UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

COURSES OF STUDY.

PREPARATORY, CLASSICAL, SCIENTIFIC, ASTRONOMICAL, LAW.

COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT.

JOHN C. BURROUGHS, D.D., LL.D., Chancellor.
WILLIAM MATTHEWS, LL.D., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.
KANSOM DIXTER, M.A., M.D., Professor of Zoology, Comparative and Human Anatomy and Physiology.
TRUMAN HENRY SAFFORD, B.A., Professor of Astronomy, and Director of Darien Observatory.
NATHAN SHEFFARD, M.A., B.D., Professor of Logic and Lecturer on Public Speaking.
O. B. CLARK, B.A., Principal of the Preparatory Department.
ELIAS COLBERT, Honorary Assistant Director of the Darien Observatory.

MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND ART.

The Museum is contained in a large and splendidly lighted front room, on the second floor of the University building, opposite the Society Hall. The several departments of geology, mineralogy, zoology, including entomology, botany, and vegetable physiology, as well as the lower classes of invertebrates, are exhibited. In the library, works on science and biography, as well as the well-supplied and judiciously selected for teaching purposes. The Natural History collection, containing 500,000 specimens, is one of the most valuable and useful collections in the country.

THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

The several libraries and contributions which form a part of the University Library, the Darien Library, the Thompson Library, together with the contributions from several large publishing houses of both this country and Europe, are contained in all over 50,000 volumes. These form the most valuable collection, all of which are contained in one room, and are accessible to the students.

LOCATION AND SOCIETY.

The location of the University is in the best residential section of the city, near the intersection of 5th Street and Cottage Grove Avenue. The city is filled with fine buildings, and the University is surrounded by the beautiful and artistic buildings.

TERMS AND VACATION.

The year is divided into three terms and three vacations. The first term consists of fifteen weeks, the second of seven weeks, and the third of twelve weeks. The Christmas vacation is two weeks, the Spring vacation is one week, and the Summer vacation is ten weeks.

DEGREES.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts is conferred upon all students who have completed the prescribed classical course of study, and passed a satisfactory examination thereon. The degree of Bachelor of Science is confined to students who have completed the scientific course, and passed a similar examination.

SOCieties.

There are three societies in the University, conducted by the students—two literary and one religious. Catalogues will be furnished on application to the President.
or in blasting Cathaline with his lightnings. Minerva, the Ju-
piter-Tonans of the French Tribone, condensed his thunders into twenty minutes, and Chatham was briefly still. Aaron Burr in speech is "in a manner," says a Judge, "that it took me, on the bench, half an hour to
understand". (Perry's case.

The weightiest men in the British Parliament have ever been slow of speech. For a speaker who has something to say, John Bull speaks 'in a manner'. His most minute capacity has been an unmitigated contempt. Hemming and stammering—want of tact—poverty of diction—are all borne with patience, so long as the hearers believe that the speaker has some special knowledge, some telling facts, some wise suggestion, which he will contrive to give out, if he is suffered to take his own time and way. But the instant a suspicion arises that he is talking "for homuncle"—that he is trying to dazzle his hearers with oratorical pyrotechnics—that he is, in short, 

et qui profligat adhibent—"they give reins to their inclination, and clough him down without mercy. So far in this carried, that a traveler tells us that, in the House of Commons, it is almost unpatriotical to be from a gnat or a fly, and it is

most unpardonable as a debater's most dangerous snare. Nor is this opinion ill-grounded. Its truth was strikingly illustrated a few years ago in the comparative success of that brilliant parliamentary genius, Mr. Horner, and Lord Palmerton. It was remarked that the very brilliancy of Mr. Horner converted his hearers into hostile critics, piquing themselves upon their skill in seeing through the magic colors in which his genius shrouded the truth; whereas Lord Palmerton had made himself only made his audience sympathetically anxious to help the struggle of the honest advocate of a sound cause against the advantages of his own oratorical defects. "People," it has been well said, "are apt to amplify the proverb, 'All is not gold that glitter's into' 'Nothing that glitters is gold.'" If an Englishman would succeed as a speaker, he first seeks to store his mind with facts, and, after studying oratorical arts and arts, he tries by pa-
tient study and profound meditation to master the subject upon which there is a demand for knowledge. So, till he has honestly worked out a problem by brooding over it like a hen over her eggs, does he prepare to lay the solution of it before the public. He had a "thought's first groan" elsewhere.

Practice in debating clubs? No; but the habits of keen observation and reflection fostered by his public and private life—his constant claims and meditations caused by a political canvass, the demand on the resources of practical com-

munication and sagacious observation made at the basings in or the House of Commons. It has been said for years in solitude, over the subjects on which he has delivered himself with so much fire, that his mind has acquired that depth of

passion, earnestness, and force which the playful and facile con-
tests of the college debating-society would only have diluted and diminished. It has been justly said that "if the maiden speech of a man of some influence is in a manner," he has been downright failures, it has been owing to in-
experience, not to the lack of special information—to want of prac-
tice in the tricks and mechanical devices of oratory, and no
degree to the absence of definite convictions or sound thought."

Indeed, if, of the "great men" of oratory, I were to suggest
bid them read widely, think deeply, reason logically, and act

nearly, we would with Rictor enrich them never to speak on a subject till they have read themselves full upon it, and never to read upon a subject till they have thought themselves hungry upon it. When a sensible and thoughtful man has any-
thing to say, he will always find a way of saying it, when cir-

cumstances require him to speak. On the other hand, if a

young man begins speaking on all occasions, while his faculties are yet immature, and his knowledge scanty, erudite, and ill-
arranged, he will be almost sure to retain through life a fatal

facility for perishing ill-thought-out notions in polished peri-

drels, and in a hasty and ill-advised manner. In the latter case, I know a fluent speaker who said things that stuck like buirs in the memory; but we have heard hesitating and artless talk-

ers who have blurted out the most original, the deepest and the

most pregnant things which we have cared to remember. No—no we must no more speaking. We want thought, and taste, and brevity, and that Dante simplicity of style which is so nearly

allied to the highest and most effective eloquence.

DANTE

It is now more than five centuries and a half since Dante, "old in days and deeds and contemplation," died in exile at Ravenna. Though it is his works, mainly, that concern us, yet it may not be amiss to recall some-
thing of the eventful career of the man himself.

That he was born at Florence in 1265, that he was carnally trained in love, as a child he was trysted to a wife that he served with credit in the Florentine army, that he rose to the highest offices in the state, and then, through the influence of his political enemies, was exiled, trenched to perpetual banishment on pain of burning if he fell into the hands of his countrymen, are the well-

known leading incidents of his life; a story, true, for the greatest scholar and poet of his age. In early

care he is said to have studied at Bologna and Padua, and even to have resided for a time at the universities of Paris and Oxford. At all times of his life and familiarized himself with all the learning of his day. In his old age, for twenty years an exile wan-
dering over Italy from the court of one Ghelatino prince to that of another, he did not waste his time in useless

rejoicing, but employed in erecting that monument of his

genius which won for him the title of Father of Italian

poetry. Thus it is not his only work, when we speak of

Dante we commonly have in mind only the Divine Com-

edy as he himself styled it. In this, the poet aims to depict for us the three great divisions into which his creed separates the spirit world. First, when he wanders among the shades of the Purgatory, pursued by wild beasts which represent the leading vices of mankind, the shade of Virgil appears and leads him down within the bosom of the earth to the abodes of those condemned forever. This is the lowest and most obnoxious of the nine

successive terraces. Here the powers of the human imagination seem to be exhausted in devising for the nine different classes of sinners, different modes of pun-
ishment, each increasing in severity till the last. Reaching at length the lowest round of the Inferno, still under the guidance of Virgil, by a secret way he passes through to the other side of the earth, where is the mount of Purgatory, a cone corresponding to the cavity of the Inferno; but having only seven circles, while at its summit is situated the earthly Paradise. Here for some time they wander about seeking an entrance, at last gaining admittance to Purgatory, they pass through the various circles in which different sins are expiated, the sufringers gradually shedding away into the joys of Paradise. Arrived there, Dante's soul love Beatrice, the personification of faith or celestial wisdom, appears as his guide to the upper heavens, while Virgil who typifies human reason goes back to his place in the higher circle of the Inferno. Beatrice goes before the poet, and since he is now freed from the weight of sin, by the ardency of his desire to rise of his love for her, he is borne from the earth, first to the moon, then to the different planets, the sun, the stars, and finally to the ninth heaven beyond them all.

Such is the meager outline of this great poem. We are to remember that it is the first great work in any modern

language, that it forms as conspicuous a landmark in the history of literature as Shakespeare does in English; it rises, grand and massive, against a background made up of fragments in barbarous and unintelligible dialects, or in the rude and unclassical Latin of the mid-

dle ages.

"Full well we know the hand that brought, And scattered far as sight can reach, The light of life and holy Hope that rose On the broad field of modern speech."

"Mid the white fields that round us lie, We cannot see that home To which as slaves we go.

And as we plie the sheaves on high, What is the secret name of life?" Dante has been called the most original of writers, not only from the fertility of his invention, but also because he may be said to have created the very lan-
guage that he used. The other languages of Europe already possessed a literature more or less extensive, yet in every case the change in their idioms, brought about by advancing civilization has made these early writings a dead letter, except to the very few who make them a special study. The Italian on the other hand, the latest formed of the Romance languages, was not as yet a lit-

terary tongue. Only a few love ditties had hitherto been composed in it, and that sort of song almost solely for the amusement of the idle, by it's means expressed his great ideas in a style of such variety and power that it has been at once the object of ridicule and the emulation of the more refined. It first developed the power of the Tuscan tongue. To him the countrymen owe their national literature. Not the Latins with their imitations of the Greeks, but Dante with Petrarch and Tasso and the long line of their suc-
cessors have made Italy the land of song.

If, as Macauley says, poetry is the art of employing words so as to produce an illusion on the imagination, the

art of doing by means of words what painter does by means of color, then Dante will bear compar-
in the society of the greatest men. But no poet, according to him, is par excellence the picture writer. Without marring the grandeur or the terrors, the beauty or the pathos of his representations, he gives them a life and vigor, an objective reality that is univalued. He throws over his scenes none of that vague mistiness which poets so often employ, fearing, apparently, that if they are too distinct in their imagery, some deformity may appear to mar the love, or some weakness to degrade the sublime. Dante was the master of the expression of his conception and uses his illustration, not to make it more impressive, but more intelligible.

Hence to read his Divine Comedy, is almost like going down with him into a veritable Inferno. We pass with him through the dim shadowy first circle, where rest the souls of the great and good who never received baptism. We pass with him to pity the woe of Francesca and her lover, and accompany him over that lake of blood in which he himself depicts the pure eternal love. It is a little space by the side of Farinata where he rests in haughty tranquillity on his couch of everlasting fire. Ugolino feasting on the head of his oppressor, affects us with horror, but changes to pity as we hear the story of his starvation and his children's. And so through the equally real though less moving scenes of the Purga-

tory, the great vision in Paradise, Dante with Beatrice, and with his ascends through all the glories of the upper heavens.

If Paris and Rome succeeded so well in throwing interest into the abodes of the blist, where rest, contentment, and fruition have taken the place of toil and effort it is no derisory to speak of the Paradise of Dante as a true and solid esoplsophy instead of noble poetry. we can only regret that his genius was not guided by better taste. His genius is the spirit of pracy of man and the beauty, exile and dependence, proving as he says, "how salt the savor is of other's bread;" yet scattering far and wide in the rich
dark soil of the middle ages, those germ of modern
thought that were destined to bring forth so rich a harvest from the researches among those whose styles give life to my own abiding themes.

TRUTH

What is Truth? This is the inquiry of the ages. With the first dawn of human reason, this question arose, and we have been repeating it from generation to generation to ever-increasing emphasis. It met man at the very beginning of his research in the labyrinth of physical, intellectual, and moral mysteries. It is the riddle of all candid inquiry. This longing for Truth, the impelling force that carries the minds of humanity forward with an irresistible impulse to newer and broader endeavors. It keeps the machinery of the mind in action, and working out better and finer models from which to pattern individual and social life. Truth is found everywhere, from the lowest to the highest of moral being. It is manifested in the Hottentot as well as in the European.

The principle of Truth permeates and characterizes everything. It dwells in the minutest particular, and in the noblest form of man; in the homely clay and in the glittering diamond. It unites the mountain and the gulf, the great and the minute. It is in the rainbow and in the storm-cloud. It is seen in the delicate form of the gossamer, and in the mountain grandeur. It is the inmost recesses of the shady glen, and proclaimed in the busy marts of the thronging city. It is mirrored in the placid lake, while the ever-rising ocean is nature's sublime witness to the unsayable and eternal principle of Truth.

Truth is all-persuading as the Universe. Like the sun, whose beam pierces earth's remotest hiding places, and whose warmth animates all nature, so Truth shines in the farthest corner of the moral creation—though sometimes but faintly—and everywhere it is seen in the noblest form of man, and is in the soul of the most simple and charitable.

The essentiality of Truth is by its sublime and electric power. It shines from the face of the innocent babe, and kindles a fire of devotion in the bosom of the mother. Guilt shuns and hides from it its base and filthy feet, and when Truth tracks it, it reveals to us its very soul. Truth fears no evil. Night and day are alike to it. Like a hero it goes forth conquering and to conquer. It has no thought of overcoming and winning new laurels every day. When weakness seeks for help, truth is its delivering. What man is to his soul, individual and national liberty, truth calls to arms, marshals its forces, enters the field and comes forth victorious.

The love of Truth is the Genius of Christianity. Truth is the soul of Eloquence. When it seems feeble, it is mighty. From a rill in the mountains, it swells to a rushing torrent. From the pen of the master, it returns to the pens of the disciple. Jackal mutters, the torch of truth is relighted, and burns with redoubled brilliance. It speaks in mimic from the Book of Science and the Word of God. From Mount of Calvary the vibrations of truth are floated to the ears of man; they catch the inspiriting strain, and, thrilled with its magic beauty, chant it to the world, till now it re-echoes in anthems of love that fill the earth with joy and peace.

THE LIBRARY

It is rather an interesting employment, and one not wholly devoid of instruction, to glance over the pages of our library's records and see what books have been drawn by our students at different stages of their college career. Sometimes we find the rare "Prep." in the very first week of his stay among us, calling for the profoundest philosophic speculation, or he who has passed but a few weeks by years of study and training. But this is an evil that soon corrects itself. Indeed, as a rule, the newcomer who enters our lowest classes is more likely to wholly neglect the library than he is to abuse its privileges.

As a general thing, in looking over the library accounts of our best students, we find them during the earlier part of their studies, drawing, mainly, books that have some more or less direct connection with their classroom work. As they rise higher we find them taking in a wider and wider range of thought, till they evidently no longer either neither followed or any classroom guidance in the choice of their reading.

Another thing noticeable in such men, is that, while they display this Catholicity of taste, they nearly always show a more or less strongly marked bent in some particular direction. While they have not suffered themselves to be confined to any prescribed path, they have not, on the other hand, dissipated their energies by trying to go in all the directions of learning. This is a decided advantage.

Further, it is to be observed that those who have made the best use of the library, are not by any means always the ones who have drawn the most books. We find that the reading of intelligent curiosity, that which is the result of thought, does not include nearly so many books, as that which springs from mere idleness.

Sometimes we find that the student, even down to the very end of his course, has selected his books with a view simply to finding an equivalent substitute for the church work. He does not read them, nor is the theater the only one to be the case. The reader that uses his books merely to pass away time, usually seeks presently some other and more congenial mode of amusement, and led to a higher idea of reading. We do not find that the books drawn from the library, especially by the upper-class men, are taken of that character. In reading, or at least in reading works from the Library, experience certainly brings wisdom.

PERSONALS

Thinking that it might be of interest and value to our readers, we have procured from Mr. H. C. Mabie, '08, President of the Alumni Association, the following list of books that are in readiness, and, with its magic beauty, chant it to the world, till now it re-echoes in anthems of love that fill the earth with joy and peace.

1885—James George, Goodman, Thomas W. Chicago; John S. Mabie, Rock Island.
1885—Nicholas Aylesworth,—,-,—, Temple Hoyne, Chicago.
1885—Joseph Bonfield, Chicago; James Mets, Pottsville, Pa.
1886—Alonzo Abernethy, Des Moines, la.; Alfred W. Wellin, Elgin; William Farris, —, Cal.; Henry First, Plainfield; William O. Hammers, Casonova; Charles Hull; Charles Parker; Frederick A. Smith, Oak Park.
1886—Muilford C. Armstrong; Edson S. Bastin, Waukon, Wis.; Christopher Carverthoate, Japan; Wm. W. Everts, Jr., Henry Martin, Chicago; Oscar G. May, Marseilles; R. E. Neighbhor, Newg boom, Assam; J. Mori, Rexa, Grundy Center, Ia.; J. T. Sunderland, Northfield, Mass.
1886—Samuel Baker, Jr., Loren T. Bush, Henry Fink, Henry A. Gardner, Jr., F. W. Peck, John F. Wilson, Chicago; Byron B. Blake, Racing, Wis.; J. Bell Butler, Manistee, Mich.; Abram H. Hostetter, Mt. Carroll; George H. Hurbol, Belvidere; Elon N. Lee, Elkhorn, Wis.; Joseph O. Oakes, Oshu; Charles F. Young; queen; J. Ambrose Miner, Beaver Dam, Wis.; C. E. R. Moller, Lipzig, Germany; Wm. E. Parsons, Vicksburg, Miss.; Joseph P. Smith, Chicago; Edward P. Savage, Beloit; Elbert O. Taylor, Ionia, Mich.
1890—Wm. E. Bosworth, Elgin; Alonzo D. Foster, Asbury, N. J.; Howard B. Honore, Wm. B. Keen, Jr., Frank Romney, Chicago; Albert H. Hawkins, Riold, Fr. Kline, St. Paul; Robert Leslie, Joliet; Theron B. Pray, Beaver Dam, Wis.; Belvidere, Robert D. Sheffield, Chicago; Charles A. Stearns, Joliet; Wm. E. F. Stearns, Beaver Dam, Wis.; George B. Tuttle, Delphos, Ia.
1890—Chester A. Babcock; Cyrus A. Barker, John Halsey, Charles S. Sweet, Chicago; James M. Coon, Galva; Delavan De Wolf, Baltimore, Conn.; Charles R. Henderson, Terre Haute, Ind.; Herman R. Hopkins, Mahlon O. Jones, New York; Caryl C. Merriam, Logansport, Ind.; George W. Neal, Medina, Ohio; James W. Riddle, Marietta, Ohio; Catlott C. Smith, Rockford; Carleton E. Taylor, Pontiac; Francis G. Weston, Jacksonville, Ill.; William R. Breckendridge, Lafayette, Ind.; Homer C. Hastings, Sewell, Neb.
HONORARY MEMBERS—Thomas W. Goodspeed, Christan C. Kohshah, Eugene W. Bishop, Chicago.

*Deceased.

Total, 141; deceased, 6; ministers, 47; physicians, 6; lawyers, 18; N.R.—We have been unable to obtain the P. O. address of a few of the Alumni. Persons able to furnish the information are requested to send it to the editors of the VOLANTE that the list may be complete.

The following is a complimentary notices from the Paisville Telegraph. Those who have heard Prof. Sheppard lecture, or "bury" give "Schneider's vices in Lead," will fully endorse them:

"Prof. Nathan Sheppard, of the Chicago University, who has lectured in the great courses of England, Scot- land, and America, and contains a special foreign repu- tation or lecturing but the highest character in the "Siege of Paris," of which he was an eye-witness from beginning to end. The Professor is one of the most accomplished for the new edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, a contributor to Fraser's Magazine and a special correspondent of the London Times."

"If Wednesday we shall have an evening of readings by Alfred P. Burbank, Chicago. Both Prof. Sheppard and Mr. Burbank come highly recommended by Dr. Holland."
Dr. H. in writing to the committee, said: "Alfred P. Burbank will give you the recitation you ever heard, try him."

It is now probably well known to most of the dwellers on Cottage Grove avenue, that two very enterprising gentlemen, Messrs. Sutherland, of 74, and Fisher, of 76, have embarked in a journalistic scheme, by which to enrich themselves, and to the benefit of their patrons. Overcome by a sordid desire for "filthy lucre," they have commenced the publication of a four-page monthly called The Enterprise, for free distribution in South Chicago, for advertising purposes. It contains about sixteen columns of reading matter, mostly "selected" from magazines and weeklies, but usually very readable;--to those who have not seen the articles already. Vol. 1, No. 1, contains a very good review of some of the leading magazines.

We have these amateurs journalists, success and hope; they will make their "pile." They publish five thousand copies each month.

Under the direction of Prof. Dexter the University has made quite a start in the way of a museum. A commodious, well-lighted apartment has been newly fitted up which even now needs enlarging in order to display adequately the fine specimens which are being cared, labeled and placed upon the shelves. So new an affair is this museum of course necessitates a somewhat miscellaneous collection in the beginning. All the specimens are rare and costly, and a constantly increasing nucleus has been formed of which we have no occasion to be ashamed, and which is growing earnestly in this department and is certainly deserving of great praise for his untiring efforts, which, in respect to the museum, are entirely gratuitous. He has already placed nearly a thousand fine specimens from his own private collection upon the shelves, and also a large number of plates and casts to illustrate his chair of comparative anatomy and zoology. Specimens are being constantly received from friends of the University, and more are earnestly solicited from any who are able and willing to furnish them. No one is authorized to receive for this museum unless he has a written statement to this effect from the Curator, Dr. Dexter, to whom all donations should be directed.

Several of the old graduates, among whom are H. C. Malherbe, of '58, W. C. Morris, of '58, and W. L. Metcalf, of '59, are sending Metaphysics with the Juniors under Dr. Moss. Mental science is not so dry a study as it is usually assumed to be.

SCHOOL TEACHER! You can double your salary by selling "The Centennial Gazette of the United States," evenings, Saturdays and during vacation. The book contains information of great value to yourself, your pupils and their parents. For particulars, address ZIEGLER & McCURDY, Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Halley is in the habit of saying, "I am a professor of mathematics, and I have been to the United States." Dr. Halley is in the habit of saying, "I am a professor of mathematics, and I have been to the United States."
none that would do more to show to each student his own peculiar deficiency and thus lead to its removal.

For the student to have, at the very beginning of his course, the nature of his own powers and their relation to the general course of instruction and explained, is doubtless impossible; but merely to have his attention called to these great problems and their overwhelming importance, would bring him from the taint of superficiality and conceit, which forms the standing reproach of the average college-bred man.

A greater spirit of study, and attention to college duties, seems to pervade the body of our students than is usual at the opening of the College year. A by no means slight indication of this is the fact that the majority of the students are present and are understood, and explained, and accordingly make good use of their opportunities in this regard; nor as yet this term has any one been dismissed from the institution that they should make night hideous by throwing coal-scuttles, bed-steads, and sundry other articles down stairs, as has sometimes been the custom.

We have a large and well-stocked reading room, but if the students are to occupy and make use of it, it is essential to their comfort that the committee take speedy measures to put it in better order. The idea that education and coxswains are inseparable is rather going out of vogue.

A young divinity who was last year numbered among our college boys, but who now holds to himself the Seminary in the character of a staid theologian, passed an evening not long since, in a company of young ladies, many of whom he had never before met; among others, he was introduced to the daughter of our worthy President. However, her name did not suggest to his mind any clue as to her genealogy. He afterwards wished that it had. As the result of enquiries, he elicited from her successively the facts that she was from the East, that her native state was Pennsylvania, and that she had migrated from the town of Uphall. He suggested that perchance she during her time had visited Crouzer Theological Seminary, which she admitted to be the case.

"Perhaps you may have sometime met Dr. Lemuel Moss, formerly Professor in that institution, now President of Chicago University," he remarked inquiringly.

When she proceeded to inform him that Dr. Moss had for a number of years filled laudably the position of a kind and indolent parent to herself, Frank at once reeled within himself and informed himself several detached portions of Scripture as abounds in the prophecy of Jeremiah concerning Jerusalem.

Cheese is not the only thing that will bait rats. Shoes, worn for some time during warm weather, have been found by careful and repeated experiments to be a satisfactory substitute. A Junior made a trial of this discovery not long since. At the time, he did not care particularly for the game, but he expected to find them in any quarter, but he baited them all the same. His shoes, a tolerably new pair, he placed at the foot of the stairs. The game were taken down by them, and gnawed through a two-inch baseboard to get a taste of them. By breakfast time a good dinner had been prepared for the old man for the wind of them, and gnawed through a two-inch baseboard to get a taste of them. By breakfast time a good dinner had been prepared for the old man for the wind of them, and gnawed through a two-inch baseboard to get a taste of them.

The University base-ball nine played a match game with the High School nine of this city, on Thursday, Oct. 27, the day being a very propitious one owing to the high wind and consequent gust; however, a game of 6 innings was played with considerable spirit. There were too many errors on both sides, several of which were overthrown at bat. To exact them from the game would have made the home-runs of Boganian and --- so easy. The accuracy and coolness displayed by Snapp behind the bat. He has been made bed upon a fine position in the batting, on the part of some of them, is the thing now most needed. We append score of Thursday's contest.

next night the newly-patched shoes were placed upon the window-sill to avoid similar occurrences. It is quite possible to know when they have a good thing, and now that Junior is offering as a reward his last year's boots and a pair of rubbers to the rat that carried off those should cut them to the heels, if he or she will return without the same delay, no questions asked. We consider this altogether unneccessary, but not without doubt. A few pair of such shoes would exterminate the species.

If the "music of the spheres" is anything like the melody produced in chapel upon that diabolical engine called an organ, we decline purchasing any tickets for the celestial entertainment, and at the same time tender our heartfelt sympathy to all who may inhabit the infernal spheres. The man who plays it is liable at any moment to have his ankles dislocated by the peculiar side movements of the organ, or some other extractor, to produce a savage who is not disposed of by Darvin's missing link to have his breast soothed by any such Pandemonium-like racket. We feel free to remark that the sound issuing therefrom bears a more resemblance to that produced by a rhamathic fanning-mill, than to David's extemporaneous performances before the king. But if you look steadily at the machine, and considering prayers, it is pretty sure to begin to hum, and at the most pathetic part of "come ye disconsolate" in will bounce that charming "Tremolo," as unexpected as Gibril's B-flat horn. We beg that the students will none of them attach any blame to the organist. Straus himself could not bring anything but metrical misery out of it. If one such implement of torture might be placed on each of the five floors of the University, we feel confident that rats in the institution would be henceforth unknown. If, at the present depression in the money-market, the University cannot purchase a new organ, we earnestly hope and trust that a movement may be set on foot either to repair the old one, or to trade it off for a brace of musk-cats.

The University base-ball nine played a match game with the High School nine of this city, on Thursday, Oct. 27, the day being a very propitious one owing to the high wind and consequent gust; however, a game of 6 innings was played with considerable spirit. There were too many errors on both sides, several of which were overthrown at bat. To exact them from the game would have made the home-runs of Boganian and --- so easy. The accuracy and coolness displayed by Snapp behind the bat. He has been made bed upon a fine position in the batting, on the part of some of them, is the thing now most needed. We append score of Thursday's contest.

next night the newly-patched shoes were placed upon the window-sill to avoid similar occurrences. It is quite possible to know when they have a good thing, and now that Junior is offering as a reward his last year's boots and a pair of rubbers to the rat that carried off those should cut them to the heels, if he or she will return without the same delay, no questions asked. We consider this altogether unneccessary, but not without doubt. A few pair of such shoes would exterminate the species.

If the "music of the spheres" is anything like the melody produced in chapel upon that diabolical engine called an organ, we decline purchasing any tickets for the celestial entertainment, and at the same time tender our heartfelt sympathy to all who may inhabit the infernal spheres. The man who plays it is liable at any moment to have his ankles dislocated by the peculiar side movements of the organ, or some other extractor, to produce a savage who is not disposed of by Darvin's missing link to have his breast soothed by any such Pandemonium-like racket. We feel free to remark that the sound issuing therefrom bears a more resemblance to that produced by a rhamathic fanning-mill, than to David's extemporaneous performances before the king. But if you look steadily at the machine, and considering prayers, it is pretty sure to begin to hum, and at the most pathetic part of "come ye disconsolate" in will bounce that charming "Tremolo," as unexpected as Gibril's B-flat horn. We beg that the students will none of them attach any blame to the organist. Straus himself could not bring anything but metrical misery out of it. If one such implement of torture might be placed on each of the five floors of the University, we feel confident that rats in the institution would be henceforth unknown. If, at the present depression in the money-market, the University cannot purchase a new organ, we earnestly hope and trust that a movement may be set on foot either to repair the old one, or to trade it off for a brace of musk-cats.
THE VOLANTE

Our exchanges

Our table is not yet very heavily burdened with exchanges, but we have found it one of our pleasantest tasks to look through the good things in their columns. Though not old in the ways of college journalism, we venture to think that such specimens as we have on our table argue no deterioration during the summer. We observe, running through them all, a quiet air of com- placency, and an inclination to congratulate ourselves on the opening of the new year. Whether this is something in the nature of a sigh of satisfaction on dropping into the editorial chair, or whether it is altogether assumed in order to disguise real trepidation and “a certain fearfulness looking forward to judgment,” we are unable to say — not even after applying the test of our own experience.

Among those to which we shall always extend a cordial greeting is the “Corvus.” We trust that it will never fail to gladden us by its solemn and benignant presence. It is impossible not to admire the skill with which it minglesthe bitter with the sweet in its comments on the “Vassar Mustique.”

The Cornell Era comes to us in a neat and tasteful dress. We should judge from its contents that the rage for physical culture which it describes as absorbing the minds of Cornellians is to such an extent, prevalent among the editors as well. We have no doubts as to the propriety of devoting so much space to muscular sports, but since the Era has already been considering the matter, any advice from us would doubtless be entirely superfluous.

The Amherst Student is another of the occupants of our table towards which we were drawn by its attractive outside, nor were we disappointed in its contents. The article on special studies seemed to us nearly conclusive on that subject. In the “Art of Studying” we failed to find any very distinct principles.

We heartily sympathize with the College Spectator in its appeal for freedom in regard to religious worship. We trust it may be successful and we would commend the matter to the attention of our college officers.

The Olio pays a pleasant passing compliment to our city. It also publishes a bill of fare of the boarding club of its college which our boarding club steward would do well to examine.

As the Trinity Tablet deals almost exclusively with the commencement exercises and the regatta, on both of which topics we had “worn off,” we determined not to read it, but finally did, and found it much better than we anticipated.

The Dartmouth like most of our exchanges, is largely occupied with the Saratoga Regatta. It strives earnestly to prove that Dartmouth was entitled to the fourth place. That regatta has been growing monotonous to us for some time, and we shall rejoice to see its troubled ghost laid to rest, though we shall still tremble at the thought of its stalking forth again another summer. The Dart- mouth contemplates some changes in its plan that will make it more of a newspaper. Good as it is, we think the change would be for the better.

The Birkley for August comes to us looking rather pale, but shows no other signs of feebleness. The plan for students cottages with Chimney attendants, strikes us as an agreeable novelty and a fine instance of ready adaptation to peculiar conditions. We wish our brethren of the Golden State all success.

All the other occupants of our table we welcome most cordially, and we trust that before another month passes we shall have not only our table, but our whole room filled with the genial presence of our exchanges.

CLIPPINGS

What are we to infer when a student, who wears a large white shirt and immense locket, on being asked the hour replies with embarrassment—“My watch is stopped”—Ex.

Cleaver.—Prof. of Hebrew—“Thomas, what is the gender of the word Bethlehem?”  “Masculine, sir.” Prof.—“On what grounds do you determine it to be masculine?”  “Because it is said in I Kings, xi, 27, that Solomon repaired the breaches of the city of David, his father.”—Ex.

A Professor who stated that one cannot taste in the dark, as nature intends us to see our food, was nearly floored by a pupil who asked, “How about a blind man’s dinner?” But he recovered himself by answering, “Nature, sir, has provided him with eye-teeth.”—Ex.

A Yale Freshman mistook the Gymnasium for a jail. This is not so bad as the case of a Dartmouth Freshman, who tried hard to make up gymnastics—The Dartmouth. Twenty-one students were lately suspended from an

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English college because a professor couldn’t find out who placed a ten-cent tack in his chair.—Ex.

An upper-class man gives it as his opinion that the Hebrew word Selah is David’s mode de poésie.—Ex.

A Prep just commencing Latin, writing on his photograph which he was expecting to “donate” to his lady friend, wrote “E Pluribus Unum”—(translation)—“United we stand—divided we fall.”—Ex.

Tom Hood is now accused of being a cretination, because he said, shortly before his death, that he “was flying out of charity to the undertaker, who wished tourn a lively Hood.”

A giddy student, having had his skull fractured, was told by the doctor that the brain was visible, on which he remarked, “Do write and tell father, for he always said I had none.”

“Pray, madame, why do you name your own hen Mac- duff?” “Because, sir, I want her to lay on!”

He handled his gun carelessly, and put on his angel plumage, is the latest western obituary notice.—Ex.

Hebrew recitation. An adventurous student sits out to translate, but memory fails to retain King James version, hence the following: “The Lord God said, Professor I can’t translate this.”—Coward.

Another affecting extract from a Philadelphia obituary poem has appeared. It reads: Put away those little beeches; Do not try to mend the hole; Little Johnny will not want him. He has climbed the golden pole.—Ex.

Students can make from $5 to $10 per day and at the same time pursue their course of study—by taking orders for the “Christian of Work.”

In an oratorial last necessary Religious Paper, edited by T. Dewitt Talmage, Ex., it is the only paper for which we have a word of praise, and that is: “The Portfolios of the World’s Mission.—A Portfolio of Power, by Bethelthe. The Portfolio contains twelve charming shirts for the under table, 12 x 18 inches. One Agent sold 280 in 90 hours work. We pay large Cash Commissions, and give cashier’s checks. Samples on request sent on application. Call or address

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