UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT.

COURSES OF STUDY.

PREPARATORY, CLASSICAL, SCIENTIFIC, ASTRONOMICAL.

FACULTY.

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JAMES R. ROSE, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of the Greek Language and Literature.
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FACILITIES FOR STUDY.

The facilities for study in the several departments are equal to those of any other similar institution. In each course of study all the necessary means of illustration are supplied, such as the most modern and approved chemical and philosophical apparatus, geological and mineralogical cabinets, insects, shells, skeletons, maps, models, &c., &c. The rooms are in pleasant suites, and are fitted with the most modern improvements.

COURSES OF LECTURES.

In addition to the regular recitation, such as are usually pursued in Colleges, systematic Courses of Lectures are delivered upon the following subjects: Mental and Moral Philosophy, Zoology, Astronomy, Natural History, Anatomy and Physiology, Chemistry, Greek, Latin, History and Literature, Art, English Literature, History and Public Speaking.

ASTRONOMICAL DEPARTMENT.

The Astronomical department of the University is the Dearborn Observatory, which contains the largest telescope with one exception in the country, a magnifying Meridian Circle, by Siebert & Son, a Howard Clock, and a Bend Chronometer. The work is done chiefly in cooperation with the best European Astronomical Societies, and the Board of Directors of the University. The objects of the study are to become familiar with the Topography of the Heavens, to make direct observations in the sidereal and to cooperate in the application of Astronomy to Geography, &c. This Observatory is one of the largest in the world, and has been fitted with equipment, and organized to afford the best opportunity to become familiar with practical Astronomy.

SELECTIVE STUDIES.

Students may make at the University and pursue courses, for a longer or shorter time, in any of the classes, at their own election; subjects, however, to the regulations of the Faculty.

EDWARDS & BROWNE, have a full line of stylish and good Spring Overcoats at from $10 to $20.

THE VOLANTE.

upon * * Took me to call on Mrs. and Miss Pigot, who were very good to me, and gave me receipting for your reception of me most cordially and flattering. * * On parting with Mrs. Pigot, a fine, intelligent old lady, she kissed my hand most affectionately, and said that, much as she had always admired me as a poet, it was as the friend of Byron she valued and loved me.* *

Miss Pigot's house is of course well known to all. It is the residence of Sir Walter Scott. * * Arrived at his house about two. His reception of me most hearty. We had met but once before, so long ago as immediately after his publication of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel.* * * In the evening Miss Scott sung two old Scotch songs to the harp. I then sang several things which he seemed to like. Spoke of my happy power of adapting words to music, which, he said, he never could attain; nor could Byron either.

* * It was on this morning that he said, laying his hand cordially on my breast, 'Now, my dear Moore, we are friends for life.' "In the evening I sung, and all seemed very much pleased, especially as he was affected as if he hardly knew high from low in music. Told him Lord Byron knew nothing of music, but still had a strong feeling of some of those I had just sung, particularly, 'When He who adores Thee; 'that I have sometimes seen the tears come into his eyes at some of my songs. * *

While I was dressing, Mr. Gordon (a Presbyterian clergyman, whom I found at Abbotsford, and who is employed in making a catalogue of the library), came into my room and requested, as a great favor, a lock of my hair; told him to be careful how he cut it, as Mrs. Moore would be sure to detect the 'rap.' * * * The carriage being arranged to take me to the coach, I took leave of Scott, whom I seemed (as my companions afterwards remarked) to feel much regret at parting with.

Who can object to this? It seems so natural for the polite and genial Irishman to talk about himself; he is so delighted at being welcomed cordially and flattered and cressersed, and he always does his share to make the company enjoyable. No doubt his ballads were beautifully sung, as they are his only perfectly composed; and why should he not say they were received with plaudits, such being the case? He does not draw invinious comparisons. He has his own kind word for everybody. Abbotsford, with its magnificence, fills him with no thoughts of envy. He rejoices in the friendship of the owner, he does not covet his fortune.

Presently the popular Tom becomes emphatically a dinner-out. His dinners at home are few and far between. Not that he loves his good wife less, but that he is much too busy to receive. A literary company is not complete without him. There must be present Luttrell to put sound, philosophical thought in pithy, sarcastic form; Sydney Smith to keep the table in a roar of laughter; Rogers the poet, Wordsworth, and Lord this or that to represent gaiety, sobriety and nobility; Madame de Geoffrin, or Talleyrand, or Irving, to uphold foreign parts; and Moore to sing his pathetic verses. The tendency of all is to increase his vanity, though nothing induces him to set himself above others; nothing spoils his splendid disposition; nothing makes a rorier of him.

Having many more examples at hand, we must yet confine ourselves to one or two further illustrations of this element in Moore's character. Siting with Francis Jeffrey after breakfast, Jeffrey gives his opinion of Moore's life of Sheridan. "Thinks it a work of great importance to my fame; people inclined to depreciate my talents have always said: 'Yes, Moore can, it is true, write pretty songs, and launch a smart epigram, but there is nothing solid in him.'" * * * Here, however," added Jeffrey, "is a convincing proof that you can think and reason solidly and manifestly. * * * I look upon the part of your book that relates to Sheridan himself as the best part of your book, Scott confusedly believes that with his book and the play and the company of his snub-bed friends, settles himself to make a night of it, has taken refuge in his own distinctive institution, unlike any other on the face of the globe. Observing him here, if the clouds of optimism smoke will allow, you can form an idea of what is amusement to him, and you can draw inferences of what it is to us, especially, at least, as you can your breath, though the former may be no more satisfying than the latter when drawn.

The theatre consists of a large, bare hall, with a bare stage at one end. There is no scenery, no attractiveness whatever about the place. The interior must be converted into a theatre in the play and the players, for there is nothing else to call it forth. The light is poor, and the glitter of foot-lamps is a thing unknown to your Chinese Othello or the Bedal. The air is thick with smoke, and the fumes of opium smoke most unendurable to the unacquainted visitors. The announcement that the performance had begun is made by means of a din that threatens distraction, and that din does not cease. John would tell you that this is music. Then quotations crowd in momentum: 'Music hath charms'—'if this is music, that's a lie. 'Then, 'Music hath no music in itself'—that's the fellow at the right there, pounding away for dear life on a gong. 'When music, heavenly maid, was young,'—she was reared at the Hong Kong, and never had chance afterwards to visit the land so. And so the indignant soul seeks to avenge the insult to Apollo, who never received another offer to play the lyre, which should be spelled 'Io-i-i-i-a' in this case.

On the stage are assembled actors, musicians and assistants, all equally prominent to the sight. The orchestra, for such it must be considered, consists of about ten men, playing cymbals three feet in diameter, horns that inevitably remind one of fish, pots that might have been old saucepans, and other instruments of like charming kind and sound. There is no leader, unless the man with the longest gong and strongest voice, who sometimes actually was what Hawthorne's parson by the mysterious black veil.

Take an illustration from any people in any age. In the Olympic games of the Greeks, in the sports of the Cynics, in the tournaments of the Middle Ages, or the Spanish bull-fights, the German Gardens, the French Mobile, the English race-course, and in the lesser sources of amusement as well as these, are not traits of national character discoverable?

In the endeavor, however, to study human nature under the influence of this view, it is a puzzle to make anything out of the Heathen Chinese. Not in deceitful gines is it that his way is most peculiar. Not because of his ability as a juggler and magus are we led to think of him. His Japanese brother can outdo him in this line. But when John Chinaman gets his seat in his thoughts, which he is perpetually contriving that with his book and the play and the company of his snub-bed friends, settles himself to make a night of it, has taken refuge in his own distinctive institution, unlike any other on the face of the globe. Observing him here, if the clouds of optimism smoke will allow, you can form an idea of what is amusement to him, and you can draw inferences of what it is to us, especially, at least, as you can your breath, though the former may be no more satisfying than the latter when drawn.

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The University nine has practiced little together so far, the reason being found not in any want of enthusiasm on the part of the players, but in the unfavorable weather we have had this spring. The few warm afternoons have been improved, and from what the nine has already displayed, we are led to expect good games and a fine record this season. Evanson and Racine and Beloit are neighbors who should be taught to fear the diamond arena when the U. C. nine is to be met therein.
The Volante.

AD CONDISCIPULOS.

Quaes, tuos, magna tarantum
Nuca et crines seque pauper.

Schola circit et captat.
Metas noce est quod, raptor,
Aratus se pro solius,
Est semper is lector.
Quod erat falso erat
Abatins in corpore.
Quae, non, nec talis terror
Vie ab quo non facit error?

Ag Colpeo, non justum est;
Integer non ego Mamm.
Jacta, sic dicit Horace,
Cui cognito non aestet.

Sed is schemam ignoravit,
Simulat et summi,
Oitum ac gauarium,
In eum qui studium
Et lustro coram,
Menor, esse fraxum;
Vigilans a die et nocte,
Arte usbex comitatur,
Cavens condisplum.

Plumes equidem dolore,
Omnia dillens oris,
Stephanoque et alteris
Exhibitione data.
Menteque non occupata,
Fas ad pecus veniet.

Eius arma tunc depem,
Dom exemplo forte monet
Preps. conseuqui qualit.

GOING THROUGH COLLEGE.

In the chapter on "Helotage," in "Sartor Resartus," we find the following lamentation: "But what do I do over it, that the lamp of his soul should go out; that no ray of heavenly, or even of earthly knowledge should visit him?" "Alias," while the body stands so broad and beautiful, the mind is blunt, dwarfed, stunted, almost annihilated! As was this too a breath of God; bestowed in Heaven, but on earth never to be unfolded! To the soul of man, then, is not the improvement of the faculties of the soul our first duty? The purport which has for its immediate object the beautifying, strengthening and purifying of the intellectual powers—can any other occupation compete with this dignity, nobility and importance? It is the one duty, the sum of all the duties of mankind, to increase the amount and quality of mind. Everything else is truly worthy, yet in proportion as it possesses the portion of greatness. To view all these, the college assumes all the importance attributed to it by its most enthusiastic admirers. The most ardent student does not and cannot exaggerate its value.

Who can estimate the power and influence of a college course upon a young mind? It is almost inconceivable to any one who has not experienced something of the kind. With what earnest longing many a youth, who scarcely dares to hope for the blessedness of reaching college, is it not possible for the student and intelligent but not suffocate of men. It is over a year since I first read these words, and they are alike to inspire any one, of a beneficent disposition, with a willingness to become a martyr, if it were necessary, for the mental and intellectual advancement of the nation. It is, therefore, my desire to do my utmost to promote the education of the youth of the community, and to this end I have been engaged in the preparation of the following work.

It is a work that will be of the utmost benefit to our youth, and I am happy in being able to say, that I am the author of it. I have been engaged in the preparation of it for many years, and I hope that it will be of great benefit to our youth. I shall be happy to hear from any one who is interested in the subject, and who can give me any information of value.

THE VOLANTE.

81

What's going on? I said a well-known bore to Douglas Jerrold. "I am!" was the reply, and on he went.

S E N I O R S T U D I E S.

Senior year is the year of unmingled pleasure. Philosophers have said that every pleasure has its corresponding inevitable pain. This is one of the doctrines of dear old Socrates, and hence we conclude that Socrates never was a Senior; for if there is anything unpleasant connected with Senior year, we have not yet been able to discover it. Much of the pleasure of this year is owing to the variety and interest of its studies, which have more than the usual amount of value and prolixness, as well as as possible the desirability of the studies of other years. We have the History of Civilization, Moral Science, German, Plato, Mineralogy and Geology, Political Economy and others, but the time would fail to mention them all, or to dwell upon the excellencies of each. The present Senior class has a decided advantage over some classes that preceded it, in the circumstance that the University now has a President so situated that he can give the proper amount of time and attention to teaching and superintending the course of study. In this respect the University has made an immense stride forward.

The Rev. Sidney Smith has the following interesting paragraph on kissing: "We are in favor," he says, "of a certain amount of shyness when a kiss is proposed, but it should not be too long; and when the fair one gives it let her be admonished that she is not equivalent to a noble in the last quarter of the century." This is a decided improvement, and we heartily concur in the sentiment that the University should be an institution for the promotion of education and not for the gratification of the senses.
THE VOLANTE.

EDITOR:
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PUBLISHERS:
CRUS H. DEAN, '87
J. R. PFEIFER, '87
TENENTS—One copy, 50c each; 50 copies, 25c each.

Address all Communications to "The Volante," University of Chicago, 84-86 E. 57th St.

TABLE OF CONTENTS:

MATERIALS: 27
In the Student November—86
The Art and the Amateur—92
South Dakota—16
June Chautauqua—17
Gems Through Colors—18
Art and Athletics—18
Education—18
Ecclesiastic—18

The Board of Trustees has come to recognize, at last, the claims of the Greek endowment fund, to be considered and straightened up in some way. The Finance Committee has been directed to sell outlying real estate and appropriate the proceeds to the restoration of the fund. The rents derived from Jones Hall are to be applied to the payment of Dr. Bose's salary till his endowment is complete.

The State Educational Commission, connected with the Centennial educational movement inaugurated by the Baptists, has adopted a basis of union for the prosecution of its work. All the steps that are to be distributed in this proportion: University of Chicago, three-tenths; Baptist Union Theological Seminary, three-tenths; Shurtleff College, three-tenths; Almira College, one-tenth; Howe Literary Institute, one-tenth. The direction of the whole matter is given to Mr. C. C. Hovington, of Bloomington, as its chairman. If the Baptists of Illinois do not respond nobly to the appeals that will be made within the next twelve months, then shall we deem it a just retribution for the Catholics to get possession of our college, north wing and all.

One of the things that students carry to excess is literal translation. Such at least is the testimony of all the teachers we have heard speak of the matter. To be sure there are many students who are wont to boast of rendering literally. Nevertheless, an awkward literal rendering of a difficult passage in a foreign author, is generally produced by the laziness of the translator. He does not choose to take the time and trouble to render his sentences, but contents himself with turning the words into English, and calls the result a literal translation. We never heard a teacher object to a translation, however free, that gave the precise meaning of the author in a good English sentence, unless, indeed, it smacked too much of the pony, which is undoubtedly objectionable. One of the principal advantages of an occasional use of the pony is to correct this tendency to translate the words and leave the sentences and ideas to take care of themselves. It would probably be too much to ask of our professors to criticize a translation with the same severity, and on the same principles as they do an ordinary exercise in English composition. Very possibly the students, too, might object to such an ordeal, yet if something of the kind were done, the thoughts of the foreign authors whom we read, whether ancient or modern, might be put in a more genuinely English dress.

Among the things which deserve the attention of all students is the controversy begun by Mr. Gladstone in his now famous "Political Expulsion." Any one who takes pleasure in witnessing the vigorous exercise of commanding genius upon the loftiest subjects, will certainly be well repaid for reading Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet, and some of the ablest replies to it, like those of Dr. Newman and Archbishop Manning. Any one who has a searching root upon a multitude of angry and able assailants, should read "Vaticanism." It is not necessary to be a bigoted protestant in order to obtain pleasure and profit from this Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, and occasional passages of brilliant eloquence. One need not be passionately attached to Catholicism, in order to appreciate the earnestness and vigor of his great antagonist, who are certainly foremost worthy of his steel. Whether we view with alarm, indifference, or pleasure, the Catholic Church in this country, we cannot fail to be interested in this controversy on the other side of the Atlantic. The great names and prominent positions of the disputants would give interest to their utterances, even if they were not engaged in any controversy. When their topic is one of universal interest as the political influence of the Romish Church. These pamphlets are inexhaustible in interest and power. It is easy to see that the aim of the schools is no longer to make pedants and classical book-worms; that much of the conflict against them is merely a parrot-like repetition of curses that were, indeed, found in the age in which they arose, but are utterly baseless now.

There still remains, however, the danger of narrow-mindedness. The very nature of the work obliges all students to collect together in considerable numbers, and on this account they labor under something of a disadvantage. More than almost any other workers they are compelled to meet with other men following the same pursuits, reading the same books and thinking the same thoughts with themselves. This certainly has a strong tendency to contract the mind and turn all the thoughts into the same channel. This tendency is often so strong as to make it necessary to neutralize the broadening effect of liberal studies, and deserves to be carefully avoided. The student who finds himself totally destitute of any interest outside of the college, ought not to be at all hasty in concluding that he has outgrown the rest of mankind.

DOING OUR DUTY.

During the protracted revival meeting, held with the University Place Baptist Church, by Rev. A. B. Earle, the past two weeks, the question arose whether or not it was desirable and proper either to diminish the amount of work required of the classes, or to suspend college entirely for the time, to allow those of the students who wished to attend all the meetings and give their whole time to religious work to do so.

A party of lower classmen, doubtless with the very best of motives, waited upon the professors to solicit a vacation, which the professors had the wisdom and good sense to refuse, the majority of them choosing a middle course, reducing the lessons to one-half or less than one-half the usual length. This concession was kind and perhaps wise; at least it was highly appreciated by most of the Christian students who felt a deep interest in the meetings. Our President, however, was decidedly of the opinion that college work should move on without a ripple, in the even tenor of its way, and expressed himself to that effect in the chapel. His speech was brief but full of truth, vigor and manly eloquence, and worthy of being remembered, pondered and lived up to by every young man who wishes to be strong, noble and true. We wish we could reproduce it verbatim for the VOLANTE. The substance of it was that the most effectual way to exert a good influence upon those who are not religious is, not so much by special, temporary efforts during a time of unusual religious interest, as by being good and consistent, and the character of the duties of each day and hour, in and out of the class-room. College men cannot be spoiled by any spasmodic and tempestuous efforts; they are cautious, accustomed to think, and quick to see that anything that is not genuine, if you would influence them for good, you must do it by showing them by your every-day spirit and conduct that you have the matter at heart; that religion is a firm principle which you have made the guide of your life. Strict consciousness, evidenced by every word and act, is what will have most weight on the side of religion. At the same time Dr. Moss advised us to attend the meetings as far as our college duties would permit. Quite a number did attend and the results have been good. A considerable increase in religious interest and activity is very apparent among the students, and the daily prayer meeting in the Christian Association room is still continued.
The Base Ball Association has met and elected officers and, more important still, selected and stationed the first nine. The list reads: C. Snapp, catcher; Bogunaw, pitcher; Bailey, short stop; Honore, first base; Raymoun, second; Gardiner, third; Egbert, center; Lansing, right. There is good stuff in this nine and the players meet prettily together. There appears to be no reason why the championship among the colleges of the Northwest should not be ours this year. Snapp is young, but has the same quality of quick play displayed by his brother, whose health has driven him into unwilling retirement. With practice and experience he promises to develop finely. Bogunaw is a pitcher whom the White Stockings find it difficult to bat. He has the faculty of worrying the batter by pitching first with the right, then the right arm, now slow, now very rapid; Lansing will relieve him when both his arms grow weary. Bailey, at short, could not be bettered. Greenside is his pet, and he throws with accuracy and swiftness. His record last season is his best recommendation. Honore played first last year, and was the star at Socials at Poo. Gardner, at third, is an able coach to Bailey, and between the play of short, third and first, many fall easy victims. Gardner throws after the fashion of Kerl, and straight to the mark. Raymond's playing we are not familiar with, but he promises to hold his place ably at second. Dunson is sufficiently known as handy with a fly, and Egbert and Lansing complete a strong out-field. Individually and collectively, the nine makes a good showing, and we shall not excuse it if, when the fall is past, it shall have failed to justify our predictions.

The first real practice game was played recently with the White Stockings, who come down to the University grounds to exercise. In five innings our boys were more successful than anyone anticipated, scoring six runs while the Whites made fifteen, and doing some very pretty work, though the cold was adverse to catching hot balls, and favorable for broken fingers.

CONSCIENTIOUS CANINES.

From the date of my earliest recollections I have been a lover of dogs, and accustomed to me that a large part of the canine race are badly misconstrued. Many of the poor felons are no more understood than that unfortunate New England dog that perished in the persecution of the witches.

Giff was a dog of the Puttan breed, scoundrelly from his ancestry. He was not a merry beast, indeed, but his was a restless thing to him.

Alas! his sober conscientiousness was mistaken for surly malignity; his dignified reserve was construed as surerhood by the populace, and he was ignominiously hung.

Reading once, long ago, of some tiresome experiments

made by a gentleman named Darwin, I learned that he had discovered in dogs a distinct sense of shame. I think that I have done better than he. I have discovered that the guiding principle in the conduct of dogs is, it should be, the sense of duty. Sometimes, indeed, we find a light-minded dog, whose whole heart is set on temporal things, but in general their sense of duty is rather oppressive than otherwise. In fact I find it very oppressive indeed.

It is this that prompts me to this exposition of my views. Some recent experience leads me to think that the sense of responsibility has been cultivated to excess in the canine race. In making a recent trip to the country I did not meet with a single dog that did not seem to be guarding something. It was not always evident what that thing was, but their manner of conducting themselves told unmistakably that they had something on their minds. It was beautiful. It was touching, as my calves can testify. During my late sojourn in the country I was several times saluted as I opened the front gate and passed along towards the stips, by low growls that brought my heart into my throat and gave me a longing to call for assistance, which only the most determined resolution could subdue.

Now, when a dog's teeth and his flesh become acquainted, the reflection that the poor brute was actuated solely by that sense of duty may make him change his mind, and discover to the dog's ruling principle, will scarcely heal either lacerated feelings or lacerated limbs. It is in the interest of the dogs that I make this appeal. We all know how an exagerrated sense of responsibility throws a gloom over our lives, as in the case of the Puritans. We know how costly it is misconstrued. In view of this it is not necessary that the moral education of dogs be hereafter conducted on different principles?

Cami Amator.

An Episode.

There sat he in his msh repaired yet still weak rocking chair, his feet on the stove warm, and undeniably in his usually light sarcastic eye. No heel gave he to the insinuating and graceful manners of the entering visitor, but continued talking to himself, quoting lines in harmony evidently with his feelings:

"Then I turned, and on those bright hopeful pounds, Wherefore you gay faces were the type, And my hand mechanically touched Towards my left hand pocket briefly. Ah! why start each eyeball from its socket, As in a black, the puffy globe? There, deep-blied in his socketed pocket, Lay my sole pipe, smouldering."

The usual violent excitement, signified by a sense of calamity he could not declare, silently withdrew. At eventide, a young man rushed forth in the direction of the corner grocery, and was ignominiously hung.

The excessively literary upper-class man, who always turns up his books, was long sought, and was caught recently, when a young lady asked him in company if he had read Cesar's Life of Napoleon Bonaparte. The customary answer came, to the amazement of all, "Not quite through; but I admired the first chapters exceedingly; didn't you?"

AT HOME.

How numerous, these chill days, are the friends of students who still have cold in their kiss and fires in their room. Yes, when Spring had come because it is a mild day, unless you want to give a series of receptions to your doctor.

That was a natural incident which the First Year youth made when he translated, "P. Scipio aquaeris genera matur," thus: "P. Scipio was born at a horse race."

The Junior exhibition has been fixed for Friday evening, May 7th, at the University Place Church. There will be eight orations, with music by the Quaker City quartette.

The child of the Senior class, when it was announced that the tickets to the Grand Pacific supper would cost a $1, exclaimed in lively agony, "Why, I can't eat five dollars worth!"

Howard Bailey, of the Second Year Preparatory, injured himself by a fall on the ball field, recently, to the degree that his life was despaired of for some days. He is better, and it is hoped the danger is past.

RECRITATION IN THE SCIENCE OF WEALTH.—President to Senior.—"If a man should reach a point where all his wants and desires were perfectly satisfied, what would be the result?" Senior.—"Why, I think he would be in heaven."

The Libration was simplified the other day when a college asked him for Gall Hamilton's Logic. Before he was able to recover, college became mad, growled out, "Well, the consultant of chemistry said it was true," and left in wrath.

A professor at another college, recently, wrote to one of ours: "I wish you would come here and deliver your lecture on De Quiney. When he is spoken of, the students confounded him with John Quiney Adams—confounded them."

That was probably a First Year student who, on being requested to purchase a new and handsome edition of Milton, said, "Yes, that is a pretty book; but has he done writing?—because I don't want anything but complete works."

Dr. Dexter occupies our elegant museum this term as a recreation room. A splendid idea, we think; just the place to preserve the studies of natural history and physiology. An improvement has been made in this department by giving the Seniors "anatomy, physiology and hygiene."

On Thursday evening, March 3oth, Professor and Mrs. Whipple gave the Senior class a reception at their residence, No. 240 Columae avenue. It was an occasion which will be remembered by all, but after many things in chemistry and mineralogy have been cultivated from the tablets of their memories.

The excessively literary upper-class man, who always turns up his books, was long sought, and was caught recently, when a young lady asked him in company if he had read Cesar's Life of Napoleon Bonaparte. The customary answer came, to the amazement of all, "Not quite through; but I admired the first chapters exceedingly; didn't you?"

The easy times of the Sophomores have, in past years, been a subject of frequent remark by the rest of the college, especially during the last term; but this year there is no occasion for such remarks. The Sophomores have been too busy at so many things to make any man happy; they haven't a second to get "blow" in. We have heard that the Faculty have made up their minds to mould them up in such an extent that you can't blow into them. This is a fine fun for the professors, but it is a very serious matter with the Seniors.

We have received from S. T. Gordon & Son, "Silver Threads of Song," a new singing book for schools and academies, by H. Millard. We submitted it to one of the musical men of the University, who grew quite enthusiastic over it, declaring that the songs and music were suited to no purpose for which it was intended, were of a much higher character than are usually found in such books. Among the specialty pleasing pieces he mentions "The Wolf at the Door," and "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

One of the Juniors has an idea of utilizing his work. Being at a church literary society one evening recently, and receiving a call to deliver an extemporary address on "The Conscien
tial," he rose in compliance, but modestly requested that he be allowed to choose his own subject. This he did, and the audience were led to consider the young man as a quite remarkable extemporary speaker. His success may be somewhat ex
tenuated, however, when it is disclosed that he gave what had already been read in class as an essay, and what was delivered in an oration a night or two subsequently in the Tri Kappa. The advantage to "Utility—not necessity" is the policy of the society.

Jones says he seated himself to write a ponderous article for the Tribune on "Typical Development." The first sentence—it is the first sentence, Jones's, that rakes the olive brain—was not finished; nor is it yet, and he explains it by this quotation:

"But isn't a sound is stealing on my ear— A soft and silvery sound—I know it well."

Its name is "the party sound," he has been doing writing—because I don't want anything but complete works."

Precious to me—is it the Dinner Bell. O, dinner Bell! thou brightest bell and chaser. Then bringer good things more than tongue may tell. Sound it, of course, my heart—but unheeded. Se, se, sa, ba, ba, ba."

Said a Sophomore, in love with Horace, to his chum: "You remember the line "A native, filled sin pulchritudin" and the less...—"Remember it, broke in his chum, "I should think so. It was a dear line for me. Why, when I was a fool of a Sophomore I was a neat line to quote in a letter to Sarah. But I couldn't get my conscience to say fulcula after matter, so I rendered it:"

"O, daughter more beautiful than thy men," and by some rather chancy the old lady got hold of that letter. Sarah couldn't do anything to passify her, and was obliged to tell me that we must part, as she cared too much for my soul. "If you really mean it, I don't want any more chum, but I never put questions in mine,"
THE VOLANTE.

Our Exchanges.

We are reminded that THE VOLANTE is a little behind time this month, although the size of the pile of the exchanges on our table, some idea of the contents of which we should like to give our patient readers. After examining them in detail as a thing long neglected, a comprehensive glance through them in the vain effort to generalize their contents, we give up the attempt, and shall try to characterize only a few of these most readily at hand.

The first one that we glance at, the Dartmouth, is worth much more than a bashful glance. "The Care of Poetry," IS delightfully entertaining. We imagine a membership in such a C. P. club would be very much to our taste. Here is a part of one of the paragraphs:

"It was just about forty years ago,

In Erin—'t was late in the day—

That a maiden was born whom I too well know

By the name of Bridget McFee;

And this maiden and I lives together in the kitchen below,

And she is the cook to me.

And not for the sake of her stand by the grate,

And get my bread for me:

And I always love her in deeper than hate,

This wretched Bridget McFee;

With a hate that the little demons condemned

Must ever see to me.

For whenever I go in the morning:

To the ruins of Bridget McFee,

I always fear that her monstrous arm

Will throw a dish upon me.

And I wish that the fair woman would never

And take her away from me.

Or carry her back to her island home—

To Erin, green isle of the sea—

Evidently that description of the case of poetry was unfortunate in his boarding place. One of our regular visitors, for whom we confess a growing partiality, is the Brannock. The weakness of the poem in the last number is more than redeemed by the little gem that follows the preceding poem, and it listened to the wet button-hole by a finely twisted cord which cost not less than a mill a yard.

Society Elections.

Akelawana—President, H. B. Mitchell; Vice President, H. L. Setton; Secretary, W. F. Pahs; Sub Secretary, R. B. Twin; Treasurer, C. H. Milmont; Cron, W. D. Gard- ner; Editor, S. M. Jackson; Local Editor, H. E. Fuller.

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Student Association—President, H. E. Bosworth; Vice President, G. M. McConaghy; Treasurer, H. B. Mitchell; Secretary, J. C. Thomas.

Christian Association—President, A. J. Fisher; Vice President, P. H. Moore; Treasurer, J. C. Thomas.

THE VOLANTE.

CLIPPINGs.

During the recent revival in college a sophomore informed his chum of the conversion of a mutual friend, whereupon the considerate young man, by way of jest, said: "I am glad of that, for now I can sell my bible."—Dickinson.

"Not all the pummel of the polotl's hand

Can smooth the roughness of the longings downward."—O. W. Holmes.

Yet three-fourths of our present students are the sons and daughters of farmers. What a waste of pummeled—University Herald.

The Cornell Era gives us the "The Tale of King Kala-

kana;" beginning:

"Her graceful arms in meekness bending,

Across a breast as white as spray,

Gently advanced the Boston maid

To greet the King Kalakana;"

By no means! That's not the Boston maiden's method of attack. We suggest, rather:

Her Virgin on her breast she laid;

She knew more Greek than words can say;

Back to college came the Boston maid

Before the King Kalakana.—Advocate.

Two Sophomores at Wells' Female College are troubled as to the location of the thigh; one insists that it is in the knee, while the other is positive that it is in the elbow.

The first bird of spring endeavored to sing,

But ere he had sounded a note

He fell from the limb—a dead bird was he,

The music had "exit" in his throat.—Ex.

A Freshman having learned that a heavy growth of eye-

brows is a mark of intellectual power, has closely studied his own that it may be said, he is a very fine specimen indeed; with the brilliant milliards of the earth.—Dickinson.

But not Freshman use, on Sunday evenings, cards bearing the following inscription: "JAMES SMITH. May I have the pleasure of seeing you home this evening? If so, please re-

tain this card. If not, return it."—Belved Monthly.

This is an old, old idea. Last evening morning by an old topi, who had insisted that the row on Winter street, last Monday evening, was caused by students: "You see those boys there, aren't they applying billiard rooms for the students, and it is an excellent idea. The student, at college, away from home, and to a great degree divorced from the pleasures of society, must have some means of amusement and recreation, and if he is not furnished with them, he will be strongly tempted to associate with the wrong set. Amen, my dear Old Oise.

We have received our first copy of the Signa Jupites, from the University of the South, and gladly place it on our exchange list. We think that we need some of the eloquence of the southern statesmen.

A good many papers contain accounts of Junior exhibitions with little or no account of the student, and it would be a good plan to have two Junior Editors, one from each section. Ex-
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