH A. SHATTUCK  
                               G. A. HANSSEN

### ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

NELLIE MAXWELL,                      MAGGIE WESTON,  
 A. S. CHAPMAN,            J. M. WHITE,              W. B. MCINTYRE.



## Introduction.

---

THE SOPHOGRAPH, by many excellent features, has fairly won the favor with which it has been received in the past, and proved its right to exist. We present No. VII. to the generous public without apology or excuse for its appearance. The novice has many difficulties to encounter in his attempts at journalism, and even the publication of the Sophograph has not been devoid of its embarrassing circumstances. We can appear but once; our salutatory and farewell both are found in the same number, and, if we are not successful in making a good impression, our one opportunity, like Othello's occupation, is gone, for we have no chance to profit from our mistakes. It is important, then, that we give our efforts most careful thought, and this, while in the midst of school duties.

We have introduced no new nor startling features; but have endeavored to instruct without becoming dull, and to amuse without being silly. We have not pandered to the popular taste unless by inserting the usual number of columns of the time-honored doggerel poetry. In omitting to intersperse the advertisements with occasional appropriate mottos, it is not implied that we are displeased with the idea, but because we do not possess the necessary mottos.

A feeling of entire satisfaction over work done is never an indication of future progress. We realize how imperfect our work is and regret that it is not more creditable. However, we have endeavored to make the Sophograph what it was originally intended to be—a faithful representative of the sophomore class. Having tried to show no partiality toward any class or society—but to present something of interest to all.

“Therefore, we hope as no unwelcome guest,  
At your warm fireside, when your lamps are lighted,  
To have our place reserved among the rest,  
Nor stand as one unsought or uninvited.”



## THE MODERN HOUSE FOR TWO.

WHILE sorting some letters one day, I found the following from my cousin. I remember having received it just after I became the proud possessor of a shingle with my name and the word "Architect" thereon. The letter read:—

MY VERY DEAR COUSIN:—I am so happy. You know when I married Mark, Uncle Seth was very angry, and did not give me the least mite of a present; but, he said, that if we could take care of ourselves till Mark had a call to preach, I should then have one. I have so much to say I hardly know how to begin, but Mark has received a call to Fairview, and is to have eight hundred dollars a year. Now, for the climax: What does dear, old, generous, Uncle Seth do, when he hears about it, but make me a present of your old home and one thousand dollars. Oh, I feel so rich! I hope you'll feel so some day. I want to remodel the house with this money and of course I can't spend any on architects, so I want you to make the drawings, for neither Mark nor I have any idea how to go to work to do it. I can tell what I want, but I can't put it together. I shall know when it is finished whether I think it pretty or not, but you see I am going to put my trust in you. Make it as large as you can, for our county paper says we are bound to have a railroad here next year, and that in five years we shall have a population of

five thousand. Of course, we shall prosper with the town, so make it as big as you can. I want plenty of closets; I shudder when I think of my tussle with trunks,—and a china closet, (my wedding presents have been packed in boxes all this time.) Mark, of course, needs a study and a reception room, and I want one elegant mantel. I do not know that I need write further, for you know the things that are indispensable to a home. Of course, you'll put on a porch and a bay window or so, and I should like a tower, for it would make the house look so distinguished. I am sure I have allowed you all the liberty you can desire, and you can plan a room for yourself and we'll give you possession when you can come to see us. Please hurry, for I can hardly wait.

Your loving and expectant cousin,

JULIA.

Well I knew the old house with its low projecting eaves and long porch, but unfortunately, "There is no architect can build as the muse can," and one thousand dollars would not modernize that house. However, I managed to alter it for Julia in a manner which time has proved satisfactory. We could not change its identity, and the memories it revives are pleasanter than if we could have transformed it into a castle. They are now living in a handsome house which I have just built for them, with all the conveniences and adornments she asked for in the letter, and many more besides. The town of Fairview has indeed flourished, and Julia and Mark with it, but the old home which was her wedding present still stands, a happy reminder of my younger days and Julia's early married life.

Many differences occurred to me between it and the dwelling with which a newly married couple of to-day would be satisfied. Instead of the large roomy kitchen



with ears of seed corn hanging from the unplastered oak joists, and the poetic fire-place with its cranes and kettles, we have a small room whose chimney would hardly suggest a fire-place, or is wanting altogether. The cooking is done on gas or gasoline stoves, and the only thought seems to get all into the smallest possible space. The other rooms are certainly more comfortable and handsome. The soft rugs, rich hangings, handsome woodwork and delicate wall designs, all show the advancement of culture and an appreciation of the beauty of art and design. As in observing nature, pleasure is found in her continual changes, so, in works of art, we are constantly charmed with the grace and beauty of designs whose true value we only observe by constant association.

" Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her ; 'tis her privilege,  
Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
From joy to joy ;—"

The ideal house is decorated in a style of which we never tire. Art is in no way amenable to fashion; its laws are permanent; that which is good to-day is good to-morrow.

The grand stair-cases, with gracefully turned balusters and newels, are a handsome addition to modern decoration, and the old tread-mill box-stairs have been supplanted by graceful open stairs, whose ease and beauty are much to be admired. We are ushered into elegantly furnished rooms, and offered seats in luxurious chairs. We seat ourselves and think of the armchairs our grandfathers used to make by sawing a quarter out of a barrel, putting a bottom in it, and then upholstering over all. It is well enough to have mechanics in the house, but when it comes to genuine comfort it takes money to get it. Much of modern furniture, however, is thin and shoddy and Dickens' description of the Veneering family,—"They smelt too much of the workshop and their surface was a trifle sticky," might well apply to much of it. A home genius may decorate a wall with a frieze of postage stamps, but it requires a professional to obtain harmony of pattern and color for ceiling, walls and floor.

Engravings and paintings now hang in place of the antlers, rifle and powder horn; for nothing appears richer than a wall of some single color adorned with pictures and works of art.

Hard wood finish, which is now so deservedly popular, will remain in use until its scarcity places it beyond the reach of builders, and a mahogany stair-case, with a hall chair of Spanish leather and mahogany, are the most fashionable of a modern mansion. Oak is used everywhere except in drawing-rooms, and butternut and maple are used for bedrooms. In old houses we might have found valuable woods, but they were used only for their strength, and it was rare that polished walnut met the eye.

The exteriors of dwellings have also been made more attractive, and the Queen Anne style for small dwellings has become quite prominent. The long, low, log houses, with plain gables and extensive porches, are found only in old pictures of landscapes and in sparsely inhabited places.

The manufacture of new building materials has added much to the æsthetics of architecture, and tile decorations on a pressed brick front make, with the exception of stone, the most modern building. When the first settlements were made in this country, a man could, with an axe and a saw, build for himself a wooden house; but now we must bolt the doors and put shutters on the windows, for it is

" The robbers simple plan  
That he should take who has the power,  
And he should keep who can."

The old watch dog has no longer a place in the family circle. The lightning-rod agent still lives, and it is policy to have a rod on the house to keep him away.

There are many things conducive to health and pleasure of which our forefathers knew nothing, which are now necessary adjuncts to homes. If you would possess these, engage an architect to build your house for you, and many are the conveniences he will think of which you would have omitted, and great will be your pride in the beauty of his design.



## THE COLLEGE BOY.

Here's to the lad of modest worth  
Esteemed most at his native hearth,  
Whose forward look and firm intent  
On culture of his mind are bent.

He leaves the cot of mem'ries dear,  
And unseen, drops a silent tear;  
Exiles himself from home and friends,  
For furth'rance of his cherished ends.

Threadbare may be the coat he wears  
Perhaps his own meals he prepares  
Cheerless the place he calls his home—  
'Twill brighter look in years to come.

So to attain this one desire  
And kindle bright the living fire  
Does anything within his reach  
Will chore or tinker, write or teach.

What if trials round him gather?  
What cares he for wind or weather?  
He little wiser e'er has grown  
Who never has misfortune known.

Always appears that line sublime;  
"Not failure, but low aim is crime,"  
With Hope his star and Faith his guide  
All obstacles he'll override.

His aim—to make himself a man—  
This he may do if others can,  
Knows well the value of his work,  
And that it never pays to shirk.

Thus, step by step, he fights his way,  
With cheerful spirit wins the day;  
And when at last his course is done,  
The struggle o'er, the honors won,

With pride he views the ordeal past  
The discipline that e'er shall last,  
The knowledge gained, the powers made known,  
He's master of himself alone.

Now he assumes a higher station,  
Since he has earned his education.

## THE COLLEGE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

A BUSINESS MAN, glancing over the columns of his favorite daily and sipping his morning coffee, seldom reflects that the sheet before him is a product of the highest degree of civilization and the out-growth of the complex demands of modern society. The public wishes to learn the history of the world for twenty-four hours in as many minutes, and the fruit of that demand is the daily newspaper.

The nature of news, accuracy of reports, and merit of editorials require for their preparation business ability, sound judgment, and a trained mind. As the college is concerned only in the last, the value of a disciplined intellect shall be herein most fully considered. In other words, it is the purpose of the writer to discuss the true province of colleges in the training of city newspaper men, for in the metropolitan journalist is found the master in the profession. In the outset it should be clearly understood that the qualifications of a successful journalist are so various and even antagonistic that all college learning is only a preparation for his duties, and that journalism proper must be learned in a newspaper office.

The first and indispensable requisite of a successful journalist is known professionally as a "nose for news." It is a natural gift, which may by cultivation be raised almost to the rank of a sixth sense, for the true reporter scents an item much as a bird-dog scents his game. But other qualifications are necessary to the most complete success and one of the most desirable is a college education. The drill, which it affords in English composition and discrimination in the use of language enable the news-writer to raise his work from the low level of petty



personalities and barren facts to that of an accurate and interesting chronicle of current events. The benefits of the much abused classics are particularly evident in this connection. It is not meant that the writer shall embellish his production with classical imagery, but that the possessor of a refined and cultivated taste is but little tempted to employ the worn platitudes of penny-a-liners, or the complacent vulgarisms of the horse reporter, for plain, clear Anglo-Saxon is nowhere more desirable. A reporter, who states that, "The humble but respectable domicile of Patrick Muldoon, an honest and respectable citizen of Hibernian extraction, in spite of the herculean efforts of the heroic fire department, was consumed at midnight in a wild revel of the fire fiend; while the agonized mother and weeping children beheld with streaming eyes, the clouds of Plutonic vapor, which rolled from the smouldering ruins of their once felicitous abode," will probably find his effusion "killed" by the city editor's blue pencil, and something like the following substituted: "The frame shanty occupied by Pat Muldoon, a coal-heaver, was burned at twelve o'clock. Loss \$75."

The advantages to the journalist of a familiarity with literature, particularly in the departments of history and political economy can hardly be over estimated. The writer is placed upon a height, as it were, from which the movements and interests of humanity may be observed without the distortions of prejudice and circumstance. Broad and philosophical knowledge seldom fails to lift the writer above the confusing influences of faction and party and to immeasurably enlarge his mental horizon. The problems with which the editor must grapple are so complex and so grave, that he needs every possible light upon the motives and actions of men, for he is not only expected to present an issue in its true light, free from the distortion of party and prejudice, but also to propose a practicable solution of the question. He needs not so much a mass of historical facts as the lessons which they teach, therefore the value of a minute knowledge of ancient history is doubtful but the desirability of an acquaintance with that of England and the continental na-

tions can not be gainsaid, for in them are found the sources of American history. Foreign news is an important feature of newspapers, and historical knowledge is essential to a correct understanding of the intricacies of European politics.

Thus far discussion has been confined to the reporter and "all round journalist." The minute division of labor prevailing in city offices gives rise to the intermediate class of special writers, to whom are intrusted social, dramatic, literary and scientific matters and topics of general interest. They, collectively, require a knowledge of men and affairs, and something of a literary and artistic education. The special writer ranks above the reporter and below the "leader" or editorial writer, who occupies a leading position upon the staff and is frequently editor-in-chief. It falls to the editorial writer to discuss political, economic, and financial questions and to apply to them the principles of political economy. He must combine the erudition of the scholar with the judgment of the business man, and knowledge of men and the world are no less essential to him than learning and sound thought. The lawyer's habit of analysis, of viewing an argument in every light, and a broad and liberal sympathy are qualities of the ideal journalist, which are cultivated if not acquired by the studies sometimes called "the humanities," while the student's discipline of close and protracted thought can not fail to aid in the solution of the weighty problems which await the editor's consideration. How many schemes of government and finance have been weighed in the balance of history and found wanting! Since the newspaper occupies the position of a teacher to the many men, who have either not the time or not the ability to instruct themselves, and who receive their opinions ready-made from their favorite journals, the quality of the opinion furnished becomes a grave consideration to the interests of society. It is also true that editorial standards are rapidly and surely rising and herein the college influence is two-fold; its elevation of public taste and intelligence requires the existence of the professional journalists, whom it has assisted in prepar-



ing for their duties, since an intelligent public demands a corresponding degree of editorial ability. An important editorial function is the digestion and condensation of current thought and investigation for the convenience of busy men. Since the success or failure of a new book or periodical depends, to a great extent, upon the verdicts of newspaper critics, the value of a competent critic is apparent.

Universal applications of science to all arts and industries make a considerable degree of scientific knowledge necessary to a correct understanding of industrial interests, and this is most easily and satisfactorily obtained by means of a college course. It often happens that the journalist must thoroughly study the methods of some branch of industry, in which pursuit he is seriously handicapped by meagre scientific attainments. Reporters are frequently exposed to ridicule by their bungling reports of scientific meetings and investigations, while their comprehension of new inventions and manufacturing processes is greatly enhanced by some amount of scientific education. The analytical habit has already been noticed, while the scientist's discipline of close and accurate observation can not fail to be of the greatest value to a writer for the public press.

The more palpable advantages of a liberal education to a writer in the various departments of journalism have been discussed somewhat in detail; it now remains to consider the indirect and general benefits accruing from its possession. First and foremost in importance to the press and to society is the power of a trained and disciplined intellect, and it is perhaps the most important service which the college renders to the profession, greater in its effects than the possession of knowledge itself. Accessibility to all sources of information, which is gained by a familiarity with literature is an important instrument of a writer's equipment, for knowing where to find a fact is second only in value to knowing the fact itself. Culture and polish resulting from the society of educated people, with whom the student commonly mingles, is an element of education which is of permanent value. The more elevated standard of success, which is com-

monly a result of education and the scholar's habits of rigid self discipline are qualifications which are manifestly too valuable to be overlooked, while the influence of men of lofty, if practical, aims is one great end, which is sought by individuals and by states in their endowments of colleges and universities. Every argument for a liberal education as an element of professional training will apply with the greater effect to the profession of journalism, for probably no other now wields an influence so wide and so commanding. Practical men of good education are always welcome recruits to the ranks of the profession; but many of its most brilliant members have been self-made men. A certain degree of knowledge and training are essential to success, and when self instruction is relied upon, it is probable that the exigencies of business will leave neither time nor opportunity for self-improvement. The verdicts of the most successful newspaper men is that a college education is "valuable but not indispensable."

The benefits of a college training have been somewhat fully treated; an impartial discussion of the subject requires that its deficiencies and positive disadvantages be noticed. The common complaint against the college man is that he is not practical and that he expects quick and easy success in professional life. He has not mixed with the world at an age when business habits are commonly learned, and must begin his practical education after his name has been adorned with B. A. or B. L., while the graduate has acquired a refined and cultured taste without having the immediate means for its gratification. He has lived in the comparative seclusion and isolation of college life at a plastic age, and shrinks from the rude knocks which he encounters in the cold, unfeeling world. But failure is generally attributable to the man himself, and is made only more conspicuous by the advantages which he has enjoyed. An honest comparison will show that a college education or its equivalent, combined with ability, industry and character seldom fails to command success in the journalistic field.

This paper would be incomplete without notice of the so-called practical education at the printer's case, which



has graduated so many brilliant and successful journalists. Editorial and business management of city dailies are so completely disconnected that practical printers are more rare among metropolitan journalists than in the smaller cities and towns. Generally speaking, the education of the case contributes more to the financial than to the editorial success of a newspaper, and is more necessary to the country than to the city editor, for the former generally attends to both editorial and business departments. An intelligent printer becomes so thoroughly acquainted with the details of the newspaper business that he can frequently conduct a profitable business without having the ability possessed by his city brethren. But the era of professional journalism is fast dawning, and the men who have risen from the case are becoming more and more rare.

College journalism affords a field of labor which is improved by many students, not a few of whom find in it a foretaste of their life work. There is but little in common between the management of a college paper and of a great daily, but the former may serve to direct a student's attention to a congenial employment and thus subserve a useful end. The college paper certainly gives an opportunity for literary drill which would otherwise not be enjoyed and will certainly be of value to its possessor.

A new educational feature is the "college of journalism" which some of the older universities are attempting to establish. It is the fashion among newspaper men to sneer at the innovation; but no less an authority than Joseph Pulitzer, of the New York World, has stated that it can be made valuable if rightly conducted. However, editorial ability depends so largely upon good judgment and business experience, that it is doubtful whether more than a preparation can ever be given in any school.

Journalism as a profession is yet in its infancy, and it is not easy to predict what will be the status of the calling, when it shall be as carefully prepared for as are the professions of law and medicine. The press has already become a mighty power in the land, and is now attracting the attention of hundreds of young men who

ask vainly for admission to the larger offices. It is seldom that a candidate can receive good pay for his first efforts, and he must generally be content to work in an office for little or nothing till his services are worthy of receiving compensation. If he has the necessary qualifications he need not work in vain, for the present is said to be the "golden age of journalism" and one who can write what the public is eager to read can command almost his own price. It is a profession which offers honor and substantial rewards to able and industrious men and will soon share with law and medicine, the attention of aspirants for professional honors and emoluments.

---

### ODE TO THE BULLETIN-BOARD.

---

Thou venerable monarch, proclaimer of news,  
We envy thy lot to inform and amuse.

Great Volumes of facts in thine archives are kept;  
For well hast thou labored, and ne'er hast thou slept.

And still dost thou order, entreat, and proclaim,  
As if all the world at thy feet did'st remain.

But, time with its wheels on thy face doth appear,  
And thou soon must close thine *eventful* career.

---

### FRIENDSHIP.

As over the rough and barren ground  
Softly falls the beautiful snow,  
So friendship falls on the saddened heart  
Comforting all its woe.



## A PREP'S DIARY.

[The following extracts are taken verbatim from a diary which one of the preps kindly offered for our consideration.]

*September 12.*—Got here last night. I guess I must be of some importance for about eleven or nine fellows were at the train to urge me to go home with them. Went with a fellow by the name of Chapman, who nearly talked me to death.

*Sept. 14.*—Handed in an old teacher's certificate of my sister's, after changing initials, and so don't have to take the examinations. Pretty good scheme. Went down town and bought a new uniform cap, and I think it is quite becoming. Stopped at the drill hall, but found the door locked. I wonder when I can drill. I guess I will take military.

*Sept. 16.*—See a fellow riding around the University on a bicycle every morning. He seems to be very much pleased with the machine, and I guess he hasn't had it long and wants to show it. I see another fellow who looks "down in the mouth." The boys call him Storer, and say his girl didn't come back, and that he intends to be a *Bachelor*.

*Sept. 18.*—Wore my new cap to church.

*Sept. 19.*—Drilled to-day; had the exercises; two suspender buttons gone.

*Sept. 20.*—Thought the railing in the library is to sit on; found out it isn't. I don't understand what they mean by "demerits," but I've got 20. A fellow asked me to-day if I was a junior—gave him a quarter.

*Sept. 23.*—Went to society sociable. Got introduced to

one girl. I asked her if she drilled, couldn't think of anything else. Another fellow came along after a while and took her away, so a lot of us sat around the walls the rest of



the evening watching the others dance. I wonder why they call them sociables? I'd call them walking matches.

*Sept. 26.*—The band practices every morning as we go into chapel. It's awful hard on a man's nerves. Lost a nickel today matching pennies with Caesar. It's wicked to gamble so I'm going to stop. Met a young lady this morning with two pets following her—a goat and a man.

*Sept. 29.*—Forgot to go to chapel last Thursday, and had to squad. The other suspender buttons gone.

*October 3.*—Senior plugs come !! I hope I'll be a senior next year. I wonder who that red-headed fellow in Co. A is who always reads the Testament in the wrong place in chapel.



Oct. 5.—Am learning to shoot tooth-picks during recitation. I always applaud loudly in chapel whenever anything unusual happens; am thinking seriously of starting a moustache.

Oct. 7.—Hurrah for Schaefer! "He's all right." My throat's hoarse with yelling. We got there anyway.

Oct. 10.—I hear that Mitchell is becoming quite attentive to the girls.

Oct. 13.—Fire at the eastside high-school last night. We had a big time. Roberts and Petty took part in the fun. Roberts was heard to ask if the third room was safe.

Oct. 14.—Went to Alethenai and Philo societies. A dog which seemed to take great interest in the literary program was also present. Sargeant-at-arms showed him to the door in a very pleasing manner.

Oct. 15.—Heard to-day of the Sophograph board. Don't know what that is, but guess it must be something used by the architectural students.

Oct. 20.—It is rumored that Bowditch is becoming frivolous, and actually goes with the girls. There's a fellow in Co. A who acts fearfully cross in chapel. He has black burnsides, and I don't believe he wants any one to sit beside him. I wish I could get a new uniform.

Oct. 25.—The seniors seem to have some kind of "spells." They can't walk in a straight line, and can't sit still in chapel. I wonder if I'll get 'em?

Oct. 27.—I hear that Snyder's budding affections are being trifled with by a young lady. Saw him smile at some girl and blush in chapel this morning, so I fear it's true.

Oct. 28.—We were told in chapel this morning not to tear things up next Monday night. I never knew they did such things on Hallowe'en, but guess I'll have to try it to see how it goes.

November 1.—Had a time last night. Turned some sidewalks over so they could dry on the under side. Under-

stand there were some parties out in the country.

Nov. 5.—Don't know exactly how much authority the military men have, but I think from the important air of the adjutant it is about the same as that of president of the United States. I wish I was a military man.

Nov. 7.—The captains' uniforms have come. Saw our captain admiring himself in the mirror under the stairway.

Nov. 10.—Hear the freshmen are going to have a sociable. I don't see why we can't have one too. I hear that the sophs are offering to help in the entertainment.

Nov. 12.—A book agent was around the University to-day. Heard a man tell him that Hervey Parker has had lots of experience in canvassing.



Nov. 13.—We've got the guns now to drill with. It isn't half so easy as it looks. I do not exhibit the easy grace I thought I should.

Nov. 15.—First senior oration. The young man did well, though I think I could have improved it some if I had been giving the same myself.

Nov. 16.—Band played a new tune this morning!

Nov. 18.—Philo declamation contest. Sophs came out ahead this evening.



Nov. 22.—I understand that after Jan. 1 the town cow will no more roam at the dictates of her own sweet will. Great demonstration among the students.

Nov. 24.—Most of the boys went home for Thanksgiving, but I stayed to attend a matinee in the form of a taffy pull. Found taffy on various parts of my clothing the next day. I am a decided success as a taffy-puller.

Nov. 30.—Great excitement in the library. I think there must be a horse race or something else coming off soon.

December 2.—Alethenai contest. Boyd went over to west side. That wasn't a horse race the boys were discussing in the library. As I was going to the contest met an individual who had evidently slipped into the mud. It was only by means of his luxuriant moustache and the method of attachment of his rubbers that I recognized him as the editor-in-chief of *The Illini*.

Dec. 7.—Hear complaints among the preps because they were not represented upon the committee appointed today.

Dec. 8.—Band played two tunes at the same time this morning. Rather novel feature.

Dec. 9.—Adelphic contest, a startlingly new piece in a strictly original manner by Chapman. Adelphic president made a very neat speech at close. Didn't show the least embarrassment. Mr. Bush there.

Dec. 11.—I hear from pretty good authority that Beckwith was offered company to the contest but for some reason declined.

Dec. 13.—Am studying pretty hard now because its so close to examinations.

Dec. 15.—Got my new suit, and had my picture taken. I am going to wear it (the suit, not the picture) home next week. I wonder what my girl at home will say when she sees how much I have improved. I haven't made a success of the moustache yet, but I can raise burnsides.

Dec. 21.—Examinations over. Don't think I flunked more than once. Going home to-night. No more study for two weeks. Hurrah!!!

## INK-STAND PORTRAITS.

Crabbs: "Nature formed but one such man."—*Byron*.

Clarkson: "I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes."—*Shakspeare*.

Sprague: "Little said is soonest mended."—*Withers*.

Parker, H. E.: "An infinite deal of nothing."—*Shakspeare*.

Shattuck, Miss: "He is a fool who thinks by force or skill  
To turn the current of a woman's will."

—*Tuke*.

Lewis, J. L.: "The man that blushes."—*Young*.

Bunton: "Diseased nature sometimes breaks forth in  
strange eruptions."—*Shakspeare*.

Weston, Miss: "Her voice was ever soft,  
Gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman."

—*Shakspeare*.

Thomas: "The real simon pure."—*Centloive*.

Tresise: "As headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the  
Nile."—*Sheridan*.

Bawden: "Words are women; deeds are men."—*Herbert*.

Barr: "An eye like Mars, to threaten or command."

*Shakspeare*.

Hanssen: "Beggared all description."—*Shakspeare*.

Tscharner: "Amorous and fond and billing."—*Butler*.

Moss, Miss: "She is a woman, therefore to be won."

*Shakspeare*.

Clinton: "Hard is the fate of him who loves."—*Thomas*.

Stevens: "Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."



## A PAGE FROM THE HISTORY OF MEXICO.

MEXICO has been too much and too unfairly derided by the world for her misfortunes, and it has grown into a custom to paint her as writhing hopelessly under incurable political and social miseries and to contrast her woes with the happiness of this republic without studying their causes, without remembering that the young republic of Mexico was born under circumstances essentially different from those which ushered this great republic of the north into national existence. While the latter was born under the advancing sun of modern civilization, the former was the child of that chaotic fifteenth century darkness, which found its western focus in the valley of Anahuac. While the heritage of the one was peace, liberty and the suffrage, the heritage of the other was fratricidal war, political chaos and class bigotry, and to shake herself from this terrible heritage Mexico had to struggle for more than half a century. To conceive to the full extent the entailed woes and inherited evils from which the Mexicans had to free their republic from the first hour of its inception in 1810 to the last battle in November, 1876, when Diaz proclaimed the freedom of election. I will try to give a short sketch of the history and point out minutely the scars inflicted upon the country by the rule of Spain. When in 1808 news reached Mexico that Ferdinand had been deposed by Napoleon from the throne of Spain, the political organization became very unsettled. Ferdinand sent word to transfer their allegiance to

France. Old Spaniards vacillated, while the clergy remembering that the French had deposed the church and enthroned Reason in her place, ranged themselves at the head of the Creoles, swayed their minds by the exercise of their priestly influence in any desired direction, and we find the clergy, the Creoles and the mixed race strenuously opposing allegiance to France. In the mean time the Indians rose suddenly in insurrection. In the night of 11th of September, 1810, Hidalgo raised the standard of revolt, and called upon the Creoles and mixed race to join, not to struggle for independence, but to free themselves from the physical and intellectual oppression of their masters in the colony. A fearful war raged with savage ferocity on both sides. The church opposed the Indian insurgents. Hidalgo captured and shot in 1811, was succeeded by Morelos, who continued the insurrection until from mountain gorges beyond the reach of the royalist troops he called a National Congress, which on the 22nd of October, 1814, declared the Independence of Mexico and proclaimed the first constitution. The downfall of Napoleon restored Ferdinand to the throne of Spain. He refused to recognize the liberal constitution proclaimed in 1814 which granted the colonies one representative to every 70,000 inhabitants, and in 1820 the Creoles, joined by the mixed race, openly declared for Revolution and Independence. The viceroy waged the war with relentless fury. The clergy for a while vacillated, but as the political situation of Spain compelled Ferdinand to annul the constitution of 1812, and they saw they could not maintain their power by royal aid, they threw their whole weight and influence into the cause of the insurgents, but with a design of inviting Ferdinand to the throne of Mexico and the formation of a national army for the support of religion and independence, the sole object of the clergy being to secure power in all the departments of state and thus rule the whole empire. The Independence of Mexico was at last recognized in 1821. Con-



fluctuating interests rapidly developed two rival political divisions, the Monarchist and the Republican. The former including the clergy and Spanish subjects, was the dominant party. The republicans constituted the needy minority. Ferdinand's refusal of the throne of Mexico somewhat strengthened the Republicans, but the action of the Monarchists was rapid and decisive. In May, 1822, they proclaimed and enthroned the Emperor Augustin I. The maintenance of the new empire and the large army drained the resources of the country, bringing weakness to the empire and strengthening the republican party, which soon became so strong in 1823 they defeated the Imperialists and established the Republic with Gov. Victoria as its first president. The clergy through their influence succeeded in inserting in the constitution a clause by which the management of the Roman Church was vested in the Roman Pontiff, thereby exempting themselves, their wealth and their monopolies from the control of the government of the Republic. Under the operation of this constitution the Mexican people became divided into two essentially antagonistic parties, the Conservatives, clinging tenaciously to the church and its reaction system, and Liberals yearning for innovations and reform. And the Conservatives and Liberals appealed to the sword and for years they struggled until in 1833 the success of the Liberals emboldened them to decree the suppression of the *alcabala* upon the agricultural products which had yielded large revenue to the clergy. The influence of the clergy now concentrated to overthrow the last innovation. And one party struggling to grasp the ill acquired property of the church to free the country from its dominion, and the other waging fierce war to retain property and dominion. The Liberals gradually gained power and in 1855 the project of bringing a monarch into Mexico, instituted by the Conservatives, having failed, virtually destroyed their hope. A new

constitution was adopted and sworn to on the 3d of February, 1857. It proclaims constitutional government, freedom of religion and education, liberty of the press, nationalization of church property, the subordination of the army to the civil power and the encouragement of immigration. This fatal blow, which broke the political power of the church, restored its vast accumulation of wealth to the people and banished the monks and nuns of 150 convents in the republic, rather excited than dismayed the clergy, and their whole strength was aroused. Sword, wealth, and intelligence were thrown resolutely into the scale and for three years the terrible fratricidal war deluged the valley of Mexico. Finally in January, 1861, Juarez, then president, entered the capital after the battle of Capulalpam and restored the constitution of 1857. But although the death-knell had sounded the power of the church, it was by no means lifeless. Unnerved for farther efforts within the limits of their own land, the clergy worked secretly in foreign lands. They sent their ablest emissaries to the courts of Europe to propagate the idea that Mexico was hopelessly given over to anarchy and political perdition and, as we know, Europe readily swallowed the hook. The story of the joint intervention of England, France and Spain and Maximilian's ephemeral empire is too recent to require repetition. The barbarous decree of the 3rd of October, 1867, dictated by Bazaine, signed by Maximilian, to shoot down all Mexicans found under arms, is evidence not only of the sanguinary character of the struggle but of the pertinacity with which the Liberals pressed the Imperialist. That same decree caused the shooting of Maximilian when he himself was "found under arms." Now the leaders of the progressive ideas found that the danger was the other way, and that for the first time in her history a president had held the office for 14 years. This again called public attention to the abuse of power that had grown out of the constitution of 1857. Lerdo, the now executive chief, per-



sisted in his principles of re-election so obstinately that the people called Diaz, the present executive, to the leadership of the revolution. The will of the people triumphed in 1876, and Diaz elected President by the free popular vote of the nation in 1877 promptly instituted this constitutional amendment: "No citizen shall be elected for two consecutive presidential terms."

I have thus traced step by step the exciting story of Mexico's revolutionary struggle and endeavored to show clearly how her colonial training had made the terrible ordeal inevitable. While passing through this ordeal of sixty year's struggle, the guiding star, whose brightness ever gleamed through the surrounding darkness when the shock of contending forces desolated the land, was the great republic of the north. The aspiration of the Mexicans was to win for themselves the institutions which made their neighbors so happy, so prosperous, so mighty.

### FASHION NOTES.

Prep trowsers are still worn long—about three years.

A popular and inexpensive bathing costume for small boys consists of a close fitting suit of eperdermis and a short hair cut, the latter easily obtained of any barber.

Gentlemen's stocking sare still worn extremely *decollette*, so to speak, and are frequently trimmed with a neat patch upon each heel.

The shingle nail is still in favor as a substitute for the necessary suspender button.

The late movement in favor of knickerbockers has failed. It is said that in the agonies of dissolution its breath came in short pants.

Black kids are still occasionally seen about the University neighborhood.

### A Hallowe'en Episode.

October, with her gorgeous autumn woods  
Painted in tints of red and tawny gold,  
Had reached the last of her allotted day—  
The sumac, swaying in the gentle breeze  
Blushed deeper crimson neath the  
Of the autumnal sun. A dreamy  
Is brooding over nature, save  
And then the winds complain  
Of vanished birds, or for the  
They chant a melancholy  
With shout and song and g  
Disturb the student in his  
And who excursions make  
Ostensibly to pluck the  
Whose empty-sacked ret  
An opportunity for ma  
Had ceased to cause t'  
n relentless fury. The clergy

'Twas Hallowe'en; he political situation of Spain  
And elves, and colil the constitution of 1812, and  
To spend the nig  
Obliging sleeping  
Of overturning ght and influence into the cause  
And other kind  
The full moon a a design of inviting Ferdinand  
The twinkling and the formation of a national  
Oft times she  
At others hid b  
Or shielded he to secure power in all the depart-  
Lest she see  
The sun had  
Horizon in t  
Emerged tw  
Four anima  
And to the s



The wiggling forms of eighteen girls and boys  
 Who've been invited to attend this night  
 A private "jamboree" where they may romp  
 And play at "Tag" and other rustic games  
 As highly intellectual. No sad  
 Mishap nor accident occurs to mar  
 The noisy pleasure of the outward ride.  
 With loud hurrah and laughter they alight  
 And with wild haste rush in to greet the friends  
 Who wait them there. Without restraint—with light  
 And joyous hearts, they enter on the gay  
 Festivities. At length the gladsome news  
 That supper waits them breaks upon their ears;  
 And while they all proceed to devastate  
 The club-house appetites the rich viands  
 and strength without.

so strong that  
 established in 1833. The moon looks down as calm  
 first president. No noise disturbs the deep  
 in inserting in the constitution on all without  
 agement of the Roman Catholic hierarchy cease the dull  
 Pontif, thereby exempting them from the payment  
 monopolies from the control of the public.  
 Under the operation of the tariff, the gentle arms  
 can people became divided into parties, the Conservatives, clinging  
 and its reaction system, and the Liberal party has  
 vations and reform. And quickly the leader wears  
 appealed to the sword and for nine years while  
 til in 1833 the success of the Liberals and  
 decree the suppression of the church tithes  
 tural products which had yielded a large amount  
 clergy. The influence of the clergy was  
 to overthrow the last innovation. We find  
 gling to grasp the ill acquired property of the  
 the country from its dominion, and the clergy  
 war to retain property and dominion in various  
 gradually gained power and in 1855 the president  
 a monarch into Mexico, instituted by the Congress  
 ing failed, virtually destroyed for themselves



To town as calmly and as unconcerned  
 As when they came. They carefully return  
 The articles which from the hacks they took  
 And safely leave them at the stable door;  
 And then as quietly as possible  
 Each hunts his downy couch and creeps therein.  
 Next morning when they meet their friends  
 Around the *matin board* they all protest,  
 With pious looks, their ignorance of all  
 Misdeeds occurring on the night before  
 And tell how hard they studied and how much  
 They learned.

The hour of midnight has arrived,  
 The party, full of joy, and pie, and cake  
 Rush out to play, as a *finale* to  
 The festive scene, a little rural game  
 In which all must be caught by one who acts  
 As leader of the chase. The game proceeds  
 And oft a loud "I'll kiss you" sounds upon  
 The quiet midnight air. But suddenly  
 A much excited man—a man with hair  
 Disheveled and who gives strong evidence  
 Of having been asleep—confronts them with  
 The strange announcement that an enemy  
 Has been upon the grounds, and if some means  
 Be not devised to obviate the wide  
 And fearful devastation they have wrought  
 A pleasant little walk to town awaits  
 Them all. With one accord they gather round—  
 With voices hushed—and view with hopeless grief  
 The scene of woe. At length they instigate



# A Hallowe'en Episode.

October, with her gorgeous autumn woods  
Painted in tints of red and tawny gold,  
Had reached the last of her allotted days.  
The sumac, swaying in the gentle breeze,  
Blushed deeper crimson neath the fervid kiss  
Of the autumnal sun. A dreamy calm  
Is brooding over nature, save when now  
And then the winds complain in mournful sighs  
Of vanished birds, or for the parting month  
They chant a melancholy requiem.  
The many gay and thoughtless parties that  
With shout and song and godless revelry  
Disturb the student in his silent bower  
And who excursions make into the woods -  
Ostensibly to pluck the hazel-nut  
Whose empty-sacked return shows they but sought.  
An opportunity for making love—  
Had ceased to cause the city to resound.

'Twas Hallowe'en;  
And elves, and college students too prepare  
To spend the night in foolish noisy mirth  
Obliging sleeping people in the line  
Of overturning sidewalks, stealing gates,  
And other kind attentions similar.  
The full moon lent her silvery light to aid  
The twinkling stars in making bright the night.  
Oft times she smiled upon the scenes below  
At others hid her head behind a cloud  
Or shielded her fair face with lifted hand  
Lest she see deeds unmeet for her pure eyes.  
The sun had scarcely crept beneath the gray  
Horizon in the west, when from the town  
Emerged two hacks. Hitched to the first were seen  
Four animals of sad and sober mien;  
And to the second, two. Within are packed



The wiggling forms of eighteen girls and boys  
 Who've been invited to attend this night  
 A private "jamboree" where they may romp  
 And play at "Tag" and other rustic games  
 As highly intellectual. No sad  
 Mishap nor accident occurs to mar  
 The noisy pleasure of the outward ride.  
 With loud hurrah and laughter they alight  
 And with wild haste rush in to greet the friends  
 Who wait them there. Without restraint—with light  
 And joyous hearts, they enter on the gay  
 Festivities. At length the gladsome news  
 That supper waits them breaks upon their ears;  
 And while they all proceed to devastate  
 With club-house appetites the rich viands  
 We look without.

The moon looks down as calm  
 As e'er before. No noise disturbs the deep  
 Nocturnal silence save the echoes of  
 The merry sounds within. The silence has  
 A soothing influence on all without  
 And makes the weary hackmen cease the dull  
 And tiresome subterfuge of idle tales  
 While smoking questionable cigars, and creep  
 Without a word into the sheltering  
 Retreat afforded by the hacks, and soon  
 They both are locked within the gentle arms  
 Of Morpheus.

Another party has  
 Appeared upon the scene. The leader wears  
 A stern commanding mien. Anon he waves  
 Aloft a giant wrench as if to urge  
 His comrades on to victory. And while  
 The guests within are calmly ignorant  
 Of base marauders on their vantage ground  
 And do their level best to get outside  
 Of all the aliments within their reach,  
 The miscreants without do work as well  
 In playing at a little game conceived  
 And executed by their leader brave.  
 One peers with curious eyes upon the form  
 Which lies so motionless within the bus,  
 To warn his colleagues should their victim wake,  
 While two devote their time to taking off  
 The wheels. The rest amuse themselves in ways  
 That suit their varied tastes and decorate  
 Themselves with various things which they remove  
 From the sad brutes before they turn them loose  
 To graze upon the scanty herbage there.  
 The work accomplished, they betake themselves



To town as calmly and as unconcerned  
 As when they came. They carefully return  
 The articles which from the hacks they took  
 And safely leave them at the stable door;  
 And then as quietly as possible  
 Each hunts his downy couch and creeps therein.  
 Next morning when they meet their friends  
 Around the matin board they all protest,  
 With pious looks, their ignorance of all  
 Misdeeds occurring on the night before  
 And tell how hard they studied and how much  
 They learned.

The hour of midnight has arrived,  
 The party, full of joy, and pie, and cake  
 Rush out to play, as a *finale* to  
 The festive scene, a little rural game  
 In which all must be caught by one who acts  
 As leader of the chase. The game proceeds  
 And oft a loud "I'll kiss you" sounds upon  
 The quiet midnight air. But suddenly  
 A much excited man—a man with hair  
 Disheveled and who gives strong evidence  
 Of having been asleep—confronts them with  
 The strange announcement that an enemy  
 Has been upon the grounds, and if some means  
 Be not devised to obviate the wide  
 And fearful devastation they have wrought  
 A pleasant little walk to town awaits  
 Them all. With one accord they gather round—  
 With voices hushed—and view with hopeless grief  
 The scene of woe. At length they instigate



A search for missing things, but all in vain!  
 The case seems hopeless. Soon a happy thought  
 Strikes some one, and a way's contrived by which  
 If one man stand upon the steps outside  
 And hold a lighted lantern in his hand  
 So he can watch their progress, 'twill be safe.  
 By earnest effort all at last succeed  
 In gaining entrance to the vehicle.  
 They pose in attitudes diversified  
 In order to determine on the one  
 In which the smallest space is occupied.  
 A satisfactory result attained—  
 In which the greater part are sitting on  
 The rest—they start. One bus contains them all.  
 The driver of the other sits astride  
 The foremost horse. The gentleman detailed  
 For duty in the rear becomes fatigued  
 And yields himself to "quiet nature's sweet  
 Restorer—balmy sleep," when suddenly  
 A crash without, a cry within awakes  
 Him to a sense of danger and he sees  
 The wheel is off, and all are trying to  
 Alight. Confusion reigns; they group themselves  
 Around in knots of two and wonder what  
 The "proper caper" at the present time  
 May be. The greater part become at once

Pedestrians, and soon their forms  
 Have vanished in the distance. Four alone  
 Remain to lend their efforts to the two  
 Excited hack-men in their wild attempts  
 At reconstruction. Soon success is theirs  
 And they proceed in haste to overtake  
 The sad procession on before. They all  
 Get in with much *eclat* and when at last  
 They reach their rooms alive the cheek of dawn  
 Is reddening with blushes at the thought  
 Of such untimely hours as students keep.

Next morning, when the sun arose and drew  
 Aside the clouds which draped his bed he saw  
 A panorama of exciting scenes;  
 A broken hack out by a country house;  
 Two hackmen vowing they were not asleep;  
 Some wagon burrs beside a stable door;  
 Eight solemn looking boys who seemed to feel  
 Their duty had been well and nobly done;  
 A group of individuals who looked  
 As if some heavy grief oppressed their souls,  
 But who in time began to see the joke,—  
 All these and other scenes the sun beheld,  
 And smiling to himself he only said  
 In undertone, "What fools these mortals be."





## MILTON'S PLACE IN LITERATURE.

MILTON occupies a very high place in English literature. As a poet he was little regarded by his contemporaries. Waller says of him that "The old blind poet hath published a tedious work on the Fall of Man," that "If its length be considered no merit, it has no other." Of all the writers of that time, Dryden seems to be about the only one that appreciated the genius of Milton, for he says, "This man has cut us all out and the ancients too"; then he pays him a beautiful tribute in the following lines:

Three poets, in three distant ages born,  
Greece, Italy and England did adorn.  
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed;  
The next in majesty; in both the last;  
The force of nature could no further go;  
To make a third, she joined the other two.

Although as a poet, he was generally unappreciated, yet as a learned and powerful disputant he was esteemed by his friends and hated by his enemies. Since time is needed to give due perspective to the fame of a great man, we find the literary geniuses of later times doing justice to the name and fame of Milton. Burns esteemed so highly the vehement will, the spiritual might of the leading character of *Paradise Lost*, that he bought a pocket copy for the purpose of studying it. Woodsworth says the sonnet in his hand

"Became a trumpet, whence he blew  
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few."

The chief difficulties of understanding Milton's prose

6

are the heaviness of its logic and the involution of its sentences; but if it lacks perspicuity and simplicity, it has breadth of eloquence, wealth of imagery and sublimity of diction. Macaulay says: "It abounds in passages with which the finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance—with passages of such grandeur as to almost rival his poetry." His prose works extending over a period of twenty years, from 1640 to 1660, were remarkable for their number and character. At the very outset he hurled himself upon the Episcopacy, then upon the bishops and the prince. Wherever he saw a breach in the enemy's walls, he threw himself into it; not waiting for others to lead the way, but leading the van himself. Armed with logic and spurred on by conviction, he attacked all prevailing systems of education, pedantic theologians, prelates, etc., and soon—metaphorically speaking—had the arena of conflict strewn with the mangled remains of his opponents. In short, he gave himself to the championship of those ideas that were to emancipate the press—ideas that struck at the foundations of despotism of both mind and state—ideas that were to raise up commonwealths.

Although Milton, as a prose writer, ranks among the greatest, yet his fame rests chiefly upon his poetry. His later life fell upon evil times. What he for the most part saw was the most flagrant corruptions in church, in state, and in society. He lived these last years of his life in the most infamous period of English history, and although he was placed among a corrupt mob of scribblers—a contemptible herd devoid of imagination and taste—yet by the strength of his imagination, he triumphed over every obstacle, calumny, loss of friends, blindness even, and gave to the world the greatest epic of the English language. Macaulay says, "Some of his passages are noted for remarkable language, and incomparable harmony of the numbers, and which display in a remarkable manner the idiomatic powers of the English tongue," that "every modern and ancient language has contributed to his style something of grace, harmony, and energy." He soared aloft when imagination and taste were extinct, and holds affinity with Spenser by the purity of his sentiments—with Dante by his theme and majesty—with Bacon by his profundity and learning, but in sublimity he excels them all, even Homer.



## A Spoonful of Mud.

WHILE at Crystal Lake one day last autumn, I gathered and put in a bottle a little of the brown and green coating found on the bottom in the quiet water just below the dam. Placing a minute portion of this under the microscope, I looked down the brass tube into a strange country peopled by wonderful shapes.

In the water were green globes floating, whirling hither and thither, curious colorless animals swam rapidly about changing shape with Proteus-like rapidity. Across the field of view stretched filaments of the plant which forms the green scum on water, beautifully marked with bright green spiral bands. But the most interesting things I saw were brown spindle shaped objects, some of which lay quiet, some moved backward and forward without pause. These were diatoms.

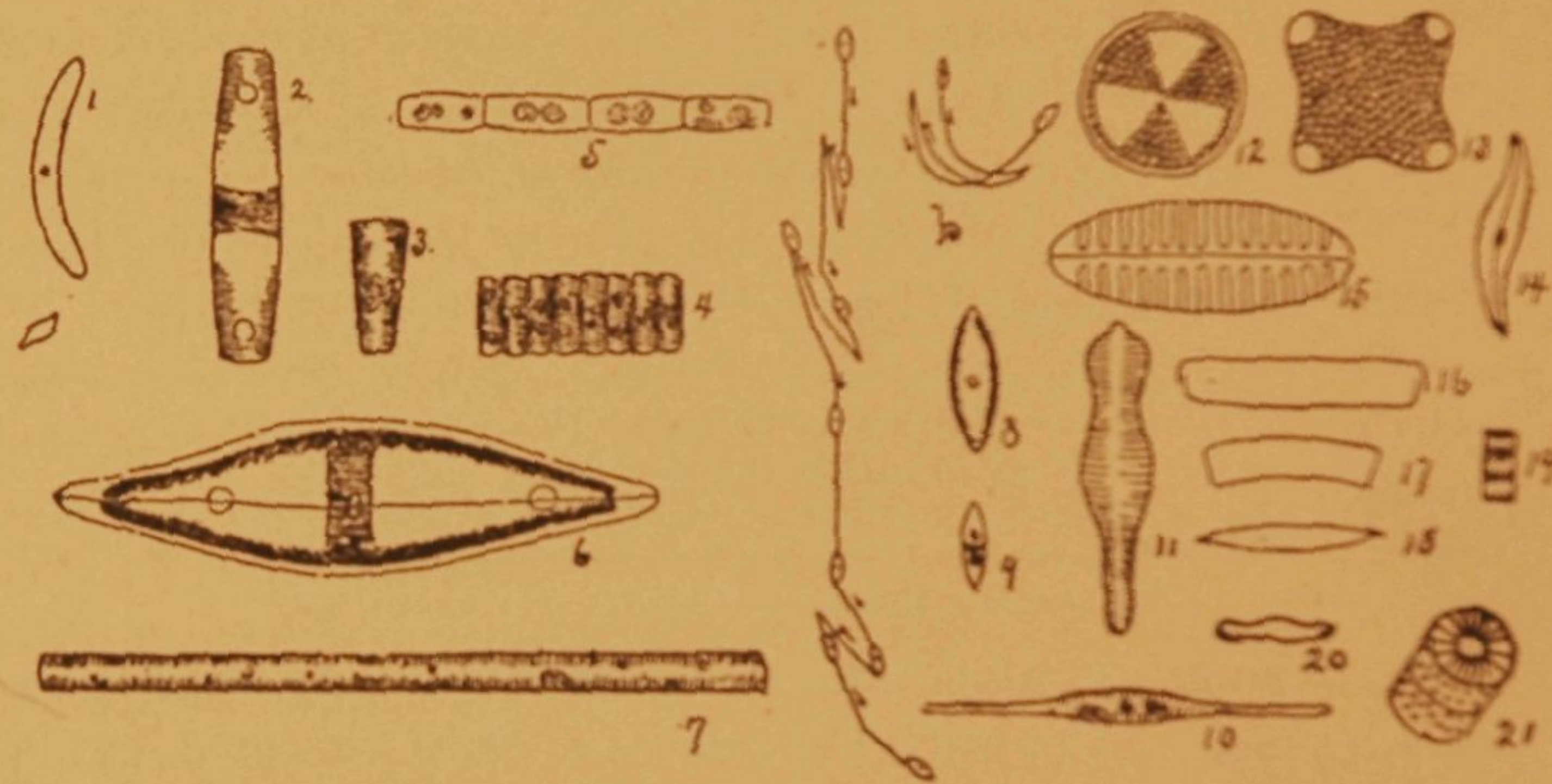
Although possessing the power of motion these minute organisms are not animals but plants. In the system of plant classification they are assigned to the class *cryptogamia* sub-class *algæ*, order *diatomacear*. But there are other points of similarity to the lower animals than motion, for each diatom consists of a single cell enclosed by a shell of silex. The shell is in two parts, one slipping over the other like the lid on a pill box. Fig. 16 is a diagrammatic view of a diatom, showing the halves slipping together.

Across the valve, sometimes at the middle, sometimes near one side, there is usually a line, termed the *raphe* with

enlargements at the center and the ends, shown in fig. 14. The *raphe* is probably a cleft through which the diatom comes in contact with the water outside.

A majority of species are oblong or spindle shaped as shown in the figures, so that the halves of the shell resemble little troughs; but there are many other shapes: round, figs. 12 and 21, wand like fig. 7, wedge shaped fig. 3, curved fig. 1, sigmoid fig. 14, or eccentric shapes as figs. 11, 13, and 20.

On the shells are markings, or sculpturings to which they owe much of their interest as microscopical objects. The most common marking is fine lines which I have attempted to represent in figs. 2, 7 and 11. There may be a coarser ribbed appearance; fig. 15, or the shell, may be cov-



ered with fine crossing lines like the engine turning on the back of a watch. With a good microscope the lines are seen to be rows of minute protuberances.

The contents of the frustule, as a single diatom is technically termed, is a protoplasmic mass with a band of different density extending across the middle in which is found a nucleus. Next each valve is a brown plate called endochromse, which answers the same purpose as chlorophyll in common plants.



Outside the shell is a gelatinous envelope which in some species fastens the shells together in chains as in fig. 4 and 5. These chains are very easily broken, and from this fact the order received its name (Gr. diatomous, cut through.)

Their nutriment and the silica to make the shells are derived from the water.

The motion of a diatom consists of a series of easy impulses by which it is propelled a certain distance. The motion is then reversed and continues to alternate in like manner as long as the diatom is in vigorous growth. I have endeavored, at the center of the cut, to show the path of a diatom during nine minutes. The successive positions were each reached in a minute from the one before. The motion is entirely mechanical, for when a diatom meets an obstacle it stops till the time of the forward movement has elapsed then moves back again. Often the path is curved. The cause of the motion has never been satisfactorily determined. The best explanation offered is that of Prof. H. L. Smith. As noted above the interior is divided into two parts. One of these parts imbibes water by endosmosis, pushing the halves of the shell farther apart at that end and consequently bringing them closer together at the other end thus driving the water, which is between the shell and the membrane, around the cell contents, out through the minute orifice at the end of the *raphe*. The reaction of the jet pushes the diatom forward. The endosmosis then occurs in the other half of the cell causing a movement in the opposite direction. Only the spindle-shaped and oblong forms have much motion. The motion appears rapid under the microscope but really is slow. The most agile move at the rate of an inch in three minutes, while the slowest would take an hour to move that far.

Reproduction presents curious phenomena. It takes place in two ways. (1) Self-division; the nucleus divides, a double membrane grows from juncture of the valves to

the center, two new valves are deposited and separation takes place, making two complete diatoms. But each new half shell slips inside the old part to which it belongs, hence the diatoms grow smaller and smaller at each successive subdivision till at last they would approximate the mathematical point. Now comes reproduction by conjugation. Two diatoms approach each other and discharge their contents which unite and increase greatly in size. From this mass one, or in the majority of cases, two new diatoms are formed, which are *twice* the size of the old ones. In this way the normal size is preserved.

It takes, on an average, six days to complete the self-division. By a simple calculation we can get an idea of the immense number that may come from a single individual. After twenty-five divisions there would be 33,554,432 and after fifty divisions 1,125,899,906,842,624 individuals if all should live.

Diatoms are found every where. Every stream, ditch, pond or watering trough will furnish specimens, and they are even found in moist places, on wet rocks and about the roots of plants. The most favorable place for their growth is in sluggish streams, where they form a brown coating on the bottom, of which our classic Boneyard furnished good specimens last fall. They are also inhabitants of salt water, being found in all zones and at all depths. Nos. 17, 18 and 19 are sea forms obtained from an oyster. They are especially abundant in the Antarctic region. Between 60 and 80 degrees, south latitude, such myriads occur that they color the water and the ice brown. Near Victoria Land there is a deposit of their shells four hundred miles long, one hundred and twenty miles wide and of unknown depth. In these seas where there is so little land and no other plant life, diatoms take the place of higher vegetation, furnishing the oxygen, without which animals could not exist. They also serve as food for the mollusca and low forms of animal life,



which in turn are devoured by higher animals; consequently it is principally by means of diatoms that the animal life of those latitudes subsists.

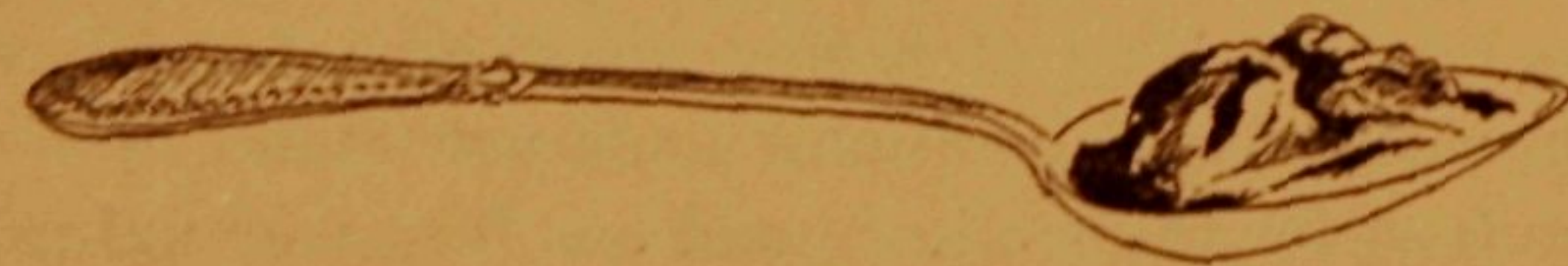
Diatoms occupy an important place in geological history. It has been estimated that one-fourth of the mud in the Thames is composed of diatom shells. In other rivers the proportion is higher so that, carried to the mouth, they block up the channels and form deltas. The obstructions at the mouth of the Mississippi are partly caused by them. Large deposits are found in various countries. A noted one underlies Richmond, Va.; another at Bilin, Austria, is forty feet thick, but the largest known deposit is at Place au Camp, on the Columbia river, where there is a stratum five hundred feet thick composed almost wholly of their shells.

The diatom deposits are of much use in the arts. They compose the common polishing powder or Tripoli. Fig. 12 was drawn from a specimen found in a tooth powder called Sozodont. The finest porcelain is made of a clay chiefly composed of their shells.

In Norway and Sweden the peasants, in times of scarcity, mix a diatomaceous earth, which they call "bergmehl," with the flour used for making bread. Its chief action, perhaps, is to simply increase the bulk and thus satisfy the immediate cravings of hunger, but there may actually be some nutriment in the dried cell contents. A similar substance called "tanah" is used for food in Java.

Dynamite is infusorial earth consisting of diatom remains impregnated with nitro-glycerine.

An important use of diatoms is their employment as test objects for microscopes. The power of the instrument to bring out clearly the delicate markings on some species indicating the quality of the lenses, and it has been said that they have contributed more to the improvement of the microscope than all other causes combined.



## MULTUM IN PARVO.

McIntyre: Three-fifths of him Genius, and two-fifths sheer fudge.—*Lowell.*

Waterman: "A dinner lubricates business."—*Stowell.*

Beardsley: "He wears the rose of youth upon him."

White: "Not to know *me*, argues yourself unknown."

—*Milton.*

Benson: "I care for nobody, no not I."

Cunningham: "I know a hawk from a hand-saw."

Brumbach, Miss: "O, woman! lovely woman! nature made thee to temper man."—*Olivay.*

Wilber: "I am as free as nature first made man."—*Dryden.*

Clark, F. H.: "And on their own merits modest men are dumb."—*Colman.*

Piper: "Full little knowest thou that hast not tried  
What hell it is in suing long to bide."

—*Spenser.*

Kennard, Miss: "Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

—*Fielding.*

Kinder: "A chiel's among us takin notes  
And faith he'll print it."—*Burns.*

Storer: "A diamond in the rough."

Reeves: "First in the council hall to steer the state,  
And ever foremost in a tongue debate."

—*Dryden.*

Fredrickson, W. J.:

"Delightful task, to rear the tender thought,  
To teach the young idea how to shoot."

—*Thomson.*

Proctor: "The village all declared how much he knew,  
T'was certain he could write and cipher too."

—*Goldsmith.*



## PROGRESS OF ENGINEERING.

RAPID as has been the growth of the art of the engineer, during the last century, we must, if we would trace its origin, seek among the earliest evidences of civilization. When settled communities were few and isolated, opportunities for the exchange of knowledge were insufficient or wanting. It has been shown what the true position of engineering is in the universal activity towards the solution of the great problem of culture, and the methods have been pointed out, which it has ever pursued since the earliest times.

Of all the great engineers of ancient times, Archimedes was the greatest; at least he is one of the few men of the profession of whom we know anything definite. He is, above all others, the one man who laid the foundation of scientific research, the prosecution and improvement of which are the boast of the present day.

During the Dark Ages, from the downfall of the Roman Empire to the beginning of the 17th century, the civil engineer can hardly be said to have existed; and he was scarcely known in England and France until the beginning of the last century.

When at that time England furnished a Newton, and Germany a Leibnitz, the mind of the practical engineer was prepared and ready to utilize their knowledge.

When finally the immortal Fulton applied steam to propel vessels through the water,—when Stevenson ran his first locomotive engine from Liverpool to Manchester,—when Morse applied electricity to the telegraph, then the revolution in our mode of life seemed almost complete and man's power over the forces of nature and its elements, so constantly working against him, appeared well nigh absolute.

Surely the engineer is entitled to the lion's share of the credit due in bringing about the unparalleled prosperity of the country. From his brain originated all the designs for the large and substantial bridges that carry our highways and railroads over the largest rivers, and thereby overcome the barriers nature had put there. The engineer supervised and directed the host of laborers, craftsmen and mechanics that constructed and equipped the many thousand miles of railroad that made the rapid development of this country possible. Millions of people daily trust their lives and fortunes to the care and skill of the engineer, to his ability and to his integrity—on the decks of steam-boats, crossing lakes, and ascending and descending rivers; on railroad trains, crossing continents with uninterrupted rapidity; in our palace hotels and in public halls, and in the very privacy of our houses, the whole community, is constantly at the mercy of the engineer, and any neglect on his part would at once be the cause of far-reaching annoyance and inconvenience or even of great calamity.

In viewing some of the achievements of engineering science, the one work which strikes the imagination most forcibly, chiefly on account of its exceeding magnitude, is the great Pacific Railway, which, passing through vast regions hitherto inaccessible to civilized man, and over formidable mountain chains, joins California with the Atlantic States.

Surveys of this great project were inaugurated in 1863-4, the prosecution of which was not entirely void of difficul-



ties; for day and night, summer and winter, the explorations were pushed forward through dangers and hardships that very few at this day appreciate, every mile having to be run within the range of the musket. During construction stock was run off by the thousand; numbers of men were killed, and as one difficulty after another arose and was overcome, in the engineering, running and construction departments, a new era in railroad building was inaugurated.

It is a widely admitted fact that the enormous impulse given to all industrial pursuits during the present century has been, in a large measure, due to the subdivision of work and specialization of effort.

A law of development is recognized by some of the deepest thinkers of the present age, as controlling all growth and progress. The principal feature of this law is the subdivision of work, or division of labor.

From these modern theories it would appear that progress in civilization, or growth of any kind, must depend upon the division of labor, or specialization of employment.

The progress of an art is also subject to the same law; the more you subdivide the processes, the simpler each step appears; hence, the gigantic development in our arts during this century.

What has been stated generally with regard to art is especially true in the case of engineering. It may be described as the art of applying, controlling, and modifying the various forces of nature resident in matter to the mechanical advantage of man.

The early engineers were men who, with large scope of mind, and proportionate energy, attacked certain problems, and with limited resources succeeded in overcoming the natural difficulties of their enterprises, in such a way as to encourage their successors, with more extensive resources, to

still greater efforts. It does not require a very close scrutiny into the engineering works of the present day to verify the fact, that the bulk of such a work is a repetition of previous work which has proved successful, the principal originality being when the engineer has to adopt precious experience to altered conditions. There the civil engineer has to take into account variations in climate, geological formations, contour of country, rainfall, and many other conditions, before he can select which of the oft-tried plans of executing any particular work it is expedient to use.

From this it might appear that modern engineering does not tend, in the present condition of knowledge, to increase greatly in originality.

When we look around on the engineering works recently completed, or in progress or contemplation, the first thing that strikes us in their extraordinary magnitude.

The admiration of the world has not yet abated, for the boldest of arched bridges yet built, that over the Mississippi at St. Louis, with its steel arches of five hundred feet span, its piers of heavy masonry sunk to solid rock more than a hundred and thirty feet below the high water surface of the river, through shifting sands, and during the most fearful floods.

The Brooklyn bridge, nearly a third of a mile long, over an arm of the sea more crowded with commerce than any other in America, and high enough to allow a line of battle-ships to sail under it, will be,—though perhaps for a few years only, until something more stupendous comes—one of the wonders of the world.

Probably the boldest plan for a bridge ever proposed, is that over the Forth at Edinburgh, Scotland. We are now so familiar with the success of suspension bridges for railroads, that we can hardly realize the almost universal disbelief in their success before they were tried.



Undoubtedly the progress of the age, which is so largely engineering progress, does on the whole greatly increase the welfare of mankind. By making the forces of nature do the hard work, the labor of the working class is lightened immeasurably. The laboring man now works with brain and eye more than with muscle, and his business is to apply some principle of science. This raises him intellectually. He now has time for improvement. Comfort, refinement, and even luxury, are brought within his reach.

By the present facilities the races of men are brought into contact. Those races are being assimilated, and the prejudices and hatreds of the past are fading away. Supreme power among men is more than ever in the hands of the most enlightened, and it is sending civilization and Christianity into the regions most benighted. The time seems to be hastening when there shall universally prevail "peace on earth" and "good will towards men."

---

### A Certain Freshman's Trouble on the Night of the Freshman Sociable.

---

(Waiting for the carriage.)

Methinks that worthless cabman has gone to sleep in his seat; and perchance has lost his way, for the time is now long past that I admonished him to come. But I'll spend the time waiting to cartridge my trusty Colt, and fix my Bowie in a place where my hand can quickly grasp. Ah! he comes; and now for it. Why! my hand already trembles

like a leaf in the autumn wind. Here, Cabby, a word I would say to you. Let none induce you to halt, for of surety 'tis me they want and I, none wish to see. After we've secured my lady, press on in haste to the hall. Now we're off. How dark the night. Oh, that the moon would arise to enable me to see these devils, who seem in every bush and behind every tree to be lurking like wild beasts for their prey. But here we are at the door of my lady love. Ah, Kathrine, my dear, thus far am I come in safety. But be not frightened, for I am armed to the teeth to defend with the last drop of my blood your lovely self. What, you laugh! Think you not there is danger? Your mistake; you shall soon see. Remember, Cabby, my instructions. Ah, Kathrine, we may thank our stars if we be not harmed ere we reach our destination. See yon group beneath that street lamp standing. They look this way! Haste, Cabby. One danger passed. But there's the hall; and— Ye Gods! the street's alive with fiery fiends! The hell-hounds have e'en blocked the way of the team. Sit closer, Kathrine, love; and draw back from the window; or else a mark for their *ovum* missiles you'll be. We are pressing through the mass. You'll not let them hurt me, will you Kathrine, love? For sure they'll open the door and pull me out with their merciless hands. Oh, why do we stop? We are lost! Did you say we are here, Cabby? That jam we ne'er can pass through. My Bowie! My Colt! Yes, yes; I'll hurry. See! The crowd parts and leaves but a narrow way to the stairs. Oh, heavens, what a gauntlet! Alight first, Kathrine, love, they'll ne'er harm one so fair. I'll follow close in your wake. My blood runs cold. Fly, Kathrine! Is't possible we've passed the mob? And unscathed too? I feel yet their fiery breath burn my cheek. Well here we are, alive, and safe from the howling wolves below, and while we enjoy ourselves, they'll entertain the good mayor and his brass-buttoned retinue.



## SEVERAL BORES.

THE Sophograph naturalist has recently captured and classified individuals of several species of the genus Bore and herewith submits their characteristics for the edification of an inquiring public.

The weather bore is indigenous to all climates and is so hardy as to survive all persecutions, and all efforts toward his extermination. He is frequently identified with the weather liar in which case his characteristics are so intensified that the period, for which his society can be endured is correspondingly diminished. The distinguishing trait of this bore is his unconquerable belief that the daily variations in meteorological phenomena afford a sufficient variety in conversational topics to suffice for an afternoon's or an evening's entertainment. He commonly begins speaking by a series of comments upon the weather for a week past, accompanied by a detailed account of his surrounding and occupation on the occasion of each particular change, together with the remarks which he addressed to his friends and the replies made by his unfortunate victims. He is then reminded of a hot day, when he was obliged to keep ice around the bulb of his thermometer to prevent the mercury from blowing out the end of the tube, and of a rain storm when the water descended in such quantities that his yard was flooded because the water could not flow out through the picket fence, as fast as it fell from above. By this time he has fairly begun and you seldom escape till his interminable stock of weather reminiscences is exhausted. This species

of bore is commonly recognized by his interrogatory as to whether it is hot or cold enough for you.

Another species, which is suffered to commit its depredations upon a confiding and long suffering public is the invalid bore, who invariably has a gloomy category of ailments with which to entertain his auditor. He regales you with a vivid and realistic portrayal of his sufferings while in the clutches of each particular malady, which he has experienced, and his remarkable memory preserves the dimensions of the mustard plaster, which was applied to his spine and the composition of the medicine, which he took, as well as the fame and cures of the physicians who treated him. This species of bore is noted for his longevity, for, though always ill, he never dies, and for the fiendish joy with which he detains a victim at a time when the latter has an important engagement to keep.

Another numerous species is the relation bore, who has a genealogy as long as a plumber's bill, and which has been accurately traced back to the missing link between the unwashed savage and the organ grinder's monkey. Something in your face reminds him of his grandfather, who was a descendant of a Puritan that came over in the Mayflower, and swabbed the deck and blacked the galley stove, to pay his passage. He weeps as he tells you of his angel cousin, a good little boy with large blue eyes and an insatiable appetite for pie. Willie, for such was his name, had taken a prize for committing seventy-five hymns to memory, but in an evil hour he fell, and going skating with a bad boy on Sunday, they both broke through the ice. The bad boy suffered only a slight reaction from the unusual effects of being washed, but Willie never recovered, and died in the midst of an assembly of weeping relatives and a reporter for the village paper. Your attention is then invited to his aunt Sally, who was a sainted creature and who, after being jilted by a milk-man, spent a quiet and uneventful life in



embroidering flannel chest protectors for the natives of Timbuctoo. This bore may be classified by the promptness with which he inquires whether you are a relative of somebody he has known by the same name.

A complete treatise on the subject would fill a large volume and the names of a few prominent species are, therefore only mentioned. There is the punster, the man who has a law suit, the umbrella fiend, the man who has read one book and insists on telling all about it, the young lady with an autograph album, the party who leaves open the door, and the person collecting neckties for a crazy quilt. These bores and innumerable others are known to every reader and an enumeration of all would uselessly encumber the pages of the Sophograph and exclude more worthy and interesting matter.

## POINTERS.

Smith, H. J.: "He had a face like a benediction."

—*Cervantes.*

Moore: "A man of an unbounded stomach."—*Shakspeare.*

Stevens, Miss: "Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty."

—*Shakspeare.*

Gelder: "With just enough of learning to misquote."

—*Byron.*

Snyder: "Musical as is Apollo's lute."—*Milton.*

Shamel: "God bears with him—well may we."—*Browning.*

Lewis, G. F.: "Blessings light on him who first invented sleep."—*Cervantes.*

Maxwell, Miss: "Her air, her manners, all who saw admired;  
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired."

—*Crabbe.*

Flanigan: "I dare do all that may become a man."

Hazelton: "And little of their great world can I speak,  
More than pertains to broil and battle."

—*Shakspeare.*

Barnes: "Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat."

Fuller: "The fly-catcher—in the left-field."

Clark, Miss: "Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected."

—*Lowell.*

Manny: "He knows himself to sing and build the lofty  
rhyme."—*Milton.*

Clarke, H. B.: "Let the world glide, let the world go!

A fig for care and a fig for woe!"—*Haywood.*

Chapman: "Then he will talk—good gods! how he will  
talk."—*Lee.*

Stauduhar: "I am not one who much or oft delights."

—*Wordsworth.*

McCandless: "When a lady's in the case

All other things give place."—*Gay.*

Cooke: "A very unclubable man."—*Johnson.*

Ingles: Type of the wise who soar but never roam

True to the kindred ties of Heaven and Home."

—*Wordsworth.*

Mackay: "Every thing by starts, and nothing long."

—*Dryden.*

Jones, Miss: "Uncertain, coy, and hard to please."—*Scott.*

McKee: "We grant, altho' he had much wit,

He was very shy of using it."—*Butler.*

Terrill: "Moping melancholy and moonstruck madness."

—*Shakspeare.*

Moulton: "A snapper-up of considered trifles."

—*Shakspeare.*

English:

"Though deep, yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,

Strong without rage, without o'er flowing, full."

—*Denham.*



## THE POWER OF ORATORY.

AS summer, advancing from the colder, harsher storms of winter, takes on new and gentler graces more pleasing to the eye and captivating to the senses, so, from the lower phases of savage life where stern necessity is law, and the baser passions are the chords which, rudely struck, give the key-note to existence, mankind advances to where the gentler graces of civilization lure him, and where in contrast to the savage storms of passion of barbaric life, bloom in sweet serenity the flowers of culture and refinement. As advancement is made toward higher and yet higher planes of perfection, new needs arise, new arts spring into existence to satisfy those wants growing all the while more complex, so that the degree of civilization attained by a people is measured by the number and perfection of its arts. Assuming this to be the proper standard by which society is to be judged, and in this assumption we are upheld by all social history, then to such an extent as any portion of society lacks in the attainment of any of the arts, to that extent it falls below the perfect standard of civilization.

Man is distinguished from all other creatures by the possession of a well-defined emotional nature and the power of thought and reason, hence we would expect in the most highly civilized nations to find the greatest development of those arts which aid in the expression of thought and emotions. To a degree that expectation is realized. Literature, which speaks to the reason through choice and well arranged

words, during all civilized times, has preserved a steady degree of excellence. Awakening the sympathies of man through delicate and harmonious expression of sound, music, today as of old, holds a high place among the arts, but adding to these mighty motors of language and of sound, the scarcely less powerful one of eloquent gesture, oratory stands pre-eminent. It possesses by virtue of its combined forces a more extended means of expression and is calculated to wield a greater power over mankind than either music or literature. Yet in the ranks of the lost arts, those sad memories of fields once fought and won, but now lost, it will soon take its place. From the days when the sturdy little republic of Greece, from her rugged peninsula in the Mediterranean, flourished the sceptre of intellectual power over the whole civilized world, to the present time, oratory has declined. True, at times, from the pulpit has come a voice worthy the lofty theme of Christianity; legislative halls have at long intervals echoed the voice of eloquence; in the councils of infant nations patriotism has asserted itself through the power of oratory. But these examples are only sparks thrown from the fast dying fire of eloquence. For the most part the birth of the moment, they do not represent true art in that no previous effort is necessary for their production, yet these crude efforts by the popular acception constitute the only true oratory.

It is no great wonder then that its decline is so evident; the popular voice has taken upon itself to give a definition of oratory and it has failed signally, it has chosen to represent it as almost entirely the result of inspiration, while on the contrary, all facts go to prove that it is the result only of long and patient labor modified, as are all professions from the lowest to the highest, by the power of achievement possessed by the individual, and by the high order in which the orator's system may be at the time of action.

The same person who will spend years in thorough



practice ere he dares exhibit his musical accomplishments even to a limited audience, will attempt with little or no preparation to discuss from the platform the great questions of the day; will plead at the bar when it is a question of life or of death to a fellow being, and even he will go to the pulpit utterly unprepared to plead the cause of Christ, and the verdict is for the soul's welfare or downfall and for all eternity.

What would be thought of one who would pursue the study of music in perhaps an indifferent manner for a single month, and then declare his intention of trusting his success to the inspiration of the moment?

Suppose for an instant a prospective author, who after acquiring a common school education, should declare truth was innate, and that it was folly to aid its expression by a system of education? Yet oratory, whose triple requirements embrace both literature and music in their highest degree of perfection, receives an amount of attention that would be deemed almost absurd in either of the other arts.

Does a glance at the public speakers of to-day uphold the theory that the occasion makes the orator? Behold then an army of stutterers, shouters and mincers of words; deficient in rhetoric, utterly lacking in graceful and effective gesture, voices poorly modulated, harsh and grating upon the senses or lowered to an almost inaudible whisper; and what does the inspiration of the moment do for such as these? Either it has no apparent effect or it redoubles the already ungraceful and violent gestures, it pitches the voice upon a higher key and renders the jargon of words utterly unintelligible.

The theory of inspiration does not stand the test of scrutiny, for even when an orator of any note appears, an inquiry into the cause of his success, will almost without exception reveal a careful course of elocutionary and rhetorical training.

As the principal reason for the decline of oratory, the lack of lofty themes for discussion is often urged; yet now, as of old, a constant strife is being carried on between nations, the monster iniquity of the liquor traffic adds themes for the orator of to-day, and excepting all other sources, still Christianity would furnish a wider field for force and grandeur of expression than the whole range of subjects treated by Roman and Athenian orators.

Yet another argument against the possibility of oratorical perfection now, is that men of to-day are unfitted for eloquence; as well might it be said that men of to-day are capable of no strong feelings or noble thought.

That it is not possible for all to attain a perfect degree of excellence is freely admitted, yet this furnishes no argument for those who believe it would be almost sacrilege to inquire into the means of oratorical perfection. All cannot hope to rival Mozart or Beethoven, yet who so foolish as to cry against musical training? Few centuries produce a Raphael, yet who will be first to offer objection to the study of art, and leave the productions of great masters to chance?

At no previous time has perfection in oratory been so earnestly desired; if a speaker of to-day has the reputation of eloquence, multitudes flock to hear him, follow his every word and gesture, and if he exhibits the slightest approach to eloquence, their enthusiasm knows no bounds. No previous conditions have been more favorable to its exercise than the present of free thought and free speech; yet at no other period has its decline been so evident.

Where are we to seek for the cause? Shall it be in the lack of subjects? Their range is well nigh limitless. Shall it be in the impossibility of its attainment. That impossibility must first be proved by fair trial.

Oratory is an art and it must be acquired as such by continued and well-directed efforts; that effort is not made and the inevitable consequence has followed.



The true orator speaks from within; he speaks words of wonderful meaning; he pauses, a breathless hush like the dreadful calm in nature ere the whirlwind shall break forth, in its fury, falls upon the vast assembly; then, as the rejoicing of mighty waters, comes the tempest of applause. But in the hush or the tumultous applause is not the greatest reward of the true orator, but in the consciousness that through the power he wièlds, once more in the hearts of his auditors, truth has triumphed over error.

Despise not then the power of oratory, through that

"Eloquence that charms and burns,  
Startles, soothes and wins by turns"—

victories have been won that have exerted a mightier influence upon the history of nations than the most sanguinary conflicts.

### PREVAILING STYLES.

A convenient costume for attending midnight fires is composed of pantaloons *sans* suspenders, a prep coat buttoned over the *robe de nuit*, and shoes unbuttoned over long, flesh-colored hose.

During the early part of the year, prep caps were so stylish an article of head gear, that new students, who failed to wear them to church, were thought lacking in self respect. Their popularity has sensibly waned, but a revival of the fashion is predicted for another year.

Country friends of those male students, who spend their summer vacations in the rural regions, are always pleased to see their guests at that season of the year in brown overalls ornamented with gusset, blue hickory shirts cut bias, and a plain straw hat gored.

### Chestnuts.

Cornelison:

"A great, a gifted, but a turbid soul  
Struggled and chafed within that stripling's breast."

Wood: "This was a soldier ev'n to Cato's wish."

—*Shakspeare.*

Fisher: "Here rills of oily eloquence in soft

Meanders lubricate the course they take."—*Cowper.*

Moles: "You'll find a difference

Between the promise of his greener days

And these he masters now."—*Shakspeare.*

Frazer: "We live in deed, not years."—*Bailey.*

Nesbit: "There was a laughing devil in his sneer."—*Byron.*

Beacham: "He knows what's what."

Wheeler: "God Almighty's gentleman."—*Dryden.*

Keene: "He's tough, man, tough, is Eddie,

Tough, and de-vilish sly."—*Dickens.*

Terbush: "None but himself can be his parallel."

—*Theobald.*

Clark, T. A.: "One may smile, and smile, and be a villain."

—*Shakspeare.*

Ellars, Miss: "Her eyes are homes of silent thought."

—*Tennyson.*

Gilliland: "His bark is worse than his bite."—*Herbert.*

Stebbins: "Distilled damnation."—*Hall.*

Vennum: "The very pink of perfection."—*Goldsmith.*







## ATHLETICS IN OUR UNIVERSITY.



S we have not a chair of athletics in our University, we do not feel that we should be justified in devoting a very large share of this literary magazine to photographs of our muscular men, base ball teams, and other specialists, nor do we feel that athletics should be entirely omitted. We have a gymnasium, and though there

is no regular instructor, we derive much benefit in brain and body by making it frequent visits.

The question of athletics in college is an open one, but we believe with maturer minds that it is, in many colleges, carried to an excess. Not so in ours; we would scorn to dream of the University of Illinois as being a training school for athletes, but we do believe in developing the physiques of men so that their chests shall be broad and their constitutions rugged.

Like the Greeks, who annually assembled at the festivals of the great games, the Olympian, Isthmian, and Nemean to perform feats of strength and crown the victor with the laurel wreath, we annually assemble on our Field Day and take part with friendly rivalry in the various manly sports. This contest is under the charge of the College Athletic As-

sociation, whose purpose is the advancement of muscular training. Some of the records made last year we consider very creditable for amateurs, so we give a few of them:

Standing broad jump, 9 feet 5½ inches.

Running broad jump, 17 feet 6 inches.

Running high jump, 5 feet.

One hundred yard dash, 11 2-5 seconds.

One half-mile run, 2 minutes 17 seconds.

One mile run, 5 minutes 11 seconds.

Throwing hammer (12 pound) 80 feet 6 inches.

Hitch and kick, 8 feet ½ inch.

Throwing base-ball, 338 feet 4 inches.

Though some of these do not equal the college record, they are given as a fair average. Of the twenty-two first prizes offered, we are proud to say the Sophomore class captured nine, and of the same number of second prizes we carried off eleven.

Base-ball is the college game and each class has its nine; the best players from them constituting a University nine. Our team was matched four times last year against other college nines, which serves to keep alive the interest in healthful out door sports.

We hope no one will turn us the cold shoulder because we have not eight or ten tennis courts, polo and foot-ball teams, and other variations of out door sports. To any such we will say this is no place for you and repeat, that we do not train professional athletes here.

Though in Greece and Rome gymnastics were turned chiefly toward training men for war and gladiatorial combats; still the fact remains that the Greeks were the most beautiful nation and the Romans the strongest. Nature's laws are the same now as then and it lies with the people themselves, by the encouragement of manly out door sports, to fashion the future American citizen. O for a touch of the hue of health given by the Olympic games on the faces of our college graduates rather than the pallor of effeminacy. Galen, the great medical philosopher, said the best physician is he who is the best teacher of gymnastics and there is no fallacy in his philosophy. The intellect has been advancing regardless of muscle and has borne the palm alone. Let it be our object to cultivate muscle without deteriorating the brain.



## HORATIANA.

TO become acquainted with a nation, we must know what its people thought and felt. Literature is a record of thought and sentiment. Therefore, to study the literature of a people is, to study its history. This is not merely the record of wars, conquests and discoveries, but is rather the story of the rise of the people, the development of thought and sentiment. Latin literature is thus a revealer of Roman history, a revealer of the thought, the morals, and life of the people of the Great Republic and the Greater Empire. No poet, more than Horace, has illustrated this. He displays a wonderful intellect, a keen insight into nature and the ways of men about him. He was a good satirist who loved laughter better than the lash. Nor did he forget that he, as well as others, had faults sufficiently glaring to be satirized.

Time has silenced the busy lives of the ancient world, but that it has not changed human character, is evident from the writings of this Latin poet who sets forth profitable lessons in his clear and well expressed thought. His Odes, Satires, and Epistles show how close a student he was of human nature. Nature always was, and always will be the same, therefore, his poetry depicts for us different natures of today, showing how little man's character has changed after a long lapse of time. His thoughts are so closely allied to our affairs, whether we be in the busy city or some quiet country place, whether we be rich or poor, that his words are good commentaries upon our modern life.

A few specimen utterances from this poet are here given, not only to show his thought and sentiment, but to show

the literature, thoughts, morals and ways of the Romans in the time of Augustus. Whether morals were good or bad, the poet wrote with the assurance of appreciation, "A man upright and free from guilt needs no defense." (Ode I: IV, 13.) So the ninety-first Psalm shows the safety of the godly. Again he shows a clear understanding of human character when he says, "Anger is but a short madness." (Ep. I: 1, 40.) How true this is, can be proved by the mad deeds perpetrated in anger. Again, in view of the danger and inconvenience of being too much subject to the influence of external circumstances, he bids us "Remember to preserve an even temper in prosperity or adversity." (Ode II: III, I.)

The wisdom of Solomon finds its parallel in these words of the poet, "Silver has less value than gold; gold less value than virtue." (Ep. I: 1, 51.) And again, the doctrines of the book of Proverbs recurs to us as we read in Horace, "Force void of wisdom comes to naught." (Ode III: IV, 65.) For no matter how great power we have to perform our duties, if we do not wisely use our opportunities all will be in vain. Not brute force, but a wise mind and a sound heart has made human life what it is.

The wise man shuns evil, for "It is a virtue to flee vice, and the first steps in wisdom to be free from folly." When once character has been perverted, it is then much more difficult to live uprightly, for "When once the cask has been soaked it will keep its odor." (Ep. I: II, 68.) The burden of a restless conscience can not be changed by external circumstances. The change must be wrought within us, just as "They who cross the sea change the sky, not the heart." (Ep. I: IX, 27.) How many think, if their lot were only changed, they would be happier; how many exclaim, "If I were only rich, if I were only endowed with wisdom, if I were only as fortunate as my neighbor, how happy I should be!" The poet shows that discontent arises from looking



enviously at others whose disadvantages they forget to compare with their own advantages.

Then since life is so short, he exhorts us to enjoy the present, and "What to-morrow may bring seek not." So our Saviour declared that "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Yet these very sayings that seem parallel show clearly the great difference between the Epicurean philosophy and Christianity. For while the Epicurean declared that each day could provide for itself, we, as a Christian people, recognize a Divine Providence controlling and ordering the future.

As adversity generally comes to all, it is wise to know how to live when it does come. Because, "Riches and power can not remove trouble from us." (Ode III. 1, 37, 38, 39, 40.) And why should we worry about riches too much, for "Rapacious fortune with swift wings bears away the crown from one, and rejoices to place it on some other." (Ode I: XXXIV, 15, 16.)

Often things happen which cannot be helped, and it is always best in such times to remember the old adage, "What can't be cured must be endured." And the poet has truly and beautifully said, "Patience helps to bear that which no power can change." (Ode I: XXIV, 19, 20.)

He also warns us of the flight of time while we thus worry, "Alas Postimus, Postimus, the fleeting years glide away." (Ode II: XIV, 12.) Whether rich or poor we must all go soon or late, for "With equal pace impartial fate knocks at the hovel and the palace gate." (Ode I: IV, 13.)

These few selections can not do the poet justice as nothing less than the close study of the original work can. He, like Bacon, Carlyle, and Emerson, expressed the thoughts and feelings of men, which they themselves could not express. His teachings can but be enjoyed by the student who laying down the book will meditate to his own advantage upon the sound philosophy which is set forth so clearly. He shows us that men were characterized in the past by somewhat the same thoughts and actions, joys and sorrows, successes and failures which men have to-day.

## SOCIETY AND SCHOOL.

AS man is a social being and has a natural desire to mingle with his fellows, the question occurs probably to every student to decide to what extent he may enjoy the pleasures of society without interfering with the object of his studies. It is a question which none but himself can answer and to which no rules save those of his own good sense and judgment can apply, for the natures of no two men are so similar that the experience of one can serve as a sure guide to the inquiries of another. Between the butterfly of fashion at the one extreme, and the book worm at another, is a great variety of men whose social natures require a greater or less degree of gratification and who are confronted each with the question: How much of my time can I profitably spare from study and sleep, to mingle in society?

A man of even the most unsocial temperament and industrious habits would not counsel a perpetual round of intellectual drudgery unrelieved by rest or recreation, for it is well known that such a course defeats its own end. The social instincts are indispensable to one's symmetrical development. Intercourse with one's fellows is a prime requisite of that sympathy with the interests of mankind, which is an element of every character except the most selfish and mercenary. Society is a community of interests to which each must contribute his share of wit, good fellowship, or learning. Even the bore assists with his presence and counts



numerically, if not intellectually, toward the common enjoyment. It has often been observed that the evil effects of solitude are manifested in a morbid and narrow character, and that there are no surer means of culture and polish than intercourse with men and the world.

It is not easy to conceive of any business, profession, or condition in life in which a familiarity with the usages and customs of good society is not a highly desirable possession. It is not intended to place an undue value upon a close conformity with the forms of etiquette, but to emphasize the value of confidence and self possession in business and professional life. The courtesies and amenities of business are no substitute for ability and worth, but are adjuncts too valuable to be overlooked. The advancement of many men is to be attributed to their success in the transaction of difficult and delicate enterprises, a success which is greatly enhanced by familiarity with the world, acquired in youth when the mind is plastic and impressions easily made and retained.

There is no doubt that judgment and determination are necessary for a student to withstand the temptation to find greater use for his dancing pumps than for his student lamp. It is not necessary to dwell upon the waste of time and money which results from an abuse of social privileges. College life is a season of preparation and it is obvious that no more time should be taken from study than is necessary for rest and to retain the mind in a healthy condition. The superficial society man is a well known character and one that is hardly worthy of emulation. There is also a strong tendency, in many circles of society, toward a senseless and disgusting display of wealth, which is likely to inculcate the belief that the possession of money and extravagance in its expenditure are the only ends in life. Such conditions seem inexpressibly trivial to a man of education and he feels only the more strongly that self improvement is a far nobler aim than a pursuit of the gilded baubles of fashion.

In our own institution there are far fewer temptations to a waste of time and opportunity than in many of the older colleges, particularly those situated in a gay metropolis, while the society advantages are considerable and of a substantial character. It is true that they are capable of abuse, but such abuse is not so common as in many colleges. We possess one most satisfactory condition, the absence of social extremes, of which we do not seem to be fully conscious. We are to be congratulated that a student who wears good clothes and receives a dozen invitations a week, does not consider himself superior to another who has an hour in the hat room or who fires at the shops. We should be proud that a man is not generally judged by his money or his clothes, but by his own worth, and this is a condition which all should endeavor to maintain. This is a great world with places for many men, and the society man has his use no doubt, but we are glad that he is not to be found here. His presence would not contribute to our own enjoyment nor to the University's prosperity, so we willingly resign him to other colleges, where he is more warmly welcomed and where he finds a more congenial circle of acquaintance.





## ATHLETICS.

FROM the Greek word *athleo*, meaning to contend, we derive our term *athlete*. This is the name which in former times was applied by the Greeks and Romans to persons who strove for honors or prizes in contests of strength or activity—any one who was a pugilist, wrestler or runner was called an *athlete*. In those days athletics were studied as a branch of art. This led to many useful rules of diet and exercise which are applicable to the ordinary modes of life.

In former times when bodily strength and activity held a high place among the Greeks, the *athlete* held a position in society entirely different from that of the modern pugilist. If he wished to enter the lists at the Olympian or other games, he was first questioned regarding his birth, social standing and character. Then the whole assembly was asked if any one of them knew anything disreputable of the candidate to tell it. Even great men whose genius was unquestioned contended for the prizes in athletic exercises. History tells us that "Chrysippus and Clianthes, the famous philosophers, were victorious athletes, or at least persons who pursued gymnastics, not as a profession but for the sake of exercise, just as at the present day we have amateur pugilists."

The deep and eloquent Plato was one of the wrestlers at Corinth, and the profound Pythagoras is said to have not only gained a prize once but also to have given lessons in athletic training.

The honor of an Olympian victor was very great. The city of his birth was looked upon as being ennobled by his success and he himself was held sacred. A special breach was made in the walls of his city, through which he was to enter. He was kept during his life time at the public expense and when he died a great funeral was given him.

One victor in Italy, who had with only one exception been successful at Elis, was honored with a statue to which homage was paid by command of an oracle even during his life time.

Athletic sports were witnessed for the first time at Rome 186 B. C. M. Fulvius introduced them at the close of the Ætolian war. They became very popular during the reign of the emperors.

At Rome the athletes formed a sort of college which had certain privileges besides training by professional teachers. According to the early writers their food consisted of dried figs, cheese and vegetables. Later it was entirely different and more like that used by English prize fighters.

Their place of exercise was called the *palaestra* and their protecting gods were *Zenus*, *Hercules* and the *Dioscuri*.

From this up to a few years ago, athletic exercises have been on the decline, but recently they are gaining favor and have taken a step forward in America which has arrested the attention of those who try to keep posted on what is going on about them. Formerly there was an occasional boat-race and once in a while an important game of ball and that was the limit. For weeks at a time nothing of an athletic nature was found in the daily press. The idea prevailed that an athlete was some thing like a prize-fighter and not the right kind of a person with whom to associate. The public mind did not have any thought that a youth could at once compete for both scholarship and athletic training. By degrees, however, this ignorance began to give way. Field athletics were introduced at the colleges, numberless foot-



ball games, rifle matches, boxing fights were held and meetings of large and influential athletic clubs have become very popular.

In the gymnasium, also there has been a notable advance. Not only have the members become more familiar with moderate and practical exercises but in executing feats of strength as well. Things that used to be looked upon as marvelous are now easily done by many persons.

The gymnasium was intended for and kept up as a great training school for the cultivation of bodily strength. We look to it to counteract the bad effects of a one-sided development. The needs of the individual determine the value of one athletic sport over another.

To become strong and keep so is of the highest importance to every young man. Very often is it the case that students while at college neglect altogether their chances for improving their physical bodies. To a young man whose brain and nervous system are not severely taxed, or to one who is naturally slow and lacking firmness, energy and force of character, athletic sports open the way of gaining some of the energy and resolution which characterize this age.

To a man who can keep his self-control at all hazards and who has no over-combativeness, these exercises will give courage, firmness and a sense of his own manliness.

But with all the good this physical training does, there is yet another side to be considered. There are those persons who over-tax their muscles at the expense of their mental capacities. Questions like the following are continually coming up: "Do these exercises work benefit or harm?" "How do athletic sports affect the competitors later on?"

In many places a feeling of distrust of the games and contests that are held and a fear that the youth will over-tax his strength and that the development of today instead of staying with him all his life time and bringing him at last

to a ripe, old age, will, in a few years at the latest, prove to have done him absolute harm and will leave him, not hearty and strong, but with health either impaired or broken down completely.

It has been truly said that every good degenerates into evil. There is nothing so noble but that somewhere foolish or bad people do not find means of corrupting it. Boxing turns to pugilism and pugilism to foul play. So some of our athletic sports have undergone a process of degeneracy. Once the skillful attack and defense, and the clever strategy on both sides were the points most considered. In a boxing match of to-day, the kind of work that receives the applause of the multitude is best expressed by the term "slugging."

It is with perfect disgust that many people read of the honor paid by England to America's notorious prize-fighter. It is in bad taste we say for such affairs to fill column after column of our daily papers.

The good results of a course of athletic training are not to be denied and it should be the aim of every participant to gain strength and activity that shall be useful to him throughout life.





## COLLEGE STUDENTS.

THE acquiring of book knowledge awakens and stimulates the mind. It is not the mere information which strengthens the intellect, but rather the struggle made to obtain it. It is the training of the faculties, the broadening of the powers of perception. The different lines of study educate the different faculties; but throughout them all, there is one single, grand aim in view, to learn how to live, that life in itself may be made more perfect, the grandest results always coming from the most perfect lives.

Too many students do not realize why they are studying. They look upon school-days as a part of life and not as the best preparation for duties. Many, too, do not decide in which field they shall work until their college days are almost over.

In the universities and colleges we find a collection of young people whose characters differ as widely as their positions in life. We find, studying side by side, the son of the common laboring-man and the son of the millionaire. Here, their rank as scholars determines the positions which they shall hold. Some are doing their work earnestly and faithfully; others are slighting it. A portion of the students have had better elementary instructions than others and consequently are better prepared for the college course; but he who does his best always is on the sure road to improvement. Some are relying upon their own resources; others are sent by their parents with an abundant supply of money. As a

general rule, the students who have to earn their own way through college make the best scholars; for they have a greater desire for an education, and realize more fully why they are going to school. These students come from all parts of our country and some come from other countries.

The years spent in college test the character of a student. His associates differ greatly in moral character, and he must choose for himself whose company he will frequent. He may have the standard of his character lowered, by his associates, or he may have it raised; but, being free to choose, he is responsible. If once led into wrong doing, the power to resist temptation in the future becomes lessened, and the changes which are made in his character here will be permanent—leaving their impress upon his entire life. Many leave their homes for the first time when they come to college, and they see here their first glimpses of the world.

Meeting day by day, the students learn to know each other intimately. They learn the thoughts, opinions, and habits of one another, and become bound together by ties of friendship. They are united by the bond of class-feeling, and also by being students of the same university. The classes often contend with one another, but it is an honest rivalry. The brightest struggle for the class honors, and though jealousy may arise, there usually arises with it a respect for the superior mental qualities of the opponent. This competition is in some respects beneficial, since it calls forth earnest and good work.

College boys are thought by many to be reckless and daring, and while it is true that there have been grave misdeeds done in many of our colleges, if we compare college students with any other body of young people of equal numbers, it will be found that the students are equally moral and law abiding, and that in some respects their actions are more commendable. There is in youth itself a love of mirth and fun. This spirit is repressed in the student's



steady application to his books, but must break forth sometimes as the necessary reaction of hard study. This merry-making is often carried to extremes, but it is only through thoughtlessness and not through willfulness.

Knowledge, to increase, must be used. The intellect is like a muscle, which, if never employed, becomes weak and powerless. Some things, it is true, can only be learned from authors, but in the sciences and arts one can work for himself. In any pursuit one becomes perfect only through practice. The true student knows that his education is not completed with his college course; but that if he wishes to become a scholar, he must still pursue his studies.

There are battles (though they be not sanguinary) to be fought in school. Many a dark page must be pored over until it becomes clear. But in spite of all, school-days are among the happiest of a life-time. When it becomes time to leave the college halls, the student looks back with pleasure upon the many happy hours that he has spent there and regrets that they are to be enjoyed no more. Many of his classmates and friends he parts from, never to meet again. He parts too from much of his free and boyish life, seeming to grow older the moment he steps out into the world. And if, in after years, he revisits his Alma Mater, it is with the keenest interest and the most pleasant memories.



## SOME RECENT CLASSIFICATIONS.

THESE are the days of specialists. Scientists, concentrating their labor upon some one field of investigation, spend their entire time within its limits. Hence their knowledge is not wide but deep. This method is worthy of imitation.

A hitherto unworked field is the classification of collegians. Long ago animals and plants were divided into families genera and species. Why not so classify students, beginning with the boys of our own University? First let us look to their division into classes. It can not be disputed that although the moustache of a prep may be as luxuriant as that of a senior, each class has a certain individuality that distinguishes it from another. The stars are the connecting links between classes partaking somewhat of the qualities of each. The most prominent figures in college life, of course, are the seniors. They are the veterans who have survived physics and demerits and can look forward with calmness to chapel orations. In our college the black silk plug is their distinctive badge, but even that can scarcely add to their calm and sphinx-like demeanor. Who can be so charming as this same senior, when for a moment forgetting his dignity, he discourses on pleasant subjects with a girl.

Many boys go through college utterly regardless of the feminine element until the last year, when a sudden yearning for some fair one breaks down their timidity and they enter the mad whirl of Champaign or Urbana society.



The juniors usually evince a great deal of interest in practical jokes and in devising means to entrap the unsuspecting prep. The juniors of this year are as a whole the kindest-hearted of boys. One cold night in the beginning of '87 they learned of the freshman sociable and immediately turned out to cheer their young friends and to demonstrate to them the depth of their affection. Finding that the freshman had planned refreshments for the mind only, they resolved that the edible part of the feast should not be wanting and so provided molasses and eggs, which they served in a manner new to "the caterer's art." The gleaming stars of military officers add brilliancy to this class and even irradiate the darkest corner of the library.

Although no class feeling has place in our philosophical mind, we must award the palm of merit to the sophomores. Past the verdancy and timidity of the younger class, lacking the abandon of the juniors and the dignity of the seniors, they possess a pleasing ease of manner and a flow of language that prejudice all in their favor. For obliging courtesy no one can equal a sophomore. The charge of conceit has often been brought against him, but what has been mistaken for conceit is only the consciousness of undeveloped power.

We believe that all the great men of America, who are college-bred, were sophomores at some period of their careers, and many more of the distinguished men of the future will be.

Of freshman there are two varieties, those who have been in the preparatory department and those sent from the accredited schools of the state. They very soon unite in a single species.

They begin at an early date to think of class organization and believe a motto to be a class necessity. All the hopes of a freshman cluster around a class sociable. There he will meet ladies who "will be pleased to accompany" him to special meetings of the college societies. And the girl he

has wanted to meet all the term will be there, and he will have more satisfactory intercourse than holding open the storm door for her entrance and picking up her stray lead pencils. Are the hopes of the freshman ever realized? Ask the sophomore.

Least in importance, so the other classes say, but not in numbers, are the preparatory students. Would that we could raise the maligned prep. Why is his guilelessness and innocence of this world a crime and would it be in any other place than college halls? Happy little prep who leaves home knowing not the torture he has to bear in the scoffs and jeers of the matriculated. The strange fact has been observed that freshmen who have been preps are always the most cruel tormentors of their successors. But to sum the whole matter up we may say as do the geographers that these are the five great divisions. Of course there are members of every class who are exceptions to the foregoing statements, as for instance a conceited sophomore or a lively senior.

Then these great divisions are subdivided into Adelpheids and Philomatheans and members of the scientific and engineering societies. Of course each society is in its own opinion far superior to every other. Many Adelpheids base their claims to superiority on the elegance of their chandeliers, while the Philomatheans consider that "Excelsior" places them to the front.

A word as to the individuals who go to make up the University. There are boys who study and boys who don't; the "west-side butterfly" and the studious club man, the athlete and the boy who is excused from drill or the "crip." Accidents often occur which compel the athletic students to desist from drill while such other amusements as base-ball or tennis are beneficial to the health. Many apparently strong young men are subject to some mysterious malady which demands an excuse. Once a "crip" it is almost impossible ever to regain health and strength.

The ladies of the University are few in number and fickle in disposition, so we leave it to some deeper mind to study their characteristics and print his impressions.



## SHAKESPEARE.

"Take him all in all,  
We shall not look upon his like again."

THERE have been men in the world's history, whose deaths have rendered mankind unable to do justice to their worth in those particular spheres of excellence in which they stood pre-eminent.

When the immortal Raphael for the last time laid down his palette, still moist with the brilliant colors which he had spread upon his unfinished masterpiece destined to be exposed to admiration above his bier, he left none behind him who could worthily depict and transmit to us his beautiful lineaments; so that posterity has had to seek in his own paintings some figure which may be considered as representing him.

When his mighty rival, Michael Angelo, laid down the chisel which no one after him was worthy to wield, none survived him to repeat in marble the rugged grandeur of his countenance.

When Mozart closed his last uncompleted score, and stretched himself out to pass from the regions of earthly to those of heavenly music, which none had so closely approached as he, the science of which he was master could find no strains with which worthily to mourn him, except his own, and was compelled to sing at his own funeral his own marvelous requiem.

So when the pen dropped from mighty Shakespeare's hand, when his last mortal illness mastered the strength of even his genius, the world was left powerless to delineate his noble and unrivalled characteristics.

Hence, we turn to the great dramatist himself, and endeavor to draw from his own works the only true records of his genius, and in them find an imperishable monument of his greatness.

It is safe to say that no writings of ancient or modern times compare with those of the "Sweet Swan of Avon" in the vast learning displayed.

It has been justly said that the plays could not have been written without a library, and cannot, to-day, be studied without one.

Goethe says of him: "He drew a sponge over the table of human knowledge."

As the great master of our language, as almost its regenerator, as its refiner, as the writer who has run through the most varied ways, and to the greatest extent every department of literature and learning, through the history of nations, and who seems to have visited every part of nature, to have studied the heavens and the earth—as the man, in fine who has shown himself supreme in so many things, he is beyond the reach of envy or jealousy.

The genius of Shakespeare is one of familiar thought when we study him and when we characterize him.

Simple and intelligible as is the word, genius, it is one difficult to define.

Without attempting a definition here, we can say that one great characteristic, easily and universally admitted, is, that it is a gift and not an acquisition.

It is inborn. It is as much a living and natural power as that of reason to an intellectual meteor, whose orbit cannot be calculated.



We may describe it as Shakespeare himself describes glory, and say:

"Genius is like a circle in the water  
Which never ceaseth to enlarge."

The most essential quality required for true genius is the power to give outward life to the inward conception.

Without this the poet is dumb. He may be a "Mute, inglorious Milton;" he can not be a speaking, noble Shakespeare.

The essence of his genius consists in what is the very soul of dramatic idea, the power to throw himself into the situation, the circumstances, the nature, the feelings of his character.

His dramas are unlike those of his predecessors, his contemporaries or his successors both in thought and language; and his power of dramatic characterization, he is unapproached by any writer who ever lived.

The fertility of his mind appears to have been inexhaustable, the profundity of his thoughts unfathomable.

His language in the purest and best, his verses the most flowing and rich.

Indeed, the use of a word by the great master is taken to establish its authority and render it classic.

Volumes might be written on his works, which Montaigne fondly calls the "children of his brain," and, in fact the literature on the subject includes contributions from the greatest writers of every generation since his time.

Who, a stranger might ask is the man, and where was he born? Did he live in ancient Rome, strolling on the Forum, or climbing the Capitoline; listen to conspirators among the columns of its porticos, mingle with senators, around Pompey's statue, or with plebians crowding to hear Brutus or Antony harangue?

Did he live in the courts of princes, and listen to the grave utterances of kings or the witty sayings of court jesters?

In short, did he live in the great cities, or in shepherd's cottages or in fields and woods?

He appears perfectly at home in whatever sphere we place him; but we are compelled to allot him a rural home on Stratford-on-Avon.

"Where his first infant lays sweet Shakespeare sung,  
Where his last accents faltered on his tongue."

The story of his life is familiar to all, and need not here be repeated.

And though his early life is clouded in mystery, it seems certain that his boyhood was spent in his native village where he might have been seen as a school-boy,

"With his satchel and shining morning face,  
Creeping like a snail, unwillingly to school."

He appears to have left school at an early age, if indeed he ever attended at all, and to have entered the world to earn his living.

Whether these meagre educational advantages were sufficient to insure that wonderful depth and variety of learning of which we have spoken, and which is displayed in nearly every sentence he utters, is seriously questioned by many.

Even though his subsequent residence in London and connection with a prominent publisher of the day, and his position as manager of the Globe Theatre, increased his knowledge of men and things, yet it is a question whether genius even of the highest order, unaided by education and systematic training, could produce the grand results embodied in the works that bear his name.

Horace Walpole appears to have been one of the first to raise the question of the authorship of the Plays in his "Historic Doubts on the Reign of Richard III."

The spirit of skepticism has been growing and the literature on the subject increasing till up to the present time no less than three hundred books and pamphlets have been written on the subject.



Among those brought forward as claimants to the honor of the authorship, Francis Bacon stands pre-eminent.

The circumstances of his life, his extensive learning, the philosophical character and depth of his mind, his intimate acquaintance with the institutions and politics of the times—all point to him as the only living man of the day who could approach the sublime excellence of the works attributed to Shakespeare.

His acknowledged writings partake of the general character of the Shakespearean works, not so much in form as in thought; and the Baconian philosophy pervades the works to a marked degree.

The Baconian theory has received a new impulse during the present year by the completion of "The Great Cryptogram" by Ignatius Donnelly, the recognized champion of the Baconians.

There is no doubt that Bacon dealt in ciphers, and ciphers of the most exquisite subtilty and cunning, and even wrote a book on the subject; and the author of the "Cryptogram" claims to have discovered in the first collected edition of the Plays, the Folio of 1623, a curiously infolded cipher narrative bearing a certain uniform relation to the paging and beginnings and ends of acts, scenes, etc.

With the conviction that a cipher existed, he turned to page 53 of the Histories, where the line occurs:

"I have a gammon of Bacon, and two razors of ginger."

Counting from the top of the column downward, omitting the characters and stage directions, he found *Bacon* to be the 371st word. Dividing that number, 371, by 53, the number of the page, he obtained the quotient 7, which equaled the number of italic words in that column.

Again, turning to page 67 he found the significant word *St. Albans* in the line:

"And the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host of *S. Albans*."

Counting the words on that column as before, he found

*S. Albans* to be the 402nd word; which, divided by 67, gave 6, the number of italicized words on that column. Returning to page 53, he found 459 words in the first column; and from the top of the second column to *Nicholas*, there were 189, which, added to 459, gave 648. This was evidently the product of 54, the next page, and 12, the number of italic words in the first column of that page. By a similar process he found the words: *Francis, Son* and *Bacon's*; which arranged with the others, reveal the real author, Francis—Bacon—Nicholas—Bacon's—Son.

This of course does not represent the cipher, which is a miracle of industry and ingenuity, but is one of the steps which led up to its discovery. The work of developing the law of the cipher was most difficult, and required a wonderful amount of patience and skill; indeed the labors of Champallion C. Jeune and Thomas Young in working out the Egyptian hieroglyphics from the rosetta stone, were simple compared with it.

The work has justly awakened great interest in the literary world; for "when it is considered that, great as are the so-called Shakespeare Plays, they are but a padding around a concealed story, written by Lord Bacon nearly three centuries ago, and incorporated by him in the plays, in the form of an intricate cipher; that Mr. Donnelly has discovered and holds the key to this cipher; that he has already unravelled sufficient of this hitherto concealed cipher narrative to prove beyond question that Lord Bacon and not Shakspeare wrote the plays; when all these facts are considered, some estimate may be placed upon the wonderful discovery which has been made by Mr. Donnelly."

Though the idea that Shakespeare is not the author of the plays is stigmatized as worthy of a madman, yet the student of Shakespeare will find in this controversy abundant material for serious thought and investigation.

The elevation of Bacon to the pedestal so long occupied



by the "Immortal Will," would prove among other things the necessity of education as well as genius in the production of great literary works, and give additional force to the golden rule, "There is no royal road to knowledge."

It would prove the plays were not the production of heaven-born genius and intuition alone, but of genius and ability moulded and strengthened by intense industry and study.

---

The Chemical Laboratory is the place to furnish jokes. They are put up in neat packages, two to each joke, and when mixed, according to directions the chemic boys give, they will produce enough joke of a strong and penetrating quality to fill a large room.

---

An addition which will mark an important point in the history of the University is the establishment of the Agricultural Experiment Station. The work of arranging for it is actively going on.

---

Hidden in the obscurity of the future there are inventions and discoveries which will be as marvellous to us as ours would have been to a feudal serf. The gray watchers of science, even now are able to see the dawn of discoveries which, ere long will arise on the mind of man. Such are the extraction of aluminum from clay, the conversion of glucose to cane sugar, the replacing of steam by electricity and without fail there will be many more the advent of which will be as unexpected as the comet that rises beside the morning star.

## THE STUDY OF LITERATURE.

---

WITHIN the minds of many students in this University there exists an idea that literature is not strengthening, that it is effeminate, and that the Literary course is in the end but a makeshift for the "parchment." When we enter this course we are informed that we must starve or live on glory; that while literature may be a great "staff," that it is a poor "crutch." We are sorry that the spider has thus spun his web o'er the eye of our Natural History adviser; sorry that Architecture has reared her attractive temple between our admonishing friend and a brighter future, and that the views of our Engineering councilor are so short-sighted that he sees not out of his contracted realm.

Howbeit, egotistically or enthusiastically given, their advice is kindly received,—in vain. For, as yet, the past has proved an ample guide for the future. If we retrospect we find the men who represent their respective ages, to be those who fed on the greatest works of the greatest authors. Shakspeare's training, like that of all the most famous men in ancient and modern times, was wholly literary rather than scientific. What did Alexander, the great, not owe to Homer? Cæsar knew nothing of what we call science. Napoleon fed on Plutarch more than on gunpowder and mathematics. Milton was chiefly indebted to the Bible, Homer, Sophocles, Virgil, Spenser and Shakspeare; Burke and Webster to Milton; Rufus Choate, the great jury lawyer of the past generation, to all of these. The foremost statesman in England to-day is a man of letters, William E. Gladstone; the foremost statesman in Europe, Prince Bismarck,



is a literary graduate of two universities; the foremost lawyer in America, William M. Evarts, bore off the highest honors for literary excellence at Yale just fifty years ago; and one of the ablest of the many able ministers who have represented America at the court of St. James is our foremost man of letters, James Russell Lowell. These examples show that the practical cutting edge of tact is not less keen when it has a heavy backing of solid literary learning. Did not the pen of Moses largely shape Hebrew civilization? Did not the Iliad and Odyssey exert enormous influence on both Greek and Roman life? Is not our highest modern civilization the outgrowth of the Bible? In the end has not literature proved itself the garden of wisdom and the apostle of freedom? Well did Wordsworth say:

"We must be free or die, who speak the tongue  
That Shakspeare spoke, the faith and morals held  
That Milton held."

The Bible, Shakspeare, Milton—whoever will thoroughly master these three, will have a better education with which to meet the world, than a graduate of any technical course. Failure can scarcely surprise him. For he will have a knowledge of human nature, a knowledge that is better preparation for success than a knowledge of all the laws of matter and of all the processes of machinery, and of all the tricks of trade.

But to this end we must not mistake the manner in which the greatest power is to be derived from literature. Disappointment may overtake us from lack of thorough analysis; for the ultimate worth is not revealed by a mere perusal. The work in hand is to be studied, studied as to its etymology, syntax, and logic; not for the sake of these, however, but that in dissecting the often apparently lifeless form to discover the etymological tissues, syntactical sinews, and logical boneframe, it gradually becomes a thing of life and beauty, as the cold marble under Pygmalion's chisel grew warm with immortal loveliness.

We may make a mistake by devoting too much time to the history of literature, or to the opinions thereupon, or to the man who produced it. A little flavor of the historic sea in which the shell first grew; a little pepper and salt of wise criticism; a little of the personal history of the bivalve, may not come amiss; these may whet the appetite or enhance the relish, but they are no substitute for the oyster itself. Again are we liable to miss the chief good of literature, by studying it only for the light, ornament, and companionship that it brings. This is a good result, but only secondary. To achieve the best result we are to diffuse, rather than monopolize, its sweetness and light; and so to enter into it, that the whole masterpiece blazes with all the fire and force and beauty that filled the soul of the author himself.

If we thus drink at the fountains of literature, we shall acquire an education which will ever reveal possibilities, broaden thought, liberalize the soul, and touch to firmer issues; but, how contrasted with that received by our admonishing technician. He knows the structure of the human or animal body, because he has learned it in his books or at his dissecting table. But what does he know about human thought, the philosophy of mental motives, impressions, and reflections? He is ignorant of logic. It is beyond his sphere. Comparison and analogy to him has no use except as he has learned it under the microscope or dissecting knife. What does he know of human passions, actions, and emotions, the very things, with which he is to contend in the battle with the world. His science recognizes nothing but what he can measure with his tapeline or divide by his simple calculation. He has not attained to the rule of three in the genuine science,—human science.

Again in the doing of all things there is, or should be, a pre-eminent aim. The chief purpose of any university is, or ought to be, to create and maintain in every student the highest ideal of human life. Certainly there is no study like



that of the best literature to form and glorify such an ideal. Association with the literary lights of our times will not in itself suffice. We must study the patrimony of literature that our generation inherits, in order to know:

"The glory that was Greece, the grandeur that was Rome."

Milton's *Paradise Lost*, or Burke's orations, if digested, and assimilated, can hardly fail to broaden the horizon and liberalize the soul. And thus it is with all the great masterpieces; for living as we are in constant contact with the great facts and laws of nature and human existence, if we view them from the author's standpoint our lives must of necessity be larger than before.

And, since it is the "glorious doom of literature, that the evil perishes and the good remains," it must exert on the student a strong moral power; and what more important? Again, men of science are to be governed directly or indirectly by men of letters; directly by government officials; indirectly by apostles of national affairs and of humanity, moulding and shaping destinies by the influences of the pen.

Farther, when this generation becomes but a matter of history, who will stand forth as its great characters? Will it be the farmers, the engineers, or the men of Natural Science? Historically—no. Goldsmith wrote truth when he said: "Whatever the skill of any country be in sciences, it is from excellence in polite learning alone that it must expect a character from posterity."

Painting, sculpture, architecture and their subordinates are of profit, but dealing with the Arts and Sciences, find their profit there. The great masterpieces of literature deal with man as man and find their fruit in his improvement.

Setting aside the narrowness of a technical course in science, and the culture, refinement, and satisfaction derived from a course in literature, and judging only by motive and result, the former is to the furtherance of scientific knowledge, and the latter to the upbuilding of mankind.

## Contributor's Column.

[Answers to questions on personal and general topics will be given here, to subscribers only. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications, or those written on both sides of the paper. All queries must be accompanied by the full name and address of the subscriber, not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.]

SPOONY.—1. No; it would hardly be considered in good taste for a young man to hold a young lady's hand during an entire church service.

2. We never heard of George Washington being the inventor of corn salve.

CLARISSA SUNBEAM.—I once had a steady lover who came to see me four evenings in every week, but lately he has rather grown away from me. Can you tell me what will win back his love?

Ans. We can Clarissa. We have been there some considerable ourselves. The proper thing to do is to get a sound base ball club, and maul that truant lover until his love is brought back. We think you will have no trouble after that.

FRESHMAN.—The styles of cuffs worn by the different college classes differ greatly. Those worn by preps and freshmen generally date back to the carboniferous period, and have a deep border of alluvial deposit. These would probably suit you best.



INQUIRER.—“Who wrote, “To be, or not to be, that is the question,” and what does it mean?”

It was written by W. Shakespeare, who lived in England near the close of the sixteenth century and achieved more than a local reputation as a poet. It means that the poet has experienced the vicissitudes of life and finds that it is not what it is cracked up to be. He has run the gauntlet of measles, croup and whooping cough only to find that chill-blains, mumps and rheumatism lie in wait for him. He has escorted a fickle damsel to a picnic and seen her depart with hated rival, whose only charms were a new seersucker coat and a boat ticket. He knows that a man may be, learned and virtuous, yet his pancakes will be sour and his coffee muddy. His last play has been rejected and he is three weeks behind with his board, while his laundryman says, “No monee, no washee.” Under these circumstances the poet stands in gloomy meditation and casts a weather eye into futurity. He doubts whether the fun of existence pays for the trouble and utters the immortal lines, which have found so responsive an echo in the human heart that they have since been a favorite of school boys and amateur elocutionists.

ALGERNON DEHODGE.—Do you think that a “Society to induce Farmers to wear collars and cuffs while at work,” is needed?

Ans.—Indeed it is. Such a society composed of earnest young men would do much good and help to avert this great danger threatening our republic.

A. S. S.—We have thoroughly investigated the subject, but cannot find that liver pads have ever been used successful, in the treatment of mumps.

SOPHOMORE DUDE.—Can you tell me who was the author of “Milton’s Comus?”

Ans.—We have said respectfully that we could not give business addresses.

SOLON H. WISE.—I am a professor and I am much troubled by students asking questions. How can I remedy this?

Ans. It will, perhaps, be impossible to get the students to wholly cease this reprehensible habit. Much, however, can be done as follows: (1) Tell him you have not time to discuss the matter just now. He will forget all about it. (2) Tell him the matter is beyond his comprehension at present. (3) Inform him that if he pays attention he will learn all about the topic without asking any questions. (4) Start in with an explanation of any kind using as many big words as you can and introduce a number of quotations from foreign languages, and you will soon have him so befogged that he will admit that he knows all about it. In the hands of a skillful man this is, perhaps the best plan of all. By a careful use of these rules you should be able to shut off nearly all questions, conceal your ignorance and at the same time cause yourself to be considered a man of prodigious learning.

MR. NEWMAN PREP.—Is it true as is reported that the chickens near the electric lights are dying from want of sleep because they don’t know when to go to roost?

Ans. We fear that the sad fact is only too true, and if town councils persist in introducing the electric light, spring chickens will soon be a thing of the past.

STUDENT.—When a young lady requests the pleasure of a young man’s company to a leap year party must she furnish a hack? 2. Would it be improper to ask the young lady to call again?

Ans.—1. Hacks every time. 2. Certainly not.



## The United States System of Land Surveying.

THE public lands of the United States have been a great source of debate in congress, and the present system of laying them out and disposing of them was not the creation of any single person, but on the contrary, embraces the ideas of the great men of the country for many years. The United States, Canada and Brazil, are the only countries, so far as I know, that have any order or system in this laying out of their lands. A brief consideration of the manner in which lands are laid out in New England will serve to show the utility of the rectangular system.

There, so the story goes, a man arriving from the old world would turn out his cow when the snow was on the ground, and the land enclosed by her tracks would be his. I have heard of a description of a piece of land in Massachusetts which began something like this: "Beginning at a point 30 ft. from the N. E. corner of John Smith's garden, N. 20 chains to the top of the ridge; thence along the top of the ridge 35 chains, etc." The indefiniteness of such boundaries is evident. Corners were rarely established and there is nothing by which to establish one should it be lost. Fields, and small ones at that, are seen with five, six or eight sides, or even more. It really seems as if they tried to find out how irregular they could make the fields. The numer-

ous law suits about land boundaries are evidence of the evils of this want of system. The worst of it is, they cannot be satisfactorily settled; since, in some cases, no man, surveyor or otherwise, can tell to an absolute certainty, where the boundaries or corners should lie.

About 1784, Rufus Putnam, a brother of the Revolutionary hero, was sent out into Ohio to look over some land, intended for the soldiers of the Revolution. Shortly after his return he wrote a letter to Thomas Jefferson recommending that the boundaries of the townships run north and south and east and west, and that the larger tracts should be divided into smaller pieces of land by lines paralleled to these. This was the germ of the present system.

The first public lands of the United States were obtained by grants from the various states, that owned territory in the Great Northwest, as it was called. A large portion was afterward added by the annexation of Texas and still other portions by purchase. The continental congress appointed a committee at whose head was Thomas Jefferson, to report a plan for surveying the lands granted by the states. The committee reported May 17, 1784, suggesting that the land be divided into tracts 10 miles square, which tracts should be sub-divided into tracts one mile square. Congress adopted the plan except that the first divisions were to be seven miles square.

In May, 1785, James Monroe proposed that the townships, as they were called from that time on, should be six miles square and this amendment was adopted. Nothing was said, however, about the number of sections in a township, so that, as the law now read, there were to be forty-nine sections one mile square in a township six miles square. A few days afterward an amendment to remedy this defect was proposed, but the motion was lost. Finally on May 20, the law was amended to read, "containing thirty-six sections one mile square."



The first land surveyed by the general government was in eastern Ohio. There seven tiers of townships were surveyed north from the Ohio river, forming the "Seven Ranges," as they were called. The sections were numbered from south to north in each tier, beginning at the south-east corner. By a law of later date this way of numbering was changed. At present they are numbered beginning at the north-east corner, first west, then east, then west again, and so on to 36 in the south-east corner of the township.

In starting a survey, a point is first established as an initial point. This point is usually established near some natural monument, as a hill or mountain, or at the junction of two rivers. From the initial point thus established a true meridian is run north and south by a transit, solar compass or some other instrument of equal accuracy, (so the law expressly provides) which is called the principal meridian. Two sets of chainmen are required to measure the line thus run, and stones or posts are set at every mile and half-mile for the corners of sections and quarter sections, and every six miles for township corners—the different monuments being marked so as to be readily distinguishable. From the initial point a line is also run on a parallel of latitude, called the base line. On this, in the same manner as on the principal meridian, the corners for quarter-sections, sections, and township are set. At the end of every six miles, a meridian is run for the boundary of the adjoining ranges of townships. As these boundaries were true meridians, there was soon a serious difficulty encountered, caused by the convergence of the meridians, a difficulty for which several remedies were proposed. Finally it was agreed to adopt standard parallels or correction lines, every twenty-four or thirty miles to obviate the difficulty. So now, at the end of every twenty-four or thirty miles on the principal meridian, a new base line, as it were, is run. On this then the true distances for township lines are again measured off.

The law provides that the same surveyor who ran the township lines shall not run the section lines. This is to secure the United States against fraud, so that one surveyor shall act as a check upon another. In running section lines, the surveyor starts at the first mile corner east or west of the principal meridian, and, on the base lines, runs a mile as nearly north as he can, setting a half-mile and mile corner; then, supposing he is on the east of the principal meridian, runs a mile east on a random line, setting a temporary half-mile corner, toward the corner previously established on the principal meridian. If the distance falls short or over runs three chains, he must retrace the whole section boundary he has just run. If the random line hits the township line within three chains of the corner there, by the old instructions of the land office the random line becomes the true one, but by present instruction, he must calculate the distance north or south, the temporary half-mile corner must be moved, and then set on the true line.

All excesses or deficiencies in the township are not divided up equally among the sections, but are thrown in the north and west half-sections of the township.

Minor divisions of sections are made by the county or other competent surveyor at the owner's expense.

This is in brief the United States system of laying out lands—a system which it seems almost impossible to improve upon, at least in theory; and, as better educated and more skillful surveyors take the field, we may expect the errors of field work to be reduced to a minimum.



## A Vernal Idyl.

O, winter is past  
 And spring's here at last,  
 And songsters are now on the wing;  
 I'm rendered quite gay  
 By their musical lay,  
 So I'll sing of the classman in spring,  
 Poor thing.

The preplet so gay  
 To the woods hies away,  
 Where robins and wood-thrushes sing;  
 He'll wander for hours  
 With his girl 'mid the flowers—  
 The flowers that bloom in the spring,  
 Poor thing.

With blood in his eye,  
 The freshie so "fly,"  
 Declares that a social's the thing,  
 But the faculty's "No"  
 Deals a very hard blow—  
 Hope dies with the advent of spring,  
 Poor thing.

The soph, O! so wise  
 With great enterprise  
 All admit makes the best of the thing  
 He'll complete all his work  
 And no duty will shirk  
 While enjoying the pleasures of spring,  
 Poor thing.

But the junior gets rash,  
 And sports a moustache,  
 And watches its growth lingering;  
 His lip once so bare  
 Shows a hair here and there  
 That's fanned by sweet zephyrs of spring,  
 Poor thing.

The senior serene,  
 With dignified mien,  
 Has little to do with this thing;  
 His college course run  
 His life work begun  
 He'll depart with the flowers of spring,  
 Poor thing.

Just one stanza more  
 And this ditty is o'er,  
 And relief to your minds it will bring  
 Don't think me a bard  
 For that would be hard,  
 For it's all on account of the spring,  
 Poor thing.

## Fitz Green Hallack.

ON the fifteenth day of May, 1877, there was unveiled in Central Park, New York, a monument to the memory of an American poet. As no column has been raised to testify to the peoples' appreciation of Poe, Irving, Hawthorne or Cooper, it is fitting that we should inquire why Fitz Green Hallack, a poet whose career was so short, who was so little praised, who produced so few good poems, is thus honored.

Fitz Green Hallack was born in a small town in Connecticut, July 8, 1795. In his youth he moved to New York city, where after engaging in various other occupations, he became book-keeper in Astor's large establishment. Astor in his will bequeathed Hallack an annuity of £200, upon which he retired from active life. He died Nov. 19, 1867. While in New York he became acquainted with Drake, with whom he formed a literary partnership. Their poems, signed "Croaker & Co.," contain much satire on the fashions of the



day and men who were at that time leaders in New York society.

In this city Hallack spent forty of the best years of his life, avoiding society in general. His conversation is said by intimate friends to have displayed wit equal to that found in his poems. He refrained from taking part in athletic pursuits and spent his time wholly in the pursuit of knowledge. Literature was not his profession as he never received compensation for his works nor desired to have their authorship made known. In proof of this fact it is related that, although constantly in communication with him, it was six years after Marco Bozarris was given to the world, before his sister was informed of the authorship of the poem. Even his three best works were unclaimed by him, but the secret was at last disclosed and Fitz Green Hallack suddenly became famous.

After retiring from active life, Hallack had ample time to add to his renown, but no works ever appeared to show that the opportunity had been improved.

In early life many poems were written by Hallack, some of which possess rare merit for so young a mind. But his fame rests chiefly on six poems written between the years 1817 and 1827. There are few of value before or after this time.

A volume of his complete works contains only about four thousand lines, and it is to be regretted that so little was produced by one who could write so well, and whom critics have admired and praised as few others have been praised.

It is not claimed that Fitz Green Hallack is as great a poet as America has produced in later years. To properly judge of the merit of a man, one must take into account his life, character and surrounding circumstances. Hallack's importance is at once perceived if we compare him with poets of his and the previous time. Until "Fanny" and the

"Croaker" poems appeared all poems of American writers were either mainly solemn or trifling. His style is distinctive if not original. He is the first of that which we may designate as the American School, the forerunner of the greater names that have since appeared. If a higher rank is assigned him than his talent would now entitle him to, it is because he rose so far above the poets of his day. Dealing with the life of the community in which he lived, he is truly the preserver of those later poets who deal with national life. He bears to poetry the same relation that Irving bears to prose.

It is to his lasting credit that we say he wrote readable poems that will stand as a monument to his memory more lasting than the one erected eleven years ago. Had New York not thus honored him he would still not have been forgotten. Years have proved the fallacy of his own words: "Ashes to ashes; dust to dust, may be said of fame as well as our frame; one is buried very soon after the other."

---

#### INTERESTING STATISTICS.

---

From a number of observations made in the library, it has been ascertained that a female's under jaw travels over an astonishing distance while engaged in the lucrative avocation of gum chewing. For instance, that which moved at the rate of only 60 "chews" a minute, in a day of 15 hours (which is the length of the working day for such artists) traveled over 9,000 feet. Another's moving at the rate of 85 per minute and with greater play, moved through a space nearly equal to four miles in the same length of time. These are only two from a number of computations made at the special request of the Sophograph board, but they represent the minimum and maximum distances traversed.



## A TRIP TO NANTUCKET.

AT Wood's Hall we had our first view of the Atlantic, and from there we took the steamer to Nantucket Island, twenty-five miles from the coast. As we were westerners, our ideas of the "deep and dark blue ocean" were somewhat vague and perhaps exaggerated, owing, it may be, to our faith in some well-meaning but misinformed literary men who have always had the fortune to visit the "fathomless deep" on special occasions when it was either on a strike with its managers, or had made special arrangements to remain perfectly silent. However that may be, on the day of our visit it was in its every-day clothes and unwilling to show off. Our steamer was very comfortable and pleasant and we could find no possible excuse for being sea-sick; we noticed a few of the ladies, however, who were more fortunate and soon complained that the smell of the oil from the engine was very depressing, and they immediately retired from view. Now the smell of oil had not the slightest effect on us, having already enjoyed the pleasures of a freshman sociable and a junior exhibition, so we turned our attention to the land which was fast receding from sight, hoping to enjoy the sensation of being "outside of land." In this we were nearly successful, for although we could always see a little, it was not worth much and was not even divided up into town lots. After a ride of two or three hours we came in sight of our destination, and arriving at the wharf we started up the street of the old town on our usual "ten minutes to catch a

train" gait, but finding ourselves looked at curiously as though we were in a hurry, we slowed up and fell in behind the rest. What a curious street we were walking on; narrow, crooked, and the pavement of rough cobble stones worn in deep ruts by the wheels of two centuries. We were glad to be allowed to walk. Then the houses, large and substantial, just as they had been for over a hundred years. They were shingled on the sides and roof, and with their huge chimneys reminded us of pictures of old Amsterdam, and we even began to feel as if we were outside the limit of our own United States, till we met our friends and received the most cordial welcome.

We found the inside of the old houses as quaint as the outside, but there was never a more genial hospitality, and tired travelers never found a more welcome rest.

The venerable clock told the hours in accents solemn and slow; and the date, seventeen hundred eighty-six, on its face made us think of a workman long since gone to rest whose honest work was still beating the hours for another generation.

It was July, and we had left home in a heat and dust almost unbearable. What a delightful change we found; there was hardly a day when the air was not fanned by a soft and fragrant breeze from the salt water, and never a night when we could not enjoy the most perfect rest.

In summer the temperature is never above 90 degrees and in the winter the mercury rarely falls to zero. An almost perfect climate never marred by the sudden changes which so sorely tax our patience and health.

The second day we crossed the island to the old town of Sciasconset, where once a large fishing trade was carried on, and where the fishermen's cottages were still standing, the memory of a past industry. Many of the old cottages were fitted up and used by summer visitors who had well-chosen this place for pleasure and recreation. Down on the beach



we found merry groups of pleasure seekers enjoying together the fresh air and the waves which vied with each other in climbing the sandy shore.

At ten o'clock the time for surf bathing began, and a sight more amusing can not be imagined. Fat old couples waddled through the yielding sand wholly oblivious of the eyes of spectators, and gay young girls — could they be the same that we had silently admired a half hour ago in their pretty costumes and jaunty hats? — now dressed in a style that would provoke mirth in a stolid savage. There they were, splashing and shrieking in the water or rushing breathlessly up the beach pursued by a dashing wave. The temptation was too great, we could not remain cynical spectators of such a mirthful scene, but soon arrayed in the regulation "high water" uniform we hurried to join the sport. Of course we were not going to appear green at the business and so went boldly in, when there appeared a frightful wave towering above us and we made for land at double time. We never reached it by our own exertions but found ourselves sprawling in the sand, to the amusement of the wicked spectators while the wave was backing off for another assault. We made several similar attempts and more than once tasted the briny deep, but not finding it good to drink desisted. When we learned to go beyond the place where the waves broke we acquitted ourselves more creditably, and were surprised to find how much easier it is to swim in salt water than in fresh.

On our return to the town of Nantucket who should we meet but the town-crier? He came ringing his bell, and, stopping on the corner, he blew a blast on his long tin horn, and then cried the news. He told what ships had been sighted off the coast, what kind of weather might be expected, and as we listened with wonder to his strange recital, he ended by shouting "There's a man down in the quarter selling Jamaica Ginjah, it's the best Jamaica Ginjah you can

buy, and you should never be without it," and away he went to repeat his news at the next corner.

Nantucket of a hundred years ago was a busy town, sending away its whaling vessels to far off seas, but the use of coal oil destroyed its industry and it is today as it was then. The soil of the island is almost clear sand; scarcely any vegetation can grow on it. The old records say that the island was once covered with forests, but now there remain only a few dwarfed white pines. We asked what was raised there and the reply was, "Turnips, very fine turnips."

We saw some of the old sea captains, who were past eighty years of age, but far from feeble or helpless. Their quiet life is so much slower than ours that it has a longer course to run.

We carried home many souvenirs of the island and of the old landmarks we visited, but our best souvenir is the memory of the happy days spent there.





## SHALL DAKOTA BE ADMITTED?

THIS question is one that has been before the public for several years; aye, many a time and oft it has been before congress. In 1879 Dakota applied for admission into the Union, and was refused; several times since has she tried, and failed. Last year she was refused again, with no valid reason. As everyone knows, however, she will be a powerful support to the Republican party; therefore, certain *statesmen* consider it to be the proper thing to vote against her petition for recognition as a state.

In looking at the matter from a disinterested standpoint, let us answer a few questions, and then make our conclusions. In the first place, has she fulfilled all legal requirements? Let us see what the requirements are? The constitution says: "New States may be admitted by congress into this Union; but no new State shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other state; nor any state be formed by the junction of two or more states, or parts of states, without the consent of the legislatures of the state concerned, as well as of congress. [See Art. IV. Sec. III. U. S. Con.]

This is all that the constitution says, and nothing in regard to Dakota conflicts with it. She is a single territory, connected in no way with other states or territories.

Again: Does her population, wealth and character justify her application?

Eight years ago her population was 135,177, now it is estimated to be between 500,000 and 600,000. On this score there can be no objection, for Illinois when admitted had

less than 55,000; and Nevada less than 35,000. In wealth let us compare her with three states, Nebraska, Kansas and Illinois. Of course I can only show figures of 1880 census reports, but these will enable us to make comparisons which were highly favorable for Dakota eight years ago.

The total assessed valuation then in 1880 was as follows:

Nebraska.....	\$ 90,585,782
Kansas.....	160,891,689
Illinois.....	786,616,394
Dakota.....	20,321,530

At the same time the population was:

Nebraska.....	452,402
Kansas.....	996,096
Illinois.....	3,077,871
Dakota.....	135,177

Comparing the assessed valuation and the population, we find the average Nebraskan worth \$200; the Kansan, \$159; the Illinoisan, \$255; and the Dakotan, \$150.

Take, then, the net indebtedness of the several sections under consideration, and we have the following:

Nebraska.....	\$ 7,425,757	Illinois.....	\$44,942,422
Kansas.....	16,005,853	Dakota.....	998,860

Comparing with the population as before, we find that the average debt *per capita* is, for Nebraska, \$16; for Kansas and for Illinois, \$15; and for Dakota, \$8. These figures show at a glance that Dakota has the best financial condition of the four.

In character, I may say that Dakota ranks highly among her neighbors. Her banks are solid; her business houses good; her land exceedingly fertile; and her people, for the most part, sober and industrious. A man's education tells largely in the formation of his character, and the common schools largely determine the character of communities, countries, and nations. The system of schools in Dakota is very good, resulting no doubt from the fact that those who peopled her in the early days of settlement were fully aware of the advantages of a thorough system of education, and the disadvantages of a defective system.



Going back again to 1880, we find the percentage of white males, of voting age, in the several sections to be:

Nebraska .....	28.3		Illinois.....	26.1
Kansas .....	25.8		Dakota .....	37.7

Again, we find that of this portion (that is, among those who make and execute the laws of town, county, and state,) the percentage of those unable to read or write, or in other words, illiterate, is:

Nebraska .....	3.0		Illinois.....	5.7
Kansas .....	3.1		Dakota .....	3.3

This result, at first sight, and in the face of what I have just said about education being an agent in the formation of character, tells against Dakota; but stop a moment. In computing this table, we have based our reckoning on 9.4 per cent. more of the population than Nebraska used, and 11.1 per cent. more than Illinois. Going over the ground again, making the necessary corrections, and reckoning from like bases, we find that the actual percentage of Dakota, compared with the other three, is only 2.5.

It is evident from these figures that Dakota has a right to demand admittance into the Union; and, it is also evident, that the congressmen who deny her petition on mere party grounds are not true to the spirit of their oaths of office; are not worthy of the trust reposed in them by their constituents; and are not worthy of the positions which they occupy.

Let us look again for a moment at her population. Does it differ from that of states admitted in the past?

In some things, yes. In general, no.

The majority are honest and energetic. They till the soil, run factories, and work mines. They are law-abiding citizens, composed mostly of emigrants from law-abiding states, such as Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, Ohio, etc. Her neighbors have passed their period of phenomenal growth, while she is in the midst of her progress. She is steadily increasing in those attributes which go to form a good state.

Her area is 147,700 square miles, as against 76,185 for Nebraska, 81,700 for Kansas, and 56,000 for Illinois. Or, she has 10,000 square miles more territory than Illinois and Kansas combined.

In the government of the territory, the executive power is vested in the governor, who is appointed by the president, by and with the advice and consent of the senate, for a term of four years. The legislative is vested in the governor and legislative assembly, and the judicial, in a supreme court, district and probate courts, and justices of the peace. The secretary of territory, chief justice, five associate justices, attorney and marshal, are appointed by the president under conditions similar to those named for governor. The legislative assembly is elected by the people.

Now in conclusion, the territory is well qualified for admittance; she has wealth, population, and area enough for two states; she has asked, and been refused. She now *demand*s the right to take her place in the sisterhood of states; to elect her own rulers; and to make and enforce her own laws. And I say that her appeal should be granted, granted in accordance with the underlying principles upon which this great Nation is so firmly built.

---

## NIGHT.

---

From the clouds there comes with beams of light,  
The moon, queen of the night,  
Onward she moves 'mid the heavenly blue,  
And gives to the world a silvery hue.

Now is the tired world hushed to sleep,  
And stillness reigns profound and deep,  
Eve has departed from her moonlit throne,  
And midnight watches in darkness and alone.



When spring comes along  
 With the birds and their song  
 And nature don's ornaments gay  
 The college boy laughs  
 With a voice like a calf's  
 And hastes to the campus away



Behold the young sport  
 With his parts much too short  
 For some of the Prof's to commend  
 They think he's a fool  
 Cause he wears them to school  
 And thereby the ladies offend.

But lads don't despair  
 For the lassies don't care  
 And how can they justly  
 complain  
 So stick to your text  
 Let no cloth be annexed  
 And true to the fashion remain.





## Sophograph.

ANOTHER year has passed since the publication of the last Sophograph. In many respects it has been the most prosperous the University has ever known. The beginning of the current year saw enrolled more students than the University has had at the time for many years, and we augur from this an increasing popularity.

The most perfect harmony has existed between the students and faculty, and all are beginning to see the benefits which may accrue to all from the system of elocutionary drill recently inaugurated. A new feature of this work which has been introduced this year is the chapel orations, given by the senior class.

Lieut. Hoppin, our new military instructor has shown his ability as a commander, and has won the respect not only of the officers under him, but of the students in general.

Miss Maloney has been indefatigable in her efforts to increase the interest in music, and her work has not been in vain. All her pupils speak of her in terms of highest praise.

The literary societies are doing active work, and have an enrollment equal to that of any previous year. The declamation contests this year were all that could be desired. The Alethenai contest was an innovation for that society, but was in no way inferior to the other two contests, and was a credit to the young ladies.

Athletics have received their full share of attention, and the leader in the gymnasium is deserving of praise for the interest which he has aroused. We trust that a series of ball games similar to that which furnished so much en-

tertainment last spring, will be arranged for this year. The last Field Day was without doubt the most successful one since the inauguration of this holiday.

The victory won by our orator at the late inter-collegiate oratorical contest is not the least of the honors which have been conferred upon the University during the past year.

In oratory, in athletics, in the various coutests, as well as in the daily routine of study and recitation, the record of the sophomore class is submitted as comparing favorably with that of the other classes, and we feel that the year to us has been a most profitable one.

ON the thirteenth of March there were held exercises in commemoration of the twentieth anniversary of opening to students of the University of Illinois. At such a time it is not unfitting that we take a retrospective glance and note the progress that has been made.

At its opening there were present one hundred and twenty-eight students. The faculty consisted of twelve members, prominent among whom was Dr. Edward Eggleston, the novelist. The curriculum was much inferior to the present one, many of the studies now in the preparatory year being then pursued in the freshman year, while not a few of the common school branches formed a part of the preparatory course.

From time to time as circumstances permitted, higher qualifications for admission were demanded, the faculty was increased and the standard of admission raised. The faculty at present numbers twenty-eight and the number of students this year will reach nearly four hundred, notwithstanding the requirements for admission are greater than in many universities making higher pretensions.

The growth of the University has been constant—not in mere numbers perhaps, but in that which is more desira-



ble, the quality of students and of work done. The name "Industrial" which so long conveyed to the public the idea of a second grade high school or an asylum for refractory children, in 1885 was exchanged for the title which the University now bears.

A university may not hope to gain a reputation and power in a day. Our own institution is no exception to the rule. In twenty years, we should not expect to gain the fame and influence of an institution ten times as old. It is sometimes hard to wait, but steady growth is more permanent than a sudden and phenomenal development. In many respects the advantages offered by the University of Illinois are excelled by those of no other institution in the east or west, while in some particulars she has desirable features which even larger and older institutions do not possess. We have an institution of which we should all feel proud; a genuine university; a faculty, some of whose names are recognized and honored not only in America, but in Europe, and also a body of students who in mental and moral qualifications are not inferior to those of any institution in our land.

The record of twenty years is a noble one, her sons ask no more for their Alma Mater than that she receive the honor justly due her, and the time is coming, slowly though it may seem, when she shall be universally recognized as one of the leading institutions of the west.

AMONG college students generally the idea obtains that only those expecting to follow literary pursuits need the training afforded by literary societies. Non-society men, when asked why they do not join a society, answer that the work will not prove beneficial to them. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The general public expects much

of a man who comes to them with a B. S., an M. E. or any other title attached to his name, and it does so not without reason. The word "graduate" is vague in its meaning to many, but to the illiterate it implies an exhaustive knowledge of every subject under the sun—scientific, literary, political, theological, or otherwise. More than this, it implies to them the idea of the ability to talk intelligently with slight preparation upon any subject. To the uneducated mind, the man who can make an interesting and pleasing talk when unexpectedly called upon to "make a few remarks" can justly claim to be educated, but the man who finds himself unable to respond to invitations of this kind which come to all educated men, shall hardly convince the public that he is above mediocrity. The ability to express one's thoughts comes chiefly by thorough practice, and the young man who goes through college without having obtained this discipline, goes to his life-work shorn of half his power.

WITH the rather visionary possibilities of leap year which 1888 brings to young men, comes, too, other more serious questions. The presidential election and the exciting campaign preceding it which are to occur this year will be largely instrumental in deciding the party preferences of the young man who has never before voted for president. The doctrines advanced by no political party are wholly without foundation, and it is for each young man to say which shall have his support.

The temperance question is forcing itself into public notice. Shall it be brought into politics or not? The several advantages of protection and free trade are still a party issue. Which are the greater? The labor and capital problem is agitating the people of to-day. Is it *the* question? These, and many other questions, the young man will be



called upon to decide, and to do so intelligently he must know the arguments for and against all of them. To vote is a duty which all should perform, but that one's father voted so or so is not in itself sufficient reason for deciding a choice; one should think and decide for himself. An opinion formed upon personal investigation is worth ten accepted from another's views.

It is a fact that not one man in ten can give a more lucid reason for his party affiliations than "because," and this can hardly be taken as conclusive argument on disputed points.

One should have opinions, or if he has none should form them by reading. Every one should know why he votes, or he should not vote at all. Especially is this true of young men who make any pretensions to education.

WE all place a high estimate upon manliness, in whatever form we recognize it. When watching the skillful feats of an acrobat we stand unconsciously with a more erect bearing as if we would increase our stature. The graceful, well-developed form of the athlete wins from us all a hearty admiration, but while we admire physical manliness, there is another and nobler manliness of soul which is more worthy of emulation—a characteristic which causes us to acknowledge our error when we realize that we have been in the wrong.

How very few of us are willing to assume the responsibility and results of our own actions. There are few harder things to do than to go to a wronged friend, frankly acknowledge your error and beg his pardon; there is no harder thing to do than to confess that the course of your past life has been wrong, and that you have determined to change it. The wrong acknowledged, the purpose formed, are evidence of

true manliness, beside which the exhibition of physical strength is poor and insignificant. To admit you have been wrong is not an evidence of weakness, but of the highest manly courage.

WE would call the attention of our readers to the various advertisements which are contained in the Sophograph. They represent the solid, wide-awake, business men of town. It is only by the liberal patronage of these men that we have been enabled to make the Sophograph what it is, and since they have shown their interest in student enterprise in such a substantial manner, it is only just that they should receive in return the students' trade.

BY an error for which we were not responsible the picture of Prof. Wood was inadvertently omitted from the faculty group. The omission was detected too late to be remedied and the above explanation is the only reparation we can make for the blunder.





# DIRECTORY.

## ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

C. P. Van Gundy, '88, Prest.	John B. Tscherner, '90, Secretary.
G. A. Hanssen, '90, Vice-Prest.	J. A. Samuels, '88, Base-Ball Man.
J. A. Patton, '88, Treasurer.	Cleaves Bennett, '89, Custodian.

### TRUSTEES.

Grant Beadle, '88.	Ed. Pickard, '88.	Phillip Steele, '89.
--------------------	-------------------	----------------------

## GYMNASIUM.

James White, '90,	Leader.
-------------------	---------

## UNIVERSITY NINE—1887-88.

Captain—Grant Beadle, p.

Gilliland, c.	Frederickson, 1st b.
Van Gundy, 2nd b.	Hanssen, 3rd b.
Samuels, ss.	Fuller, l. f.
Merrifield, c. f.	Briggs, r. f.
Substitutes—English, Shannon.	

## CLASS NINES.

'88—Captain, Beadle, p.

Samuels, ss.	Folger, c.
VanGundy, 2nd b.	Goodell, c. f.
Patton, 1st b.	Pickard, l. f.
Davis, 3rd b.	Taylor, r. f.
Samuels. Manager.	

'88—Captain, Steele, p.

Kinkend, c.	English, 2nd b.
Briggs, 1st b.	Evans, 3rd b.
Walker, r. f.	Bennett, c. ss.
Ross, l. f.	Legare, c. f.
Manager, P. Schaeffer.	

'90—Captain, Gilliland, c.

Bunton, p.	Frederickson, W. 1st b.
Tscherner, 2nd b.	Hanssen, ss.
Fuller, l. f.	Terrill, 3rd b.
Crabbs, r. f.	Clarke, H. B. c. f.
Manager, Hanssen.	

'91—Captain, Helm.

——— 1st b.	Merrifield, ss.
Frederickson, J. 2nd b.	Bouton, p.
Shannon, c.	Godfrey, l. f.
Rogan, c. f.	McClure, r. f.
Manager, Frederickson, John.	

## CLASS ORGANIZATIONS.

'88.

Folger, - - - President	Nellie Jillson, }	Historians
Etta Beach, - - Vice-President	Dewey, - }	
Ellison, - - - Secretary	Godell, - }	Sergeant-at-Arms
Beadle, - - - Treasurer		

'89.

Lilly Bronson, - President	Helen Dewey, }	Historians
E. E. Davis, - Vice-President	Koss, - }	
Briggs, - - - Secretary	Fannie Hodges, }	Sergeant-at-Arms
Walker, - - - Treasurer		

'90.

Kinder, - - - President	Jas. Barr, }	Historians
Snyder, - - - Vice President	Edith Clark, }	
Kate Kennard, - Secretary	Cooke, - }	Sergeant-at-Arms
T. A. Clark, - - Treasurer		

'91.

Helen Butterfield, - President	Helm, - }	Historians
Young, - - - Vice-President	Jessie Harris, }	
Mabel Gould, - - Secretary	Powell, - }	Sergeant-at-Arms
Laura Beach, - - Treasurer		



"ILLINI BOARD."

F. L. Davis, '88.	Ross, '89.
Lena Barnes, '88.	Keene, '89.
Nellie Jillson, '88.	Crabbs, '90.
Nellie McLean, '88.	Snyder, '90.
Evans, '89.	Powell, '91.
Frederickson, '91.	
Geo. W. Meyers, '88,	C. P. Van Gundy, '88,
Editor-in-Chief.	Business Manager.

ARCHITECT'S SKETCH CLUB.

W. C. Bryant. - President | J. M. White, - Vice-President  
R. O. Wheeler, Secretary and Treasurer.

M. E. SOCIETY.

Samuels, - President | McConney, Vice-Pres. and Treas.  
Waterman, - Secretary.

C. E. SOCIETY.

Warren Roberts, - Treasurer | E. E. Ellison, - Vice-President  
H. Dunaway, Secretary and Treasurer.

ADELPHIC SOCIETY.

Place, - - -	President	Walker, - - -	Vice-President
Gardner, -	Recording Secretary	Young, -	Corresponding Secretary
P. A. Schaefer, -	Treasurer	Briggs, -	Choirester
Terrill - - -	Chaplain	Folger, -	Sergent-at-Arms

TRUSTEES.

Place, P. A. Schaefer, Gardner.

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

Prof. Forbes, - President | Terrill, - Secretary

PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY.

Dewey, - - -	President	Bowditch, - - -	Vice-President
Piper, - - -	Recording Secretary	Kinder, - - -	Corresponding Secretary
Bunton, - - -	Treasurer	Warren Roberts, -	Critic
J. V. Schaefer, -	Sergent-at-Arms		

TRUSTEES.

J. V. Schaefer, F. M. Bennett, Steele.

UNIVERSITY BATTALION.

Lieut. C. B. Hoppin, U. S. A. Commander.  
Co. A—Capt. F. L. Davis.  
Co. B—Capt. A. Carver.  
Co. C—Lieut. C. L. Crabbs.  
Co. D—Lieut. Jas. White.  
Lieut. Jas. F. Clarkson, Adjutant.

ALETHENAI SOCIETY.

Nellie Jillson, - - -	President	Alice Barber, - - -	Cor. Secretary
Nellie McLean, - - -	Vice-President	Ella Connett, - - -	Treasurer
Amy Coffeen, - - -	Rec. Secretary	Lena Barnes, - - -	Sergeant-at-Arms

Y. M. C. A.

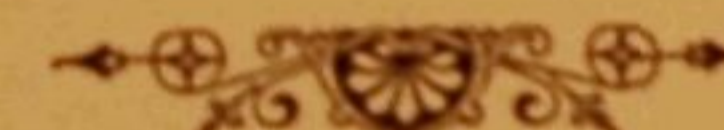
A. D. Folger, - - -	President	Powell, - - -	Rec. Secretary
T. A. Clark, - - -	Vice-President	Camp, - - -	Treasurer
Bevis, - - -	Cor. Secretary		

Y. W. C. A.

Myrtle Sparks, - - -	President	Ena Payne, - - -	Rec. Secretary
Alice Broadus, - - -	Vice-President	Jessie Ellars, - - -	Treasurer
Amy Coffeen, - - -	Cor. Secretary		

BAND.

H. Dunaway, Drum Major. - - - W. C. Briggs, Leader.











Satisfaction furnished on demand.



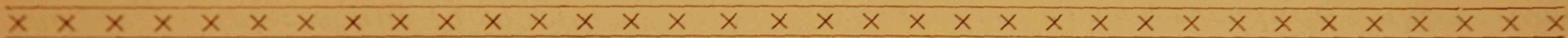
# Announcement:

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

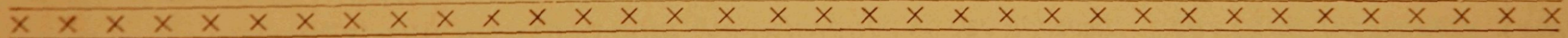
*The results to members in carrying out this work have been a stimulation of independent thought, a development of the ability to hunt up one's own information and the cultivation of the power to express ideas clearly, concisely and forcibly. In consideration of these results and the general interest and favor with which No. I. was received by undergraduates, alumni and others, the society feels warranted in issuing a similar publication this year.*

*The coming number will be ready for distribution about May, 1888, and will be in merit at least equal to last year's issue.*





WADVERRE ISHERMEN S.





STUDENTS' HEADQUARTERS

FOR

**FINE SHOES**

AT

**D. Rugg & Son's,**

Head of Main Street, Champaign.

WE ARE OFFERING SOME

**Special Bargains to Students this Spring.**

Our Gents' \$6.00 Fine Calf, Cordavan and Kangaroo hand-sewed Shoes we are offering for \$5.00. The finest shoe in the city for style, fit and durability.

Rugg's warranted \$3.00 Calf Shoe, in all styles, is an Excellent Shoe for the money.

GYMNASIUM AND BASE BALL SHOES!

SLIPPERS AND DANCING PUMPS!

A SPECIALTY.

**A. C. Singbush**

Respectfully invites the attention of Commissaries to his large stock of Staple and Fancy Groceries, which he will sell at the cheapest prices.

105 AND 107 E. BROADWAY, CHAMPAIGN.



UNIVERSITY  
 BOOKS AND SUPPLIES  
 AT  
A. P. CUNNINGHAM'S,  
 IN POST OFFICE BUILDING.

DRAWING MATERIALS, DRAUGHTING INSTRUMENTS AND FINE STATIONERY.

---

**Drugs, Perfumes AND Toilet Articles.**

---

Pharmaceutical Preparations and Prescriptions Compounded with Care.

Fine Cigars Made a Specialty.

**NEWS - DEPOT.**

STUDENTS' TRADE SOLICITED.

CHAMPAIGN, - - - - - ILLINOIS.



COMMISSARY, HALT!

—:AT:—

**Palmer & Smith Bros.,**

Niel Street, E. University Avenue,

DEALERS IN

FRESH, SALT AND SMOKED MEATS,

**Fresh Fish, Poultry & Game**

IN ITS SEASON.

BEST CLASS OF MEATS

ALWAYS ON HAND.

GIVE US A CALL.

SPECIAL RATES TO STUDENTS.

18

CHAMPAIGN

**STEAM LAUNDRY,**

(OPPOSITE ARMORY.)

SPECIAL LAUNDRY APPARATUS

IN USE, AND ALL

Work Quickly and  
Cheaply Executed.

STUDENT'S TRADE

SPECIALY SOLICITED.

**MONROE & KEUSINK BROS.**



LOOK

**BOOKS.**

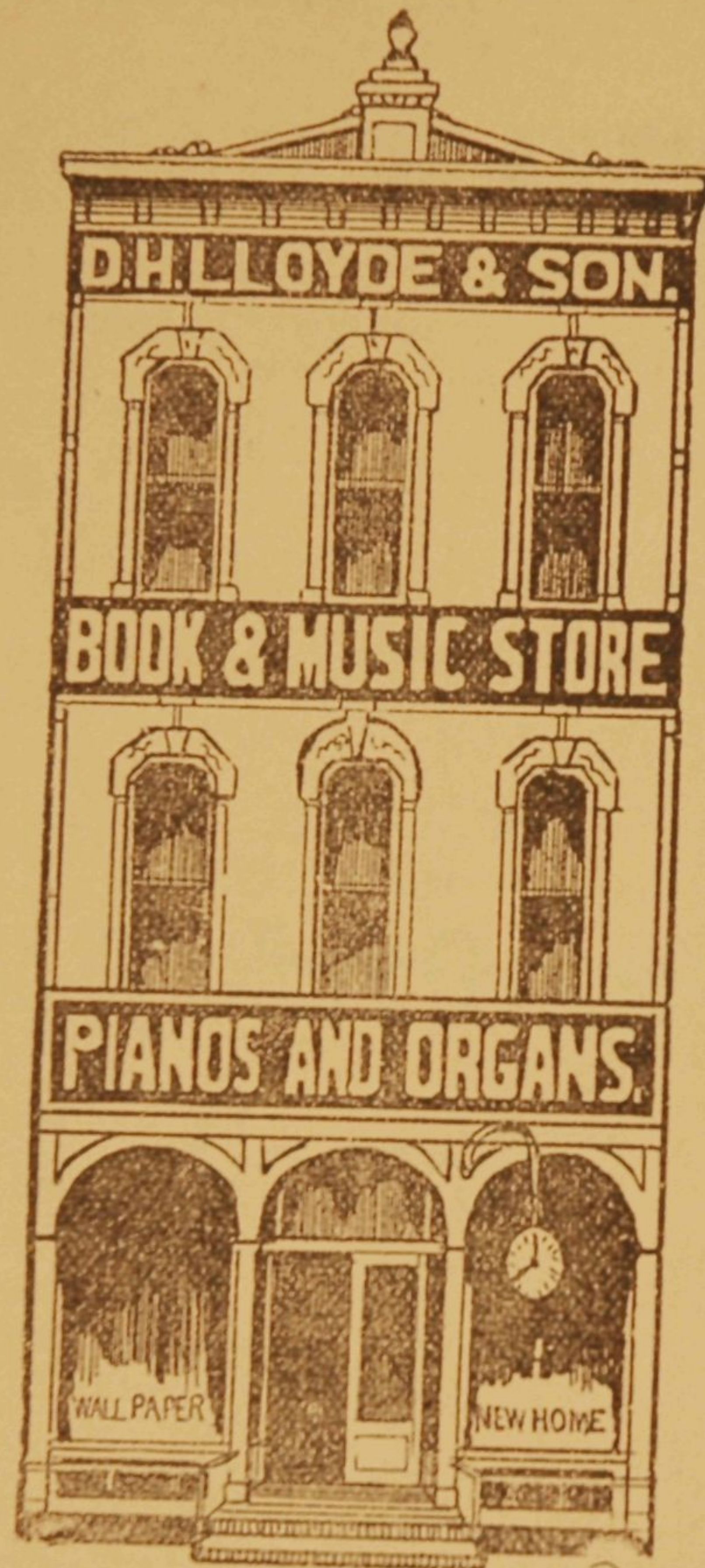
Text Books,  
Standard Books,  
School Books,  
Miscellaneous  
Books,  
Books in fine  
Bindings,  
Books in Sets,  
Lovell, Seaside and  
Munroe Library,  
Cheap Books,  
Blank Books,  
Bargains in Books,  
Photograph  
Albums,  
Bibles.



BOOK

## SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

HERE



Large Stock and Latest Styles

**Wall Paper****MUSIC.**

Sheet Music,  
Music Books,  
Instruction Books  
for all instru-  
ments.  
Music Folios,  
Music Rolls,  
Violins,  
Guitars,  
Banjos,  
Drums,  
Fifes,  
Strings, Etc.

**Sporting Goods**

Base Ball Supplies,  
Hammocks,  
Croquet,  
Children's Wagons,  
Lunch Baskets.



D. H. LLOYDE & SON,  
DEALERS IN  
**BOOKS,**  
Music AND Stationery.



Headquarters for Students' and Teachers' Supplies, University Text Books, Artists' Materials, Drawing Papers, Drafting instruments, Tablets, Pencils, Pens, Ink, Mucilage, Oil Paints, Water Colors, Brushes, Toilet Articles, Pocket Knives, Pocket Books, Purses, Toys, Notions, etc. Cards for birthdays, Easter, Day School, Sunday Schools. School Supplies, Blanks. Fine Stationery a specialty. "Cymbella" Pianos, and Organs with "chime" of 30 Bells. Pianos to rent and sold on monthly payments, \$200, \$225, \$250, \$300, \$400. Organs to rent and sold on monthly payments, \$50, \$65, \$75, \$85, \$100. We deal in reliable makes of Pianos and Organs, purchased at the factories, for cash, and can save money for purchasers. Exclusive agents for the Light Running New Home Sewing Machine. Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines repaired. Needles and Supplies for all Machines. Pictures framed. Fine stock of Mouldings. Window Shades and Fixtures. A welcome to all, at the Book and Music Store of  
D. H. LLOYDE & SON, No. 9 Main-st., Champaign.

BARGAINS



# RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT No. 1 CIGARETTES.

PERSONS who are willing to pay  
a little more than the price charged  
for the ordinary trade Cigarette will  
find these Cigarettes far superior to  
all others.



THESE Cigarettes are made from  
the most delicate flavored and high-  
est cost gold leaf tobacco grown in  
Virginia. Beware of imitations  
and observe that signature of under-  
signed appears on every package.

ALLEN & GINTER, Manufacturers, RICHMOND, VA.

## J. W. BRINE,

HARVARD OUTFITTER,

**B**ASE-BALL AND FOOT-BALL SUITS. — GYMNASIUM GOODS.

Importer of English McIntoshes and Flannels.

Sporting Goods of all Kinds.

1006 Chapel St.,  
New Haven, Ct.

47 Union Sq.,  
Somerville.

10 and 11 Harvard Row,  
Cambridge, Mass.



# → ZI RILEY, ←

— THE —

## R. S. W. J.,

LEADS ALL OTHERS



FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS, CLOCKS.



### SILVERWARE, ETC.

Repairing of Fine Watches a Specialty.

14 Main Street, Champaign, Illinois.

# STUDENTS

— WISHING —



++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++  
**Fine Photographs!**



ARE INVITED TO CALL AT THE

## URBANA STUDIO.



J. ADAMS, - Proprietor.

(SUCCESSOR TO M. E. CHASE.)



# Long Narrow Feet

Short Thick Broad Feet, and Perfect Feet,

CAN BE FITTED IN

*Kangaroo, Cordovan, Porpoise, Patent Leather  
and French Calf*

HAND-MADE

SHOES!

At the Very Lowest Price.

Men's Machine-Sewed Calf Shoes in Congress, Bal and Button, at \$2.50.

Men's Fine Calf Shoes, Button, Bal and Congress, at \$2.75; will compare with any \$3.50 Shoe in the market.

## F. K. ROBESON & BRO.

47 and 49 Neil Street, Champaign.

"LET US BE SHAVED AND SHORN"

—BY—

# AL McGUIRE

THE LEADING

## TONSORIAL

## ARTIST!

Of Champaign.

*RAZOR HONING A SPECIALTY.*

GAZETTE BUILDING, CHAMPAIGN.



# H. D. Stoltey,

109 EAST BROADWAY, - - - CHAMPAIGN, ILL.,

SOLE AGENT FOR

## W. L. DOUGLAS'

# \$3.00 AND \$4.00

SEAMLESS SHOE.

ALSO AGENT FOR THE

† † † † † † † † † † † † † † † †

-:- **ROCKLAND SHOE CO.** -:-

† † † † † † † † † † † † † † † †

MAKES ALL STYLES OF

## Boots and Shoes to Order.

REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.

-:- **PHOTOGRAPHS.** -:-

| FOR FINE WORK |

| GO TO |

| **HOLLAND,** |

THE LEADING ARTIST, CHAMPAIGN, ILL.

## LAPHAM & WALLS,

DEALERS IN

# COAL, LUMBER, WIRE, &C.

ESTIMATES PROMPTLY FURNISHED.

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.

TELEPHONE 77.



FRED E. EUBELING,

DEALER IN

BOOTS,  
SHOES AND  
RUBBERS.

HEADQUARTERS FOR GENUINE

BOSTON RUBBER SHOE CO.'S GOODS,

OF WHICH I KEEP A FULL AND COMPLETE LINE.

SEE MY LADIES' \$2 GOAT AND KID BUTTON SHOE,  
BEST IN THE COUNTY FOR THE MONEY.

15 MAIN STREET, - URBANA, ILLINOIS.

Fine Tailor-Made

Prince Albert Suits, ————— x

Cut-Away and Frock Suits,

x ————— Fine Fitting Trousers.

ALL THE LATEST STYLES IN

HATS AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS,

— AT —

Ottenheimer & Co.'s,

LEADING ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS.







**C. S. HILL,**

*Watchmaker and Jeweler,*

AT D. H. LLOYDE & SON'S BOOK STORE,

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.



**WATCHES!**

CLOCKS, CHAINS, JEWELRY,

SPECTACLES, ETC.

Everything in that line at the very lowest of prices.

Engraving of Class Pins and other work of this kind done in good order.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

IF YOU WANT GOOD

*Photographs!*

GO TO

**GAMBLE'S**

*Ground Floor Gallery,*

Three doors North of Postoffice,  
CHAMPAIGN, ILL.

SPECIAL RATES TO STUDENTS.

Class Pictures a Specialty.



# PHOTOGRAPHS!

IF YOU WANT THE BEST PICTURES THAT YOU EVER HAD IN YOUR LIFE.

—GO TO—

NAUGHTON'S.

THE ONLY GALLERY IN THE COUNTY HAVING THE

**Celebrated Dalmeyer Lenses.**

JOHN ROSS,  
MERCHANT TAILOR.

A FULL LINE OF THE LATEST PATTERNS OF

**Foreign and Domestic Woolens**

JUST RECEIVED.

Also a Neat Line of Gents Furnishing Goods.

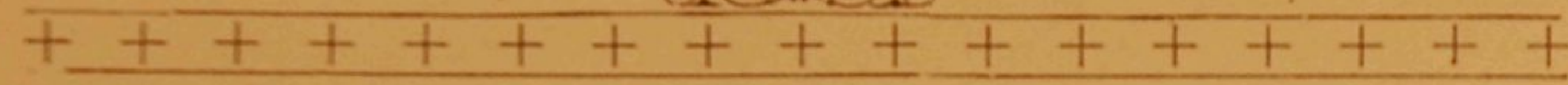
NO. 23 MAIN STREET. URBANA.



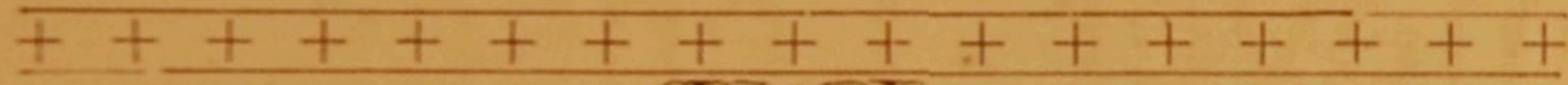
SPRING, 1888.

HEBLING & FIELOBINDER,

Merchant



TAILORS!



MAKE THE NEATEST FITTING GARMENTS AND HAVE THE FINEST ASSORTED STOCK OF

*Foreign and Domestic Woolens*

IN CHAMPAIGN COUNTY, AT PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST!

UNIFORMS

—MADE OF THE—

*BEST CADET GRAY,*

AND BY SKILLFUL WORKMEN.

CHAMPAIGN, - ILLINOIS.

Knowlton & Bennett,

DEALERS IN



COLLEGE TEXT BOOKS,



Stationery, Drugs

—AND—

FANCY ARTICLES.



Corner Main and Race Sts., URBANA, ILL.



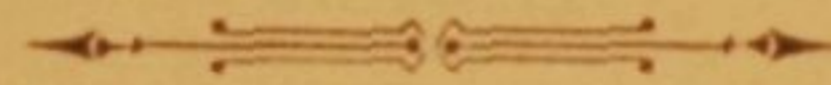
# M. LOWENSTERN & SON,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

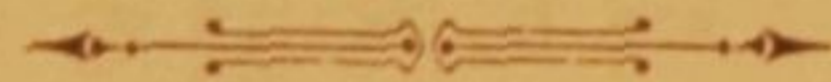
Dry Goods, Carpets,

## CLOTHING!

Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes.



Gents' Fine Furnishing Goods Our Specialty.



SOLE AGENTS FOR THE

"PEARL"

LAUNDRIED AND UNLAUNDRIED

SHIRTS.

Nos. 38 and 40 Main-st., URBANA, ILL.



People of refined taste desiring specially fine Cigarettes should use our Satin, Four in Hand, Athletic and Cupid.

**STRAIGHT CUT, HAND MADE**

from the best Virginia and Turkish leaf

**Peerless Tobacco Works.**

ESTABLISHED 1846.

FOURTEEN FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.

**WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.,**

ROCHESTER, N. Y.



E. H. RENNER & BROTHER,

HEADQUARTERS FOR

**STUDENT'S COAL.**

SPRINGFIELD,

KINMUNDY,

CENTRALIA and

MATTOON

**COAL**

*ALWAYS ON HAND.*

Best Soft Coal Delivered for \$2.25.

FIRST-CLASS LIVERY ATTACHED.

TELEPHONE No. 128.

*IF YOU WANT TO BE AN EFFECTIVE*

**MASHER!**

*GET YOUR BARBERING DONE AT*

**37½ Main Street.**

*FIRST-CLASS WORKMEN.*

*Hot and Cold Baths at all Times.*

**P. TERBUSH.**

**BLAISDEL'S**

**BARBER SHOP**

AND

**BATH ROOMS**

*UNDER LLOYDE'S.*

**CHAMPAIGN, - - ILLINOIS.**



**G. E. LENNINGTON,**

DEALER IN

LADIES' AND MEN'S

◆ FINE SHOES, ◆

19 Main Street, Champaign, Illinois.

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS IN

E. P. REED & CO.'S

*Ladies' Hand Turned and Hand Sewed  
Fine Shoes.*

*A full line of Men's Hand Sewed Shoes Always in Stock.*

PRICES REASONABLE.

**G. E. LENNINGTON,**

19 MAIN STREET, - - - - - CHAMPAIGN, ILL.

*The '90 Sophograph,*

PRICE 50 CENTS.

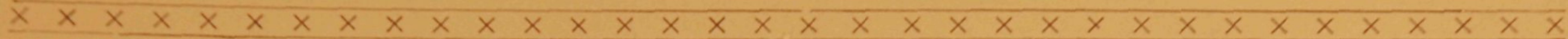
Address,

JOHN B. TSCHARNER,

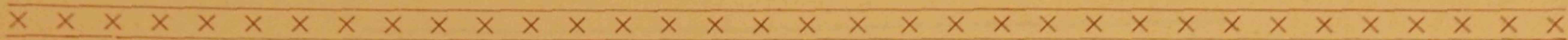
CHAMPAIGN, ILL.



# THE GAZETTE



**Printing Office and Bookbinding,**



No. 2. MAIN STREET, CHAMPAIGN.

CALL THERE FOR

SOCIETY AND DANCE PROGRAMS, CIRCULARS AND BINDING.

## THE DAILY GAZETTE

*SENT TO ANY ADDRESS OR DELIVERED IN THE CITY FOR ONLY 10 CENTS PER WEEK.*

**ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO**

**THE GAZETTE, - Champaign, Illinois.**



—MERCHANT TAILORS.—

**SCHWEIZER & WOODY,**

CLOTHIERS

AND

HATTERS,

GENTS' FURNISHERS.

No. 7 Main Street, - - - - - Champaign, Illinois.



C  
I l b u P s  
1890