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THE VOLANTE.

VOL. XIV.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, FEBRUARY, 1885.

NO. 6.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

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THE VOLANTE.

TO THE MUSE OF POETRY.

O Muse, do not easily lose me
To desert me in the night.
Nor smile on me, but to deceive me
With heart as unfeeling as stone.
'Tis thou hast implanted this fire
Of burning with which I am oppressed—
Nor one word thus bold to inspire
The spirit of song in my breast.
'Tis no ignoble theme I desire
No lofty and soul-stirring tone;
I crave from thy silver lyre
One soft, soothing echo alone.
O, goddess insistant, unceasing,
I love thee with alladden shrewd art;
Who vision of beauty revealing,
Within, hide a false, fictile heart.

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 fast home. Many ladies and gentlemen of today will smile at 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 landscape was troubled by devils. If a spring discharged its waters with a portentous gushing of carboonic 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 goblins 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 leatherly ears hanging down to their shoulders and in garments of gray cloth.”
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 talismans or amulets. Faith in odd numbers were closely allied to charms. “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 annointed 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 Ileone, 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, kising it and explaining that in this way he appropriated the soil.

Words spoken without thought, or by idiots, words heard by demons, were regarded 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 robbed in velvet. This was considered an ill omen, especially at a later time; while 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 audacious 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 annex 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. Finis.

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 sea. Perhaps! oh! but 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 escapes," of adventures with the deadly grip (car, not Pdi 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-master? 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 excitement 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. These 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 finds something from every recreation will probably not be a success, but will lose health and courage.
THE VOLANTE.

Certainly enthusiasm, a synonym for action and work, is the key to success, or successful endeavor. The Alumni of the U. 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 personnel that the Alumni will longest remember and it is worth inestimably more than all the paraphernalia purchasable by a Van- derbilt; not but that all these are necessary and ad- vantagent, 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, yes, 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. One knows that a teacher’s salary is partly paid by his satisfaction in his work well done, and in the assurance that the immoral souls instructors 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 endorse 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!"—FRANCIS M. HOBBS, ’79.

Chicago, Jan. 10, 1882.

VERBA A ALUMNO.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE VOLANTE:
The November Volante called upon the Alumni to provoke 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, etc., etc.

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 administra- tion, 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 efficiency of ours. These are mere outlines, setting forth my views from experience. F. R. S., ’84.

February 7, 1885.

SPLEING.

We hav récently received a polyg document entit- led “The Perfite Jurnal.” We hav sén lots of this filé 4, but this 1 také the kink for fanaticism in fanaticism. It mové the 26th of the month and, emulously, represent the varying voweul sound, dif- thongs, hard & soft sounds & 4th, wích mäke an alëfabet ov abt 40 letër.

We manajid 2 röd a lít 6 ov it, wích the ad ov a k, but we fild é wích the ském iz evr goin 2 wórks un the obliging kren mäke it wörks. We fill it on yu man 2 tak a pen & mäke such gryus marks at this n ském conte. We r in sympathie with a speling réform wích sëvk 2 dun awa un necessary letër & illojiyl speling, but wen it kunze 2 springing a hól n alëfabet un us wëns it is 2, 2 much. Grek is tuf enuf for us az yet.

We realy tak a grist dél of 492 tak such a dedyel stánd against the world’s speling, and the projekte ov this nu sistém is entíled 2 grist kredit for so duding, but he is several duus yérs awed ov tim with it. This réform, if eny thar b, must b warkd out graduwaly & not 1 fel swip. Histëc thik thät grät changge kum slwy. Let not ovr frend thar déepar, but let him há nu sistém bi for a few yérs & mënwhil wób with us 2 put speling on a commens sens basis. This iz ov the nukryment we kan giv our frend. For the prezit iz ov we kan du 2 get along with the printers, hu hav only 2 strugl with the English letz in thár nattir parity, & we dar not attempt eny nu doje.

THE SONG OF LION.

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

“Grind—grind—grind,
From earliest morn to night.
And grind—grind—grind.”

—Columbian.
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 alumnae 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, '85; G. J. Kline, '89; 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 Alumnae 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 Sudan, 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 Volantes 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-write 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 dramas 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 exception made 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 of the many advantages Chicago offers a college student. We sympathize with our fellow colleges who will not be able to act 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 Dickens' "Rom" and Butzette's "Hawkeye," between Matthews and Sailes 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 nononsense epitaph.

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 reader today, while the habit formed of reading carelessly and reflectively would have been of inestimable value.
President Anderson is not an abolitionist, 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. Everything 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 dawned on men naturally and spontaneously, that we must not stop with the "What must I do to be saved?" of the jailer at Philippippi, but ask "Lord, what wilt 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.

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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 Athenaum at the "Ladies' meeting."

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—The mills of the Seniors grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding fine orations for chapel.
—"83, 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.
—"83, 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 Athenaen friends at her home Tuesday evening, Jan. 29th.
—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.
—F. 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. It's 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, 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 Round West.
—John C. Everett, the psychological brick-thower, is not one of us this term. We miss you, John, but common law is more profitable than moral law, we suppose.
—"Hitching it" is the latest dignified amusement indulged in by some of the University girls (after dark). One of them says it's "a-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 Terence.
—Through the instrumentality of several proud unbelievers, the Oriental Order of Humility was denied a representation at Washington supper. The reason for denying them 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.
—Athenaenum 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.
—"Can Lingell?"
—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, C. F. Holloway, E. A. Bussell.
—During the last few months the Athenaenum Trio, consisting of Messrs. Burnett, Walsh and Hammond, has rendered "The Lady of Seville," at fairs, societies, 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 herefore kept the muse chained and under lock and key, but we feel tempted to let her out and set her to work. Verbum sapientiia nullus est.
—The "Volante" is always up to the times. The latest is a $5,000 libel suit entered against us by Mr. Burnett, 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. Roulell; Sophomore, James Hanetch; Freshman, Wm. Craig; Prep., Henry R. Hill; Tri Kapps, Daisy M. Springier; Ladies, Besse S. Falkner; Athenaeum, John C. Everett.
—Athenaeum and Tri Kapps gallantly stepped forward. "Here they are," said the old plane'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 stoves or its janitor. Something needs fixing, sure.
—A fiendish conspiracy has been unmasked by the vigilance of some of the Faculty residing in the barracks. Their suspicions having been aroused, investigations were made and large legs 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 "vexi, vidii, voce, utroque," "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.
The Volante.

A social problem seems to be agitating some of the University girls. When walking with a fashionable friend, it is a young lady's duty 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, their 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.

Judging from recent developments, such as the Talbut affair, Leonard Sweett'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 Senior will read essays in Political Economy as follows: T. M. Hammurah, "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 stereotypically reported and telegraphed to him as they are delivered. Pending their appearance the Nation stands trembling in the brink and waverings in the balance.

The example of some of our contemporaries has made it necessary to offer the following prizes for subscriptions: 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; for the next largest number, $500,000; for the 100 next largest, $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 Caesar, Virgil, Livy, Horace or Demosthenes, as the case may be and very frequently is.

Friday evening, Feb. 8th, a very large audience assembled in Society Hall to listen to the efforts of the Athenaeum ladies. The young ladies, each backed 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 aerosol business advertised and with one accord and both hands removed their overcoats, each displaying a huge paper flower on his heaving "bustam." The programme was a flowery one, each of the productions pertaining to these pretty things in one way or another. The "monosy" 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 Miller.

ALUMNI NOTES.

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

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

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.

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

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

79. Normal Minn., a flourishing thriving town, and its principal bank is well managed by F. J. Wilson, 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 '73. 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 dilligent 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. Swartzwout has recently returned from an extended eastern tour, in which he visited Washington and other points of interest.

OBITUARY.

PSI EPSILON FRATERNITY.

Hall of the Omega Chapter.

February 2, 1885.

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

LUCIAN MURRAY THRUMBY.

Of the Class of 1875, died of consumption in this city January 90, 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. O. ANDERSON.
W. J. BROWN.
In behalf of the Omega.

Owing to lack of time our examination of exchanges has been somewhat hurried and we in no respect can be held responsible.

Take the January exchanges and see the number of editors 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 inanimate 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 have anti-erubiting 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-rrip-wear-run-down-at-the-wheel-or-get-grease-every- college jokes.

As the insurance companies say in their advertisements, they are time-tried and fire-tested. Five years ago, when we were a blistered 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 shook 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" versesets? Let us relegte them with others of their stamp to the murky shades of oblivion.

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 paper.
The Tegovian 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, slick, literary journal and has one peculiarly brilliant local sketch writer, while the Ocelot is a miserable apology for a paper. It first got itself into disrepute by unjustly abusing Fraternities, and it has never rolled 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 Baae does not aim to be a literary journal, but it makes an admirable local paper. We disagree with you though, Baae, in regard to the improvement in your cover. It is hideous yet.

The Poineet Ool is a little paper, but sly and interesting and original, even to its optics.

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This is the only journal that makes the claim that every issue is a patent bulletin. No other journal ever attempts to make the claim. We make this claim by reason of a staff of patent experts and by reason of a publication which is a forerunner of the Patent Law. We make it by reason of the fact that we are the only journal whose circulation is confined to the professional classes.

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**THE VOLANTE.**

VOL. XIV. UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, MARCH, 1883. NO. 7.

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TO ARISTIDES FUSCUS.

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

Whether his journey lies through desert dry,
Or over Cambyses' wide and ever green,
Or through weird regions untainted by
Hydaspes clear.

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

A monster such as wild Apulian vale,
Or land of Johns, more of lions bold,
Could never rear within its art 1 peril
A waste of sell.

But please me, if you will, whose thirsty tree
Is never freshened by a cooling breeze,
Where clouds and lowering heavens still shall be,
Love to apply. Fuscus.

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

February 10, 65.

WORTHWORTH 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 critties of the day are so fond. Here we say to the poet 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 merits, and, childlike, revel in the emotions which they bring forth.
THE VOLANTE.

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, unswayed 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, it is awful to think of the regions consecrated to oldest time. The subjects which have always been regarded as the most poetical, have received from the soil 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 “sickled over” 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 grand 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 spot seldom visited by man, a dog was found watching over the dead body of his master. Its loneliness touches our very soul, and the huge recess, created as it were before its sight, is produced by a higher than mere descriptive power.

It was a cave, a huge recess,
That keeps till time, December’s snow;
A lofty precipice in front,
A silent tomb above!

Far in the bosom of Hesperus,
Remote from public reach, nor calling.

Pathway or cultivated land—
From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes a leaping fish
Sends through the fern a lonely cheer;
The crags repeat the raven’s crook
In symphony antique;

Thither the rainbow comes, the cloud,
And mist that spread the flying sheaf,
And solemn; and the sounding blast,
That, if it could, would hurry past,

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 slights 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 painter 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 drink thy mother’s door.
Think not of me with grief or pain.
I now see with better eyes,
And worldly gruender I despise,
And am found 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 for the sacred virtue of charity, if their 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 unstructured are these walls of flesh.
This vital warmth too cold; these visual orbs,
Though incomparably endurable, too dim
For any passion of the soul that lends
To century; and, all the crooked paths
Of shame and change distracting, 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 conjoined, 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 tears,
To me the mostest 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.

“Ah, why?” said Ellen, richting to herself,
Why was I lured into that solemn pledge,
And nature that is kind in woman’s breast,
And reason 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 begins
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! then he has to me
Been falsehearted,—bear him, though a lovely creature,
One of the simplest children that yet know not
The universal parent, how he sings!
As if he wished the remission of heaven
Should listen and give back to him the voice

The VOLANTE.

Of his triumphant constancy and love,
The proclamation that he makes. How fast
His darkness deepened, and his 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; that would 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 utmost 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.

WASHING TON’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 Alumni 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 Alma Mater 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
THE VOLANTE.

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 instructive. 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 parlor, 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 1855 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 town of the Northwest contains 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 busy in business, teachers and professors, fifteen physicians, thirteen journalists, and six farmers. As to their fraternity, there are forty-four Phi Upsilon, forty-one Deke, Forty Phi Phi, and twenty Zetes, there being one hundred and forty-four fraternity men in all. There are five alumni in the board of trustees.

THE MAN IN THE ELEVATOR.

By Prof. Butner.

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’s son, nor the Master Three.

Mm’s absolute power possess than he.

Within his realm rolled round about,

He suffers to enter and turn men out; yet

He groans, 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 peace he can change at his own will.

At a turn of his hand he’s above us all,

Again to the lowest hell quickly fall;

Thus he orders his own vicissitudes,

And some says nay, to his slightest mood.

Walled round about in his narrow den,

Great power has he o’er his fellow-men,

The lowest hell 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, then Man in the Elevator,

Dost thou eat and sleep?

Dost thou laugh and weep?

Art never castes?

All automatic?

Dost thou love, or hate?

Or meditate?

Art thou Cynthia, Sphinx, or Zadig.

Then see thy fellows go and come,

Thou mingled not in the busy hum.

Yet thou know’st full well, in thy narrow den

The up and down 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 on, from this realm of a single span.”

Will thou then go down, to come up no more,

Or wilt thou go up, when thy life is o’er?

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 coeducation was of benefit to them.

E. R. Rundell replied to the junior toast “The Customs of Our Fathers,” referring in a very pleasing manner to old-fashioned days, when school girls were brought up according to rule, and the rod was worth more than the Rithmetic. He described
THE VOLANTE.

EDITORIAL:

Eliza Baker, '85.

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

University of Chicago, March, 1888.

Assent-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 disgraceful. We had never thought The Volante was of any of its staff were troubled by this habit, but we are afraid it must be so. This issue is unavoidable 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 assent-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 proselytizing.

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
LOCALS.

F. J. Walsh was out of town the 23rd, attending to some "personal property" matters.

One of our brilliant Seniors defined an Athlete 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 Athenaeum 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 oracles of Horace into verse; we give in this issue one of the best of the fine productions that was handed to the Professor.

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 Athenaeum: President, F. J. Walsh; Vice-President, W. L. Burnup; Secretaries, 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 snow and slush, and in attempting to guide her steps, you slip and fall.

By a singular circumstance the account of Prof. Sturtevant'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 "stage" came into the parlor the 29th, with white paper mittens pinned to their contemplative eyes. Some young gentlemen even wore cloaks. 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 preparation for the cause of the "late unpleasantness," has been readmitted 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; Vice-President, A. N. Cooley; Secretary, D. G. Shaffer; Treasurer, P. 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 extinguisher 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, Burnup, Coy, Holloway, Northrup, Randall, 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, Hancock, Levinson, Nichols, Shaw, Misses Haigh and Mason.

On Tuesday night, March 10th, 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's" 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 Phil Pal, 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 Burdette'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; "Phil Pal Alumni," W. H. Alsop, '80; "Our Guest," T. R. Weddell, '80; "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 an election of officers took place, and the following were elected: President, Elizabeth Faulkner; Vice President, Robert G. Hall, Jr.; Secretary, Ed. A. Buzzell; Treasurer, C. S. Thomas; 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 Prayers, read by Miss Griffin; Address, "The Slave Trade," S. A. Ferrite; 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 Haigh; Essay, "Early Christianity," Mr. Tibbits; Hymn, "Jesus the Light of the World" by Mr. Houston; "Persecution Mission Fields," paper read by Miss Snowbrick; 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 Somnambul," and also an adaptation of the "Statue Mute." Mr. T. H. 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. Tibbits as King Henry; Mr. Houston as Cardinal Wolsey, and Mr. Brokaway 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 Shakespere; 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 enjoyable.

Athens, one week later had a "Hamlet" meeting, a very fine programme being given, excellently rendered in all departments. The address of the Mr. Duett, on the character of Hamlet, and of Mr. Hammond on the Genius of Shakespere, 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.

98. 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. Chestrook 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. Randahl was elected to be one of the four speakers at the commencement of the Theological Seminary at Morgan Park.

81. I. W. Ruel 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. J. P. 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 universal 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 interests 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 be taken out of context. The life of Jefferson Davis furnishes a grand example for the young men of the land to follow: also he "stands forth the grand 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, turbulent, having more the appearance of waves rolling than of a stream flowing toward the sea. No rocks or shallows near its surface 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 "turbulent" 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 as much sense in the one as the other.

The writer proceeds in the following flowery manner to finallylocate 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 circle about the trunk of the great tree of which it was an outgrowth." [We suppose the writer meant near, and that the printer is responsible] nor pass 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 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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