

# Where we are at.

Not many years ago there was a cabbage patch at Thirty-third and Dearborn Streets. More recently it has been moved further West.

The refining influence of good associations is, perhaps, nowhere better illustrated than in our own instance. Our respected fellow townsman and oldest inhabitant, R. Fry, professes a distinct recollection of the time when the surroundings were a vastly different aspect.

Indeed, the time is not so very remote when the site now occupied by our Institute was covered by a wild, wind-swept stretch of prairie, relieved by giant ferns. Here the gay and festive dinotherim hunted the fierce and woolly ooglywooc; here the mound-builder pursued the agreeable but elusive megalonyx; here succeeding generations of dark-skinned savages strove to make hair restoratives unpopular, and here, in more modern times, the lamb trod the dangerous path between the rampant bull and the depressing bear.

Gone are dinotherim and ooglywooc, the megalonyx is scratched from our visiting list, the mound-builder exists only in ethnological text-books and the Pottawattamie has found a last resting-place among the statuary at Lincoln Park, while lamb and bear and bull have been driven to the narrow confines of the Stock exchange and Board of Trade.

Where generation after generation fought and struggled and strove to make one another their daily bread and meat our alma mater rears its stately head. Nor is it the only indication of the advance of civilization. Directly behind our building the constant stream of traffic and friendly exchange flows on; with melodious tooting and pleasing emphasis the 2:19 slow freight warns casual pedestrians to keep off the track; the Kankakee and the Kokomo 9:43 special hurries by with abundant tintinnabulation and creates a pleasant moment of distraction in the lecture-room.

Just beyond the tracks a sculptor of sidewalks and curbstones plies his trade. The drowsy hum of the saw as it eats down into the limestone fills one with a delightful sensation, which may be duplicated by masticating sand. The constant click of the mallet, the puffing of the engine, the blowing of the whistle at noon all testify to the startling advance toward refinement. How good it is to watch the sculptor resting from his toil at noon, how firmly and sturdily he grasps his dinner pail, with what alacrity does he gather up his paraphernalia and hasten cornerwards—pail in hand.

But when the weather is pleasant other notes than these enter into the symphony of our daily life. Frequently the perambulating son of ancient Hellas or the scion of the City of the Seven Hills, with simple melody and soft inflection, offers to us of the stern and rugged North, the luscious fruit of the banana tree or the succulent berry of the peanut vine.

That's where we are at. Come and see us.