THE VOLANTE.

Volume II. UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, MAY, 1873.

No. 7.

HAHNEMANN MEDICAL COLLEGE AND HOSPITAL, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.
SESSION OF 1873-74.

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THE VOLANTE.

Volume II.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, MAY, 1873.

No. 7.

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EDWARD OLSON, '73.

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Editorials.

Dr. Matthews left Europe on the 12th. Off with your hats, seniors; no "Quadrangulars." We are inclined to feel somewhat offended at the Doctor's sudden departure. Hardly any of '73 were able to bid him good bye. Many of us, in all probability, will not see Dr. Matthews for years, and we naturally feel a little hurt in not being able to exchange a word or two with him, before bidding our Alma Mater a final adieu.

Our instruction under Dr. Matthews has been profitable in the highest degree. There is not a man in the class who does feel that he has made some solid and practical advancement, who cannot point out the actual advantages of his instruction. No professor has labored harder to make his exercises interesting and of practical utility than he, and no one has been more successful. Every hour spent in his class room gave us a new hint of how to employ the mass of knowledge through which we have passed. He never forgets that we are gathered here, not to accumulate another's weapons, but to sharpen and temper our own. He sought, on all occasions, to impress this upon our minds. His profound and accurate knowledge of English literature and his enthusiasm in that field gave us a broad insight into the strength and beauty of the language, and a zeal for its study which cannot but accomplish much good.

We know we can apply what we have learned of him, and we shall remember what he taught us because we are able to use it everywhere. The members of '73 bid Dr. Matthews a farewell wishing him a happy sojourn in Europe. More every other class' intercourse with him be as pleasant and profitable as has been ours.

We are greatly indebted to Mr. H. A. Gardner, of '68, for very valuable and self-sacrificing efforts in behalf of The Volante. While so many go from among us every year who seem to forget all about their Alma Mater in their excited chase after wealth or renown, it is encouraging to find, now and then, an alumni who, five years after graduation, and in the midst of a busy and most successful law practice, takes a greater interest in, and devotes more time and attention to the affairs of the University, than a great number of undergraduates themselves. It would prove of great benefit to the institution, if many more of the alumni would follow Mr. Gardner's example.

Speaking of the class of '68, we are reminded that as the members of that class proved themselves model students, while in college, so have they also proved to be model alumni. Nearly all of them are paying subscribers to The Volante; and many of them have written us very pleasing and interesting letters, from two of which we give brief extracts in another column of this issue. It is, perhaps, unnecessary for us to add, that our advice to the other classes would be, "do like them."
THE VOLANTE.

Far West so far as literary culture is concerned. We should ascribe this to their neglect of the study of geog-

raphy were it not that like sentiments cropped out frequently in their conversations relative to educational inter-

ests. It is perfectly proper for one of high attain-

ments to profess great faith in himself, but the preacher

has frequent occasion to repeat his text—"not to think of

himself but more highly to think." To assume superiority, to revive that hated word, caste, especially when there is no superior scholarship or culture to warrant it, calls for anything but deference or even respect, from interested and disinterested persons alike.

When we speak of Western colleges we do not mean any academic university this side the

capital. Hundreds of students (?) are every year dubbed

A. B. and B. S. who could not obtain admission to the

freshman class in a first-class school. These do not

emanate from reputable institutions. By Western

colleges we would be understood to mean Miami, Mich-

igan, Evanston, Chicago and similar universities. There

are enough of them to graduate a respectable number of

intelligent young men ; and these graduates are willing to

compete, in the future, with a similar number from any

quarter whatever.

We write this for the pleasure of those young men in the

West who decry our own schools, and are dazzled by the

pretentious representations of those whose light is

waning. Make Chicago University heap with a century's

added wealth and her name and her alumni will be

known to the ends of the earth. Age—which means

nothing as well as it means so little in a success-

ful college. We are sure that we do not err when we

affirm that though Yale, and Harvard, and Brown, and

Amherst, and Union, and Williams, have fame and

wealth, libraries, museums and apparatus, and illustrious

names among their faculties and alumnis, they have not,
in a word, any more learning, nor more school, nor

archery, nor have they before them a more brilliant history,
than have some of our Western colleges that have acquired

a name and a local reputation within the last decade.

It is wonderful with what enthusiasm some men can

speak of progress, improvement, and other kindred topics,

while at the same time they go into a most

solemn protest the moment the first attempt is made to

change and improve the old condition of things. At

every college commencement, in every educational con-

vocation, and in the thousand and one addresses which are

delivered from time to time in behalf of our institutions

of learning, the uniform plea is for a more advanced and

more liberal system of education than that which is now

afforded to the youth of our land. But scarcely has

Harvard college, under the direction of its able and pro-
gressive president, taken the first step towards elevating

itself to the rank of a university worthy of the name, by

making the course of study, to so large an extent, elec-
tive, when from all the little colleges, and from some of

the larger and more respectable ones as well, comes that

same old fogy objection, that this is a dangerous experi-

ment because it is contrary to the old established custom,

and that young men, when released from the fetters of

compulsion, will inevitably abuse their freedom of choice

to their own detriment.

This is, in substance, the argument employed against the

elective system as adopted by Harvard. But those same arguments have been resorted to so frequently in

opposing so many reforms which have proved to be of

undoubted utility, that we must be excused if we are not

inclined to accord them much weight in the present

instant. On the contrary, when we hear these old objec-
tions urged with so much force by some of our timid

contemporaries against the liberal reforms in our col-

leges, we are rather led to conclude that the reform in

question must be one of great importance, tending to

raise the standard of true scholarship in our country.

But now comes a certain religious periodical with a table

of statistics by which to prove the evil workings of this

elective system as already demonstrated at Harvard col-

lege. What unfavorable showing, then, do these sta-

tistics make? Why, the facts are presented to us, with all

the proof of which figures are capable, that among these

effective studies there is a great failure, especially on

the part of the upper class men, from the departments of

dead languages and pure mathematics in favor of modern

languages and the sciences. This is certainly a most startling revelation when we consider that this is the very result aimed at by this system of elective studies. Whoever thought that the majority of the

students in the higher classes would choose to continue

their Latin, Greek and mathematics, to which they have

already devoted years, now to turn aside to more

pursue, with some degree of thoroughness, the more

popular and practical branches of learning? The realm of

science is too vast, human life too brief, and human capa-
cities, tastes and pursuits are too varied to make it

possible, or even desirable, for all men to be developed

according to the same pattern, or for one man to aim at

equal proficiency in all departments of human activity.

As one person, therefore, can only hope to fill one little niche in the great social structure, it seems to be uttering only a self evident truth, that one's education should aim to

fit him to occupy his peculiar niche with honor to him

himself and benefit to the world.

In view of this the elective or university system has

been introduced in some of our more progressive institu-
tions; the object of which is to permit young men, after

a sufficiently thorough and systematic course of mental

culture, to pursue those studies which are most suited to

their tastes, and likely to prove of the greatest benefit to

their future vocations. We see no reason, therefore, to

be either surprised or alarmed at the report from

Harvard. We rather expected to see her boys step out

from their shoes worn by their predecessors of a cen-
tury ago as soon as the old regime "let up" a little; and

now, after Harvard has concluded to deal only with

intelligent young men, who are able to "take care of

themselves," we shall behold to the increased intelligence,
culture and influence of her alumni for the proof that

by this step she has only increased her power for usefulness.

We can only add The hope that the day is not far dis-

tant when our University will become in fact, what it

is in name, a university where young men can best fit

themselves for their places in society; even if some such

system as that adopted at Harvard should prejudice

some persons against us, and induce them to send their

sons to some other "school."

A number of colleges still hold to the old marking sys-

tem. They are able at any moment to tell the exact

tamount of classical and scientific lore that a given stu-
dent has imbibed. They can determine within a fraction

of how much he will be likely to acquire a week in advance,

upon the principle of forecasting storms; thus rivaling

the prevision of Old Probabilities himself. So, in the

institutions where this old mathematical system is still

vogue, the recipients of class and special honors may be

kaun two or three times this entering. It is as easy to

obtain the correct result as it is to forecast an eclipse, for

the processes are similar. Only start with the right

figure, and make allowances for "alterations" and

you are sure to be right. Since Chicago University

got happily rid of this absurd system, it has seldom

entered our thoughts except in reverting to the remote

past. We have vividly remembered our recollections of

the other day when we saw its practical working in a

number of Eastern schools, among others, in the College

of the City of New York, and Wesleyan University.

A college in the heart of the great metropolis of the

country might be supposed to be free from all such relics of

the dark ages; and while Methodist schools have made giant

strides in the way of a sound curriculum and a thorough

culture, it is a little surprising to find Wesleyans clinging
to this false mold of conforming brains. We call it

false, because such a system necessarily misrepresents.

It is as absurd to represent knowledge by units and

fractions as it is to estimate character by dollars and

cents.

We suggest to the seniors to have one large picture of

the whole class taken, and hung in the University parlors.
It's the only chance you'll ever have to be in a public

place—of course excepting the gallery of the Bridewell

LITERTAR.

THAT SENIOR VACATION.

It is gone that long senior vacation.

And I have but a single regret:

That my splendid forthcoming vacation

Isn't yet begun.

Very true that the Faculty granted

A month for the writing! But then,

With the pleasant license of summer,

I entirely neglected the pen.

And devoted myself to the ladies—

An immensely splendid way.

Of spending both time and one's classes,

Of which I am minded today.

By a man from the German, requesting

My attendance, in private, at two;

Of another from William, suggesting

That innocent conversations we try.

And that time he would like for correction,

Before leaving the peri of sea;

Though I'm sure there would be no objections

To his going without it—from me.

I was weary of studies opposing;

Constitutions by Stumpy, L. D.:

Of my own a right strong one possessing;

What is that of the U. S. to me?

International law, and the sciences

Which deduces deep from deceptions;

And, in short, while'stars for sappiness,

Gained from the twilight, as I walk.

For I have's reasons for spelling;

Tolstoi travels through books, as you see;

A great finish, I judge is achieving,

Where I glorify a gay Sophomore.

Ah those days of cement, Greek, and Latin,

With Cecropia sandwiched between,

When my lessons were "crumpled" in the tracts,

And my pleasure-hours stifled at'e'en.

From the past they return to my vision,

And I cannot reverse a deep sigh.

At the thought that my Freshman Elyan

Is eternally "swamped" in the axles.

There is nothing save terror before me!

Grin quadrinomials soon will be here;

Shudder in my soul through the trifles.

It could leave me no pretense more dear!

All my tears have given me warning.

That my neck is blackened with marks,

And I am ever a deep right.

To discover the tune of my "labels."

Worthy Pen, don'ts smirch when he chances

On the busy branees to meet me at night;

And I'm perfectly certain he knows

That my habits and loves are not quite
HEREDITY GENIUS.

When the mysterious power which we call genius shall have been carefully analyzed and understood, no one will be found to advocate the theory of hereditary genius. Whatever discussion has arisen upon this question, I believe can be traced to the fact, that genius has too often been confounded with the gifts of persons. An unmeasurable gulf separates them; though at times we encounter men who have seen the confines of this unknown land. Let us determine the meaning of the two words. I look upon genius to be the grand culmination of the human intellect—to be the highest state of mental development. It is susceptible of no distinct intellectual addition, though by exercise it may grasp a broader and a bolder thought. The endowment comes from the Creator's hand; the race has no part in it, and no human art can add anything which will increase its power.

Talent differs widely from genius, inasmuch as it is susceptible of development. Discipline will add to its power, and strengthen it, but cannot change the quality of talents can, and usually does follow in the rout of his race. Locality determines his religious and political opinions. A man may be a giant in the race of mankind—must be original—because God has made him so. It is this peculiarity of genius, which we frequently hear called eccentricity. The genius has a monopoly of men, but nature has so fixed her immutable stamp upon her favorite child, that all the world may know and recognize him. Genius leaps to conclusions. It drags us with the impetuosity of its own flight from the known to the unknown. Under its magic influence, men reach conclusions without reasoning, and accept doctrines without proof. But he who possesses talents proceeds slowly and methodically. He bridges the unknown chasm—stone by stone—beam by beam—and then tests its strength by some mechanical contrivance before he ventures to cross the gulf. It is this intermediate step, this test and trial, which, although perplexing talent, is rarely ever taken into account by genius. It's distinctive feature is a true genius, but it is a scarily. When Buffon's subtle egoism urged him to declare that his age had produced but five men of genius—four besides himself—he was not in error. The contemporary imitations. Nor was Victor Hugo so mad, as to his custom, when he exclaimed, that it required a decade of centuries to produce a single military chieftain as the First Consul. It may be safely said, that true genius is a rare phenomenon, and when it once actually exists it foreshadows the final decline of that family, in which it makes its appearance.

Genius is not hereditary, for in truth it is the culmination of the intellectual development of a family or a race. It exhausts the mental stock; it is the utmost capacity to produce a giant, and therefore, in the nature of things a reaction of mental inferiority must be the consequence.

This is the history of all distinguished families, and all illustrious lines of monarchs, both in ancient and modern times. They began their rise just as a traveler ascends the Alps, mounting higher and higher with each new effort, until the summit is reached. Here, the upward progress ceases. He who stands on the ridge, is the man and the genius; he has reached the highest pinnacle to which his family's mental constitution could climb. And as the traveler now begins the descent, so the offspring of genius marks the first decline of his race. Only a few generations more, and you will discover at the foot of the mountain, a representative of him who stood on its summit. Genius must spring from the happy combination of conditions, and when the elements are in the makeup of his work—have created genius—they have spent their strength and vitality, and must, by a law that is universal in nature, fall into decay. Let us briefly examine some of the more distinguished families of history.

The Adams family is usually advanced as proof of hereditary genius. But the truth is, the ascent, the summit, the decline, are derived from the shelter and dwellings of the household. John Adams possessed a deep and comprehensive intellect; he had a high order of talents. John Milton himself was one of the greatest geniuses that the world has seen. But the Adams' mind grow weaker from this period, until the last descendants are no stronger than the average public man. Lancelot Addison, was a clever orator; Avice Pope, the epicist, a man of genius, while his son became an idiot. Milton's father was a man of clear and correct judgment. He was a liberal education, and his children inherited nothing worthy of their immortal father. The lawyer Boupart was endowed with a godly understanding. His son Napoleon startled the world with the majesty of his intellect, but Marla Louisa's child was veas; created in body and medium in mind.

How was it with the Sheridan family? The father of the great actor and orator, was a man of clever parts, while his son wrote the best comedy, and made the most brilliant speech in an age of intellectual giants. The history of musical composers, strongly supports this view. Nearly all great musical geniuses have had ancestors more or less talented in their profession, while their offspring became more skillful from generation to generation, until every trace of musical talent had disappeared.

It was true of Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, Handel, and I believe Mozart. I could, were there need, adduce many more illustrations to support the view I maintain. Talent, on the other hand, is hereditary, for by its successive developments, it finally culminates in genius. In a man of talents, the elements which have made him so, have not spent their strength, but have gathered a new vigor, a new impetus for the final effort. Or if the family's mental activity is on the decline, if a man of genius has actually appeared among its members, we may reasonably expect the future son to be inferior to his father. There may be rare exceptions to the proposition I have advanced, but an accurate review of the whole field will establish beyond a doubt, that no family has given to the world two men of genius, save when the kinship was distant and the time long.

From what I have suggested, it is fair to presume that had a great number of talents been confounded with that other and more God-like quality of the understanding, the proposition that genius is hereditary, would never have been advanced.

LAND TENURE IN EUROPE.

Patriotism is a production of the soil. It abides only where the soil is cultivated by a family firmly in the earth, the leviathan oak. It is not a rootless moss that grows under the feet of monarchs—a fawning parasite, with only such feeling as it derives from the shelter and cultivation of opulent nobles. The hearts of men know not an irrepressible love of freedom, whose hopes are unwarranted by a form of government, except in the case of the freeholders, who have a title to the soil. Free laborers, can never intelligently demand and defend the principles of democracy. They could establish a federation on no other principles than those of a wandering tribe, or a clannish fraternity. Such terms as liberty and patriotism are vague and transient to a European peasantry, even as they were to the slaves of Greece. What national being could interpose himself on the soil he does not, and cannot own, to defend, with a martyr's faith, the principles, that have their origin only in the birthright with which the Creator designed impartially to endow all men.

Nor can the best guaranteed system of land tenure be substituted with effect, to satisfy this inalienable affection of the human heart for the possession of the soil. If laws are enacted to appropriate the caprices of lords—ways may oppress a tenant by extortion, or by banishing him from the external associations of home, should he be his franchise adversary, the very bulwarks of monopolistic government would be overthrown. Such an attempt to free the oppressed of Europe, would strike death to the vital of its nation.

The present system of land tenure, which smothers freedom like a vast sheet of perpetual ice, must be broken up, and melted into a warmer, and more intermixing community of interests. Only after such a change, could the people feel ready to espouse permanently the cause of governments, whose constitutions would be founded on the permanency and prosperity of their freedom.

TULLY.

All discussions about republican in Europe, which leave this subject untouched, and all movements which leave this present system of land tenure unchanged, are specious and futile. They may establish houses of representatives, while men, ambitious for petty honor, without a care for freedom, have a sense of emolument in the popular ballot; they may diffuse such a general education as will, not too highly, and thus too dangerously, for themselves, develop the popular mind; they may weave out philosophies, inextricably about the operation of social ideas in Europe—ideas which exist nowhere save in the highly toned, and narrowly confined, atmosphere of rank and learning; in short, they may do everything but strip the nobles of their lion's share of the land—but until the people shall feel the force of the land, any other principle of the ownership of the soil, monarchy in Europe will still prevail.

B. L.

COMMUNICATED.

THE VOLANTE.

To the Editors of the Volante:

In these days when the classics are so generally cried up, Quincenty is the more appropriately and the more wisely is more widely recognized than formerly. Every new class that enters college has an increased number of candi dates for the degree of B. S. To found a college, giving a much greater prominence to the dead languages than to the branches that provoke more modern discussion and research, is not to be abashed of the time. It is be lieved by some of our students, I fear, that the Chicago University does not realize the truth of these remarks. I beg leave to assure all who may read this communication,
and all who may have read former articles in The Volante, that the immediate controllers of the University fully appreciate the need of efficient instructors, and appropriate apparatus in this hitherto neglected department. Radical reforms, it is useless to argue, are not accomplished in a month or six months. Before we obtain all of that is necessary to place the scientific department shoulder to shoulder with the classical, there must be a great deal of education to the subject. All of you, of wealth must be educated to give, and to give largely, of their means. Any one who has thought on the subject at all must know that our President and others have labored assiduously to bring up this disgraceful appendage to a honorable position among our departments. That they have partially succeeded all will admit.

Why do not those who write on the subject also admit the plain, honest fact that the want of money is the root of all evil? Before we can have competent men filling the professorial chairs; do not reflect upon the managers of the institution; say plainly—The University has large plans, but little money. For one, I am not willing to acknowledge that we are so far behind other Western schools in our facilities for teaching the sciences. The others, as well as we, are attempting to fly with their wings clipped. All alike are in need of museums and illustrative apparatus and a much larger number of chairs at greatly increased endowments. Our curriculum is good enough so far as it goes. We have had cause to complain, in some instances, of our teachers, and everybody knows that we have complained. But the inefficient ones are but a small minority in our Faculty. Give the poorest of them proper facilities for teaching, and there will be few complaints. Without facilities the best are not appreciated. Had we more money we should have more chairs, better trained men, and better facilities for what we pay.

It is an absurd assertion that not one of the sciences is taught with perfect satisfaction. It is not proper, however, to jump to the conclusion that all our instructors, outside the classical department, are incompetent. On the contrary, we believe some of them to be quite at home in the subjects which they teach. We are positively assured by the professor of anatomy and zoology, that, from the beginning of next year, not one of our instructors will be found complaining of his department. It is a lamentable fact that, previous to the present collegiate year, there were no facilities whatever for teaching the arts. Our progress has been made during the year, and we are encouraged to hope that this gentleman, whose knowledge of his subject is admitted, will fulfill his promises. Germans and French have been taught quite satisfactorily, and there are other chairs which would be accepted fully by their present occupants if the necessary accommodations were forthcoming. With all others who have discussed this subject, I admit that the scientific department is lamentably deficient. I differ from some of them as to the cause. If in what I have said there is anything to commend this has the recommendation of the University, and to benevolently inclined individuals of wealth, I trust that the next two or three years will see a scientific course "worthy of the name" and thus oblate the necessity of "taking the sign."—73.

BELYDIERE, Ill., April 28, 1874.

To the Editors—The Volante for March is before me, for which you will accept many thanks. As you have taken the name "Volante," which is or near the name of our "Boat Club," I am at once interested. I was one of the five who took it into their heads that the University ought to have a "Boat Club," and we had one, for the men of '68 stopped at nothing which they undertook. The boat did good service on one occasion under the guidance of my rifle. Do not you think that the University at that time will remember it. Well, it is gone ere this, I suppose, but the name is dear to me.

I enclose $1.50 and wish to be put on the regular roll of your subscribers. The idea of a grand reunion of the class of '68 at the next commencement is a good one. I hope it will be carried out. I will endeavor to call on you long, for it is years since I have been in the old halls.

Yours truly.

GEORGE H. HURLBUT,'68.

Beloit, Wis., April 29, 1874.

Editors Volante: Very late but very welcome comes THE VOLANTE for March, 1874.

That "touching appeal" to the alumni to write is irresistible, and so I write.

The communication from my old classmate of '68, E. O. Taylor, struck several chords that should still vibrate in the heart of every alumnus.

18. THE VOLANTE is proud of it as a representative of its Alma Mater. Discreet in praise, fearless in blame where needed, and energetic in every department, it is just what we who are away from our early college home enjoy reading. I hope that when the present editors retire with their graduating class their mantle will fall upon others—be looking for them.

2d. Another suggestion to '68 and '69 that is made. Let not our class reunions go by default. Let every man be on hand. Mr. President, (J. Ambroro Miner), I move you, sir, that every man be required to be represented either in person or by his oldest boy, under penalty of the loss of the prize that he received on class day, and honor able mention of his, its, or their name in the annals, history and periphery of Wilson and Hostetter.

At least will not every member of '68 who may not be able to come, send us an account of himself.

A word about myself and home. Beloit is a thriving manufacturing town on Rock river, somewhat distinguished for its paper mills and its machine shops, where water-wheels, and machinery for making paper, reapers, wind-mills, plows, etc., are made. The College is one of the oldest in the West, usually having about 300 in attendance.

There is an air of thrift and enterprise about the town much like New England. The Baptist Church, of which I am pastor, has been greatly prospered this winter. I have baptized six, and with the asylum at Jackson-vue and the Illinois House of Representatives some time ago. He declares the last to be the less intelligent audience of the two.

H. T. CLINDENBERG and OLIVER C. WELKER, '73, were the delegates of the Delta chapter to the convention of the D. K. E. Fraternity, held at Middletown, Conn., May 14th and 15th. During their two weeks' tour through the East they visited a number of the more prominent colleges, and left, we understand, with the impression that the working system of Eastern institutions appears better than the University in their class-room.

CHARLEY Otis, '74, has been confined to his bed for some time. Much better now.

TECHNE, one of '74, was married a few weeks ago.

GROSE, '74, whose favors take a practical turn, will accept our thanks.

HALL, '74, was here a few days ago.

Personal

CHARLES P. LOGGESHALL, a student at the University in its earliest days, can find his box at business place, 24 West Washington street, Chicago. The same energetic spirit which made him so intimate with "Doc" and the Faculty in former times now makes his success (already certain) prospectively great.

T. S. HOYNE, '65, is Prof. of Materia Medica and Therapeutics, in Hahnemann Medical College, of Chicago. He delivered an address to the last graduating class.

FRED. A. SMITH, '66, occupies offices 45 and 46—160 Washington street. Fred. has lost none of that good humor which distinguished him while at College, and we presume it makes him just as popular with his clients as it did with his classmates.

SAMUEL BAKER, Jr., '68, now occupies a place in the New York Life Insurance Co.'s. office. Lately Sam and his friends have reason for great rejoicing, for the prettiest, nicest, most beautiful girl in the city can be found at his home. This is the seventh addition to the class, but then '68 always was remarkable.

FRANK P. WENTON, '70, whom the reader found dead in our last issue, is, we understand from our President, alive and well. This double notice is the result of a misunderstanding. Very, very, very.

SMITH, C. C., '70, graduates this month at the Union Baptist Theological Seminary.

PRATT, '74, since our last issue, has been elected Assistant Professor of Anatomy, in Hahnemann Medical College. We understand that he has not yet accepted the position.

FRED. P. PIORK, '74, is now editor of the Daily News, Newport, Rhode Island, at which famous watering place he will be happy to see any of his University friends. This VOLANTE expects a letter from you, Fred. Tell us all about yourself. Nothing will be of greater interest to its readers and your friends.

GILBERT, '72, was in chapel a few months ago. He looks better than when he graduated. He is at Eagle, this State.

JAYNE, '73, teaches the University Infants.

JOSEPH MOUNTAIN, '73—we mean J—will take charge of the Baptist Church, at Oshkosh, Wis.

AREMSTEDT, '73, read before the authorities at Jackson ville, Ill., and the Illinois House of Representatives some time ago. He declares the last to be the less intelligent audience of the two.

E. P. SAVAGE.

Exchanges

Our exchanges this month present, on the whole, an improved appearance. As is proper to expect, we discard a variety of feeling, in the editors' mind, towards some, and others treat matters with a scrupulousness that is perfectly charming. It is quite apparent now, that college journalism as we observe it in the great body of our exchanges, is thoughtful and earnest enough to influence college laws. Every paper, worthy of the name, exerts some influence, and if a few of our contemporaries could understand that a respectable college publication ought not to be a depository of stale class-room jokes with no solid matter interpersed, there would be a decided advance in college journalism. We do not mean, by this, North American Review articles, we mean something that will make the average undergraduate think, as a man should and be, and is, the aim of every successful paper.

Has The Vassar Miscellany come? Is the regular monthly query of those who spend an hour, occasionally with the writer. We have been able to keep the April number long enough to give it a careful examination. We cannot but heartily commend the general make up of the magazine. Its neatness, and typographical accuracy,
ought to make some college publications a little more ambitious. Especially those who prate about the weakness of our educational point of view, we do not hesitate to pronounce it a moality. Sobriety takes the lead in the number before us. The article contains nothing of the old story with considered vigor and freshness. The writer declares there is a time to laugh, and a time to be sober, and the man who does not know which is simply a fool. We quote one sentence with which every sensible person will agree.

"The man or woman who makes a business of being funny, is not a wit, but a fool." The pen which writes Charles Reade, as a Novelist, though it does the Englishman justice in some of his novels, forgets that Reade chronicles the events of the social world just as they happen. He is simply an elaborate reporter of London life. One may object to his telling the naked truth so plainly, but it is certainly out of good taste to call him names for it. The reading world is not made up of wits and heroes. The men and women in Charles Reade's works, are such as we meet in the drawing-room and on the street. The Hack Taver contains some witty things. But if the amount a writer 01 is any clue to his financial troubles, we surmise the editors of the Miscellany is seriously in debt. It's a pity to cut into such handsome pages as those of the Miscellany. We can't help it. There are too many good things in the "Varieties"; so here they go.

The University Herald has cut our acquaintance, or forgotten our address. What?" Ttrr. Washb. Magazine, published at Washb College does not, we fear, do the institution justice. The proof- reading is bad, and the local department, though the material is good, lacks interest, owing chiefly to the way in which it is handled. One merit we cheerfully commend. The literary articles are generally short, so that the writer cannot bore the reader long. The essay flavor seasons, for the most part, everything to be found between its covers. The Living contains a good thought, but it is most rudely presented. Some of the comparisons are really ludicrous. The second article would kill any magazine. Confidence Misplaced, is the worst composition that we have ever read. If the author intended it as a joke on the editors, there is nothing to be said, but if it is serious, then we give it up in absolute despair. The last two articles. There is not the remotest connection between the thoughts; if indeed there is such a thing in the whole essay. Here is a specimen of the sort of trash that the editors are ready to accept. Eve thinks it all right, Earth feels the wound, Nature trembles in all her works, Paradise is lost, Man shall surely die." Jingle, in Pickwick Papers, would sit at the feet of the Washb man. In Dining, though we cannot accept all of the dogmatic conclusions of the writer, there is a vigor and an earnestness which is refreshing as a cool drenching on a hot day. He has something definite to say, and says it definitely. We have made this criticism with sincerity and good feeling, and if we have been severe, it is from what we know of the institution, Washb College, and we ought to take a higher stand in College literature.

The Beloit College Monthly, after an absence of some time, is on our table again. The Philosophy of Marks, is a well written article satirizing, with considerable keenness, the silly system of "Marks." We feel inclined to criticize the Monthly's local department. It does not tell us enough about the students of Beloit.

The Amel does not care to confine itself to college matters, but makes a dive, now and then, into politics with a good deal of sarcasm. "The World," is reviewed, at some length and, appreciated.

The Index, in the English magazines, is marked by a dogmatic severity in religious matters, which surely is unnecessary and uncalled for. The Index, we fear, imagines every change it receive, comes all the way to the Seminary to insult their religion. In a college publication, anything of a sectarian nature should be rigidly excluded. There ought to be no room for such stuff. The scissors have too much to do in getting up the paper. A little more work on the part of the editors, would make the Index really interesting.

The Western Collegen, hails from the Ohio Wesleyan University, and is an honorary index of that institution's student-ability. It discusses a variety of topics of general interest, and puts them in a readable shape. The mechanical part of the paper is tolerably well executed. On the whole, it presents a very good representative appearance. We perceive some other college publications have been fitching its good name.

The College Mercury is distinguished by its usual good appearance. The reading matter is lively, without being trivial. There seems to be considerable activity among the Racine students.

We have received the last number of the Tripod, and are sincerely glad to see such a decided improvement in its moral tone. The first flash of editorial glory is over, and the editors are getting down to their work.

There is a recent contribution to the Cornell Magazine which we believe to be well written. It is an article on the "Advocate disease," and judging by the last two or three issues, the distemper is growing with an alarming rapidity. We are grateful to the writer for suggesting any remedy, because we enjoy the mock-seriousness of the Era criticism.

We feel certain our contemporary does not mean half it says. It simply has the symptoms of the "Advocate disease," without the latter's venom.

The Annalist is growing up nicely, and bids fair soon to become a readable sheet.

The Palladium comes from St. Mary's school, Knoxville, Ill., and makes a very respectable appearance. The contents read so much too much as though taken over from the drawing-room. However, in the make up, one can readily discern a girl's taste.

The Spectrum, as published by the Institute of Technology, Boston, though only in its first volume, compares very favorably with many of its older contemporaries. It is very neat in its general make-up, and the quality of its reading matter is certainly equal, if not superior to the average college periodicals. We wish our technological friends all the prosperity which energy and enterprise deserve.

The calminess with which the Advocate receives the pernicious attacks of the Madsonian is indicative of a kindliness of spirit, and we trust, a generous change in the history of the Madsonian. "The World," is often as near to the original ability of the Advocate, but we discern, in its last issue, a manly feeling which has, hitherto, been conspicuously absent.

"The Madsonian" greets us with a sarcastic smile. It contains a few tolerably well written articles, though we observe it uses the editorial scissors to abstain not altogether recognized by the fraternity. Not more than half of the paper (last issue) is original. It speaks very sensibly in one or two articles to the "Powers that be." Stung by some unaccountable reason destroys the whole effect by an editorial.

**At Home.**

We chronicle the fact with pleasure, that the Athenian Society, at its anniversary on the 22nd of May, not only sustained its former reputation, but added something to its fame. Hitherto the fates have been kindly disposed toward its annual entertainments, and have given pleasant evenings, which is equivalent to full houses. The evening advertised for the twelfth anniversary, however, was sultry, and threatened a thunderstorm. Indeed, after the exercises began, the thunder and lightning vied with the orators in eloquence and fire. Withstanding the rain, there was a very fair audience, and an appropriate number of ladies attended the reception on "Webster's second reply to Hayne." His effort was a complete success. His ideas were clear, and his reasoning just. The audience, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, gave the closest attention throughout. He treated the subject in a popular style, and was, at the same time, quite logical.

Though we found some fault at the beginning, we were prepared to chime in at the close with the general verdict that the last anniversary fully sustained the high reputation which the Athenian has always held.

A prep. astonished the class last night by demanding to know who Moses was.

The seniors are reading "Götz mit der eiserne Hand." Miss Alice Boise. The class is well pleased with its instructor.
THE VOLANTE.

There are no links on the back-door, heightened Worshippers of burn-cork!

The solitary poets which have recently assumed a perpendicular attitude along the southern border of our campus seem to overshadow the completion of that fence which is destined to exclude hogs, horses and cows from the privileges and benefits of the University. We are reminded by this restriction on the part of the management that it is possible to reach a still higher degree of exclusiveness, and that, at no distant day, those little boys, and the boys more advanced in years and stature, who now stalk through the halls of the University, proud in the euphonious appellation of "sub-preps," may be compelled to take their slates and geographies and spelling books to other shrines of learning more in keeping with their ages and attainments. We hasten, therefore, O ye little pups and big pups, to give you timely warning that your days at a university may soon be numbered. When the authorities shall see fit to draw the lines still closer, it will be "your time." 

UNDERRADUATE'S: article on college morals causes a stir among the students. May we hear from the other side?

Senior.—Why don't the University rise more rapidly? Junior.—(who is a plain, blunt fellow) "Why of course lack of money," Senior.—"O! you goose, who ever heard of an eagle flying with one wing off. So you are right after all.

Baseball on the tapis. Scientific playing may be witnessed any day on the grounds. We hear everybody gloating about their coal, is hardly fair, this way of taking the black diamond without asking for it.

Scene on the University steps. Prof. Wheeler getting off the street car. The seniors, who haven't passed in chowder, break for copyright July 10th, and continue five (4) weeks, under the instruction of Carl Zarrahn, Geo. F. Root, Florence Ziegfeld, and other competent teachers. For circulars of particulars, to Geo. F. Root & Son, 383 Wabash Avenue, Chicago. The Normal was a grand success last year, and we have every reason to believe that it will be as profitable this Summer. Geo. F. Root, displays an energy and executive ability which, we prophesy, will make the Normal one of the permanent institutions of Chicago.

A certain member of the senior class, who goes upon every Sunday and spends the light of his skeleton in the University he is heard to talk about his possessions to the extent of five cents, by matching pennies one Sunday afternoon.

A query for the naturalists: Are the Michigmamder any relation to the Portuguese? and if so, how much?

THE VOLANTE.

The old coal sheds are gone and no longer offend our sight. Now let us see the shanty of the "University Hermits" demolished. Unless the local authorities do it, we suggest to the students to go to breakfast some fine morning without seeing the elegant retreat in its old place.

PROF. SHAPIRA advises us always to have our mouths closed, when not speaking, and breathe through the nos.

It is the best way to develop a good chest, and says, "If you should wake up in the night and find your mouth open, get up and shut it.

TREAT developed a brilliant idea in the Athenaeum the other night. The debate was upon the profound question, whether war does more harm than good. The philosopher thought it did. "If as my opponents say," declared the young Fowler, "war does more good than harm, all men ought to engage in war. But the Bible commands us to increase and multiply, and how can we increase and multiply if all men are engaged in war?" The judges gave him the question, that argument having turned the scale.

We see the University dining hall has returned to its old habituation, from which it was removed to make room for that frightfully mysterious concern known as the Hengstenberg Library. In addition we learn that all the students who room in the building must also wear hereafter. Of course what applies to students will also hold professors!

Walt the gentleman who carries slope not take up so much room...

Walt the gentleman who carries slope not take up so much room... Walt the gentleman who carries slope not take up so much room... Walt the gentleman who carries slope not take up so much room... Walt the gentleman who carries slope not take up so much room...

TREAT: Now let us see the shanty of the "University Hermits" demolished.

ABROAD.

It is with considerable pride, that we call attention to the Chicago Illustrated Journal, published by Knight & Leonard, of Chicago. Hitherto every artistic publication of merit has been imported from the East; but now Chicago may boast of a journal, whose illustrations, in boldness of design, in vigor, in artistic accuracy and in fidelity to nature, stand side by side with those of The Aldine. Every unprejudiced critic will agree with us, when we say that the West ought to be sincerely grateful to Messrs. Knight & Leonard, for their industry and taste, in issuing The Journal. Every student will find The Journal a profitable investment, we recommend it with pleasure to the consideration of all lovers of the artistic.

A well-known lawyer of one of our prominent towns, being rather perplexed over certain legal questions, called at the office of a brother attorney to consult with him on the subject. The latter drew himself up and remarked, with great dignity, that he generally received pay for his advice. "Then," said lawyer number one, extending a fifty-cent script, "tell me all you know and give me back the change."—Faster Miscellany.

The Damascus News thus accounts for the enormous wealth of Stevens the younger, of Hoboken: "A young man named Stevens, living in New Jersey, is worth forty million dollars. The way he got his money was by taking care of his father. He saw that his father was fitted by nature for being an engineer, and he fostered the inclination. He went farther; he got books and papers to amuse and instruct his parent evenings, and made the home circle so pleasant that the old gentleman had no desire to run on the street and squander his money, and contract vicious habits. And so he thrived beyond computation and died full of years and honor and costly medicines, and left forty million dollars to his son. How many, alas! how many fathers there are who die so poor that their bodies have to be farmed to pay for their own burial.

A Westerner editor, receiving an invitation to take tea with a lady friend, accepted. While at table the lady observed that he had no spoon for his cup. "It is possible," he said, "that I could not have made such a mistake." "I have no spoon, madam," said the editor, raising from his seat, "and if you don't believe it you can search."—Faster Miscellany.

"Mr. B." said a Yale professor forty years ago, with a grieved expression of face, which his pupils described imperfection as sharper than a two-edged sword... "Mr. B., I think an ingenuous Yankee could make a translating-box which would do quite as well as you sir, sir.
THE VOLANTE.

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