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SCOTLAND.

ST CHARLES VANCE THOMSON, CLASS OF '85.

(Writer in the Abbey of Holyrood.)

There were poets whom we love, whose names we de-
light to mention, whose pages we reverently turn, whose words we lovingly read, feeling that by the study of their lives our lives are made better; that by intercourse with their ever-loving thoughts, our thoughts become higher and nobler. But to English-speaking women there seems to stand, in the foremost rank of all modern poets, one chief figure whose name is, to them, a synonym for woman's culture and learning, for woman's genius and power—England's "woman-poet," the author of "Aurora Leigh."

Elizabeth Barrett was born in London, in 1809, of wealthy parents, and early showed a desire for learning and a genius for poetry. At the age of ten she became a writer, and when only seventeen years of age published her "Essay on the Mind," which gained for her the friendly criticism of several of the leading men of letters. Her very strong in body, her energetic mind and strong intellect found pleasant occupation in reading, as she said, "almost every book worth reading in every language," roaming with glibish eagerness through the fields of modern thought, pouring with delight into the "treasure-house of the wise men of old." From her own writings we learn how her time was thus spent: her chief friend and instructor in these studies was Hugh Stuart Boyd, whose eyes, though blind, could still see the beauties of literature, and whose criticisms she acknowledged had been of so much value to her. We can scarcely conceive a more charming picture than that of the blind old man reclining in his chair, while the young girl—whom Miss Mitford describes as "the slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls floating on each side of a most expressive face, large, tender eyes, nearly fringed by dark eyes—lashes, and a smile like a sunbeam,"—sitting by his side, reading with evident delight the pages of Homer, Pindar, Aeneas, "Aeschyle-
s, the thunderous," "Sappho, the royal," "Euripides, the human," or "My Plato, the divine one," as she herself termed them. And for a legend to the picture we could take her own recollection of those early lessons, translated into her "heart's verse:"

ENGLAND'S "WOMAN-POET."
And I think of those long mornings, When there was nothing to do. When, between the folks talking, Solomon showed the cyanide Greek. Past the maze, the surrounding nature, swept the sheepherds' tinkling noise. While a girl's voice was reading "Somewhere back for a 75 and a 75." Her study was not critical in the exoteric sense, but she trembled with the spirit of the ancient writer, and in return gained some of their passion for her- self. It was this higher intellectual passion which raised her above the level of all other poets of her sex, other women may have felt the God-inspired genius that animated Elizabeth Barrett Browning, but their thoughts had not been trained as hers had. Her reveries are imbued with the spirit of the ancients; with her the scholar is everywhere present with the past, elevating her verse, purifying her speech, and training her genius.

In 1833, she published the first of her many classical poems—a translation, or rather a paraphrase of "Prometheus Bound." She herself was aware that this was hardly successful, termed it an "early failure," and afterwards replaced it by a new version, but failure though the poem still may be, is sublime in its stern beauty, and many of the choruses are grand.

About this time, her "fleeing strength" seemed to leave her, and "in the summit of expanded and enriched, ever dissipated to see the sorrowful and fanciful in life, was even more subdued and situated by the sudden death of her beloved brother, and her mind overshadowed by this first great loss turned in her hours of forced reflection and pain to more critical study, more loving intercourse with the great writers of the past. Out of the agony of her sick room, out of the sorrow of bereavement she came forth chastened, purifed—out of a world of sorrow.

Never in any of her poems do we find her rebellious because her heavenly Father had so ordained her life, we rather find more love, more sanctified devotion. Even though some passionate longing came from her heart:

"I count the dismal time by months and years. Since last I felt the greenward under foot, And the great breath of all things summer wave, Met mine upon my lips."

She could also write:

"I think we are too ready with complaint In this fair world of God. Had we no hope Raised beyond the smith and the slope Of your gray blank of sky, we might be found To muse upon elegance, content.
Round our aspirated souls. But since the slope Most widen only, is next to swell. For a few days consumed in less and less. O, purblindness, Heart, be confound—And, like a sheath to answer, take the rod Singing into the hedge. What if the wind Be bitter in thine Ann, and when unseen To meet the fists. At least it may be said, "Because the way is short, I thank thee, God."

Even in her sick-room, her aspirations grow higher. Her genius became more versatile, her pen more active.

She said:

"I saw—^"I am drawn up like the lark To its white cloud. So high my neck, Though my song is small and dark, I only would have leave to, In tears and blood, if he choose."

Mine invented manifesto to

I only would be spent—in pain And less, perchance—but not in vain Upon the weerness of that strain."

During her long sickness, she wrapt some of her other poems, and in those, her genius, together with many new ones. In this volume appeared "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," one of her most beautiful and womanly poems. It contained a graceful allusion to Robert Browning, and the young poet, who before had been unknown to her, called soon after to express in person his acknowledgments. The friendship, thus formed, soon ripened into love, and in 1846, they were married, leaving England and residing in Florence, Italy.

The effect of this new life on her health and character was wonderful. Strength returned to her feeble form, the passion of love raised her mind from the sorrowful and fanciful realms of thought in which so long she had lived, and the experience of life became wider and deeper. With her weel soul, now, she wrote songs of love—so happy in her new found treasure that her heart could not control its joy, but in repeated strains told the power of woman's love. "Soft rhyming from the Portuguese," she named these poems, which are rightly called "the most complete and exquisite, the noblest and most elegant monuments of woman's love ever written."

Living in Florence at the time when the "land of Art and Song" was under one of its poetic days, her ardent soul was filled with sympathy with the rise and progress of Italian freedom and unity, and under the title of "Casa Guidi Windows," she gave the most vivid and glorious picture and plea which the revolution in Italy has evoked.

In 1851, she published the second edition of her works, containing many new and beautiful poems. Five years afterwards, she published her greatest work, "Aurora Leigh." This she herself calls "the most mature of my works, and the one into which my highest convictions upon Life and Art have entered. It is the mirror of her life, showing her aims and struggles as artistically as it contains many metaphysical distinctions eloquently and clearly drawn, it shows the difference between poetry and the world, the ideal and the commonplace, the intellect and the soul; and yet, in it all we hear a woman's voice, wise and deep, rich with learning, yet chastened by grief, tender with sympathy, yearning with love. It may indeed contain homely expressions, prosaic interludes, as many critics say, but it still has the ring of a real poem; it shows a woman's heart, sensitive, earnest, eloquent, and brave—it paints for us pictures of everlasting nature and of modern life, exquisitely and bitterly true.

I cannot criticize Mrs. Browning; it would seem pedantic for me to assume such a task. I can only tell you why she is for the good, the true, the beautiful, she has written. Faults she has, of course, but to me they seem but small. I have tried to justify the critics who call her "irregular, unmeaning, over-modified," but I feel that though they may be right, she herself best knew the secret of her power when she said: "My poems, while full of faults, as I go forward to my critics and confess, have my soul and life in them." She felt her insufficiency to express her "song and the very knowledge made her strong. She said:

"With stammering lips and insufficient sound, I strive and struggle to deliver right That music of my nature, day and night With dream and thought and feeling interwoven, And only answering all the senses round With octaves of a mystic depth and height Which steps out grandly to the infinite. From the dark edges of the sensual ground: This song of soul I struggle to bear Through portals of the sense, sublime and whole, And utter all myself into the air But if I fail—as the thunder roll Breaks its own cloud—my flesh would perish there Before that dread apoclyps of soul."

And again:

When I attempt to utter forth in verse Some inward thought, my soul throbs indistinctly Along my path to be going to be free And something further, fuller, higher to discern."

The Volante.

Oh the world is weak
The defiance of my soul
And what we best conceive, we fail to speak.

She was not a consummate writer, perfect in conception, in creation, in diction—she is even at times careless in her expressions, strained in her metaphors, involved in her constructions, sometimes her verses lack the even flow of melody and simplicity which so largely characterize her, but the spirit of her writings is so high and humane, the grandeur and beauty of her expression so full and frequent, the purity of her woman's soul and the generosity of her sympathy so elephant, that it seems unjust to attempt to criticise her. A feeling of humanity influences all her writings and it is this which touches our hearts now. She understood the human heart, and by her words could soothe the troubled mind, dispel the gloomy thoughts, and rosse the sympathies of men. She said of herself:

"Bringing ourselves to the level of others. With reachings of thought we reach down to the depths of the souls of our brothers, And teach them full words with our slow-moving lips—"God, Liberty!" with which they hearken and think, And work into their hearts, link upon link.

Such a "reaching of thought" is the "Cry of the Children," one of the most moving and nobleible prose literature possesses. It equals the "Song of the Shirt" in its pathos, its cry from the depths of bitterness, and the tears start from our eyes as we read it; we feel that she had placed herself among the poor, neglected little ones, and that through her words the children's cry must be heard. Once she said: "Poetry has been as serious a thing to me as life itself, and life has been a very serious thing"—and so, with such "high seriousness" and strong moral purpose she wrote "The Curse for a Nation," foretelling the years of strife and misery in store for the oppressors of the colored race. She, no less than our own country woman, Harriet Beecher Stowe, sympathized with the down-trodden, and though she said, with sorrow and reluctance, wrote this "Curse for a Nation," feeling that, as the vision told her:

"A curse from the depths of womanhood Is very wise, and bitter, and good."

In June, 1861, her life, so long one of pain and grief, was suddenly and peacefully ended, none of her watchers being aware that the sleep stealing over her was that of death. Years before, she had written in the song that will never grow old:
GREETING.

AGAIN, dear readers, has this sphere terrestrial whirled around through space celestial, lifting us up bodily at the back door of last year, and setting us down at the front door of this with a decided thump, and we realize that we are not at ease in long pants, but he always realizes the dignity of his position, and is never guilty of so far forgetting himself as to say "school" for "college." He can't quite realize how it is that there can be three years beyond him when he has outgrown them, but he is happy in his heart as he reflects that he is safely out of the reach of being taunted as a "Prep." He examines himself critically in a mirror and his face lights up with a parlous pride as he reflects to himself, "In two weeks more I bet that will be long enough to shave again."

The third year Prep is a living example of Hope. He hasn't much of a record, but he knows he can make one. He lives on in the faith of some day being in college. He is happy, though, in knowing that he knows something of the world, and makes a bold, bold resolve to see a girl to accompany him to the literary society. He takes an infinite pride in saying to the fraternity bands, "Well, I want to look this thing over carefully, and I'll let you know in a few days."

The second year Prep moves up one bench in chapel, dangles his legs contentedly, and revels in the realization of his exalted position in relation to the first year Prep. It is worth a whole month of his life to say to a first year Prep, in reply to a question: " Didn't yes, that comes from dico, dixit, dictum, perfect, active, third person, singular, indicative, that will all be easy as pie after a while, I remember how I used to stick on those things. Say, Tom's a terror, ain't he?"

The first year is to be pitied and still envied. To see the look of blank amazement that overspreads his countenance at every new development of University life is truly pathetic, and yet the serene satisfaction that overspreads in like manner the aforesaid countenance when he indites a letter to his father as "curaus pater," and signs it "tunus filius," completely overawing him. It is a glory of any accomplishment in all his years. Yes, everybody is happy. There is an air of newness pervading everything that is indeed refreshing. We find an occasional bit of new calcimine, but in order not to shock us too much at once, the authorities have taken care that it should possess the same facility for rubbing off as did the old. We find a new professor, some new blackboards, some new stoves, new lessons, new positions, new responsibilities. It's a bright, fresh-looking new term here but the old associations stick to us. With what emotions do we listen to the perennial disquisition on throwing ashes out by the tower and putting water-out motion rings in the box. The sight of Prof. Hose keeping lovingly over to remind the Doctor that he was a forgotten point; Leland marching up to play the organ; Prof. Stuart coming in late to chapel; Prof. Olson tip-toeing over to hand some young lady a hymn-book; these and other scenes of our childhood, when food repetition presented itself, will be dear to our hearts as the old oaken bucket that hung in the cistern. Each one of them has come to be a few new scripta of the curriculum, and life would be a great arcing void, a hollow mockery without them.

These new students we extend a hearty welcome, but will attempt no advice except this: If you need any help in the University, either educational, political, spiritual, or financial, go to the Doctor, the Great Spirit of our tribe, and he will tell you what to do. Then do just as he tells you, and your troubles will dry up and blow away like sand on a hot day.

Yes, another year is here and we are here. The year will pass away in time and so will we, but let us all see if we can't get some satisfaction and benefit out of the year, than old Father Time can get out of us.

OUR POLICY.

"Morituri te salutant" would seem to be a very fitting quotation with which to begin our labor, judging from the dubious encouragement we have received from former editors of this paper. We have been unable to discern an expression of any lurking about their truly pathetic, and yet the serene satisfaction that overspreads in like manner the aforesaid countenance when he indites a letter to his father as "curaus pater," and signs it "tunus filius," completely overawing him. It is a glory of any accomplishment in all his years. Yes, everybody is happy. There is an air of newness pervading everything that is indeed refreshing. We find an occasional bit of new calcimine, but in order not to shock us too much at once, the authorities have taken care that it should possess the same facility for rubbing off as did the old. We find a new professor, some new blackboards, some new stoves, new lessons, new positions, new responsibilities. It's a bright, fresh-looking new term here but the old associations stick to us. With what emotions do we listen to the perennial disquisition on throwing ashes out by the tower and putting water-out motion rings in the box. The sight of Prof. Hose keeping lovingly over to remind the Doctor that he was a forgotten point; Leland marching up to play the organ; Prof. Stuart coming in late to chapel; Prof. Olson tip-toeing over to hand some young lady a hymn-book; these and other scenes of our childhood, when food repetition presented itself, will be dear to our hearts as the old oaken bucket that hung in the cistern. Each one of them has come to be a few new scripta of the curriculum, and life would be a great arcing void, a hollow mockery without them.

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LOCALS.

Dr. Anderson received the degree of L. L. D. from two institutions within one week during the June commencement season Rochester University, his alma mater, and Madison University.

Dr. Anderson, instructs the maidens at Morgan Park in Theology on Thursday afternoons, during the absence of Pers. Northrup.

Miss Nellie Gray, one of our last year's students, is teaching in the town of Lake.

Avery is practicing law in the city.

Knowing the desire of the students to become better acquainted with Prof. Butler and his past work, we have obtained the following epistle: Prof. Nathaniel Butler, Jr., A. M., was graduated from Colby University, Waterville, Me., in the class of '78. He was Assistant Principal of Terry Hall Ladies' Seminar, Lake Forest, Ill., from 1875-76, and then was
THE VOLANTE.

successively Assistant Principal Highland Park (Ill.) Ladies' College, 1879-83; Principal of the Yale School for Boys, Chicago, 1878-80; Principal Highland College for Women, Highland Park, Ill., 1883-84; Professor of the English Language and Literature, University of Chicago, 1884. Prof. Butler has made a very favorable impression upon the students by his courtesy and ability as a teacher, and all who meet him in the college have reason to congratulate themselves upon his place in the faculty until such time as we are able to give the whole of the letter. "The wedding was well-attended, the parlor being so crowded that from my position I was unable to see even the top of Sam's head. Now it was determined to see Sam married, so, seizing the only opportunity, I obtained standing-room along with another lady, in a spacious, low chair in the corner. From there I could see the happy couple quite plainly, as they stood facing the minister who was stationed in the bay-window. Sam looked happy and merry, but the bride's cheeks were like roses. After the ring was placed upon her finger and the suspense was suspended, we filed out to offer our congratulations. Sam received them gracefully, looking as proud and happy as a king, his bride standing beside him, her head just reaching to his shoulder. They were a well-matched couple. V. T. The signature will be plainly recognized as that of our old vespers friend, Miss Mamie Short, now of San Francisco.

WINOM.

In Victor Hugo's great novel, the principal character, Jean Valjean, is a man of the midst of a vast, arid plain. It did not seem to be day, neither was it night. The earth, the sky, and the phantom inhabitants were all of an earthen color. He wandered on he knew not whither, until he was surrounded by a great crowd of phantom forms, one of which informed him that he had been dead for a long time. In youth we live in a dream: things are vague and unreal to us. We discern the phantoms, but do not know them to be phantoms. All that we see is earthy. The bright world with its sunshine and joys attracts us and nothing else. Our faculties, compelled by necessity and aroused by curiosity, are wholly engrossed in the bright world which surrounds them. Our life is wholly objective until suddenly there is an awakening, and the sun of our life breaks in upon us and reveals to us a something higher and greater than the world—the very sun itself, our self-consciousness. It furnishes the light which reveals its own existence, and grants the power which perceives the light. Great and propitious times, when the soul awakens to the consciousness of its own separate existence. It is the second birth, the first grants the life, the second determines its destiny. As Richter says: "It is then that the God-man is conceived and born of human nature." It is then that we eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge and become free and independent beings to determine right and wrong. It is the supreme moment of our present existence; for in that moment is accomplished the object of our descent to this sphere—the discovery and realization of our individuality. Tennyson expresses this thought in his "In Memoriam," when he says:

"This was my love in blood and breath, Which else were fruitless of their store, But man to learn himself to know, Beyond the second birth of Death."

Many persons can remember this moment in their existence when the great light of self-consciousness burst in upon them and beheld themselves an independent ego. The writer of this work remembers the time. He was but little more than sixteen years of age when some circumstance, trivial in itself, occasioned a seeming break in the clouds that obscured his mental vision, and suddenly as a lightning flash, the consciousness came upon him that he was a something separate and distinct from the great world about him, and led him to exclaim, "Homo sum." Jean Paul Richter records the circumstances of his awakening in these words: "Never shall I forget the inner sensation when I was present at the birth of my self-consciousness of which I can specify the time and place. One morning when still quite a young child, I was standing under a doorway and looking toward the woodpile on the left, when suddenly the idea, 'I am an ego,' passed before me like a lightning flash from heaven, and has remained with me shining brightly ever since; my eye had seen itself then for the first time forever.

This change cannot be accounted for, the soul cannot anticipate that of which it knows nothing. Only the ego can comprehend the ego. The soul before the birth of self-consciousness may hear of this higher, this real life, but know it not. Only this it can know if it will but believe, that the ego brings with it a responsibility that fully counterbalances any present advantages it confers, and oft will the weary mortal exclaim: "Would that I could rid myself of this burden, and return to my early happy condition of childhood!"—the age when the ego slumbered. But this also it gives, that just as we develop our individuality and comprehend the many acts upon our souls, we posterity consign us to oblivion or record our deeds in letters of light.

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University of Chicago, September, 1884.

EDITORIAL.

The editors feel that an apology for the lateness of this issue would be in order. In the June number of the Volante, we were left a legacy in the shape of the oration and address delivered at the Alumni dinner. These we fully intended to publish in this issue, but diligent endeavors have failed to discover the manuscript. We hope, however, to be able to publish them in the October issue. Trusting that our patrons will pardon us this time, we promise that hereafter the Volante shall appear to time as nearly as possible.

EXCHANGES.

To our brother exchange editors and to all our readers, Greetings.

We come upon the stage of action with a desire to make this column interesting to you all, and profitable (to ourselves at least). It is our purpose in this department to make our criticism always in a friendly manner—to note points of excellence as well as blemishes in our sister journals.

College journalism, although making vast progress, still falls far short of perfection. And imperfections are apparent to no one more than an exchange editor. We shall not undertake to criticise an article in another journal without having, at least, read its title, and we think it best to read some portions, if not the whole article before giving an exhaustive criticism. Only a few exchances have reached us at present writing.

The Dartmouth is the first exchange to reach us. It contains two noticable articles. One, Ani Wiederschenn, the meeting of two college friends ten years after graduation, one of them over the grave of the other. It is an expression of true and tender feeling; the other, a landlord's story. They, and in fact the tenor of the whole paper are strongly characteristic of New England.

The Bates Student appears in its usual good shape, well written and well arranged.

The first number of the Index for this year comes to our table with some excellent editorials. Those on the Presidential campaign and liberal education are especially sound and of good tone. It also contains an interesting article on Land Tenure in Japan, by Shusaku Sato of John Hopkins Naur.

The Index sustains well its character of a literary review of the first excellence.

The Northwestern is served up in fine style. Its personal and local columns are well filled. The number is a little hard on B. A.'s book-agents we think. The literary columns contain two historical productions. Would not a little variety be more enjoyed by its readers?

The Berkleleyan and Occident in their usual fine dress, are rather lacking in matter from a literary point of view. However, we must not judge by the first issue.

The Student Life endeavors to set off the Volante and the noble university which she represents from a sarcastic point of view, and says "We not judge a man by the clothes he wears—except when he comes from Chicago—so city of duds." We not.

The News Letter either is published in two parts, or else a minute before making me exchanging. We have received pp. 5—10 inclusive, only. Those are very good.

The New York Evening Post has regular correspondents at several of the Chicago institutions as Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Cornell, and Amherst.
O. O. H. O.-M. A.

On May 9, 1884, the Inaugural Banquet of the Indian Student was held in the University, at the Hotel Columbia, by Mr. W. S. Willis, Most Potent Grand Senior of Supreme Hut, No. 4, U. S. A.

The organization consisted of four members at first but grew to considerable dimensions before the close of the year. The good work of putting down the hydra-headed monster, Pride, has been going on nobly this year, and will, no doubt, in a short time extend to every student who needs its benign influence.

Towards the close of the term, a public demonstration and installation of officers will be given in chapel.

The officers are as follows:


The question of admitting ladies is being agitated, but we don't want the dear creatures too humble. Let them retain pride enough to be good-looking at least, and pride goeth before a fall and a haughty spirit before destruction.

John C. Everett, a former student, is taking Psychology with the Seniors this term.

The first chapel oration will be delivered by ——? Don't we need a few more "Furnished Rooms" notices on the bulletin board?


D. K. E. sports four new pins this year. They adorn the respective neckties of C. W. Brinistad and C. B. Antisdel '88, E. J. Shaw '87, and John C. Everett.

THE CONTEST.

The Inter-Collegiate contest between eight leading colleges of Illinois took place at Lincoln, Oct. 3rd. Miss Elizabeth Faulkner was the orator from Chicago. Messrs. F. J. Walsh and S. A. Ferrin were the orators elected by the Oratorical Ass.

On the evening before the contest, Lincoln University entertained the orators and delegates with a magnificent banquet. Toasts were responded to by delegates from each of the colleges. Mr. F. J. Walsh responded in behalf of the U. of C. to: "The Sun doth rise." Mr. S. A. Ferrin responded in behalf of Illinois to: "The Sun doth rise." This was universally commended as exceptionally fine.

On the following evening the contest took place. The orators spoke as follows: F. J. Davenport, of Illinois College, on "The Power of the Press." Elizabeth Faulkner, of University of Chicago, on "A Greek Midian." J. F. Van Winkle, of University of Illinois, on "The Intensity of the Highway to Eminescence." F. W. Menkens, of Monmouth College, on "The Mission of the Minority." Lewis J. Palmer, of Blackburn University, on "Is it a Success?" C. E. Sargent, of Illinois Industrial College, on "The Evolution of Science." V. E. Bender, of Knox College, on "Schiller and Germany." E. M. Van Petten, of Illinois Wesleyan University, on "Byron." Victor E. Bender, of Knox College, succeeded in taking 1st prize of $75.00, with Miss Elizabeth Faulkner only a fraction of a per cent behind for second place.

There were only two contestants for the band contest which resulted in a victory for the Illinois Industrial University; the prize was $25.00.

In base ball, Knox College gained the victory.

The officers of the State Association, as elected for next year, are: President—H. G. Peterson, of Illinois Industrial College. Vice President—Young, of Lincoln. Secretary and Treasurer—Sewell, of Blackburn. Delegates to the Inter-State contest—McMichel, of Monmouth, Brown, of Knox, and Rice, of Jacksonville.

The next State contest will be held at Collinsville, Ill., with Blackburn University.

The following have been appointed as judges: Hon. J. M. Robinson, Springfield, Rev. Dr. Kendrick, Upper Alton, Mr. Bransome, Petersburg.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'88. E. P. Savage succeeds C. C. Smith, '79, as pastor of the Baptist church, Clinton, Ill.

'73. We are in the catalogue of the Morris Normal and Scientific school, the name of Joseph May as Professor of Latin. We understand that this is undertaken in connection with his work as pastor of the Baptist church in that city.

'73. Speaking of the necessity of a successor to Prof. Edgerton of the Seminary the Standard editorially says: "Pending other arrangements, it is hoped that Prof. Edward Olson, of the University, may be able to render important service in this department. He is quite at home in all the Scandinavian languages, has himself in former years, taken a course at the Seminary, and as Professor of Greek at the University has won for himself a place in the foremost rank of Western scholars and teachers." We sincerely hope that the Seminary, when the Oxford course has been completed, and that Prof. Olson will devote several afternoons each week to this work.

'74. Prof. Geo. Sutherland, formerly of Gibbon Seminary, Neb., is now Professor of Greek at Ottawa University, Kans.

'74. A recent copy of the Standard presents an interesting letter from Rev. H. R. Fisher, of Tokio, Japan.

'75. J. E. Rhodes has returned from Sacramento, Cal., and is taking a course at Rush Medical. He is located at Room 4, Chicago Block.

'78. Prof. T. C. Remely, tactful as director of the Summer New Testament Institute, at Granville, O., during the illness of the principal.

'79. H. J. Carr is on the editorial staff of the Chicago Tribune.

'79. Rev. E. B. Meredith, President of Sioux Falls (Dak.) college, has just issued his first catalogue, containing the names of one hundred and fifteen students.

'80. Prof. E. W. Clement has resigned the principalship of Burlington, Ia., Instituto, and has accepted the chair of Latin, at Wayland University, Beaver Dam, Wis.

'81. On P. Seward, after spending a year in the German universities and in a town of Southern Europe, is at his home in Elgin.

'81. A. W. Fuller has resigned the pastorate of the First Baptist church, Burlington, Ia.

Lee Weinscheek has gone to Topeka, Kans., to officiate for the Jewish synagogue there during the absence of the Rabbi.

'82. Ed. Stone is now chief clerk in the North Western Railway Tool, Room 60 Chamber of Commerce, Minneapolis, Minn.

'82. F. G. Henschelt has opened a law office at Aurora, Ill.

'83. L. D. Temple preaches all the better now that he has something that he is trying to teach to call him papa.

'83. Frank Harper is still in the University of Berlin, making a specialty of the Semitic language.

'84. D. R. Leland is Professor of modern languages and music in Roger Williams University, Nashville, Tenn.

'84. Lawrence Johnson is Professor of Greek and German in Grand View Institute, Ohio.

Has any alumnus as yet offered to furnish the cabinets necessary for the acquisition of the collection of minerals, which Dr. G. Bailey, Ph. D., 74, State Geologist of Wyoming offers upon the condition that accommodations be provided?
PERSONALIA.

A St. John and Daniel club was organized Thursday afternoon, October 9, with over twenty members.

J. W. Millard, H. S. Tibbitts and G. S. Conley were the delegates to the Y. M. C. A. convention at Joliet.

The Rev. Mr. Guiness, of London, England, the originator and supporter of the Congo mission, spoke in chapel the other morning and visited some of the classes afterwards.

Miss Bazzell, of Jauinta, Nebraska, who was in the senior class last year, is on her way to China, where she goes as a missionary. The young ladies presented her with a Smyrna rug and a fancy inkstand.

The Phi Psi enjoyed a very pleasant evening at the residence of Mr. C. E. 1884, 3904 Michigan avenue, on Friday evening, October 10.

Prof. Bennett was unable to meet his classes during the latter part of last week on account of indisposition.

Charlie Haysom, formerly of '86, is studying civil engineering at the state university, Champaign, Ill.

Croquet is coming into fashion again, if we may judge from the party that every evening graces (?) the lawn.

Clem Geiger, formerly of '87, has returned from California, and is now studying law at Room 5, 104 La Salle Street.

The new Phi Psi this year are J. G. Marsh, '88, and Gray Brookway, '88.

The Oriental Order of Humility now enrols twenty-one members. A number were initiated Wednesday afternoon, October 8. The benign effects of the lowly principles of this order are already seen among the students.

85. G. E. Newcomb has been absent from classes on account of sickness for the past two weeks.

M. D. Mitchell, formerly of '86, entered Harvard this fall.

H. W. Dickerson, who completed the preparatory course here last June, has entered Amherst as a Freshman, and, not being able to withstand the wiles of the tempter, has roped into Psi Upsilon.

S. R. Higgins, '88, has been compelled to leave school for a time.

Miss Carrie Haigh, of '87, spent her vacation very pleasantly in Cleveland, Ohio, returning just before the opening of school.

Miss Nellie B. Gray, who was in some of the senior classes in the University last year, is teaching this fall in the Graham school in this city. We were glad to see her in chapel, Wednesday, October 8.

Miss Mary G. Crocker will remain at her Dakota home this year, greatly to the disappointment of many of her old classmates who expected to welcome her here this winter.

The red-and-pink-bordered-privilege-paneled-bear- Freshmen are now seen walking through the halls, exulting in their victory over the sophomores in the cane-rush on Friday afternoon, October 3.

The students of the University were greatly shocked to hear of the sudden death of Albert D. Topping, whose name was familiar to almost all of us, and with whom many of our students were well acquainted, his brothers having been students here for several years. Resolutions of sympathy were sent to the friends of the Tri Kappa literary society.

Messrs. Geo. and Frank Walsh, Jno. Everett, T. M. Hammond, J. W. Dickerson and E. H. Doud spent a little over two weeks in camp at Beaver Lake, Wisconsin. Some of the fish stories they tell are worth being preserved in print. We understand that farmers in the vicinity keep their ben-roosts locked now.

Mr. Burt Nichols, '87, and Mr. H. W. Dickerson, '88, took a canoe trip this summer, starting from Batavia, and paddling up the Fox river and other streams to the head of Lake Geneva, making the trip in about ten days. They spent about two weeks in camp at Delavan lake before returning and had a very enjoyable time.

On the 5th of September, a number of the students under the care of Mr. and Mrs. George Brookway, entered camp on the shores of Delavan lake, Wisconsin, for a pleasure stay of four weeks. The party included Misses Griffith, Gibson, Hoas, Faulkner, Loomis, Anderson and Miss Brookway of Saginaw, Michigan; and Messrs. Single, Thoma, Brookway, Horn, Cazy, Topping, E. R. Anderson, Mott, of '83, and Prof. Anderson, of '82. The party entertained many visitors and enjoyed to the utmost their brief stay, spending their time in bathing, fishing, rowing, sailing, and every other form of camp amusement.

Those who accompanied Miss Faulkner to the Lincoln contest were Messrs. Perrin and Walsh, as delegates, and Messes. Griffith, Gibson, and Hoas, and Messrs. Bazzell, and Griffith. Some of the nearer colleges were represented by delegations of fifty or more.

A very pleasant reception was given in the University parlor, Tuesday evening, Sept. 10, to the new students, under the auspices of the Christian Associations. A very large representation of the students was present, and all succeeded in getting acquainted. Short addresses were made by Drs. Anderson and Hoas. We hope that the reception will be repeated next term, and may become a custom in the University.

The first meetings of the two literary societies, Athenaeum and Tri-Kappa, in attendance and excellence of literary work, promised well for the year.

In Athenaeum the principal features were Mr. Hammond's paper, and the debate between Messrs. Walsh and Everett. The music was furnished by Miss Reel, '84.

In Tri-Kappa, the president, Miss Gibson, delivered her inaugural address. Miss Faulkner read a charming essay on "England's Woman Poets," and Toppings and E. W. Smith debated. Misses Faulkner and Hoas rendered a couple of duets as the musical portion of the program.

On the evening of Tuesday, Sept. 10, a social was held in the parlor of the University, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. The avowed purpose of the meeting was to give the students an opportunity to welcome new comers and become mutually acquainted, and this was most heartily accomplished. Eight o'clock found the parlor well filled with currents of both sexes, and several of the alumni and friends of the University were noticed among the guests. An hour or so was spent in hearty hand-shaking and mutual interchange of necessary platitude, when Dr. Anderson rapped for order and talked to the students in a fatherly way for a few moments, introducing the Rev. Dr. Hoas, whose sparkling words brought first laughter and then tears to the audience. A few songs marked sociability, and pleasant "good-nights" brought to a close an evening profitably and pleasantly spent by all who attended.

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THE VOLANTE.

VOL. XIV.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, NOVEMBER, 1884.

No. 3.

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£ IS IT WELL?
BY MARY Q. CRICHER.

Beloved, it is well! the glorious morning.
Roses in beauty over the Eastern skies,
And on the wings of love to the still dwelling.
My thoughts turn toward thee, and my fervent desire—
Beloved, it is well in full-orbed splendor.
The holy day advances to its doom,
And lingering thoughts arise; pure and sweet and tender—
Ah, if I might behold thee, dear one, once!

Beloved, it is well! the day decreases,
The sunset glow fades slowly in the West,
And failed to peace by sweet, sleep-giving hours.
The weary earth is sinking into rest.
Beloved, it is well! the night grows deeper,
And peace broods o'er me as I kneel alone.
And pray that He, the one's all-faithful keeper,
May keep His watch to-night above His own.

Beloved, it is well! the star-faces
Are hid from sight, and in a far-off land,
God keep watch to-night over all the distant places,
We will protect us with His guiding hand.

Fort Sull, Del.
And so it will be well.

THE AGE OF REASON. *
BY LUCY G. WATTS, '80.

Every age which has left its impress upon our world's history, whether for good or ill, has been stamped with some one purpose or idea. We have had our ages of war and military heroes when glory and fame were to be won only on the battle-field. We have had our golden ages of literature and art when the sad music of humanity was attuned to a minor key. Then the world has passed through many dark ages, when reason's flickering lamp was quenched and the gentle eyes of justice were closed in a troubled sleep. We have had our centuries distinguished by great statesmen, philosophers and reformers, colossal figures standing out in bold relief and, like Atlas, carrying their age upon their shoulders. But the age is gone o'er when a man may in all things be all. Our own is too vast and too complex for one man to embody its purpose; and our age belongs to the people. The Age of Reason has dwaned upon us at last, bright and clear, and the people are awake. They are asking "why" and "why not" and will not be put off with meaningless platitudes or bombastic assertions. Far back in our history we see here and there men and women who have anticipated this day; who have worked in the face of poverty and persecution and died that we might be free. They were bright spirits, far ahead of their age. The world, was not ripe for their work. Although their lives went out in darkness, their influence lived on to receive its due meed of praise at our hands. Silently and noiselessly has this spirit of free thought been working in our midst. The ground is now ripe for the seed. It has taken many valuable lives to make ready the soil. They were given us cheerfully and freely; and, while we cannot but mourn the ignorance and prejudices which allowed them to go down to the grave unappreciated and unrewarded, their lives were too grand, too exalted to need our pity. We can but wonder and admire.

Social Science of all sciences the most intricate and important is not possible until men shall cease entirely to ascribe supernatural causes to the effects for which we alone are responsible. 'Men are beginning to reason from cause to effect, and from effect back to the natural cause. Science has taught us there can be no effect without a cause. If we are even to have a social science, it must come through a thorough and conscientious study of every link in the chain to the remotest history of our earth, if need be. Long as every accident, every death, was attributed to some power outside of ourselves and for which we could not be held responsible, progress in social and sanitary science was impossible. But happily for us that day has well nigh past. When the startling statistics were brought to scientific men that half the children born into the world die before reaching the age of ten years, they began to ask "why this?" and the cause once found, the remedy is at hand. The young should never die; the old alone die a natural death. Every death by disease is unnatural, and the direct result of the ignorant or willful disobedience of some law of nature. When we see whole cities de-
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The principal honor of the editorial board of last year was the valuable work they performed in collecting and perfecting the alumni list, and in increasing the interest of the alumni in the college and its work. The work is never done, and it is the intention of the present staff to allow it to flag. But, as they had the revival of the alumni interest to strive for, so we should have some definite end, to the attainment of which our energy and whatever influence the Volante may possess. And so the Volante intends to devote itself to arousing among the students a more earnest college spirit, to cause more interest to be taken in college associations, literary, social and athletic. Little need be said concerning the literary societies, but this university certainly does need, among many other things, a reading room and an athletic association. We doubt whether any other collegiate institution in the land is without that most important adjunct to a liberal education—a reading room. If the University management is unable to provide one for us, the students themselves should see how much they are losing in not having access to the current literature of the day, as presented in the daily, magazines, and reviews, and should at once take the necessary steps to provide themselves with such an opportunity. Many houses would sacrifice a gift of their publications to such an object. The Volante exchanges could be put on file there, and a pleasant room would be provided where any student might pass a spare half hour in work which is fully as important as any performed in the class-room.

We understand that an athletic association was organized a short time ago, and we hope that the students will give it their hearty support in order that they may be able to gain prominence especially in the financial and business centres of our country. Students, even while enjoying educational privileges, are apt to slight their opportunities, to overlook the importance of their studies, and, sometimes, even to doubt their future benefit. No one can so easily prove the value and importance of a college course, as he who has himself completed it. The alumni often succeed in proving what others have failed to show, and answers, from experience, seemingly unanswerable arguments. Therefore will you not answer these questions at length or briefly as you choose. The Volante would like to hear from every loyal alumni at some time during the year, and if you will give us your views on the subject of college education, we believe the result will be valuable not only to the students of this university, but to all who are interested in the success of education.

THE VOLANTE

populated by some terrible disease, we no longer rest satisfied with the assurance that we are in no way responsible; as an intelligent and enlightened people we know we are directly responsible and the cause must be found. We see starvation in the midst of plenty, crime running rampant in a land blest with an army of good and intelligent men and women. We see sickness and misery and death in a world where supposed health, happiness and a decent life. Surely these evils are no law of nature. There must be an assignable cause, and we cannot shirk the responsibility. The women are beginning at last, to ask a few questions on their own account. Why is it that a hundred years ago taxation without representation was unjust, if it is not as true to-day? When women began asking, “why are we not entitled to a college education as well as our brothers?” it would not do to tell them that St. Paul said “If a woman will learn anything let her ask her husband at home.” Some have the anxiety to ask; “Who is St. Paul that he should presume to dictate to women of all time what they should or should not do.” Some have even dared to hint, that being a bachelor, there is a bare possibility that he didn’t thoroughly understand womankind, when he issued that command. There being no satisfactory reason found, why women should not be allowed a thorough education, behind that are her in our vast colleges to-day well abreast of her times, nothing daunting, longing for more worlds to conquer. Not satisfied here they paid a visit, uninvited, to our doctors of Law and Medicine, and politely demanded a good and logical reason why they should not be admitted within their hallowed precincts. The assurance that they were not capable in brains or physical strength did not satisfy these restless spirits, nor did the refusal, shutting away at the ramparts until the fortifications gave way. They have even attacked the Theological Schools, not dismaying that St. Paul has distinctly said, “Let your women keep silence in the churches; for it is not permitted unto them to speak.” They have sent that little word “why” thundering down the centuries and unless St. Paul wakes up to give a satisfactory reason, his rule as dictator is certainly over. The 19th century is calling for facts. Dictators, ships are no longer fashionable among the people. Every custom, no matter how illustrious its founder, or how many centuries it has existed, must to-day give us a clear and logical reason for its existence, or vanish from the past. There is no suer weapon against error of every kind than reason, and the sum of reason is high in the heavens. Never in the history of our world, has there been such an awakening in the minds of the people. Old superstitions founded in ignorance and nurtured in bigotry, are crumbling away. The strong light of reason is turned upon them and their fate is in her hands. The days of ignorance will remain. Truth alone is eternal and fears no light however strong. We trace the source of this mighty river, which is now rushing over our land, far back in the distant ages. Seen first as a tiny stream, taking its winding and tortuous path through mountains of superstition and fear, sometimes lost to sight, but ever growing wider and wider and faster and faster, it has swelled to a mighty torrent, which is tearing down everything before it and joyously bearing us onward to a larger and a better freedom.

* pupil at the Alumni Reunion at the Palmer House June 10, 1894

The University of Chicago has one great bulwark of strength—its alumni, who are loyally interesting themselves in everything pertaining to its welfare. Doubtless, many of our students do not know that the subscription list of the Volante contains a very large number of alumni, whose cheering words of advice are of great value to all of us. Interested as they are in the University, we want to awaken still greater interest among them in respect to the studies of our college. To accomplish this we are going to send our course of their publications to such an object. The Volante exchanges could be put on file there, and a pleasant room would be provided where any student might pass a spare half hour in work which is fully as important as any performed in the class-room.

We understand that an athletic association was organized a short time ago, and we hope that the students will give it their hearty support in order that they may be able to gain prominence especially in the financial and business centers of our country. Students, even while enjoying educational privileges, are apt to slight their opportunities, to overlook the importance of their studies, and, sometimes, even to doubt their future benefit. No one can so easily prove the value and importance of a college course, as he who has himself completed it. The alumni often succeed in proving what others have failed to show, and answers, from experience, seemingly unanswerable arguments. Therefore will you not answer these questions at length or briefly as you choose. The Volante would like to hear from every loyal alumni at some time during the year, and if you will give us your views on the subject of college education, we believe the result will be valuable not only to the students of this university, but to all who are interested in the success of education.
FRATERNITY NOTES.

—the Ohio Beta chapter at Wittenberg College will continue to edit the "Phi Kappa Psi Shield," an insurance program, the oldest and largest of these societies, has granted no charter since 1858.

—the are now seven ladies' fraternities in the United States. The latest is the "Phi Alpha Psi." Keep Kayne is president of the club.

—the are sixteen fraternities represented in the University of Virginia—the largest number at any one college in the country.

—in the election, the contest for the position of States' Agent was between Luther Laffin Mills a Psi U, and Julius H. Grinnell, a D. K. E. The latter won.

—Perhaps the finest book of the kind in existence is the newly published work, the "Psi Upsilon Epitome." By Albert P. Jacobs, of Detroit. It is a comprehensive history of the Fraternity with concerning statistical tables and articles on Psi U, social life, Bibliography and Hymnology and is perfectly illustrated. Mr. Jacobs is now recognized as the highest authority on fraternity matters in the United States. "The "Diamond" the official organ of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity will hereafter be issued as a quarterly magazine."

—the fraternities represented here will hold their annual conventions as follows: Zeta Psi at Philadelphia, Jan. 3rd and 4th, '85, Psi Upsilon, Hartford, Conn. Delta Kappa Epsilon Rochester, Nov. 12, '84, Phi Kappa Psi Columbus, O, Feb. 22, '85.

—The Zeta Psi fraternity now publishes a quarterly journal instead of a monthly as last year.

—One of the most beautiful things in literature is to see a burying of the bones. In the line down the barsters, blissfully unconscious of the fact that a professor stands meditatively leaning against the newvel-post and then, if you can, calculate the amount of heat generated by contact. This is supposed to have been the true cause of our present state of the foot from stairs a few mornings since.

Athensian is having some fine meetings this term.

Friday, November 7, there was a special program on the subject of "Hope." Mr. J. C. Everett gave an address on the "Delusion of Hope." Mr. T. M. Ham- mond an address on the "Eidosynuties of Hope." Miss C. Haigh then beautifully read the selection from Dickens entitled "A Child's Dream of Hope." Mr. F. J. Walsh end the program with an address on the "Uses of Hope."
I trust that The Volante will be a success in every way, and that your prophecy in your last issue, "Mori tursit le solutamen," will not be realized. You certainly have the elements of success with you and with the patronage of the friends of the University, the college paper ought to become the means of great good to the institution, and also the means of bringing the students and alumni into closer relationship.

We regret that lack of space prevents us from omitting the remainder of Mr. Hammers' interesting letter.

We also take the following from a letter recently received: "Am living in a log house and developing the first tin mines ever successfully opened in this United States. The ore is here, and on the dumps in sufficient quantities to warrant one in feeling a lit tle jubilant among his fellow students at the dear old Alma. It will be a pleasure to hear from some of the alumni who have not lost all the "boy" that was in them in the good old days of '70-74."

Yours,
G. E. BAILEY.

EXCHANGES.

The Leigh Burr is the first to meet our eyes as we take our seat. The Burr is one of our best exchanges.

But what is the matter? Has your girl gone back on you, or does the faculty lock your editors up, after the manner of juries, till they produce the paper, feeding them meanwhile on indigestible or rye apple food? Surely men in good physical condition would not have so much to find fault with, or take such pessimistic views of college affairs. The first lament is over the discontinuance of class supper. Then the case rum and gymnasia receive a tribute of icy tears. The college cheer can not be decided upon. But above all, the students cannot get the town girls to attend the college hops. Now we understand you. When college boys have to interest the town girls, something is radically wrong and it is time for the college paper, not only to complain, but by all the power of its eloquence to arouse, if possible, the slumbering college spirit and infuse new life into all the varied channels of college activity.

Carnegie, you are too solid. More lively editors on matters pertaining to college affairs, less about political and economical questions would, to our mind, make your paper more attractive. Be a little more like the Dictionarium, which is to us an exceedingly pleasant journal for two reasons. It does not strive to impress us with the depth of its learning, and again it is full of news and sensible suggestions on common college topics, all expressed in a pleasing manner.

Yes, Rambler, we agree with you in the matter of appointing judges from the college faculty to the collegiate contest, as last year. It is very unpleasant to hear the insulting blame raised by many defeated colleges after every contest. If anything can be done to secure judges whose decision will be respected, and whom all can trust, Chicago will support it most heartily. The present course is suicidal. For, when men of prominence come to know that the only compensation they can expect for their valuable time and services will be abuse from nearly all the defeated colleges, the time will not be far distant when no sensible man will act. As nothing can be done this year, would it not be a good plan, sometime before the next contest, for all interested to write to the judges appointed, and find out whether they intend to serve, and if they can not, then to look about for men who are capable of filling the place satisfactorily and report such to the committee, so that they will not be compelled to make the selection from a meager and imperfect list.

Blocknaurim, can you substantiate your statement? "Everybody but Mr. Babcock and the Chicago delegation agreed that she (Our Representative) did not deserve second place." Read the Illini and Wesleyan Bee, and we think you will find that some people exist who are not miserable malcontents, who are noble minded and sensible enough to recognize that every person has a perfect right to form his own opinions and that it is but gentlemanly to respect them, however much they may differ from theirs.

To hear you talk one would think you alone and no one else, were capable of making a decision. You say "Blocknaurim has just said that she did not deserve second place." This is not so. Again, you say, "True, there are very few ladies who could have done as well as Miss Faulkner." From this and your preceding remarks, we imply that in your estimation no lady is capable of competing with men, because they are mentally inferior.

We are not surprised to hear men from Blackburn making such statements, for we know that modern ideas have not yet reached them, that they are totally ignorant of the fact that in many of our colleges, ladies are not only competing with, but are carrying off honors from men, that it is no longer the exception to find the Miss Faulkner and thank goodness where ability and work can earn that position. You again display unpardonable greediness and stupidity in saying, "The action of Miss Faulkner's friend, Mr. Babcock, is particularly disgraceful," also, "Imagine for an instant any one who is absolutely perfect in everything pertaining to an oration." You suppose that Mr. Babcock, coming from the same place as Miss Faulkner, must therefore be her friend, whereas, they have never seen or spoken to each other before. If your minds were capable of receiving and understanding it, we would give you information going to show how such might be the case in a city like Chicago. Then, too, when Miss Faulkner was Knocked 100 by the judges, if your wit was long enough you would have seen and understood that the mark simply represented her relative position in that judge's estimation, not that she was perfect.

One thing we cannot blame you for saying, "No ladies should be permitted to contest in oratory with boys." That sounds natural and would have been more so had you added, "or any one else who can excel Blackburners.

LOCALS.

- Oh, that horrid Janitor!
- Athenaeum after the gas went out.
- 80 Strongham has a college for a time.
- 85 G. E. Newcomb is still detained from duties by sickness.
- Do not forget that almighty little dollar which pays for your subscription.
- The class of eighty-seven expects to have its class supper sometime in December.
- The kind ladies of the first Baptist church have invited a great many of the students to eat turkey with them on Thanksgiving.
- The college quartette has been organized and consists of Mr. Provan, 1st Tenor; Mr. Collins, 2nd Tenor; Mr. Templeton, 1st Bass; Mr. Craig, 2nd Bass.
- Peace, friends.
- No one need be surprised if the Univ. sometimes acquires a questionable reputation, inasmuch as bandits like Jesse James and Kit Carson are admitted to its privileges.
- The venerable Dr. Boise again kindly consented to expound a class in the Greek Testament. Quite a number of the Greek students are attending the class every Sunday at 3:30 P. M., at the Memorial Baptist church.
- Common among with most colleges throughout the land, our Y. M. C. A. held special meetings every day during the week of prayer, Nov. 9-16. A number of prominent clergymen kindly assisted the students in
the meetings among whom were: Dr. Wood, Maj. Cole, Dr. Worcester, Dr. Anderson and Dr. Henson. Great interest was manifested in a large attendance throughout the week at two meetings per day.

The props now devote their spare time and some that is not "spare" to the game of football. Several games have been played between the High School club and the Alumni. The first on Saturday, Nov. 1 resulted in a victory for our club, score 4 to 1. On the 8th the High School club won four goals out of five.

Oct. 29, the athletic association was organized with officers as follows:

President: W. G. Hall
Vice-President: W. J. Adams
Secretary: W. C. McAdoo
Treasurer: F. L. Hooge
A committee was appointed to draft a constitution consisting of Messrs. Lingle, Baldwin and Carson. It is hoped that this will amount to more than wind. The association is endeavoring to obtain a suitable room and equip a complete gymnasium.

The event of the period was the social held under the auspices of both Athenaeum and Tri Kappa literary societies.

On Oct. 24 a large number of our students and several members of our faculty assembled in the "University parlors and cultivated their social nature for a few hours. Refreshments were served with ice-cream cake and fruit. The new students were out in full force and everyone seemed to enjoy himself. After the refreshments had been "dispensed with," Messrs. Hammond Bums, and Walsh rendered their declarations. Music was then the order of the hour and a large number of familiar college songs were sung after which the assembly gradually dispersed with the aid of the junior's benediction.

EVERTHING

Professor in Psychology—"Describe the causes of forgetfulness."

-Distrested Senior—"Election returns."

-C. W. Hensom came home from Champaign, election week, to vote. Report said "He is a mug-wump."

Glad to see you, Charlie, we wish that elections came oftener.

Special Notice: To whom it may concern.

Students are advised to stay out of the Chapel henceforth on Friday mornings, the Senior guns are being faced and Chapel Orations will soon be speedily burned.

-Miss Nellie A. Springer writes from Monticello Seminary, Godfrey, III., of her pleasant associations there and of her still great friendship for the University and its students.

-Miss Kitty H. Kelly is at Miss Porter's Seminary, Springfield, Mass., this year.

English: its excellences and defects.

Each one feels a special pride in his own language, which to him is sweeter, dearer and more expressive than any other he may acquire by years of careful study. There is something wonderfully attractive to him in the language of his countrymen. When William Shakespeare addressed his infant ear, and by which he first expressed his affections and made known his wants; and, naturally, he is loth to acknowledge that his native tongue is inferior to any in its composition and general advantages. No to an English-speaking person, no language seems so perfect as his. It expresses his thoughts and desires in a manner which he thinks has no equal. So, when we try to analyze our language and discover its various excellences and defects, we find ourselves confronted by this almost insurmountable prejudice in its favor. It is only when we forget our nationality, and critically and impartially analyze it, that we discover the reason of its pre-eminence as well as of its imperfections.

English might properly be called a composite language, as it has been derived from so many sources, each of which has contributed to it some of its own peculiar features, and left its mark on the stamp of its once predominant elements. Composite languages, however, have this great advantage, that the variety of these existing elements opposes any tendency to sameness and imports vivacity to what might otherwise seem monotonous and dull. Such languages, moreover, are generally enriched by copious vocabularies, and particularly is this true of English, whose abundance of historical, political, moral and philosophical terms, is little to be desired.

Nor are we less amply provided with distinct and peculiar poetic terms. With us, poetry differs from prose, not only in having a certain arrangement of syllables and feet, but in the very words that compose it. In this respect a great advantage over many other modern languages, whose poetry is stripped of rhyme would hardly be distinguishable from prose; and in some of which, as a consequence, blank verse is never attempted. For this richness we are indebted to the fact that our language, originally made up of contributions from several others, has borrowed from them all, and even, in some cases has appropriated several different expressions for the same idea, so that the writer is enabled to diversify his style and avoid unpleasant repetitions.

Every language is supposed to take its predominant tones, more or less, from the character of the people who speak it, and, therefore, must necessarily be in some measure affected by their national characteristics. From the character of those by whom our language was originally formed, and from whom it has received most of its subsequent additions and modifications, we should expect to find it a language of strength and energy. This we ourselves can plainly see, though we may not notice it in so great a degree. Our constructions are by no means limited to the various forms and constructions of English, and comparing them with the more complex, and therefore more weakening, forms of their own tongue, our constructions are by no means complex, and our thoughts are diluted by a superabundance of words, yet, since our language is rich in terms adapted to the expression of the strongest emotions, and offers many opportunities of forming compounds, and thus briefly representing complex ideas, its opponents are compelled to acknowledge that it is pre-eminent in the expression of strong and vigorous ideas.

Flexibility, the capability of being adapted or accommodated to different styles and tastes, so that the literary masterpieces express the grave or the gay, the stern or the tender, the sublime and imposing, or the humble and simple, as his inclination and the occasion may require, is one of the essential characteristics of a language. The language must be capable of expressing various moods and situations. English possesses in a high degree, and in the last it does not seem to be deficient. It may not equal the ancient Greek or Latin in the combination of these two elements, but it still seems capable of being adapted to almost any style.

Imperfec as our own knowledge may be in detecting these differences, we cannot but be impressed with the wealth of our language as shown by Milton in his great epic, a chief element of whose strength lies in the force of its individual words; and as to beauty, who can fail to detect it in the finely chosen words of Spenser, Shakespeare and Tennyson? Surely, in the hands of these masters, our mother tongue does not seem to be deficient in the qualities that make up flexibility an essential characteristic of a successful language.

The statement has been made by many French and German scholars that the English language is too harsh and abrupt to produce the harmony so easily perceived in their own languages, and in those of Italy and Spain. But if our language were deficient in harmony, could it ever have adapted itself to poetic form without the aid of rhyme?
English possesses an abundance of vowel sounds which please the ear with their variety. It is also replete with words which in their very sound harmonize with the idea they are designed to convey. But it is quite true, for all their manifest excellences, there are many defects quite as conspicuous. The fact that our language is composed of several others is reason enough, in itself, that it should be full of irregularities. But those who would be the most consistent in all its parts, or that uniformity of structure which we might naturally expect to find in simpler tongues, built on one foundation.

Our orthography has this greatest hindrance to mastering English; it is not even based on analogy, and there are so many different ways of pronouncing the same combination of letters, that naturally, the student, trying to master English, feels himself almost defeated at the very outset. If, for example, he attempt to conquer a-g-b, he finds that it is pronounced differently at various times, as in through, though, cough, tough, plough, etc. It is often stated that English is more difficult to acquire than any other modern tongue. The reason for this may be that it is free from intricacies of case, declension, and tense; its words are subject to but few terminological changes; its adjectives have only the changes of form; its verbs also, have but few inflections; and these facts cause that arrangement peculiar to the English sentences, and so difficult of acquisition by foreigners.

In our language, too, have crept many foreign idiosyncrasies and modes of construction, so that "our sentences too often look like patchwork, composed of diverse pieces, handmade in themselves, but of such different colors and qualities that our language is expressed in the variety in passing from one to another."

One most prominent defect in the English language—a chief cause, too, of slang and by-words—is the tendency to the language, unlike the ancient Greek and modern German, is wanting in particles, which, though themselves without definite meaning, still express the muttered emotions of the mind, and afford an outlet for the pent-up feelings, which in our language are expressed by the vulgar use of slang and the more vulgar use of by-words. There is nothing perfect in this world, and language is no exception, but if English is far from being perfect, we rejoice at least, that it has so many advantages over others, and also so many fewer defects than they.

—He said her hair was dyed; and when she indignantly replied, "‘Tis false!" he said he presumed so.

EDRUM SPENNER.

For a hundred and fifty years after Chaucer, England knew no poet of any real worth; and Surrey and Wyatt sang their sonnets, but they did not touch the English heart; nor had any great literary work appeared since "The Canterbury Tales," until, in 1579, "The Shepherd's Calendar" attracted the attention of the reading public.

Its author, Edmund Spenser, was born in London about 1552, of poor parentage. In his "Prothalamion" he says—"From another place I take my name, An honor of ancient fame, thus leading us, naturally, to suppose that his family was an old and honored one. He was educated at the University of Cambridge, but on account of financial troubles was unable to complete his studies there, and left for the north of England, where he engaged himself as a tutor to some distinguished family. Even for the short time he was in Cambridge, he showed great fondness for the poetical fancies of all ages, filling his mind with the legends of Greece and Rome, imbibing his very soul with the philosophies of Plato, Socrates and Aristotle. Through all his works we see the influence of this training, shaping "The Faery Queen," filling all his poems with the peculiar grace and imagination of English characters and scenery, blended with the noble and lofty thoughts of ancient philosophy.

His life in the North was destined to have a peculiar influence over the future of his brilliant career; for while there, living almost in the obscurity of poverty, he fell passionately in love with the beautiful "Rosalind." Well for us, she did not return the poet's strong affection, for disappointed and almost heartbroken, he wrote to Sir Philip Sidney, longer and colder, he wrote "The Shepherd's Calendar"—a collection of twelve eclogues, one for each month of the year—which was to establish his literary reputation.

While at court, he made the acquaintance of Gabriel Harvey, whose learning, literary reputation and criticisms were of great value to the poet. It was he who, at this time, summoned Spenser from his rural life to London, and introduced him to Sir Philip Sidney, whose longer and colder, he wrote "The Faery Queen," the one of the pleasantest incidents in the latter's life. The "gentle Sidney" received him very courteously, entertained him at his own house, and, knowing the need a poet had of royal patronage, introduced him to his uncle, Dudley, the Earl of Leicester, who was at that time enjoying the Queen's special favor.

While Spenser was at Sidney's house, he revised "The Shepherd's Calendar," and dedicating it to this kind friend, published it under the new title of "The Poet's Year." It was at once the accepted hand-book of court, clergy and men of letters. It delighted with its freshness, but left for Ireland, its brevity and simplicity and grace, and the poet was immediately brought into the favor of the Queen. The next year, 1580, she appointed him Chief-Secretary to Lord Grey, who was sent as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and for six years of his life he was with him, Spenser was given a large tract of confis- caned land around Kilcooman Castle, and here he lived for several years writing his greatest work, "The Faery Queen." He had composed the plan of this poem, and had submitted to his friend Gabriel Harvey the parts which he had written. This critic did not fancy the style of the poem, so that Spenser, seemingly discouraged, wrote but little on it while in London. But when he reached Kilcooman and had nothing to do but to view its lovely scenery, to watch the rippling Molls and to drink in the inspiration of nature which everything around him furnished, his poet's soul was so touched and so enchanted that soon, in his own matchless way, he was writing the lines of "The Faery Queen," and had completed the first three books.

In 1589, Sir Walter Raleigh visited him in his home, with one of English nobility and the distinction of England's poets, worthy to be enrolled by the side of the names of Chaucer, Milton, and Shakespeare. Many critics have placed him above Chaucer, and considered him fit to be ranked by the side of Milton, second to Shakespeare alone. But the style of the poets is so unlike, the times in which they lived exercised such different influences over the language, thoughts and conceptions of the two, that they can not easily be compared. There is this in his works which at times show the spirit of modern society, his love of beauty of language, in brilliant imagery, and in power of expression he has hardly if ever been excelled by non-dramatic poets. But on the other hand, they were certainly reminiscent of the age before him, when we think of the ease, simplicity and naturalness in description, the truth to nature, the correct conception of every phase of life and character, which are the characteristics of Spenser. Spenser seems to be a poet who appeals first to the eye and to the intelligent appreciation of all that is beautiful and grand, and of that which is beyond and above us. At times he leads us through realms we can just conceive, dazzled as we are by the brilliancy of his language and his startling imagery. But Chaucer appeals to the heart, and to its sensitive sympathies, amusing us at times with his acerb, biting humor, painting for us pictures which are brilliant.
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