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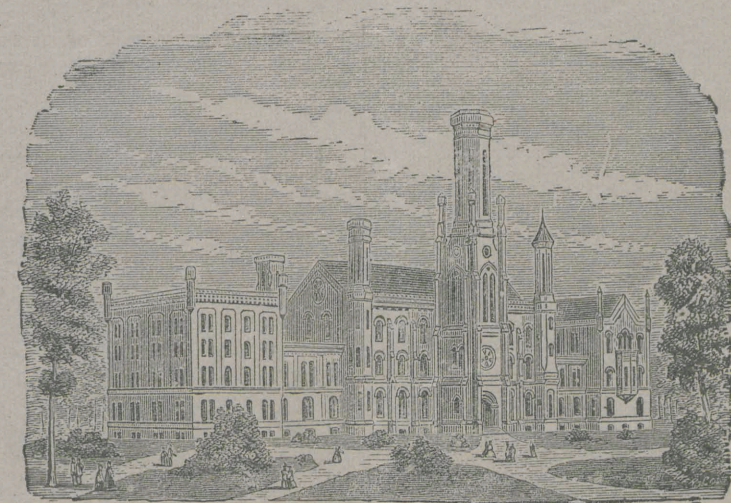
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# THE VOLANTE.

VOL. XIV.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, FEBRUARY, 1885.

NO. 6.



## UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

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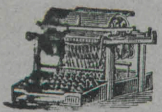
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**THE VOLANTE.**

VOL. XIV.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, FEBRUARY, 1885.

No. 6.

**TO THE MUSE OF POETRY.**

O Muse, do not cruelly leave me  
 Deserted to languish alone;  
 Nor smile on me, but to deceive me  
 With heart as unfeeling as stone.

'Tis thou hast implanted this fire  
 Of longing with which I'm oppressed—  
 Nor once wert thou loath to inspire  
 The spirit of song in my breast.

'Tis no mighty theme I desire,  
 No lofty and soul-stirring tone;  
 I crave from thy silvery lyre  
 One soft, soothing echo alone.

O, goddess inconstant, unfeeling,  
 I fear like all maidens thou art,  
 Who visions of beauty revealing,  
 Within, hide a false, fickle heart.

F.

**SUPERSTITIONS.**

IT is continually said that the age of miracles is ended and that superstitions have passed away, yet multitudes of them flourish under our very eyes. The mention of a horseshoe brings the fact home. Many ladies and gentlemen of today will pale with fear if salt be spilled, and would as soon see their death warrant signed as to be the thirteenth at the table.

Draper says of the middle age of Europe:—"In its opinion the earth, the air, and the sea were full of invisible forms. The lunatic was troubled by devils. If a spring discharged its waters with a periodical gushing of carbonic acid gas it was agitated by an angel; if an unfortunate descended into a pit and was suffocated, it was by some demon. There was no grotto or cool thicket in which angels or genii had not been seen; no cavern without its demon. The foul air of stagnant places assumed the visible forms of demons; explosive gases of mines took the shape of pale faced malicious dwarfs with leathery ears hanging down to their shoulders and in garments of gray cloth."

One form of superstition represents supernatural powers, as expressing sympathy with human distress, by a symbol expressed through the fixed agencies of nature. For instance, a pair of youthful lovers perished by suicide, caused by a fatal mistake. The tree under which the tragedy took place is supposed ever afterward to express, by the gloomy color of its fruit, its sympathy with their misfortune.

During the transitional period, in which Christianity and Paganism were slowly ascending and descending, the true faith borrowed many corruptions. There is no land, no matter how protestant in its belief, but has adopted some of the forms of superstition. Even those who reject all forms of it as untrue still look upon some of them with a degree of respect, especially those which have reference to sacred things. The haddock is supposed, through all maritime Europe, to be a privileged fish; and even in austere Scotland, the children can point out the impression of St. Peter's thumb, by which it is distinguished from all similar fish. Throughout England and Germany, domestic cattle are believed to go down upon their knees at a particular moment of Christmas eve. Some birds, while drinking, appear to be giving thanks. It is well known that this appearance is caused by a physical arrangement, yet any one would allow a child to believe that the bird was thus rendering deep thankfulness to the universal Father. There is a popular faith that the aspen shivers mystically, in sympathy with the horrors of that tree in Palestine which was compelled to furnish the materials for the cross. Some one may suggest that the aspen has always shivered. That probably is true, but in that case may we not hold the opinion that the tree was penetrated by a presentiment instead of by a remembrance? There is a similar objection to the rainbow considered as a sign or seal of God's covenant. The Southern Cross is viewed popularly in South America and southern parts of the northern hemisphere, as the great banner held aloft before the Spanish heralds of the true faith, in 1492. It did

not cost that superstitious race much of an effort to imagine that it was then called into existence.

Even they who are not superstitious may yield to the belief that, though the rainbow was laid in the very elements and necessities of nature, it was a prediction of a future covenant; also the mysterious symbol of man's imperishable hopes may have been in the starry heavens from the earliest creation as a silent herald of hope through one period, and a sign of gratitude through the other.

In the time of the Crusades, as is so interestingly narrated by Scott, in the *Talisman*, faith in the virtue of precious stones was universal, special properties being attributed to each. In Italy men carried amulets in the form of a partly extended hand, to prevent the effects of the evil eye. Small silver bells were used to scare away witches, and large bells to scare away comets. Necklaces and bracelets, not articles of ornament as now, were used for amulets. Charms, not natural or carved objects as today, but written, were used quite extensively; indeed all those ornaments which we generally understand by the term "charm" were at that time talisman or amulets. Faith in odd numbers were closely allied to charm. "There's luck in odd numbers says Rury O'More." Our daily papers often, in their advertising columns, attribute special powers to the seventh daughter of the seventh daughter.

The sympathetic cure for wounds is widely known. The sword was to be anointed with a salve and put in a cool place. The wound was to be cleansed and covered with linen. The secret of this cure is to be explained by the rest which the injured part was permitted to enjoy.

Great emphasis was laid by the ancients upon words and names. The names of several places were, on this account, changed by the Roman government. Thus the town of Maleventum, or Illcome, was changed to Beneventum, or Wellcome.

Stumbling was considered, by the Romans, one of the worst omens. This misfortune once befell a Dictator as he landed in Africa, but he averted the omen by falling to the earth, kissing it and exclaiming that in this way he appropriated the soil.

Words spoken without thought, or by idiots, words heard by chance, and passages read from books opened at random have been taken as prophecies, in all ages. Alexander of Macedon, wishing at one time to consult the oracle of Delphi, and not being able to

move the priestess by persuasion, finally determined to compel her to give the prophecy. As he was forcing her backward toward the tripod, she exclaimed:—"O! son, thou art irresistible." Alexander answered, "Now, thou noble priestess, farewell, I have your oracle,"—and he would hear no more, although he knew that she had no reference to his military power.

At the coronation of Charles I., the king was robed in velvet. This was considered an ill omen, especially at a later time; white being the color in which victims were arrayed. At the coronation of James II,—“the crown being too little for the king's head, often in a tottering condition, and likely to fall off. The same day the king's crown, pompously painted in the great altar window of a London church, suddenly fell down without apparent cause, and broke to pieces, whilst the rest of the window remained standing. These were reckoned omens of ill to the king.”

There are many beautiful and interesting superstitions concerning the apparitions of the desert, and lesser ones too numerous to mention, such as the ominous warnings of birds and of the death watch; a hare crossing a man's path in the morning has been held, in all countries, as a sign of evil to come in the course of the day. Some locomotive engineers still believe that, if a cat crosses the track, the only way to prevent an accident is to rub both rails with a hare's foot.

We may find many superstitions in our own time, but they seem to us insignificant, when we compare them with those of former periods. It will be the pleasing task of future generations to pull to pieces and to laugh at our superstitions, as we ridicule those of former generations.

#### THE IRISH DYNAMITERS.

FOR several years past, the incendiary Irish agitators have received a considerable portion of the public attention, but their recent exploits have been made so daring and dastardly as almost to monopolize the public interest.

The dynamiters style themselves Irish "patriots" and in despair of obtaining their rights and a redress of grievances in any other way, they have resorted to wholesale assassination and destruction of property.

There is no doubt but that the Irish have been cruelly mistreated by the English, and none that the Irish have many and crying wrongs to be redressed;

but there is no less doubt that the means they have taken for obtaining justice are the worst they could possibly have employed.

Have the Irish so mistaken the English character that they think, by blowing up the public buildings of London, even though that destruction be accompanied by a great loss of life, to scare the government into a relinquishment of its authority? Any one who considers for a moment the well known tenacity and stubbornness of the typical John Bull will see, at once, the fallacy of this idea. If the dynamiters are really sincere in thinking that they are following the best plan for attaining their end, they show themselves possessed of no more good sense than mercy. But that they are really seeking Irish independence, we are not at all sure. Dynamite has, time and again, been found in the holds of sea-going vessels, where, but for its discovery, it would inevitably have sent thousands of unoffending souls into eternity, without a moment's warning, and that without having reached one of those against whom the Irish are enraged, while the doubt that always surrounds the loss of vessels at sea would have taken away all effect upon the Government. The attempt of a few days ago was chosen, both as to time and place, so as to destroy a large number of unoffending sightseers, without harming any of those against whom these demonstrations purport to be directed. The conviction is thus forced home that these attempts are probably those of fanatical socialists, modern Ishmaels, whose hands are turned against their fellow men, and who assume the cause of Irish independence, because they are sure of constant and liberal pecuniary aid from the Irish laboring classes of America.

The only effect of these outrages will be to annul all the advantages that Parnell and his truly patriotic co-laborers have gained for their countrymen. It is, however, encouraging to know that these last excesses have met with almost universal condemnation on both sides of the water, and the new Edmunds law, making a crime of the use and possession of dynamite and its kindred compounds, for other than legitimate purpose meets hearty approbation.

These crimes do not conflict with the laws of England alone, but with the common precepts of all government; and the American people should lay aside all feelings of national jealousy, and, actuated solely by motives of common humanity, assist the

mother country in her efforts to detect and punish these enemies of mankind. FILIAVIS.

#### COMMUNICATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE VOLANTE:

Before writing for *THE VOLANTE* what should be an entertaining letter, of necessity I should have had thrilling experiences or have known all the delights and discomforts of travel by land and by sea. *Parcae obstant!* and my longest trip has extended only to St. Louis, of which I forbear to speak, though I could write rapturously of the kind hospitality of its people. Or, I should have strange tales to tell of "hair-breadth 'scapes," of adventures with the deadly grip (car, *not* Phi Psi) or the still deadlier basilisk-glimpse of a dry goods clerk; but all these dangers have been providentially kept from me. In fact, nothing happens! As a friend wrote me that the train on which she was traveling passed in the night a wreck fatal to some workmen, but that she slept calmly through it all and did not see a single corpse! Just her luck!

But what are the experiences of a school-ma'am? And when that "grand calling" was thrust upon me, what adventures could I expect? Corporal punishment is abolished,—we do not use the marking system,—it is not necessary to reason with the girls for talking to the boys in the halls,—no gatherings in chapel, and therefore no monitors and no orations,—in fact from all these excitements the life of a high school teacher is free.

Methinks I hear some one say, "Shorn of all these embellishments, how monotonous such work must be!" I think not. Those of you who know the keen delight coming from lessons mastered, and are conscious of the pleasure arising from intellectual activity, can easily believe that there is great enjoyment in rousing this activity in others and in seeing quick returns for your labor. Not every scholar responds to your enthusiasm, but enough do to prove that your work is not in vain. The growth of the teacher also, is not small. One is never so thoroughly acquainted with a subject as after teaching it to young minds varying in their power and breadth. Here is room for ingenuity, versatility, brevity, strength, concentration, insight and patience, and the teacher who does not learn something from every recitation will probably not be a success, but will lose health and courage.

Certainly enthusiasm, a synonym for action and work, is the key to success, or successful endeavor. The Alumni of the U. of C. are witnesses to the truth of the statement that enthusiasm in a teacher is a most important element for the student's success. Our *Alma Mater* has not been furnished with the most perfect library, museum or apparatus in all departments, but her professors have been and are men of courage, learning, and, more than all, enthusiasm, and it is this *personale* that the Alumni will longest remember and it is worth incalculably more than all the paraphernalia purchaseable by a Vanderbilt: not but that all these are necessary and advantageous, but compared with personal power and enthusiasm they are nothing!

To a teacher, however, I venture to say a proper appreciation of his enthusiasm in the shape of a good salary is never unacceptable, and let me add should never be wanting! I have never heard a valid reason why a teacher should not be paid a respectable, yea, an excellent, salary. Those who urge that the hours are so few and the labor light, are generally those who have never tried it, and who could not teach if they tried. The one who says he believes that a teacher's salary is partly paid by his satisfaction in work well done, and in the assurance that the immortal souls intrusted to his care are being moulded into angelic images by him, is generally he who takes no thought for the morrow as to how his grocer will be paid or wherewithal his landlord's children will be clothed, but is a walking beatitude conscious that his more worldly brother, who looks closely after the dollars and has a larger salary, will generously lend him of his store.

About no place, except home, throng so many pleasant recollections as about *Alma Mater*—at least to her foster-children—and I believe we will all grieve if any of her pleasant features are injured, or if she changes her residence.

I am glad to see THE VOLANTE, and think in some respects it has improved since the days when we spoke of its first lady editor and second lady editor, etc.

Until I enter into my kingdom, or until "my ship comes in," when I can endow the University or establish a chair to be filled by a lady professor, I take leave of you all, O young and enthusiastic students, and whether you become ministers, teachers,

lawyers, capitalists or artists in any department, God bless you!

FLORENCE M. HOLBROOK, '79.

Chicago, Jan. 10, 1885.

VERBA A ALUMNO.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE VOLANTE:

The November VOLANTE called upon the Alumni to convoke and free their minds in an experience meeting. Our line of experience is marked out for us—what impressions exist concerning the course we pursued; its practicability, et cetera.

1. I pursued the classical course. During my stay at the University I felt a lack of historical equipment. I took some scientific studies extra, and among them English History. Outside I had little time to "fill in" from the great storehouse of past experience. But even an outline of French, Spanish, German, or Oriental, Mohammedan, Egyptian history was not gained. One of the greatest studies of the present and future is and will be the Philosophy of History. Outlines of the history of the leading national makers of history would be a ground-work for the prosecution of this study; and these outlines might be with vast advantage obtained in a college course.

2. But the University course, so much improved and so nearly perfected during the present administration, is eminently a practical one. It is not a specialty course—which fact is not enough noted among the opposers of Greek. It is a preparatory drilling course. It helped me. The classical course suited me, for I tried it. It gave me a study in lines which I am still following out. The scientist may get a big head before his body can support it, because he is so successfully and "certainly" unraveling NATURE. Glorious! But that is doing *specialty work*, and that is not wanted in college.

I am thankful I entered college with an aim to get a *general profit*; so I think I had no particular hobby—to run for marks, to give my time overmuch to elocutionary drill, to spend my energies in skirmishing in politics, to seek one great thing and come out of college with one side of the head developed.

I am then convinced that our course is a practical one—not for a scientists' school but for a college—that a school is not altogether what its corps of instructors is; and in that I am gratified for the effi-

ciency of ours. These are mere outlines, setting forth my views from experience. F. R. S., '84.

February 7, 1885.

SPELING.

We hav rēsntly rēsēvd a pplyr dokument entitld "The Fonetie Jurnal." We hav sēn lots of thēz fūl things b4, but this 1 tāks the kāk for fanatisizm in fonetisizm. It has introdūsd a multi2d ov nū karaktrs 2 reprezent the varyus vowel sowndz, difthongs, hard & soft sowndz & so 4th, hwich māks an alfabet ov abowt 40 letrz. We manijd 2 rēd a litl ov it, with the ād ov a kē, but we fald 2 c how the skēm iz evr going 2 work unles the oblījing krank hū invented it wil furnish a riten langwaj 2 go with it. We wil d fi eny man 2 tāk a pen & māk such qryus marks az this nū skēm contānz. We r in simpaty with a speling reform hwich sēks 2 du awa with unnesesary letrz & illojykl speling, but hwen it kumz 2 springing a hōl nu alfabet on us at wuns it is 2, 2 much. Grēk iz tuf enuf for us az yet.

We realiz that it tāks a grāt dēl of 42d 2 tāk such a dcidyd stand agenst the wurld's speling, and the projektr ov this nu sistem iz entitled 2 grāt kredit for so duing, but he iz several duzn yērs ahed ov tīm with it. This reform, if eny thar b, must b wurkd owt gradually & not at 1 fel swūp. History tēchiz that grāt changez kum slōly. Let not ovr frend thar4 despar, but let him lā hiz nu sistem bi for a few yērz & mēnwhīl lābor with us 2 put speling on a comun sens basis. This iz ol the nkuryjment we kan giv our frend in this. For the preznt it iz ol we kan du 2 get along with the printers, hu hav only 2 strugl with the English letrz in thār nativ purity, & we dar not atempt eny nu dojs.

THE SONG OF LEON.

With features haggard and wan,  
With eyes all bloodshot and weak.  
A student sat, surrounded by books,  
Grinding out Latin and Greek.  
Work! work! work!  
Deep into the night alone;  
And, never pausing, he said these words  
In a wild and frenzied tone:—

"Grind—grind—grind,  
From earliest morning light;  
And grind—grind—grind,

Far into the silent night;  
O! Would I were not a slave  
To a power worse than a Turk!  
For, when my regular tasks are done,  
I have still my extra work.

"Grind—grind—grind,  
Till the brain begins to swim;  
Grind—grind—grind,  
Till the eyes grow heavy and dim.  
Greek, and Latin; and Math.,  
Math., and Latin and Greek;  
Ah! would that I had taken less  
Than thirty hours a week!

"I can give the properties all  
Of secant and co-versed sine;  
I know the date of Achilles' birth,  
And the names of the Muses nine;  
I dig, and dig, and dig,  
And I wade through volumes deep;  
But O! for a rest from this ceaseless toil,  
And a night of solid sleep!

"Grind—grind—grind,  
My work is never o'er;  
And what's the prize? A "Max," or so,  
A headache and nothing more,  
If for scholarships, I try,  
Despite each good intention  
All I get is the comfort cold  
Of a single "honorable mention."

"O that this weary mind  
Might rest for a season brief!  
That this o'erworked brain of mine  
For a time might find relief!  
A little pastime would ease my care:  
But all the sports I know  
Are those in vogue in ancient Greece,  
In the times of the long ago.

"Grind—grind—grind,  
Till the eyes are heavy as lead;  
Grind—grind—grind,  
Till droops my aching head,  
And into a troubled sleep I fall,  
Where ancient heroes seem  
To fling Greek roots at each other's heads,  
Throughout my fevered dream."

With features haggard and wan,  
With eyes all bloodshot and weak,  
A student sat, surrounded by books,  
Grinding out Latin and Greek.  
Work! work! work!  
Deep into the night alone:  
And, never pausing, these words he sang,  
(And weird and sad their cadence rang)  
In a wild and frenzied tone.

—Columbiad.

## THE VOLANTE.

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## PUBLISHERS :

ROBERT G. HALL, JR., '87. BERT. NICHOLS, '87.

THOS. E. DONNELLEY, '88.

TERMS : Fifteen cents a single copy. One year, payable in advance, one dollar.

Address all communications, THE VOLANTE PUBLISHER, University of Chicago.

Notify us of change of address or desire to discontinue paper.

THE VOLANTE will be sent to subscribers until a specific order for its discontinuance is received and until all arrearages are paid.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, FEBRUARY, 1885.

## EDITORIAL.

WE received last month a very interesting communication from Miss Florence M. Holbrook, '79, who according to the journalistic records of the University was the second lady editor of THE VOLANTE. The article, owing to lack of space in the January number, is given in this issue. We wish all our alumni would write us a few words of encouragement and good cheer, and tell us just how University life has helped them in active business and every-day life. We also would like to know the whereabouts of John Rutherford, '65 ; G. J. Kline, '69 ; J. J. Halsey, '70 ; L. S. Cole, '72 ; O. L. Emery, '76 ; M. B. Harrison, '77, F. S. Comstock, '79, and would be glad to receive all the information any of the Alumni can give.

WE notice that our fellow editors in the various college journals are all discussing at some length what subjects should be considered in their editorials. Some think that everything in the paper should be purely local and adapted to the immediate use of the college world ; others that the editorials should treat of any subject which is of interest to the world at large, and should not be confined to the mere college circle. But why should college students be spoken of as though they were "out of the world?" If such is the case, they had better be instructed at once

as to what the outside world is doing. But no one can for a moment suppose that college students are in such a blissful state of ignorance. Perhaps they do not know as much of public matters as they should, and think more about "cane-rushes" and "base-ball clubs" than of the English troubles in the Soudan, etc.; but that is the very reason why they should receive instruction in this branch of their education ; that is the very reason why our college papers should briefly discuss the leading events of the time, so that the student may through this medium become interested more deeply in the affairs of the outside world. It is in this respect that many of the papers of our Eastern colleges excel those of the Western colleges. They contain a brief summary of the news of the day, which is expressed in as clear and concise a manner as possible, while one or more editorials always consider some public question. THE VOLANTE heartily approves of the plan, and most emphatically disapproves of that unwritten, unchangeable law which is so commonly observed in our Western college papers :—to disregard the political and public questions of the day, and to write, rewrite and re-rewrite the same old editorials.

THE advantages that a student has in attending college in this great city are very numerous and perhaps they have never seemed greater than during this winter. The various lecture courses have given a fine opportunity to hear some of the world's finest speakers. To such students as enjoy music, the recitals, concerts and operas have been this year exceptionally fine. But the crowning feature of the amusements of the season is the opportunity we have enjoyed of hearing, seeing and studying the great actor, Henry Irving, and the no less famous actress, Miss Terry. Every lover of literature and the pure drama has received through the study of their impersonations a more perfect understanding of the finest character in dramatic history. The four weeks' engagement of these English stars has been a period of great benefit and has given many of us better thoughts, and higher conceptions of the work we have been doing in literature and history. THE VOLANTE is not accustomed to mention the dramatic attractions in the city, but the inspiration derived from this exceptional engagement has so influenced our thoughts and feelings that we cannot refrain from noticing it and from remarking that this is but one

## THE DAY OF PRAYER.

of the many advantages Chicago offers a college student. We sympathize with our fellow colleges who will not be able to see these actors and to understand how Hamlet should be pictured, Ophelia described and Richelieu represented, and we assure them that they can never realize what they have missed.

STUDENTS here in the city, with the rare advantages offered them by the University and Public Libraries, should, especially in the winter months, devote a large portion of their spare time to reading. But from a general acquaintance among the students we have reason to fear that with the majority the only reading done is a perusal of the daily papers, with an occasional dip into the libraries for the materials for an essay or debate. With students, especially, the formation of a habit of careful and judicious reading should be of prime importance, and the odd hour after the lessons are learned, or the Saturday or Sunday afternoon should be occupied in gaining a general knowledge of our literature, and in storing the mind with the knowledge so invitingly presented to us. The probability is that the greater part of the reading done has no definite aim other than the passing away of time.

There is a student here who has adopted the plan of keeping account of the books he has read, the list now covering about two years. A perusal of this record reveals the titles of about seventy-five books, and the extreme to which his wandering fancy has led him are indeed astonishing. His tastes have fluctuated between Niebuhr's "Rome" and Burdette's "Hawkeyes," between Matthews and Smiles and President Porter and Prof. Swing, while Dickens, Irving, Mark Twain, Dumas, Max O'Rell, Ouida, William Black, Hugh Conway and Charles Dudley Warner are among the other names which go to make up this nondescript hodgepodge.

There is no doubt but that such indiscriminate reading is hurtful, nor that, while the student has undoubtedly derived considerable pleasure from the perusal of these books, he is forming slovenly habits of reading which he will have great trouble to correct. The time thus employed, if directed by a definite aim and order, might have made our friend a much better read man than he is today, while the habit formed of reading carefully and reflectively would have been of inestimable value.

THURSDAY, January 29, 1885, will long be remembered by the present generation of students in the University of Chicago and by the friends who were present at the exercises held in the chapel. Its influence will only be adequately measured on that day when He maketh up his jewels and "quidquid latet, apparebit." The morning prayer-meeting was conducted by Professor Riggs and the afternoon one by Professor Olson. They were both full of interest and pervaded by a deep and earnest spirit. In the former the theme was God's willingness to give all good things temporal and spiritual to those who ask in faith—"Will he not with Him also freely give all things?"—and earnest prayers ascended from many a heart that God would grant a rich outpouring of his Holy Spirit and that He would graciously regard the interests of Christian education and preserve and establish and work through our Alma Mater.

The meeting was immediately followed by the preaching service conducted by Dr. Anderson. The sermon was from the text "What think ye of Christ?"—the theme of themes. Its treatment was specially suited to the place, the occasion and the audience, profoundly but simply answering the honest doubts and questionings which come to most intelligent seekers after truth and establishing the faith of all. The supernatural character of Christ was shown from his teachings in respect to God, sin, the Messiah, and the Universal Brotherhood of man ; by the simplicity, earnestness and sympathy of their manner ; from their unselfish motive ; from his own testimony in regard to Himself as never conscious of sin and as to his relation to the Father ; in his confidence, though standing alone, in the complete accomplishment of his purpose through the ignominious Cross and the commonplace crust of bread and cup of wine ; by the youth and the brief period covered by his teaching. The conclusions are :—Christ is the Son of God ; what he utters is inspired duty ; belief in him links us with God and enables us to grow up to the standard of the perfect man.

This outline may suggest in an indefinite way the method in which this all important subject was handled, but the skeleton of a great sermon gives about as much information in regard to it as the skeleton of a great man would of his personal presence and mental characteristics.

President Anderson is not an elocutionist, but he reads the scripture with a fullness of meaning we have never heard equalled, and in all his utterances there is the directness, vigor, logic, power, of an intellectual and moral giant. He addresses the reason, heart and conscience and gains their united assent. There is no exhibition of rhetorical or logical jugglery. Every thing is plain, clear, simple, convincing. The illustrations are apt and always used to shed a clearer light and add a fuller meaning. You lose sight of the speaker in the thought, which incorporates itself in your mental and moral constitution. His discourse on "What think ye of Christ?" will never be forgotten by anyone who heard it and as it has already been to some a conscience help, so will it be to all in days to come.

In the afternoon meeting, Professor Olson, in his forceful, nervous way, presented the unselfish character of Christ and Paul and all true Christians showing how through losing sight of self, truth dawns on men naturally and spontaneously, that we must not stop with the "What must I do to be saved" of the jailer at Phillippi, but ask "Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do" for others. For in doing God's will we shall know of the doctrine.

These thoughts were doubly emphasized for us who have known them as the living, animating principles of his own life.

May the day with its lessons and aspirations bring forth fruit abundantly to the glory of God. And as it was a fitting close to the year of quiet, earnest work done by our Christian students in their organized capacity and as individuals, may it prove an auspicious opening of their work in the current year.

#### LOCALS.

—Christmas has come—and went.

—New Years likewise.

—Washington supper will soon be ditto.

—Electives are plenty in the Junior Rhetoric.

—Let us have a little less noise in the halls at night.

—Monday, Feb. 2d, was a cloudy candlemas day. Fair weather for six weeks.

—The "sad case of destitution" is now employed in an Indiana avenue grocery store.

—Many "old familiar faces" were noticed in Athenæum at the "Ladies' meeting."

—The mills of the Seniors grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding fine orations for chapel.

—'85. George E. Newcomb is very irregular in his attendance at class, owing to ill-health.

—The publisher of the VOLANTE says that during the greater part of January the Hall was cold.

—'85. Miss Mary G. Crocker is editing a book of children's poems, to be published by a Chicago house.

—Miss Laura Loomis entertained quite a party of her Athenæum friends at her home Tuesday evening, Jan. 20th.

—The VOLANTE is the only strictly moral paper published in Chicago, and even that is printed in Hyde Park.

—A large number of the students, alumni and faculty attended the funeral of Lyman Trumbull, '75, Sunday, February 1.

—Steps are being taken toward the early organization of a first-class base-ball club. Blessed are the ball players for such is the kingdom of fame.

—T. M. Hammond delivered his chapel oration Friday, January 23, subject "The Newspaper of Today." It was very well received by the audience.

—Now that Prof. Stuart has broken the ice let some more of our talented faculty step forward and give us a lecture. Its easy enough if you only know how.

—The latest is that George Walsh, who was unable to graduate with his class last year, intends to graduate with '85. Hope he will, the more the merrier.

—The faculty is considering a proposition to furnish fans to the students, for use in the recitation rooms. The effete East can't get ahead of the Rowdy West.

—John C. Everett, the psychological brick-thrower, is not one of us this term. We miss you, John, but common law is more profitable than moral law, we suppose.

—"Hitching" is the latest dignified amusement indulged in by some of the University girls (after dark). One of them says it's "awfully jolly, ain't it, Guy?" Who was it?

—The janitor says this is the only building he ever saw where the water in the pipes would freeze

solid in warm weather. Must be the cold-bloodedness of the students.

—We noticed a strong smell of tobacco smoke in the north end of the hall the other day. Can it be that—Oh, no, they wouldn't do that, it must have been either Plautus or Terrence.

—Through the instrumentality of several proud unbelievers, the Oriental Order of Humility was denied a representation at Washington supper. The reason for denying appeared to be "because."

—The advanced literature class, proposed in our December number, has materialized in the person of E. R. Anderson. The class is a pretty good student and is very unanimous in its vote on all class questions.

—The vacuum in the air-pump in Prof. Bennett's room froze solid during the late cold snap. When taken out and compared with a certain sophomore's knowledge of physics, a remarkable resemblance was discovered.

—The Seniors say that Sunday is a real worldly day to them, since on school days they have been taking moral philosophy one hour, then spending the next on church government and the third on political economy of honesty and justice.

—Athenæum has been playing in hard luck this term. Two meetings have suffered greatly in attendance on account of exceedingly inclement weather. The lecture took up one Friday evening and Washington supper is announced for Friday.

—Some men have an erroneous impression that the VOLANTE exchanges which are left on the mail box are common property. To such we wish to remark that our exchange editor is a bad man when fully aroused. *Cave Lingem!*

On the day of prayer the Freshman class adjourned from divine worship to class wrangling, which they kept up until time for the afternoon meeting, with no result save a great deal of mutual abuse and violation of all laws of custom and reverence.

—President Lingle, of the Students' Association, has obviated all danger of a "kick" by appointing the following Washington Supper Executive Committee: Geo. E. Newcomb, Chairman; T. M. Hammond, F. J. Walsh, G. F. Holloway, E. A. Buzzell.

—During the last few months the Athenæum Trio, consisting of Messrs. Burnap, Walsh and Ham-

mond, has rendered "The Lady of Sevilla," at fairs, sociables, public and private gatherings, sixteen times. It will appear shortly in a novel rendering of Poe's Raven.

—Some of our patrons have complained that we have no poetry in our columns. Out of compassion for our readers we have heretofore kept the muse chained and under lock and key, but we feel tempted to let her out and set her to work. *Verbum sapientibus satis est.*

—The VOLANTE is always up to the times. The latest is a \$5,000 libel suit entered against us by Mr. Burnap, for printing seditious articles concerning his mouth. We have retained the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company, Leonard Swett, and the *Tribune* for the defense.

—The Washington Supper toasts will be responded to as follows: Senior, T. M. Hammond; Junior, E. R. Rundell; Sophomore, James Hanchett; Freshman, Wm. Craig; Prep., Henry R. Hill; Tri Kappa, Daisy M. Springer; Ladies, Bessie S. Falkner; Athenæum, John C. Everett.

—Athenæum and Tri Kappa gallantly stepped forward and bore the expense of having the old piano's legs rubbed up and new strings put in. Now let them continue the good work by doing likewise to either the old society hall stove or its janitor. Something needs fixing, sure.

—A fiendish conspiracy has been unearthed by the vigilance of some of the Faculty residing in the building. Their suspicions having been aroused, investigations were made and large kegs of dynamite found in no less than seven rooms. These rooms were all arrested and locked up.

—To those who have never attended a Washington supper, we wish to call attention to the fact that each undergraduate present will be required to give a quotation from the poetical works of Washington. By a vote of the committee "veni, vidi, vici," "et tu, Brute" and "Give me liberty or give me death" are barred.

—We understand that several important changes will be made in the Faculty next term. Prof. Howe is to have charge of the department of music and literature, Prof. Stuart will teach chemistry, Prof. Olson mathematics, and Prof. Bennett astronomy and Greek. Dr. Anderson will enter the first year class for a thorough course in Latin pronunciation.

—A social problem seems to be agitating some of the University girls. When walking with a fashionable friend, is a young lady under obligation to recognize a class-mate who is engaged in cleaning street-lamps? If they are so peculiarly constituted as to have any doubts on the subject, our lamp-cleaning boys will undoubtedly be glad to relieve them of the disagreeable necessity of recognizing them *at all*.

—The VOLANTE has secured commodious editorial quarters in the new Board of Trade building on Jackson street. The entire sixth floor has been leased for a term of years and the rooms are being fitted up in regal magnificence. A new mailing machine has been recently added to our outfit and our entire edition can now be folded, wrapped and directed in less than three days. We will be pleased to see our friends at any time. Take elevator.

—J. C. Talbut, alias Otto Funk, salutonian of the class of '82, has won for himself a name and a fame that will go t. d. the a.,\* and has painted his alma mater from dining-room to lightning-rod with a lurid, gory streak of renown. He has accomplished the remarkable feat of borrowing 4,000 books from the public library on a single card. For the ensuing few years Mr. Funk-Talbut will be "at home" to his friends in a large stone mansion in Joliet, Ill.

—Judging from recent developments, such as the Talbut affair, Leonard Swett's printed argument, and the ex-professor's public exposure, we think it due to the safety of the citizens of Chicago that all students and members of the Faculty be compelled to wear a card bearing the legend like this:

\*.....\*  
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.  
.....  
DANGER!!  
.....\*

—During the term the Seniors will read essays in Political Economy as follows: T. M. Hammond, "The Railroad Problem;" Miss Faulkner, "The Ownership of Land;" Miss Warder, "Money;" D. J. Lingle, "Capital and Labor;" Miss Springer, "Production;" Newcomb as a protectionist and Perrine as a free-trader will discuss the tariff. President Cleveland's policy will be determined by the tenor of these essays, which will be stereographically reported and telegraphed to him as they are delivered. Pend-

\*Thundering down the ages (Guiteau).

ing their appearance the Nation stands trembling in the brink and wavering in the balance.

—Following the example of some of our contemporaries we have decided to offer the following prizes for subscribers: These are bona fide and will be paid Wednesday, June 10th: For the greatest number of subscribers from now to June 10th, \$1,000,000 cash; for the next largest number, \$500,000 cash; for the 100 next largest number, \$1,000 each. These are merely prizes offered for diligence in securing subscribers. Besides this each and every subscriber will receive by return mail one solid gold hunting-case stem-winding watch, one elegant rosewood piano, one box of Havana cigars, and a poem on Cæsar, Virgil, Livy, Hoarce or Demosthenes, as the case may be and very frequently is.

—Friday evening, Feb. 6th, a very large audience assembled in Society Hall to listen to the efforts of the Athenæum ladies. The young ladies, each bedecked with her favorite flower, were all "bunched" on the front seats, while their convenient male friends were relegated to the rear and kept their overcoats buttoned up tightly. Just as the meeting opened the aforesaid males all arose and with one accord and both hands removed their overcoats, each displaying a hugh paper flower on his heaving "buzzum." The programme was a flowery one, each of the productions pertaining to these pretty things in one way or another. The "nosegay" was a novel and beautiful idea. Lack of space prevents a more detailed notice, but we are sure the programme was heartily enjoyed by the enthusiastic audience, especially the "Dream of Flowers," by Miss Nellie Gray, and the excellent music kindly furnished by Mrs. E. B. Tolman, Miss Carrie Brown and Miss Alice Millar.

#### ALUMNI NOTES.

'67. Prof. Edson S. Bastin is still lecturing and giving instruction at the College of Pharmacy in this city.

'69. J. Frank Rumsey is fast growing wealthy on the Board of Trade, being the junior member of the firm of Rumsey & Chandler.

'72. The delegates to the Conference at Bloomington last month attended the First Baptist Church and heard a fine sermon by the Rev. J. L. Jackson, who was recently installed pastor of that church, and is much liked by all his congregation.

'73. The *Indiana Baptist*, conducted by Uriah M. Chaille, often finds its way to us, and is in every respect an ably managed paper.

'74. Through Miss Haigh, '87, we often hear of Rev. C. H. D. Fisher and of his fruitful labor at the Baptist Mission at Tokio, Japan.

'74. Northfield, Minn., is a flourishing, thriving town, and its principal bank is well managed by F. J. Wilcox, who has settled there permanently.

'75. It gives us great pain to announce the death of Lyman M. Trumbull, the first to break the ranks of the class of '75. A notice of his death is given elsewhere.

'76. The familiar face of Miss Lilly Gray is often seen on the Hyde Park trains. She is as diligent a student as ever.

'78. Wm. R. Raymond, in the real estate business in this city, was married December 30, 1884, the father of the groom, Rev. Dr. Raymond, officiating.

'84. F. R. Swartwout has recently returned from an extended Eastern trip, in which he visited Washington and other points of interest.

#### OBITUARY.

##### PSI UPSILON FRATERNITY.

HALL OF THE OMEGA CHAPTER,  
February 2, 1885.

For the first time in the history of the Omega Chapter one of our members has been removed by death.

LYMAN MURRAY TRUMBULL,

Of the Class of 1875, died of consumption in this city January 30, 1885.

In the death of brother Trumbull the chapter loses one who was always an earnest worker, a loving brother, and a loyal member of his Fraternity.

While we sincerely mourn the untimely departure of one so young, so talented, and of such upright Christian character, and while we deeply sympathize with his bereaved family, we feel that our loss is his gain.

As a tribute of respect to the memory of our beloved brother, we have resolved to wear our badges draped in mourning for thirty days.

T. M. HAMMOND,

A. G. ANDERSON,

W. L. BURNAP,

*In behalf of the Omega.*

#### EXCHANGES.

We regret to announce that our fire-eating exchange editor is necessarily absent this month and consequently our brethren need not expect such a terrific onslaught, though he did leave us his can of blood and dynamite pen.

Owing to lack of time our examination of exchanges has been somewhat hurried and our remarks will necessarily be confined chiefly to generalization.

We have, in our brief study of a half-hundred exchanges, formulated a theory of college journalism. It is this: "Editorial topics are epidemic."

Take the January exchanges and see the number of editorials on "College Journalism;" notice the vast number of Berlin correspondents suddenly called into being.

It's a little late this month but we will surely have a long Berlin letter in next issue, if we have to write it ourself.

An insatiable desire seems to have struck the majority of the fraternity to philosophize on the evils of punning. Then, too, strange as it may appear, no less than fourteen out of thirty-five papers have anti-cribbing articles. Curious how that subject should occur to forty per cent. of all the editors as a fit subject for editorial disquisition. And then the jokes! What a pathetic history might be written of some of our time-honored cast-steel, warranted-all-wool-and-a-yard-wide-and-guaranteed-not-to-rip-wear-tear-run-down-at-the-heel-or-catch-grease college jokes.

As the insurance companies say in their advertisements, they are time-tried and fire-tested. Five years ago, when we were a blithesome prep., high standing collars became fashionable and we can distinctly remember laughing immoderately at this joke which appeared in the VOLANTE:

"What do you think of my collar?" inquired a fashionably dressed young man of a lady friend.

"It reminds me of a whitewashed fence around a lunatic asylum."

Perturbation among the inmates. We read it to a Senior, who shied a book at us and irreverently exclaimed: "Great Guns! I heard that when I was an infant!"

From that time forth that joke has been our nemesis. We have tried faithfully to enjoy life but turn whithersoever we would the collar joke met us at every turn and today we find it in nineteen exchanges. Will not our brethren aid us to extinguish the spark of life that burns so persistently in its frail body? Then, too, are we not getting about enough of these little "roller rink" verselets? Let us relegate them with others of their stamp to the murky shades of oblivion.

We succeeded at last in finding two papers which contained no editorial commencing "Another year is drawing to a close" or "Another year is upon us with all its &c., &c." We have preserved these in the museum.

The Knox *Coup d'etat* is a finely balanced, fine appearing paper and contains a sound editorial on the "Intervisitation of Literary Societies," but it mars its own good appearance by publishing a would-be humorous table of statistics concerning the class. These are getting very old and ought to go with the collar joke.

The *Whitby Sunbeam* is a neat little journal which is modestly described in a little poem on the first page. Here are a few lines:

A tiny sheet which bears the marks  
Of promise, skill and tact.  
Which chooses wisely where it culls  
And brightens every fact.

If its joke column was "culled" the third line of that verse is untrue.

*College Chips* has taken that weather-beaten old subject "Heroism" and produced a very excellent article, which somewhat atones for the mediocre character of the rest of the paper.

We were glad to see the *News Letter* pitch into the exchange editor of the *Niagara Index*. We all ought to keep up a running fire of abuse at that loud-mouthed human caricature, until he feels compelled to crawl off into a hole and pull the hole in after him.

The *Tuftonian* has two wildly sensational articles on the boarding club, waiter girls and good cook. The editor must have gotten at least three pieces of pie that day.

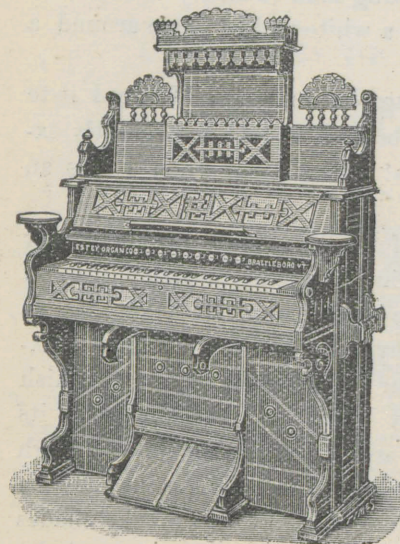
The University of California has both extremes of journalism. The *Berkeleyan* is a snappy, spicy, literary journal and has one peculiarly brilliant local sketch writer, while the *Occident* is a miserable apology for a paper. It first got itself into disrepute by unjustly abusing Fraternities, and it has never rallied from the severe chastising it received at the hands of the college press of the country. The most charitable thing for editors to do is to shut up shop and go to writing grammar school compositions for practice.

The E. O. W. Club *Elevator*, of this city, takes pains to inform its readers that although it is a Chicago journal, it is in no way connected with the University of Chicago, but let us assure you, dear *Elevator*, we are just as proud of that fact as you are.

The *Rochester Campus* is almost an ideal college paper. It seems to have a happy faculty of keeping up an excellent standard in all departments at the same time.

The *Lehigh Burr* does not aim to be a literary journal, but it makes an admirable local paper. We disagree with you though, Burr, in regard to the improvement in your cover. It is hideous yet.

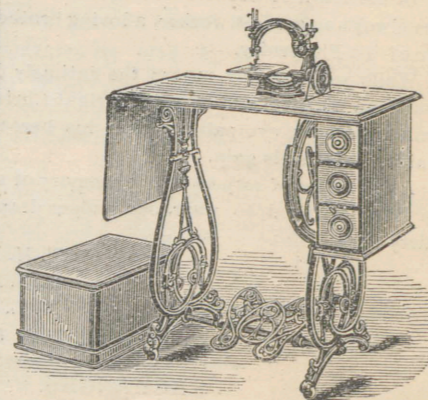
The *Doane Owl* is a little paper, but spicy and interesting and original, even to its obituaries.



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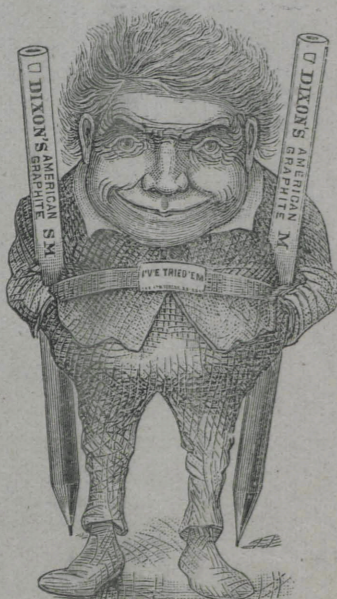
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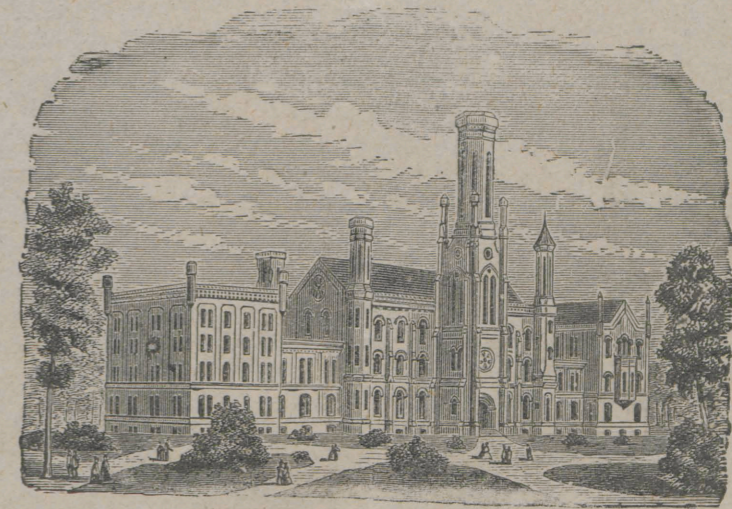
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# THE VOLANTE.

VOL. XIV.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, MARCH, 1885.

NO. 7.



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UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, MARCH, 1885.

No. 7.

TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

The righteous man, who's free from sinful arts,  
Needs not defence by Maurian spear or bow  
Or quiver loaded down with poisoned darts,  
Good Fuscus, no.

Whether his journey lies through desert dry,  
Or over Caucasus so cold and drear,  
Or through weird regions moistened by  
Hydaspes clear.

For lately while I wandered free from care,  
And wooed my Muse in Sabine wood; alarmed,  
A fierce, gaunt wolf fled from me to his lair,  
From me unarmed.

A monster such as wild Apulian vale  
Or land of Juba, nurse of lions bold,  
Could never rear within its arid pale—  
A waste untold.

But place me, if you will, where thirsty tree  
Is never freshened by a cooling breeze,  
Where clouds and lowering heavens still shall be,  
Jove to appease.

Ay! place me near the chariot of the sun,  
In lands deprived of saintly priest or king,  
Still laughing Lalage so full of fun  
I'll gladly sing.

February 2, '85.

ROBERT S. JONES, JR.

WORDSWORTH AS A POET.

IT is not in our power to point out the beauty of  
Wordsworth's poetry, nor do we intend to adopt  
the usual way of fault-finding, of which critics  
of the day are so fond. Had we the power to show  
the merits and defects of great poets, and should we  
attempt to employ it in studying this author's poetry,  
we would utterly fail to do him justice. It is almost  
ridiculous to think that we have the right to pass  
judgment on the good and bad qualities of one of  
the divinest of God's gifts to man. Since we are  
not able to analyze the great genius of this poet, we  
shall expatiate on those passages which give us the  
most pleasure without discussing their technical mer-  
its, and, childlike, revel in the emotions which they  
bring forth.

not better for a poet to discard the stained and falla-  
cious medium which tinges the objects with a hue  
false to nature, and to produce a language as a mir-  
ror, clear and itself invisible, to reflect his creations  
in true native hue? The only art of diction, in poetry  
as in prose, is the nice bodying forth of each deli-  
cate vibration of the feelings, and each soft shade of  
the image, in words which at once make us conscious  
of their most transient beauty. It is true that  
Wordsworth has not chosen very lofty subjects for  
his poetry; still as he has succeeded in shedding on  
them a new consecration, he deserves the more praise.  
He has left our old objects of veneration uninjured,  
and presented to us new beauties in the peaceful and  
ordinary course of our being. What matters it if  
he did not choose the grand themes of life, and that  
he did not treat of subjects which we have been  
accustomed to revere! In the rough and secluded  
pathways of common life, he revealed a new region  
of phantasy, with its own verdant inequalities and deli-  
cate overshadowing of foliage. We do not see so  
much of beauty in those objects on which we look  
every day of our lives, as in those phenomena, grand  
and terrible, which are occasionally presented to our  
view. Were they of daily occurrence, they would  
soon grow as dull to our emotions as the most com-  
mon-place object. Is it, then, a matter of scorn that  
a poet has disclosed visions of glory in the ordinary  
walks of life and has linked holiest associations with  
things which have hitherto been regarded without  
emotions; that he has made beauty a simple product  
of the common day? Shall he not be called the  
greatest poet who, without the attraction of story,  
without the blandishment of diction, without even  
the aid of those associations which have incrustated  
themselves around the oldest themes of the poets, has  
opened a new field of delight? Wordsworth has  
thrown over ocean, earth and sky a veil of fancy of  
the most charming texture. He has revealed the  
most evanescent of nature's hues and the most ether-  
eal of her graces and has sent into our hearts the

There is a pleasure in dwelling on passages in poetry, which awaken some sad and tender memories of our past life. Memories of childhood's fancies, of boyhood's vanities, of ambition's dreams, of tender emotions, or of some disappointments which brought an occasional sorrow to our young heart. We always sympathize with those feelings which have the closest affinity with our own. The art of true poetry lies in the skill of awakening and elevating our purer and loftier emotions. Let us now see wherein lies the greatness of Wordsworth's genius, not as critics, but as disciples, and try to unearth some of those living springs of delight which poets have opened for us.

Wordsworth departed from the ordinary path of great poets, and for that his age condemned him. It was not until a century later that his genius was justly appreciated. He did not strive for popular favor, but was led by the dictates of his soul, unsullied by any desire of ambition or admiration. Some have claimed that in rejecting a diction peculiar to poetry he denied to it those qualities which are its essence, and those harmonious numbers in which its thoughts involuntarily move. If this be true, is it awful loneliness of regions consecrated to oldest time. The subjects which have always been regarded as the most poetical, have received from the soul itself the far larger share of their poetical qualities. Every theme which has the power to elevate, delight, or awe, does not rise from mere form, color, or proportions; it is drawn from the instincts common to the race. Byron's creations are beautiful and majestic, but are "sicklied o'er" by his own morbid sensibility, which leaves a painful impression on our senses. His beings are depraved, but grand even in their depravity; they live in an atmosphere diseased by their own ambitious nature. Wordsworth's creations are simple, but godlike in their simplicity. He has made our ordinary surroundings like enchanted scenes, redolent with sweet humanity and vocal with echoes beyond the grave.

Let us take an example illustrating the descriptive power which we think he possessed in a very high degree. Who could more vividly describe the picture of mountain solitude where, in a place seldom visited by man, a dog was found watching over the drad body of his master. Its loneliness touches our very soul, and the huge recess, created as it were

before our sight, is produced by a higher than mere descriptive power.

It was a cove, a huge recess,  
That keeps till June, December's snow;  
A lofty precipice in front,  
A silent tarn below!  
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,  
Remote from public road or dwelling,  
Pathway or cultivated land;—  
From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes a leaping fish  
Sends through the tarn a lonely cheer;  
The crags repeat the raven's croak  
In symphony austere;  
Thither the rainbow comes, the cloud,  
And mist that spread the flying shroud,  
And sunbeams; and the sounding blast,  
That, if it could, would hurry psst,  
But that enormous barrier binds it fast.

Let us now look at the higher gifts of a poet, the fountain of pure emotion and gentle pathos, and see the old cliffs in the rock of humanity, whence they rise. No one has done more justice to maternal love; no one has depicted a mother's heart with a purer and holier touch than he. What can be more tear-moving than these outbursts of a mother for her only child, whom she has not seen for seven years? Her longing, at last, breaks down the false stay of pride, and her only wish is her boy's return.

Neglect me! No, I suffered long  
From that ill thought, and being blind,  
Said pride shall help me in my wrong.  
Kind mother have I been, as kind  
As ever breathed; and that is true.  
I've wet my path with tears like dew,  
Weeping for him when no one knew.  
My son, if thou be humbled poor,  
Hopeless of honor, or of gain,  
Oh! do not dread thy mother's door.  
Think not of me with grief or pain.  
I now can see with better eyes,  
And worldly grandeur I despise,  
And fortune with her gifts and lies.

We will give another passage to show the depth of Wordsworth's insight into human nature. It is a passage matchless in its kind of poetry. What a happy vision it gives to sorrow, what strength to seeming weakness, what comfort to bereaved love increased by its own intensity. How beautifully he shows that those who die broken-hearted for the want of friends do not really die through despair, but have such sure faith that those who have been taken from them are waiting for them in heaven, that they

wear themselves away in longing to be with them and to enjoy their presence.

Full oft the innocent sufferer sees  
Too clearly; feels too vividly; and longs  
To realize the vision with intense  
And over-constant yearning; then,—there lies  
The excess by which the balance is destroyed.  
Too, too contracted are these walls of flesh.  
This vital warmth too cold; these visual orbs,  
Though inconceivably endow'd, too dim  
For any passion of the soul that leads  
To ecstasy; and, all the crooked paths  
Of time and change disdain, takes its course  
Along the line of limitless desires.

It is not in our power to do justice to Wordsworth's imaginative faculty. Its very splendor awes us and makes us forget ourselves. It would not be amiss to give a definition of the term imagination. An eminent writer gives it as "That power by which the spiritualities of our nature, and the sensible images derived from the material universe, are commingled, at the will of the possessor." It is this faculty which gives to each figure a majestic personality and dimly portrays their attributes. It is this faculty which plays with our holier emotions and paints them in charming colors. What can be more God-like than the thought in these few lines conveying a strain of such mingled tenderness as might make angels weep.

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

We must give one more passage before we close. The beautiful tale, in the *Excursion*, of poor Ellen, a seduced and forsaken girl,—an incident superior in truth and beauty to many sentimental poems founded on similar woe.

"Ay, why," said Ellen, sighing to herself,  
"Why do not words, and kiss, and solemn pledge,  
And nature that is kind in woman's breast,  
And reason that in man is wise and good,  
And fear of him who is righteous judge—  
Why do not these prevail for human life,  
To keep two hearts together, that began  
Their spring-time with one love, and that love need  
Of mutual pity and forgiveness sweet  
To grant or be received, while that poor bird,—  
O, come and hear him! thou who has to me  
Been faithless,—hear him, though a lowly creature,  
One of God's simplest children that yet know not  
The universal parent, how he sings!  
As if he wished the firmament of heaven  
Should listen and give back to him the voice

Of his triumphant constancy and love,  
The proclamation that he makes. How far  
His darkness doth transcend our fickle light!

We could wish to linger longer on this subject, but we must bring it to a close. It is only a very small portion of our author's beauty that we have shown; would that we could have dwelt on the clear majesty of some of his longer passages.

When the world grows brighter; when human conception grows loftier; when man, grown tired of vain pleasures, seeks the simpler and holier walks of life, and looks upon his surroundings with deeper veneration and love; then we shall see the inmost recesses of Wordsworth's poetry disclosed, then we shall see the prophetic workings of his imagination realized, and exult, while pain and anguish and the wormy grave, which were to him shapes of a dream, are utterly banished from the view, and listen to the full chorus of that universal harmony, whose first notes he here delighted to awaken.

A. G. A., JR., '86.

#### WASHINGTON SUPPER.

WASHINGTON'S Birthday this year came on Sunday. The patriotic students of the University were not in the least baffled by this phenomenon, but appointed Friday, the 20th, as the day on which the annual "Washington Supper" should take place. The committee, consisting of Messrs. Perrine, Hammond, Walsh, Holloway and Buzzell, after considering the practicability of having the festivities down-town, decided that such a plan would lighten the pocket-books and dampen the patriotism of many of the students, and so wisely determined to have the supper here. This plan was almost universally commended, for while on many accounts everything can be more conveniently arranged down-town, a greater number of students attend here, the expenses are lighter, everything is more informal, and thus the supper, as a whole, is much pleasanter.

THE VOLANTE regrets that all of our resident Alumnus were not informed of the date and place of having the supper, and hopes that hereafter our Washington Supper Committee will see to it that every Alumni receives official notification of this, our annual celebration. The committee this year, instead of greeting our faculty, as the honored guests of the students, as they should have done, strangely forsook

every precedent, and discourteously if not disrespectfully asked them to purchase their own tickets. We do not know their reasons for this action, but whether they were justified or not, THE VOLANTE sincerely regrets the occurrence of such a thing, and hopes that henceforth the proper courtesy will always be shown our professors.

All preliminary arrangements having been completed satisfactorily, Friday evening the 20th, the faculty and a large number of the students with their friends assembled in the parlor about half-past eight or nine, and an hour or more was spent in pleasant conversation. Shortly after ten, President Lingle announced that supper was ready and all adjourned to the dining-room, which had been tastefully decorated with flags, bunting, pictures, etc., hung under the supervision of Misses Springer, Mason and Willett. The tables were very nicely arranged and the supper was served in an excellent manner. Everyone said it was the best University "spread" they had ever attended,—all of which reflected deserved credit on the executive committee and especially on Mrs. Holmes.

A little before twelve, after a song by the University Quartette, the modest president of the Students' Association, D. J. Lingle, called on Mr. Hammond as the representative of the Seniors to respond to the toast "The Senior's Last Glass." This was done in a very pretty and touching manner, the speaker alluding to the thoughts that come to the Senior as he realizes how the summer of college life is fast changing to the harvest time, and how soon he will cease to be a student and become an Alumnus of the dear old *Alma-Mater*. The toast contained many humorous allusions to the work that had been pursued by the Senior, and was delivered in Mr. Hammond's characteristically easy and graceful manner.

Miss Faulkner, as the representative of the Young Ladies' Department, responded to the toast "College Girls." She showed the peculiar position a girl occupied in college, and personally appealed to the girls to show by their actions that co-education was of benefit to them.

E. R. Rundell replied to the Junior toast "The Customs of our Forefathers," referring in a very pleasing manner to old-fashioned days, when scholars were brought up according to rule, and the rod was worth more than the 'Rithmetic. He described

an ancient school-house, and the appearance and manners of the teacher and pupil. The gentleman's voice is not very clear or smooth, and he seems to hesitate unconsciously at times. His speech was well prepared and received hearty applause.

After another song by our Quartette—Messrs. Provan, Collins, Templeton and Craig—Mr. Perrine responded to the Tri Kappa toast—"The Message of a Strong People,"—showing the need the Nation had of college-educated young men. The gentleman had not perfectly learned his address, and hesitancy greatly marred its delivery, but as he was notified that he was to speak only a few days before, his toast under the circumstances was very good.

"Mistakes" was the Sophomore toast, responded to by Mr. Hanchett. He referred in a very amusing manner to the great errors so often committed in colleges by everyone, from the trustees to the first year preps., and gave samples of the common mistakes made here. Mr. Hanchett has a remarkably easy manner in speaking, which wins at once the attention of an audience.

The Quartette again sang, and then the Athenæum toast,—"Shadows," was responded to by Mr. Everett, who referred in an exceedingly flowery manner to the shadows that fall on life, their mission and influence. The toast was very well written and was delivered in Mr. Everett's earnest energetic manner.

The representative of the Freshman class, Mr. Craig, spoke on "Washington's Contemporaries" showing the influence that the Adamses, Jefferson and Hamilton exercised over the plans of the great commander. We are often apt to overlook, in our appreciation of Washington, the influence these great men exerted in the formation of the government.

The Quartette sang once more, and then Mr. H. C. Van Schaack, '81, spoke for the Alumni. He regretted that a larger number of the Alumni were not present, but assured us, however, on behalf of the four or five hundred absent Alumni, scattered from Maine to California, that their *Alma Mater* in her troubles was dearer than ever to her children, and that they would try to preserve her home, here and make her name more glorious than it has ever been.

Prof. Butler, on behalf of the Faculty, gave us a very interesting talk on the reverence due our great men. He deprecated the growing tendency of Young Americans to forget the great acts and remember the

impossible, foolish traditions connected with the lives of our heroes. He held that no matter what the character of our magistrates and superiors may be, we should respect them for the office they held, even if their private life was worthy of our condemnation. The address contained many suggestions, practical and instructive, which were especially adapted to the need of the times.

Dr. Anderson gave us a few "Remarks" which were encouraging and inspiring. He hoped that the time would come when the University would be established on a firm financial basis; that the present difficulties would soon be over; and closed by prophesying a happier future.

After singing "The Star Spangled Banner," the company adjourned to the parlors, where the festivities were prolonged for a short time in singing and conversation. Owing to the lateness of the hour, the guests soon departed and the Washington Supper of 1885 was a thing of the past, one of the most pleasant memories of our college life.

#### ALUMNI STATISTICS.

From the fact that of nearly three hundred alumni of the literary department of the University, but fourteen have died, it would seem that a diploma of this institution is better than a paid-up life insurance policy. Whether this longevity is the result of the peculiar advantages of the University, or that all those not blessed with extraordinarily strong constitutions die off after a few winter's experience in our unwarmed halls, doth not yet appear. It is a fact, however, that the proportion of deaths is very much below that given by the best life insurance statistics for men of the age of our alumni.

We have two hundred and ninety alumni of the college; of these seventeen are ladies, and it may be a fact of interest, though not of encouragement to the young ladies, that ten of them are still unmarried.

Our alumni are found in nearly every state in the Union; Chicago has ninety, New York City ten, Washington eight, and California five, while several foreign countries are also represented.

The natural tendency of our graduates is Westward, and the new towns of the Northwest contain many a diploma from Chicago.

As far as the vocations of the graduates are concerned there has been a close contest between the law

and the ministry. The ministry heads the list with seventy-four; law comes next with seventy-two; fifty-five are business men, thirty-five teachers and professors, fifteen physicians, thirteen journalists, and six farmers. As to their fraternity, there are forty-four Psi Us, forty-one Dekes, Forty Phi Psis, and twenty Zetes, there being one hundred and forty-five fraternity men in all. There are five alumni in the board of trustees.

#### THE MAN IN THE ELEVATOR.

BY PROF. BUTLER.

O, the "Elevator Man,"—  
Imagine his views of life, if you can,—  
Ruling his realm of a single span.

No king or lord, ruling land or sea,  
Not Fortune e'en, nor the Sisters Three  
More absolute power possess than he.

Within his realm walled round about,  
He suffers to enter and turns men out;  
Yet he greets, without gruffness or haughty frown,  
Men high in life and men low down;  
To high and low he is cold and grim,  
All levels in life are alike, to him.

All stations in life he can likewise fill,  
And his place he can change at his own wild will.  
At a turn of his hand he's above us all,  
Again to the lowest he'll quickly fall;  
Thus he orders his own vicissitudes,  
And none says nay, to his slightest moods.

Walled round about in his narrow den,  
Great power has he o'er his fellow-men  
The lowest he'll raise to a lofty seat,  
From their place on high, bring down the great,  
Yet never he sighs or smiles at all,  
As he sees his fellows rise and fall.

O, thou Man in the Elevator,  
Dost thou eat and sleep?  
Dost thou laugh and weep?  
Art never ecstatic?  
All automatic?  
Dost thou love, or hate  
Or meditate?  
Art thou Critic, or Sphinx, or Judicator.

Thou seest thy fellows go and come,  
Thou minglest not in the busy hum.  
Yet thou know'st full well, in thy narrow den  
The ups and downs of the lives of men.

The time will come, on an evil day,  
When men will shake their heads and say,  
"Our friend, the Elevator Man,  
"Has gone out from his realm of a single span."  
Wilt thou then go down, to come up no more,  
Or wilt thou go up, when thy life is o'er?

## THE VOLANTE.

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### PUBLISHERS :

ROBERT G. HALL, JR., '87. BERT. NICHOLS, '87.

THOS. E. DONNELLEY, '88.

TERMS : Fifteen cents a single copy. One year, payable in advance, one dollar.

Address all communications, THE VOLANTE PUBLISHER, University of Chicago.

Notify us of change of address or desire to discontinue paper.

THE VOLANTE will be sent to subscribers until a specific order for its discontinuance is received and until all arrearages are paid.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, MARCH, 1885.

## EDITORIAL.

THE Grand Arch Council of the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity was held in Columbus, O., Feb., 18-20. A large number of Alumni and active members were present, and much business of importance was transacted. At the banquet given at the Neil House on the evening of Feb. 18, the principal features of interest after the discussion of the *menu* were the poem by Rev. Robt. Lowry, D.D., the eminent composer, and the oration by Gen. John Beatty, the probable Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio. Other toasts, and the singing of college and fraternity songs prolonged the festivities until an early hour. The next council will be held in Indianapolis in May, 1886.

It has finally been decided by the Board of Trustees to appeal the University case to the supreme court. Unless the court follow the precedent set in the Dartmouth College case, and hear the arguments at once, a decision will probably not be obtained for several years. It is hoped, and, it is claimed, fortified with evidence, that a settlement of some kind will be made before that time.

It is the opinion of THE VOLANTE that the place for the University of Chicago is right here, and not at Morgan Park or any other point. Its matchless

location has been one of the most powerful factors in keeping the institution afloat during all these years of litigation, and a removal would take away one of its greatest advantages. There are a number of students here, and among the best in the college, who, should the location be changed to some suburban point, would be compelled to give up, not only their attendance at the University, but also all hopes of any higher education whatever, since here they have opportunities for self-support which they could get nowhere else. Chicago is the place for a great University, the present location is the best obtainable, and THE VOLANTE expects to find the University here fifty years from now. Here only can it fulfill the hopes and prayers of its founders.

MANY rumors have been circulated lately concerning the future of the University. We hear that the institution is to be re-organized in new quarters at Morgan Park, that it is to stop at the end of this year, that it is to run on indefinitely, that money is being raised to pay off the debt by the Baptist denomination, that the city is to assume control of it, etc., etc. THE VOLANTE wishes to say that all such rumors are without any foundation. No one, probably, knows now what will be done, nor can any one tell. We are assured though, that the Trustees will decide on a definite plan of action within six weeks, and until then it is useless for any one to make any surmises. As students we can only do our best in our class-room work, not troubling ourselves as to the financial matters. We know that this University, although it has been poorly managed in times past, has a literary name and fame that can never die. We do not feel that we are boastful in so saying, but our Alumni have gained honor for themselves, students who have left us for other colleges have stood so high, that we feel justified in asserting that even though—which we do not believe—the University of Chicago will cease to be, its name and fame will endure for generations.

IN thinking of the work done in the University this past term, our attention was directed to the fact that many studies, as History, Rhetoric, English Grammar, etc., are taught here almost exclusively by text books. Of course, as students, we do not feel competent to criticise and advise our most excellent Faculty, but THE VOLANTE is thoroughly

convinced that such a method of study is not for the best interest of the student. It makes him too dependent, does not develop his mind enough. Memorizing may be necessary for the discipline of younger students, but college students should be above that. To understand the principles of composition, one must practice himself, and study the best literary models, and not depend entirely on the thoughts and decisions of others. So in history, one can gain the best knowledge of the facts that have influenced the course of civilization, if he accepts the teaching, not of one particular historian, but of many; studying and arranging facts for himself. Of course such a plan of study necessitates greater diligence and care, greater investigation, and will take much more time, but the benefits gained will be greater and more numerous. Perhaps, by more essay-writing we could reach this result. But like all "lazy" students, we dread independent investigation, and above all essay-writing. Yet, if such a plan were adopted in such studies as history and rhetoric, as *students* we would all be benefitted.

ABSENT-MINDEDNESS is becoming very common, especially among the University students. We do not think the possession of this trait is a mark of genius or of a great intellect. Not at all! It is a habit which can and should be overcome, and which if not conquered is apt to become troublesome and disagreeable. We had never thought THE VOLANTE or any of its staff were troubled by this habit, but we are afraid it must be so. This issue is unavoidably late, because—must we confess it?—our chief-editor lost, mailed, or mislaid all the "matter," just as it was ready for the printer. This could have been nothing but an aggravated case of absent-mindedness which we hope will soon be overcome.

THE recent action of Harvard, giving Freshmen the privilege of dropping either Latin, Greek, or Mathematics, has excited considerable criticism among the Eastern colleges, and the presidents of many of the leading schools have already put themselves on record as opposed to so sweeping an innovation.

At a recent meeting of the Nineteenth Century Club in New York, President Eliot of Harvard, and President McCosh of Princeton, representatives respectively of the extreme radical and conservative

schools, indulged in a heated debate over the question, and the controversy is still going on through the newspapers.

While we are far from ready to approve the position that Harvard has taken, yet we would like to see a change made in our own curriculum, at least after the sophomore year. After that time students should be allowed to elect, if they choose, certain lines of study which they desire to follow out, and not be bound down to the fixed and unalterable course.

There are very few colleges of any standing which have not adopted this plan, which gives the advantages of the elective system without going to any such extreme as has Harvard, and its adoption here would both be an advantage to the student, and would do much to place our college more in accord with the customs of its sister institutions.

### COMMUNICATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE VOLANTE :

We wish to express in THE VOLANTE a word in relation to literary societies. Experience proves that literary societies thrive best when they have nearly equal numbers. The healthy rivalry that springs up tends to elevate the standard of the work that is done. This rivalry is especially displayed in the endeavor to obtain recruits at the beginning of the year, and the means used to obtain new members are justifiable as long as they are fair and honest. But when one's partisanship runs so high that he attempts to button-hole members of another society and tries to work them over to his own, it is well to stop and consider whether this is not dishonorable and beyond all precedent in any similar relations of society. It is well known that fraternities do none of this business and a member of one brotherhood cannot join another. What would be said of a church that tried to increase its membership from other denominations?

Again, this is entirely unfair on the part of those who engage in it. Both of our literary societies have an equal chance to obtain members in the first place, and should not engage in the business of proselyting. H.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE VOLANTE :

As to the benefit to be derived from college literary societies there is no question. No arguments are needed to prove their claims for existence; facts

speak for themselves. On the other hand observation only is needed to convince one that these societies, through mismanagement, may degenerate from the lofty position assumed at their birth, into bodies of wrangling students, controlled by a precious few shining lights.

The president of a literary society is supposed to be, and ought to be, infallible in his management, the sad fact remains that he is not always so, and that mistakes are apt to happen in the best regulated families. In our opinion, the members of a literary society expect too much of an overworked president; what can he do without the co-operation, and the entire co-operation of the students who elect him. If he exercise his prerogative according to his own sweet will, some one is dissatisfied and resigns. If he asks the opinion of his subjects, they tell him to do as he pleases, and are offended because the president doesn't know enough to do just what will suit every individual society member without finding out how to do it. Only a few days since, we heard a certain young man complaining of the president, because he had been put upon the programme but once in two terms, when to the writer's own knowledge he had "begged off" no less than twice in that period, after being assigned a duty. Persons are given places on programmes by the president, and then on the night in question fail to appear; the meeting is consequently spoiled and the president gets all the blame.

But this is only one side of the case; the president must at least do his duty or he cannot hope to escape deserved criticism. When appointments have been made they should be kept, unless the interested parties are consulted on the matter, else the said interested parties may resign from the society, in which case the rival society is necessarily guilty of proselyting. When such things do occur, it far better behooves the afflicted society to "grin and bear it," than to insult the intelligence of the departing members by insinuating that they were *induced* to resign. If they honestly believe that such is the case, they should rather congratulate than condole with themselves on the loss of such feeble minded persons. And if they do not believe such is the real cause of transfer it would appear more plausible did they seek to remedy their own defects, rather than to accuse their neighbors of dishonorable actions. THISTLE.

## LOCALS.

—F. J. Walsh was out of town the 22d, attending to some "personal property" matters.

—One of our brilliant Seniors defined an Atheist as "a total-abstainer from belief in God."

—Prof. A. A. Griffith and his son Allen have lately assumed control of the Douglas House.

—Miss Lucille Willett recently won, on a wager, a pound of caramels, for going to and from the Athenæum alone.

—J. Gorton Marsh, '88, will not return to the University till next year. He is devoting himself strictly to business.

—Henry Topping, formerly of '81, visited the University the other day. His brother Dell, '88, will return next year.

—Among the guests at Washington Supper, we noticed R. C. Avery, (now LL. B.) and R. H. Donnelly, both formerly of '86.

—Dr. Anderson has been giving some practical talks to the Seniors in "Moral Science," speaking on the duties we owe ourselves and others.

—T. E. Donnelly, '88, left the 5th of the month for New Orleans to visit the World's Fair. He will probably be absent four or five weeks.

—Mr. George Walsh was at the University the first of the month. We regret to say that he has given up all thoughts of graduating with '85.

—'85. George W. Newcomb on account of continued illness, will be unable to complete his course this year, greatly to the regret of his classmates.

—The Sophomores have been translating some of the odes of Horace into verse; we give in this issue one of the best of the fine productions that was handed to the Professor.

—'86. Miss Mary W. Thomas, who has been out of school on account of ill-health the last term, visited the University early this month. She will probably not return until next year.

—The following were elected officers of the Athenæum: President, F. J. Walsh; V. President, W. L. Burnap; Secretary, Miss Landon; Treasurer, Miss Willett; Critic, T. M. Hammond.

—Prof. A. A. Bennett was recently summoned to his home in Vermont, on account of the sudden

death of his father. The students extend their heartfelt sympathy to the Professor in this affliction.

—The attention of our classical students is again called to the rare opportunity many of these are losing in not attending Dr. Boise's Greek Testament Class, Sunday afternoon, at the Memorial Baptist Church.

—There is nothing quite so romantic as to walk home from "society meeting" with your "best girl," especially when the University Campus is covered with slush and water, and in attempting to guide her steps, you slip and fall.

—By a singular circumstance the account of Prof. Stuart's interesting lecture on "Roman Comedy,—Plautus and Terence," which was delivered before the literary societies the last of January, was omitted from our last issue.

—We are *not* going to speak of the approach of Spring, but have you noticed that the girls had almost stopped wearing shawls in the halls, that the boys often take long "business" walks, and that in other ways we are nearing the summer vacation?

—Some of the "stags" came into the parlor the 20th, with white paper mittens pinned to their coat-lappels. Some young gentlemen even wore *three*. Seems to us, if we had been so badly left, we would never have revealed the fact to a hard, unsympathizing world.

—Some weeks ago Dr. Anderson announced in the chapel that Allen B. Seaman, formerly of '83, having made full reparation for the cause of the "late unpleasantness," has been re-admitted into the University and would receive a diploma with the class of '85.

—Friday afternoon, March 20th, occurred the election of officers of the Students and Oratorical Association. A quorum was maintained by physical force and the following officers elected: President, S. A. Perrine; V. President, A. N. Cooley; Secretary, D. C. Shafer; Treasurer, F. Templeton.

—How came that effigy of '87 to be burned in front of the University the other evening, and that discharge of fire-crackers in the halls? Some say the Freshmen did it, others the Preps., and still others the Juniors. It is too dangerous to indulge in promiscuous burning of fire-crackers inside the building, even if we haven't a Hand Grenade fire ex-

tinguisher office in the basement, with 5,000 dozen on hand.

—The exhibitions have been announced! The Junior exhibition will occur Thursday evening, April 20th,—no postponement allowed—the speakers being Anderson, Brockway, Burnap, Coy, Holloway, Northrup, Rundell, Tibbits, Weddell, Walsh, Miss Gibson. The orations are not to exceed eight minutes each. The Sophomore exhibition will be one week later, May 7th, the speakers being Buzzell, Collins, Cooley, Hall, Hanchett, Levinson, Nichols, Shaw, Misses Haigh and Mason.

—On Tuesday night, March 10, at Central Music Hall, Mr. Clement L. Geiger, formerly of the class of '87, delivered his lecture on Milton's "Paradise Lost," illustrating a series of stereopticon views taken from Dore's illustrations. Mr. Geiger's lecture surprised his friends, in that it treated the subject in a manner much more able than might be expected from his years and experience. The lecture proper was very well received by the audience, as were also several extracts from the text, which he recited in explanation of some of the scenes. The exhibition is now being given throughout the provinces.

—Friday evening, "Bob" Burdette, of "Burlington Hawkeye" fame, lectured at the Sixth Presbyterian Church, under the auspices of the E. O. W. Club, on "The Rise and Fall of the Mustache." "Bob" is a good Phi Psi, and the local members of that fraternity, entertained him at the Douglas House after the lecture, where a fine banquet was served. About thirty ladies and gentlemen were present, and a very pleasant time was spent. The company laughed at Burdett's jokes until the tears came; and all decided that it was a "fine affair." The following toasts were responded to:—"Address of Welcome," E. R. Anderson, '85; "Phi Psi Alumni," W. H. Alsip, '80; "Our Guest," T. R. Weddell, '86; "Response," R. J. Burdette. The programme was interspersed with the singing of fraternity songs.

—"We can't drill all the time" some one has said, and so we like to give special meetings occasionally in the literary societies. These have been quite frequent of late, and this shows the excellent trim that the members are in.

The ladies of Tri Kappa recently presented a most excellent and pleasing programme to quite a large gathering. The arrangement of the selections,

which we give below, will show the careful planning which the meeting received. The subject was "The English Novel," and the presentation far exceeded the expectations of the audience. The society was very much gratified to notice the presence of several of the professors and their wives. After a few minutes recess an election of officers took place, and the following were elected: President, Elizabeth Faulkner; V. President, Robert G. Hall, Jr.; Secretary, Ed. A. Buzzell; Treasurer, C. S. Thomes; 1st Critic, Henry S. Tibbits; 2nd Critic, Wm. H. Craig; and five editors of the "Sepulcher," Misses Moss, Brayton, and Hovey, and Messrs. Houston and Whipple.

—The Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. have had two delightful missionary meetings lately, the subject of both being Africa. The programme for the first meeting was as follows: Hymn; Reading of Scripture by the leader, Mr. Collins; Prayer; Hymn; Map Exercise—Description of Africa—Miss Faulkner; "The Native Religions," Essay, Miss Mason; Duett, Misses Haigh and Faulkner; Essay, "David Livingston, the Hero of African Explorations," Mr. Baldwin; Missionary Poem, read by Miss Griffith; Address, "The Slave Trade," S. A. Perrine; Hymn. The second meeting was held March 5th, led by Miss Nettie Sandon; the programme was as follows: Hymn; Scripture Reading; Prayer; Hymn; Prayer; Map Exercise—Mission Stations of Africa—Miss Haight; Essay, "Early Christianity," Mr. Tibbits; Hymn; "Liberia," address by Mr. Houston; "Presbyterian Mission Fields," paper read by Miss Sondericker; Duett, Misses Haigh and Faulkner; Essay, "The Congo Mission Field," Miss Perry. The meetings were very interesting and instructive. The first Thursday of every month will be hereafter be the date of these missionary meetings, and the attention of the students and Faculty is called to this announcement. The Christian Associations are arranging for a lecture to be given to raise money for the furnishing of their new room. Both associations now hold two meetings a week, the Y. M. C. A. Bible meeting, Tuesday evening; the Y. M. C. A. Bible meeting, Wednesday; A. M., and the Union meeting, Friday, A. M., before chapel.

—Shakespeare meetings seem to be "all the rage" now at the University; Saturday, March 7th, Tri Kappa had a "Henry VIII" meeting, a large audience attending. Miss Jennie Greig furnished the

music, playing an arrangement of "*La Somnambuli*," and also an adaptation of the "*Stabat Mater*." Mr. T. R. Weddell presented the introductory essay, on the character, plan and plot of the play. Miss Gibson gave a charmingly written essay on the character and life of Queen Katherine. The fourth scene of the second act was then recited, Miss Faulkner acting as *Queen Katherine*; Mr. Tibbetts as *King Henry*, Mr. Houston as *Cardinal Wolsey*, and Mr. Brockaway as *Cardinal Campeius*. Mr. Holloway gave an address on the character of Shakespeare's "*Wolsey*." The second scene of the third act was then given; Mr. Buzzell impersonating *Cardinal Wolsey*; Mr. Hall, *Cromwell*. The programme was well carried out. We would suggest however, that if a little more attention had been given to *Shakespeare*; if some one of his finer plays had been studied, the benefit would have been much greater, and probably the meeting would have been much more enjoyed.

Athenæum, one week later had a "Hamlet" meeting, a very fine programme being given, excellently rendered in every part. The address of Mr. Walsh on the character of Hamlet, and of Mr. Hammond on the Genius of Shakespeare, as well as Mr. Burnap's "Soliloquy," were especially good. The programme was as follows:—Music, Lillian Smith; Address, "The Genius of Shakespeare," T. M. Hammond; The Play, John C. Everett; The Soliloquy, W. L. Burnap; Music, Miss Lillian Smith; The Character of Hamlet, F. J. Walsh; The Character of Ophelia, Miss Mira Sears; Music, Miss Lillian Smith.

#### ALUMNI NOTES.

'68. F. W. Peck is president of the Chicago Opera Festival Association.

'70. Rev. R. C. Henderson visited Chicago and the University recently.

'71. E. S. Chesbrough is in a very precarious state of health, and has been unable to attend to professional duties for some time.

'79. F. S. Comstock passed an examination March 11, and was admitted to the bar of Illinois.

'81. S. B. Randall is elected to be one of the four speakers at the commencement of the Theological Seminary at Morgan Park.

'81. I. W. Rubel has gone south for a pleasure trip.

'82. F. H. Clark has recovered from his severe illness, and is studying law in the First National Bank Building.

'83. E. Parsons is at present residing in Chicago, and contributing to the "Hearth and Home."

'84. B. F. James is intending to study law in Cincinnati next year.

'84. Mrs. Gertrude Fuller Anderson who has been very ill the past seven weeks with typhus-fever, is now much better, and is thought to be entirely out of danger.

Communications asking for information were addressed to ten different Alumni a month since, with no response to date; let us hear from some one.

#### EXCHANGES.

IN spite of the many conflicting reports concerning the New Orleans Exposition one thing is sure, that we of the North are learning many things about our Southern neighbors. Owing to our attention being turned so much in this direction lately, it was with renewed interest that we took up the *University Magazine* from Athens, Georgia. The first article was on "Confederate Generals," another was "A Poem of Our Lee," but the one that impressed us most was entitled "Jefferson Davis." The writer in speaking of the Sherman-Davis dispute, indirectly brings in General Grant. We quote a part of the writer's opinion of him: "A man who had done all in his power to crush our people, and who had repeatedly proven himself unworthy of support by squandering and gambling away money given him in trust by simple people who confided in his honor and great name." But to return to Mr. Davis, in the next statement; when Mr. Davis is represented as a persecuted, defenseless and unjustly outlawed man, we find "What a wonderful man Jefferson Davis is, and what a remarkable life he has had; he stands forth without a parallel in the history of his country, and in the opinion of the writer, is the greatest living man." We admit that his has been a wonderful life, and to the glory of our country we say he has had no parallel, and may he never have. And to his being the greatest living man that is a matter of individual belief.

Further "He proved himself to be a patriot,—to be a man of genius, benevolence and broad philanthropy, whose solicitude was not limited to the inter-

ests of the rich, but reached down in tenderness and kindness to the necessities of the poor, the suffering and the weak," as no doubt the soldiers who were in Libby and Andersonville will testify. Here is another statement, we are not sure that we understand in what respect the writer intended to apply it, although as expressed it can bear but one meaning: "The life of Jefferson Davis furnishes a grand example for the young men of the land to follow;" also "He stands forth the grandest figure of his age, as a model for the emulation of youth." This seems to mean that in the writer's judgment, to be a leader in the war that produced untold misery, suffering, and sorrow to both sides is what our young men should live to attain. And now follows a second paragraph for which we are profoundly grateful. "It is very pleasant for southern people to look back upon the life of this man and see how all the false charges brought against him by his enemies have merely rebounded back [how could they rebound any other way?] to punish their originators. The stream of his great life run on like a mighty river, its waters deep, wide, *tumultuous*, having more the appearance of *waves rolling* than of a stream flowing toward the sea. No somber rocks or shallows *mar* its surface or cause its waters to complain, and the mingling with it of tributary, however large its volume or tempestuous its flow, modifies in the slightest the outward sweep of its march [Do rivers march?] The stream of falsehood and slander, and oppressions have rushed against it with the force of a torrent, but the great river has swept majestically on, *not a ripple* on its surface."

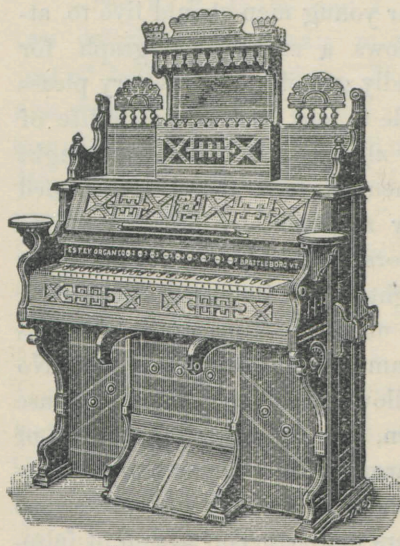
This clears up a doubt that existed in our mind. For we can see how one who speaks of a river as "tumultuous" with "rolling waves," yet not "marred by rocks or shallows," with not a "ripple on its surface," might advance the thoughts already quoted. There is just as much sense in the one as the other. The writer proceeds in the following flowery manner to finally locate his ideal: "And now the time has almost come, when amid the tears and blessings of the southern people, it [Jefferson Davis life] will glide into the great ocean of eternity, and then while the body sinks to rise no more, the weary soul will mount and *roar* sublime on wings of seraph ecstasy" [We suppose the writer meant soar, and that the printer is responsible] nor pause in its flight till it shall enter the pearly gates of heaven and nestle be-

neath the great white throne, find rest from slander, falsehood and oppression."

Our impression after reading the whole paper was that if there was any one thing prominent in the mind of the editors of this paper it was the "Lost Cause."

This we think is wrong; undoubtedly none of the editors personally did any of those brave deeds which they so delight in praising, and the fact that their fathers fought bravely will not hand their son's

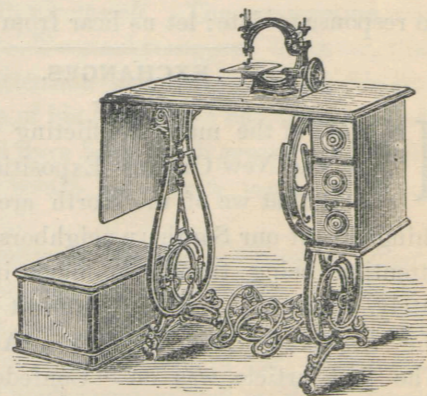
names down to posterity, but what they themselves do. You should turn your backs upon the past and try to do something yourselves that will make you respected, not only by the south, but by the whole United States. Then too, if you as college men, still clinging to the past, not only will you not make progress yourselves, but from your influential positions hinder others. Try to see farther than the boundaries of the south; try to be good enough to be citizens of all this great land.



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