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Vol 6-6

EDITORIAL.

THE CLOSE OF THE CAMPAIGN.

Nov
1884

Long before another issue of this paper, the agonizing and painful Campaign, now imposed upon us, will be over.

This ^{is} ~~is~~ ^{is} in truth, a consumation devoutly to be wished,

Presidential Campaigns are perhaps, a necessary evil, but there is no doubt, that they are an evil in many respects, It has come to be a well conceded fact, that

every fourth year, we must expect a dearth of business, and a stagnation of industries until the Election is decided.

The large manufactories, dwell continually in the ~~fe~~ fear, that the election of a Free Trade party to power, may cause an influx of commodities which might cause them serious loss in their business.

The enormous number of office-seekers, throughout the length and breadth of the land, dwell through the six months of the Campaign in mortal terror lest their means of living be taken away. Retail dealers, ^{delay} adding to their stocks of goods, until the issue is decided for fear of some impending evil, no matter what the result may be.

In fact this whole vast domain, from one extremity to the other, remains in a nervous anxious state, while the Campaigning is going on, and few new enterprises or undertakings are put in operation, or new plans laid until the ballots are all counted, and another four years quiet is assured.

The present Campaign has been no exception to the general rule. It is universally conceded, that the present summer, has been the dullest season in business circles,

that has been known for many years: Of course, it can hardly be laid entirely to the Campaign, but the present political excitement ^{has had} undoubtedly very much to do with it.

There can perhaps be no remedy for this state of affairs, unless it may be found in a longer Presidential term and a consequently less frequent recurrence of these demoralizing campaigns.

It seems unreasonable however that such causes should produce such results, and we fail to see why the quadrennial balloting for ~~one~~ ^{our} executive officers should stop the wheels of business, and turn back to so great an extent the tide of progress in our land.—

A. S. Kimball

THE PHI-SIGMITES AT SUPPER.

One evening in the latter part of September, the pavements of various streets west of Union Park, resounded to the tread ^{of} marching feet. Slowly but steadily the measured tread passed along, while old women and prattling children hurried to the windows, to see what might be going by outside, the policeman on the boulevard, woke up from his nap, and called out to some imaginary horseman not to drive so fast. People going by on the streets, opened their eyes with astonishment at the sight, and still the procession passed along in a solid column.

Up at the head of the column, walked a small man and a still smaller young lady, the man clutched nervously at a cane which he held point upwards in his hand, and at the end of which fluttered a banner on the evening air.

The banner was but a pocket handkerchief, but it served the purpose equally well, and was useful as a guide post to the remainder of the procession. It was a quiet night, the silence was so oppressive in spots, that one could easily hear a cough-drop on the stone flagging of the walk. It was not hard to tell whither the marching column tended, from the eager expectant faces of the young ladies, and ~~from~~ the half despairing attitudes of their gentle escorts, it was plainly evident that the crowd was going fishing.

Very lucky for the boys, it happened that Eckhart had as yet not moved into the neighborhood. Eckhart, with his grinning, fee-expecting darkies, and his prices away up in the clouds as ~~it was~~ ^{As it was} We can imagine some of the afore said gentlemen eagerly scanning the weather reports in the evening papers, in the hope that ere nine o'clock

a sudden down turn in the thermometer should preclude the advisability of a visitation to an ice-creamery, and thus save the anticipated and dreaded expenditure.

But the night was beautiful, and the blue sky studded with stars, and in fact it was a good night for ice cream, and so the procession proceeded.

It was a new and strange event in the lives of many of these gay and happy young literatures^{lures}-the going for ice cream. With most of them the summer had been a bad season in many ways, and ice cream had been scarce and hard to obtain, and so it was with mingled feelings of hope and expectation, that the little band slowly filed two by two along the sidewalk, and entered the gorgeous saloon of Madame Fish,

The gaily burnished chandeliers reflected the merry gaiety of the crowd, and the sparkling laughter seemed to echo through every nook and cranny of the room.

The company already present in the rooms gazed admiringly and inquisitively on the stately procession as it proceeded toward the back end of the rooms, where was spread for their occupancy, a long table loaded with silver and cut glass, and fragrant with the scent of the flowers, which were arranged in various vases on the well-filled board.

Caterer Fish and his excellent assistants had made all preparation for the feast, and in a very short time the company were comfortably seated around the board, while active waiters of all nationalities, and various colors flitted from one to another

taking orders for the banquet.

The company comprised almost if not quite all of the members of the Phi Sigma, an old established and noted literary society of West Chicago. In truth it was no ordinary assemblage which graced the occasion with its presence there on that evening. The Gentlemen represented many of the most important business interests of the great Western Metropolis. The Ladies were noted in many branches of professional and benevolent work-Talent stood out on the countenances of many of the number in a way not to be mistaken, ^But little time could be given to preparation, all were too hungry: but in a short time the first course was brought on, and all sat to work-But little was said-all were too hungry-But ever and anon, could be heard the jingle of the silver spoons, as they clattered against the sides of the china plates, from which in short metre the viands were changed from dish to mouth.

The bill of fare showed a great variety. There were no less than three kinds of ice cream from which to select, there were doubtless more kinds, but they were out.

How often have we all noticed ^{though} that this vale of tears which we call life, that the best things are very often out. The cake was the feature of the evening; Of infinite variety and of delicate texture, its abundance and quality, made up for the diminutiveness of the pieces.

But we have all learned patience, and many a mickle makes a muckle, so that in time even the most insatiable

appetite is bound to be appeased.

Not the least pleasant feature of the evening was the piano accompaniment by Mr. Fish, it is true that he failed to play anything, but that we regarded as the pleasant part of it. We were afraid that he would play.

Very little conversation was indulged in during the progress of the banquet. The young ladies were doubtless a little afraid that it would be the last chance for ice cream until another season, and the young men were too busy passing the cake to one another, to have any great abundance of time for extended conversation.

But the best of enjoyments must sometime have an end. And so there came one to this. All the courses had been through with-The elegant hand painted napkins had been folded up to be carried away as souvenirs-cloaks and hats were resurrected from hat racks and such like, and the procession took its march for the door: The gentlemen however were obliged to stop half way, and negotiate with the lady who sat behind the money drawer, she wasnt half so dangerous as she looked however, and no severe difficulty occurred. The stars in the ~~bright~~ blue expanse of the western heaven shone down brightly as the procession moved to the door,

The moon reflected the soft rays of a neighboring street lamp as they reached the side walk, and as they paused to say a fond good night, a solitary meteor dashed from its course, sailed majestically through the sky, and turned a graceful somersault behind the Washingtonian

TEMPUS FUGIT.

A Reverie.

I am reminded to day, as I watch the yellow leaves fall one by one from the gaunt and shivering trees, that a new season will soon be upon us. This brings to my mind, how fast time rolls around on its swift wheels. It seems but yesterday that I caught the first glimpse of the tender green plant, as it raised its delicate head above the dark mold, where the seed had so long been laying in its warm bed.

It seems but a short week, since the chirps of the sparrows just outside my chamber windows, told me that spring with its beautiful awakenings, and its still more beautiful promises was at hand. But since then the spring has come and vanished-the long summer days have one by one, folded their shining tents, and glided away into the shadowy past -the returning autumn ^{has} present^{ed} its ripening harvests, and its golden fruits-and now in a few short weeks, the icy blasts from the northern lands will give us new evidence that all things will change and die.

Man is so much like the seasons. He has his spring when his ambitions are pulsing within him, to the tune of mighty hopes, when the future seems to him like a gorgeous golden sunset, under whose reflection a thousand casements dancingⁱⁿ light, and the whole expanse of heaven becomes a banner of beauty. He has his summer time, when engaged in the toil and traffic of the world, his efforts seem growing more and more completely into some symmetrical design, and when rushing from one scheme t

to another, and receiving honor after honor, he seems but to be walking through the serene pastures of his country farm. He has his autumn, when the results of his life work begin to drop into his hands, like so much ripened fruit, -when his store-houses groaned with garnered treasures, and fortune smiles on his labor.

He also has his winter when his gray hair reminds him of the falling snow, when his onward progress seems hindered by the icy blasts that howl around him, when the frosty earth crackles beneath his feet, as he bows under the weight of cares.

The leaves still fall from ~~the~~ the trees, the grass, but lately sparkling with verdure, is now sere and brown, and winter is nigh at hand. I think of how quickly we are all passing through transitions, and that every day and hour, brings each one of us nearer the time, when seasons shall end for us all.

A. S. Kimball.

THE REFORMER.

In the ^{midst} ~~middle~~ of the strife and struggle of our daily avocations, born on the breezes of our joys and adversities; amid the clamor and bustle of this, the busiest century the world has ever seen, a ceaseless cry comes ringing in our ears, whose burden is Reform.

Reform, the refrain comes sounding up from the rostrum and the press,

The cry goes pealing down in thunder tones, from the pulpit and the platform, until the listening multitudes send back their answering echoes.

It obtrudes itself upon our conversation, breaks into the silence of our inmost thoughts, and presses upon us continually. Reforms are projected in social and domestic affairs, in politics and religion, in commerce and legislation; Our ears are surfeited with the continually-resounding cries, and the mind fails utterly to comprehend and appropriate them all.

Society may be said to be in a transition state. Throwing aside the customs and usages of past epochs, she is reaching forward to new ideas, and untried methods of conduct.

Leaving in many cases the well tilled harvest fields of centuries, she is advancing to spy out new lands and fresh experiments in husbandry. Under the guide of active and earnest leaders she is endeavoring in many instances to remodel her social fabric, and to reform ~~the~~ the abuses, which have tended through the years, to loosen the frame work, of her governmental structures.

Her efforts have in some instances been crowned with success, in others, they have resulted in failures and disappointments: In many cases she has followed her resolute vanguard on to the wished for consumation. Far more often has she been compelled to gaze in humiliation upon the failure of her desires.

Great Reforms are of slow growth, and tardy in their results. The dormant energies of the masses are with difficulty aroused into exercise, and their sluggish spirit a re-echo but faintly the call to action.

The great Reformation of the Sixteenth century required scores of years for completion. The seeds of the new religion sown by the labors of Luther, and his followers, required many seasons for their fruition, but when the time was at hand, how gloriously abundant was the harvest.

Wilberforce, England's great philanthropist, toiled for eighteen years to induce Parliament to prohibit the slave trade, with other nations. With the combined capital and labor of the whole mighty interest against him, opposed and repulsed at almost every step, he finally succeeded in abolishing from British Soil the inhuman traffic; and has left to future generations, a reputation as one of the world's great reformers.

The emancipation of the Colored men seemed doomed for many years to be a failure, the wished for consumation required many years of toil and disappointment, years of battle and of blood, but the decree was written in the books of Heaven, and the Father of the Slave was guarding the destiny of his children,

through^{out} the long and weary years.

The Reformer is not a creation of the present age or century, his counterpart may be found in the history of almost every nation in the records of civilized man.

All through the ages he may be found advocating his pet theories, arousing the multitudes to enthusiasm, and breaking the fetters which have so long bound them to unworthy customs and actions.

The present era is prolific of so called Reformers: Educated and illiterate, bombastic and eloquent, honest men and demagogues, hypocrites and evangelists. Many of them would have us believe that our National structure is on the verge of dissolution and decay. That our institutions are reeking with corruption, and that the Tree of Liberty is destined soon to fall before the axe of despotism, and the hand of the invader.

They claim to alone possess the oil of peace, which is able to calm the troubled waters of National disturbance and outraged society.

The actions of such men belie their tongues - Fanatics they may be, Reformers they are not. The true Reformer is a noble specimen of manhood, honest and outspoken, fearless and earnest; his very presence is a power throwing aside self and self-interest, he works for the good of his common brother-hood. Filled with noble purposes and honest endeavors, he can afford to withstand the scorn of the unbeliever, and the opposition of the enemy, conscious that right is sure to triumph in the end.

In the great battles of history, the victory has not been won by the leader alone. The general may have been the inspiring power to lead his command on to conquest, but it is the rank and file who have borne the brunt of the strife. So it is with reforms. Society can not afford to trust all to the leader; the people must do their part.

A popular enthusiasm is of the greatest importance, in the conduct of all reforms. The Leader may be the Head and Front of the undertaking, the masses are the bone and sinew, without whose aid, it will surely be a failure.

Many grand and worthy projects of reform are now at a stand-still for want of support. The Leaders are on hand, honest in their purpose, and earnest in their desire. But the followers are wanting. Is not then the duty of Society clear? Shall she not then unite her efforts, for the prosecution of all true Reforms?

The Masses of Mankind are in darkness over the most important questions of humanity and ~~reform~~ progress...

The call comes to us in unmistakable tones. Ought we not listen and obey?

A. S. Kimball.