I. COLLEGE OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

There are in this college two parallel courses: the classical course, in which both Latin and Greek are required, leading to the degree of B. A., and the scientific course, in which only one of the classical languages, viz. the Latin is required, modern languages and scientific or philosophical studies taking the place of Greek. The degree in this course is B. S.

II. ELECTIVE COURSES.

Those who do not wish to take either of the regular courses of study can select from those courses such studies as they are fitted to pursue, and receive their daily examinations with the classes of the Preparatory or Collegiate Department.

III. LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Young ladies have the option of either of the regular courses of study which they pursue with the regular classes.

IV. PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

The aim is to give thorough preparation for the University, with general academical studies to other students. The College Professors do most of the teaching in this department. Having a broad and ripe experience in handling classes, their work is of the highest order.

V. UNION COLLEGE OF LAW.

FACULTIES.

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THE VOLANTE.

The old and the New Civilizations.

There is a tendency in man to swing, pendulum-like, from extreme to extreme. We can trace it from the individual with his hobbies and eccentricities, to the mass with its inevitable political parties and shifts of public opinion.

We can mark it in the move and slow and steady sweep of thought from century to century, and from age to age, in the alternate succession of styles and nights of civilization—dark ages and golden ages of light.

It is this tendency in man that accounts for the two opposite extremes of what we term the old and the new civilizations—the civilization that dazzled the world with the Golden Age of Greece; and the civilization of which the nineteenth century is but the morning light; the civilization which recognized the spiritual Plate as the supreme monarch of thought; and the civilization which crowns the practical Bacon as the greatest philosopher of the world.

This old civilization was a magnificent garden, in which the Beautiful, the Spiritual, and the Ideal were cultivated with the utmost care, and in which the Useful, the Material and the Practical were rooted out as rank and unseemly weeds. From this well-filled soil grew blossoms of poetry, from whose fragrances the poets of all ages have drawn their sweetness; eloquence, whose unadulterated periods still ring in our ears; architecture, which has ever been the model and marvel of the world; sculpture, to whose divine beauty our boasted age still bows in admiring worship.

And but with how much admiration we may look back upon the glorious achievements of those old Greeks, we must still admit that they went to the extreme in their cultivation of the beautiful and neglect of the useful. Their philosophers scorned the idea of debasing their knowledge for the benefit of the humbler classes. They had famous sculptors, but banging mechanician; splendid rhetoricians, but stupid doctors; dreams of delightful realms, with wondrous plants on this side of the Aegean. Steam might have lifted the lids of teakettles before the eyes of these old philosophers; but we know not who had produced such great practical achievements as have produced a practical and material spirit in the age, which tends to dwarf and denude the noblest sentiments in man's nature. In the fields of modern thought the sourest plants of material property have so overshadowed the more delicate flowers of poetry that they have made but a feeble and spiritless garden. This spirit of the age would raise electricity more than immortality, and look with more pleasure upon a man-machine than upon a God-inspired sentiment. It is a significant fact that all of the greatest poets live in the time of the material property, that the genius of this age is drifting into the channels of trade, and instead of a Shakespeare, a Milton or a Raphael, we have a Tennyson and a Browning, a Keats and a Hunt, a designer whose science from their search for the useful in the world of matter with their eyes spiritually blinded. These designers point to the electric light, a blessing to the world, and the been people with electric, electric, electric, electric.

Thus we see that the spirit of the old and the new civilizations have been the extreme developments of opposite tendencies.

Happy will be that age, if it may ever dawn upon the world, when the central idea of these two civilizations shall be wedded in harmonious equality; when the love of the beautiful shall be the science of the Materialists; when the Materialists shall have most of the beauty of the Idealists. But the world is not so advanced in the symmetrical development of man; they shall be the poet's eye to see all the varied beauty, and the Materialist to select and divine the beauty and the useless flowers on the stem of the stern, old, virtuous Puritans.

A Sunday in New York.

Having to be in New York a few days after Longfellow's death, I was attracted, on Sunday morning, to Central Hall, by the Memorial Addresses on Longfellow, by Richard H. Stoddard and Felix Adler. The latter gentleman is known in Chicago as a fine Oriental scholar, and a very deep and profound thinker. He has been very helpful to me in my writing, and in his critical review of Longfellow's poems would be read by an enthusiast. He dealt largely on Longfellow's
power of vivifying moral truth; of his pure, cheerful characteristics; of his faculty of imitating, in verse, the voices of birds, of streams, and of expressing the music of the soul. His head was power like Tennyson’s, whose “Eve of Song” is a remarkable melody in the “horns of Efland” that baffles the skill of the best eccentrician.

Longfellow has given a spirited rendition of Longfellow’s “Prenesthesia.”

Then Dr. Adler stepped forward to the edge of the stage. His hair is glossy black, but the top of his head is bald. His beard is long and intellectual. He has a keen, black eye, almost stern in its expressive glance, a sharp, Roman nose, compressed lips, and a massive jaw. His voice is at first shrill, almost strained, but very distinct. He stands perfectly erect and still, not gesturing. As he becomes excited, his voice and body become more sym pathetic. The audience is intensely stirred. He uses the most perfect English. He speaks clearly, without any hesitancy to the words of the poet. The analysis of the theme. The office of the poet, says, he is a holy one. He is a priest at the sacred shrine of the feelings. His sympathies lie close to, and tenderly entwine around, the heart. The very spirit of things he describes to us blind beings. The spirit of the age is shown forth in the utterances of the natural poet. He is moved to say what all feel, then all will love him. Our feelings find satisfaction in ruminating in the channel of his voice.

Longfellow has a broad, contemplative spirit. In foreign lands he drew the elements of his poetry. He traveled in France, Spain, the Orient, in Sweden and Ger many. He lived in the scenes of the past and nature. He gathered up old traditions. His Norse tales breathe the spirit of the old sagas. His “Golden Legend” is singing with the music of sweet thought and charm.

Longfellow has given us three types of woman. Evan, geline, the sweet maiden, full of delicacy and trust. Eliza, devoted sacrifice, and Minnieha, the representa tive of a wife’s fondness and truth. Longfellow was the poet of youthful life. Even when he mora lizes, he looks on the bright side. In his poems on slavery he does not raise the question but tells us of the dream.

Into the deepest chambers of the heart he does not enter. He does not strike the harp in the stormy moods. He makes it sob and moan like waves on the ocean. His poems are like a nest of singing birds. But the nest is now empty, and the “birds of passage” have flown into the hearts of the hearers, the listeners, and Minnieha, the representative of a wife’s fondness and truth.

Longfellow is considered the greatest of American authors. His works are read in all parts of the world. He is the greatest poet America.

In visiting New York it is generally considered the correct thing to hear Talmage. I am, however, one of the most ardent admirers of Talmage’s startling stories and truly pathetic. I prefer the genuine poetry and dnanated earnestness of John Hall. There is an air of seriousness and address grandeur about him that impresses one irresistibly and powerfully. He has a majesty of soul which I have never observed in any other man. His great head seems to be full of wisdom, knowledge, and common sense; and his head, overflowing with zeal, sincerity, and goodness. He speaks with profound feeling and earnest ness that at times almost make you feel as if your eyes were inspired.

The congregation, during prayer, was delightfully smooth and clear. I well remember some of the expres sions, as entering into the realm of faith, “to roll off our burdens at the altar,” “treating that the light of life shall break,” and “the treasures of Thy love.” But his wealth of language was still more apparent in the sermon. His discourse, from the text in Romans, chapter vi, 5-8, was on “The spirit and the flesh.”

I have not space to describe his characteristic methods. The thoughts of this clear-headed and royally-gifted man have increased the riches of English literature. At the close of the services, I lingered to catch a nearer view. Putting on his overcoat, he stood proudly by his pulpit, then walked down the side in animated converse with members of his flock, and passed gallantly out of the church, with a lady on each arm.

**Editorial.**

We have finished a complete, well-rounded year’s work in Education. We have come to rejoice that the powers that he has provided so excellent an instructor as Prof. Griffith, and that the Professor has taken so active an interest in the work. No one who has faithfully pursued the whole course, practising upon the elementary exercises of the first series of lessons, interpreting the selections of the second series, and studying the subjects of the third—the reading of hymns, of the Bible, and especially of Shakespeare—can fail to profit by it.

Considering the mixed nature of the class, Professor Griffith’s methods have been excellent, and his success has been very great. We think that Prof. Ander son’s commendation was none too high when he said that of the eleventhists with whom he had been brought into contact in his long experience the two were most natural in their style and methods were Prof. Baxter, of Boston, and Prof. Griffith, of the University of Chicago.

It now remains for the Janets and Sophomores who are preparing public exercises to avail themselves of the Professor’s kindly offers of aid, and present programs worthy of their respective classes, of their instructor, and of the University of Chicago.

Ten number of men who rely upon scheming to gain their own success and fortune is the most serious and perilous of all. They see, and the unmistakable marks of ruin which show where they have been. But the schemer not only affects his own welfare but lands with him many followers. Whereas there is a bold scheme, there will meet gather and unite their interests. It is like a contagious disease, from which none recover without leaving at least the pox marks, while many become the helpless victims of the destroyer.

In the history of every country we can read of schemes of all kinds which have brought tremendous ruin in their train, as the South Sea Bubble of England or The Credit Mobilier of America. The originators of these we may call schemers, but schemers? misers are ever more abundant, and it is with this class we are best acquainted.

In a college a scheme is just as common as elsewhere. As soon as there is an election announced to any society or organization, some one forms a great plan either to place himself in office or some intimate friend. Every verdant freshman is privately interviewed, every Prep is either caused or threatened, and even the young ladies are much sought for; all for the sake of the wonderful scheme, which is to bring the greatest success. We have watched some more than once in our own college, we have seen the greatest schemer oftentimes the greatest loser. If, as he would have his followers believe, he has right on his side, why would it not be so successful as to settle the merits of the cause in the public assembly and leave it to the judgment and justice of the students to decide the question? If the only way to gain office and honor is to scheme this way, it would be far better never to have an office as long as the world stands.

There is another practice prevalent in colleges which may be fittingly classified under this head of scheming. It is what is commonly called a "crumbling," a scheme to appear a genius by making use of the results of the genius and the talents of others. They have at times even surpassed the efforts of the schemer, when his translations are landed to the skies, his essays praised above those of all his more honest classmates, his problems credited as his own, his marks placed him in the very front rank of honor.

But what a success is this! An honest failure would be a better thing. The schemers are the most illustrious men in history, but the schemers’ successes are the most illustrious failures in history, and the least are the chances the schemers have ever had.

If the schemer had no influence on others he might be passed without a comment, but those of small experience seeing the prizes and honors lavished upon him, think it an easy road to distinction, and so follow his example. The ruin of one brings with it the ruin of many. It is one thing to scheme, quite another to succeed. The former is in fashion; the latter is rarely seen.
At success in the true sense—the building of a noble character, the winning of esteem and respect, and gaining a reputation for honor and virtue—the scheme throws away all hope of such a success at the very beginning of his career. A life of scheming can bring nothing but dishonesty and disgrace.

Moon has been said about the beauty of the Falls in Summer when all about is a greenness shimmering, and when the cool breath of the water falls gently upon the parched face of the landscape—or of their grandeur in Winter, when ice bridges, towers, and arches, and of all the manifold forms in which the hour king loves to disport himself, shrow in all their glit-tering marvel. From Autumn, with its rich lights and gorgeous foliage, add a peculiar charm to the surrounding lands. But Spring, poor Spring, with her rainy days and damp walks, when the branches of the trees hang leafless as in Winter, and destitute of the wondrous crystal foliage which then envelopes them, what has she to offer which can allure in itself or add to the simple fascination of the Falls? Not much; it would seem, for the visitors are few and far between, and the Park, almost barren of pleasure-seekers, presents a strange contrast to the eager, crowded days of Summer. No destruction, perhaps, to one who goes for the view itself, and not principally as it is said of so many scenes of pleasure, to "see who is there."

The trees and ground seem to be just feeling those first touches of growth which will soon ripen into the perfect beauty of June. The shrubs are thick with sweet buds unfinished as yet of the delicate green which will soon enrobe their gracefully bent branches. The ground on the island is covered with moss and the dead foliage of last Summer, but beneath the debris one is thrilled with the perpetual wonder which each fresh Spring brings to find delicate blossoms of purple and gold and snowy white. One may wander leisurely through the whole seven islands at this season of the year without meeting another mortal soul as the island itself, a marked and pleasant contrast to the scenes at any other time. It seems as though one could never become habituated to the feeling of so much new and every day the fresh glances at the Falls inspires, though, perhaps, it has become either a state thing to the ferrymen and guides who have learned to deal with the natural beauty of the falls and Niagara in its so much corn or cotton. One gets the best impression of the Falls from the Park, where he can look upon the soaring, sweeping, plunging downcast in all its fury, and even from the stone wall dip his hand into the wild current, but one gets the best sensation of the Falls, if I may use the word, when he stands upon the steep-covered rocks and feels the spray tossed as from the name of an angry gust, fiercely in his face—looks up to the mad deluge bursting from its awful height or when he has gone further and stood just behind the howling curtain itself, and finds himself drenched by its rear, and blinded, and struck, and chilled at moments by the furious gusts and dashes of water that beats in his face. The best view of the Falls as a whole is probably to be gotten from the Canadian side, as we can then get a distinct view of both the American and Horseshoe Falls. As we stood just on the bank of the Canadian Falls, and looked over to the white prescipe of foams on the other side, and the brown islands in between, suddenly a sunbee, hidden for a moment, flashed forth, and broke the light on the spray into a million exquisite points—smallest on earth, and pale green—and lay upon the river below a crescent of precious jewels—the diadem of the mighty monarch, whose throne is his own direct touch.

TAX QUESTION as to the relative amount of time which a student should devote to literary exercises and to study affords room for wide difference of opinion. Some con-ceive that the years of a college course should be devoted almost entirely to the text-book, deferring literary develop-ment until a later period; others will make the debat-ing society second only to the class-room.

The problem as to which of these opinions he shall adopt confronts every student. On the one hand, the work of the class-room is compulsory, while that of the literary society being voluntary is often neglected; on the other hand, the rewards of literary excellence are more conspicuous and more tempting, and are apt to divert attention from study. It will be conceded that the first object of a college course is the mastery of the work indicated in the curriculum; it is equally clear, however, that the ultimate end to be attained is not the ability to repeat certain chemical formulas, or to accomplish some minor feat of strict-ation, but rather it is the power to think clearly and to express our thought most effectively that is of value in life after life.

Not only is literary excellence the more valuable, but to attain it requires long and careful training. To be able to make an effective speech requires preparatory labor—through, persistent, hard work—just as surely does the capacity to translate a page of Greek. We thoroughly believe, therefore, that every student should make it part of his business to acquire some training in the recep-tion and delivery of original thought. Such, indeed, seems to be the general opinion among us, for the Univer-sity of Chicago has always enjoyed an enviable reputation for the literary activity of its students.

We are led into these reflections by the success of our representation in the Inter-State Oratorical Contest. We believe in such success. We rejoice with the successful contestant because, advancing step by step, he has fairly won his present honorable position, and is worthy of the distinction to which he has been promoted. We rejoice because of the laurels which will thus be added to the name of our Alma Mater. May Mr. Hassett advance to new victories and higher achievements; and may the University of Chicago live to win many more First Prizes.

We clip the following from a recent issue of the Standard:

"On the last three Friday mornings President Anderson has given the members of the University familiar lectures on practical subjects. In the first, he spoke of character. He showed the inestimable value of a good character, and the means of obtaining it, dwelling particularly upon habits and temperaments. He spoke of the time and effort required to establish a good and noble character, then of the rapidity and ease with which a bad character may be developed, and a good reputation may be blasted. The theme of the second lecture was Companionships and Associations. The good and evil influences which are both exercised and received in college life were vividly por-trayed. We must live among men, and all our words and acts should be characterized by kindness, courtesy and charity. Only a very few of the purest and noblest should be admitted into intimate companionship, yet those should be grappled with hooks of steel. He closed by show-ing the fearful responsibility of those who exert an inspire and demo-nstrating influence upon their associates. In the last lecture he referred to the three literary leaders who have recently passed away. Darwin, the modest, minutely observer in the field of science, the man who labored with such perseverance to collect facts in relation to the theory of development, but confessed at last that he had only attained to a probability. The second, Longfellow, the poet whose name has become a synonym for beautiful music, and whose name has been carried to the uttermost corners of the world. The third, Emerson, the phi-losopher, great in heart, pure in life, suggestive, in short, the best of all men."

78. Carmichael goes to Lexington, Ill.
79. G. N. Patterson goes to St. Paul, Minn.
80. Charles Ege is to settle in Burlington, Iowa.
81. J. W. Whigard is to be married, and will go West.
82. Russell accompanied Mr. Hassett to Indianapolis, Ind., to the contest.
83. Miss Myra Pollard has just returned from a short trip to New York.
84. W. A. Walker of the Class of '81, and Miss Hattie Shurtz, were married on Wednesday, April 28.
85. E. Anderson is preaching at Rockford, Ill., and graduates from the Theological Seminary this year.

Dr. Cooley, the Financial Agent of the University, has recently removed to that pleasant suburb, Morgan Park.
ELOCUTION

The elocution days are coming to their close for this year. All of the girls who have been working on their addresses are beginning to feel restless as the time draws near. But the work must not be neglected, for it is important to have good work in this department to show that you have been working hard. The judges will be looking for clear, strong voices, and good pronunciation. The topics are usually very interesting, so be sure to choose one that you enjoy. Good luck to all who are competing.

LOCALS

First Prize:
Harral for '82.

Inter State Oratorio Contest:
The watchword of Chicago: Move.

College politics are very quiet at present.
Lost, stray or stolen, a black puppy; returns to room 10.

The season has come when our athletes should boister themselves.

The pedals of the organ in chapel must have had the spring fever.

The selling of passes on the Junior exhibition has not yet commenced.

The Volante says, Confusion to all who practice cribbing in any form.

The annual contest of the Sophomore class occurs on the evening of June 9th. The Sophomores have been limited to distinctive prises in selecting their declarations.

We suggest as a good subject for a Senior Essay:
"The Beauties of the Marking System."

Our of higher class men is so conscientious that he will not pass a salon. He always goes in.

Prof. Howe recently defined space as that which filled the crannies of most of the Senior prep. class.

The College Campus is undergirded with the usual smooth over process preparatory for the class-day exercises.

The instructor in Logic thinks anger is not a property of man, because he and some of the gentlemen of the class never display any signs of it.

If some dark night, you chance to fall rather suddenly, don't cry, but pick yourself up. It is only a wire to remind you to "keep off the grass."

The Woman's Baptist Missionary Society of the North West recently held its tenth annual meeting at Cincinnati, Mrs. Prof. A. J. Howes presiding.

It cannot be said that our observatory has no effect upon the students, for one of the Sophs recently suggested that it would be nice to go up there some night, as the sun had lots of spots on it now.

If you want books of any kind, or have old books to sell, go to Barker's, 122 East Madison Street. Text Books a specialty. Books on every subject at half and less than half the regular prices.

The Seniors, after studying political economy under Dr. Smith, have pronounced in favor of hard money and free trade, or, as one of their politicians pleased it, "free trade in the class-room, protection on the stump."

Last week the halls rung with chimes and jubilant songs, when the news came that Mr. F. G. Hambott, of the Senior Class, had taken the first prize in oratory in the Inter-Sate Collegiate Contest, held at Indianapolis on Wednesday of last week. The colleges of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin were represented. Mr. Hambott took the first prizes in the Sophomore and Junior exhibitions in college; then at the State contest, and has now completed the series in the Inter-State competition. A little pollichation would be admissible—Standard.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

As I passed along,
I saw a tree that was well missed.
Not large, nor strong,
But it was useful, and it pleased me.
It stood there unused.
Then I thought it came to stay,
And I said, "Tree, I'll leave you.

MUSINGS

Now we go up; so do we.—Hansberry & Barber.

I understand that an obscure society, called Tri Kappa, has been having a memorial meeting in honor of me. I suppose it must endure it, for I was always a favorite with the children.—Loebkind.

Are not my supporters a little personal when they keep dragging before me so many grave interests, first buying a lively rival and now bringing in Lawrence just after I have lost so many friends. They are preparing me for the worst, which must soon come.—Tri Kappa.

I feel very weak. My life seems so very aimless. My best friends fail to show wherein my greatness lies.—Mocking System.

How happy I could be if, were Father dear to charm her away.—Granger.

To be or not to be; that's the question.—Junior Es.

"My son, we must do with our weak hands what our hands to do, because the Doctor is liable to be here any moment.—Asystol.

At the beginning of each term I can appreciate the feeling of King Richard when he cried out for another horse.—A. Talbot.

My bath-shall-school class will please provide themselves with punies. Next lesson takes part Redemption.—Soin.

I have had a stroke of paralysis. Will be better soon, I hope. People say that I may have another attack soon. If I had money I would travel.—Volante.

EXCHANGE

Certain of our exchanges are always pleased to examine, because they are sure to yield something of interest; others we regularly avoid, since their contents would not sufficiently warrant a search through their pages.

The face of a college paper, as of a man, is generally a safe index to its character. There are bright faces and dull faces, faces dashing, faces humorless, faces indicating poverty and others indicating wealth.

Among the pleasing many faces which greet the exchange editor, or to deepen the figure, among the journals we like to examine, is the Farmouth. Of the marking system, this paper facetiously says: "It is a sliding scale, emerging largely at discretion. The average is usually between two points, or else on one or the other, but, if, for any reason, it is not so, occasionally, if not more frequently, it is otherwise. In this latter event the student is either left out, and all the time, or the primary teacher. They are not expected to make discoveries. We ask them to add to the sum total of our knowledge. All we desire is that they shall teach us what they know."

If, then, our American theory is the correct one, viz.: that it is the professor's business to see that a certain number of students have committed a certain text-book to memory, which he himself has previously committed as a part of his preparation, and that he is, therefore, indialogical (I had almost said disabused) method the correct one. If, on the contrary, the German is the right idea,—if a college professor, whose students, we are told, were given farther into his studies in a pleasant and attractive form to a crowd of enthusiastic and earnest learners,—then the better system is the only valuable and practical method of realizing this ideal.

Our young friend, the Speedyman, —young only in years, not youthful in appearance or strength,—has a face of marked individuality and size. Among its other good features, its personal and local departments are the best. It is of a scientific turn of mind.

The Pennsylvania Western, under the management of W. R. Thompson, a former student of the University of Chicago, is a neat, able paper. The Juniors of the Western University of Pennsylvania recently produced William Tell in the original German, in regard to which we quote: "Part I consisted of three declamations: A soliloquy from Schiller's 'Wallenstein's Death,' by W. R. Thompson; a serio-comic selection from 'Wallenstein's Camp,' by J. A. Wood, given with a good deal of spirit; and R. A. Thompson's delivery of 'The Minister's Curse.' Mr. Thompson's powerful voice and manner were admirably suited to the forceful energy of the selection."

The Illini State Journal has a very good article on 'The Lecture vs. the Recitation System.' As its institution is one of those in which the recitation system prevails to a greater extent than we believe it should, we will quote a passage from this article.

"Our professor, as far as we can see, the word in a technical sense, is one who teaches college boys—the kind of work a person might call the same as the public school teacher's—the only difference is that he has different subjects, though not true to the same extent now as formerly. We confine our teachers of this sort to putting in the minds of their students a certain number of text-books. We overload them with work so that they have no chance to develop. We require them to teach so many different subjects that they can never acquire more than a text-book knowledge of them. We require so many hours' work and so much outside responsibility upon them that they are thoroughly worn out when they get a few months' or hours' leisure, and need all the time to recuperate their health. This complaint comes from nearly every college and university in the country. Ten or twenty years ago, I believe, the quality of Yale College entered, a few months ago, that every professor in the institution had much drudgery to perform. In this way the pressure is upon the professor, not the student, as is the case with our American theory, viz.: that it is the professor's business to see that a certain number of students have committed a certain text-book to memory, which he himself has previously committed as a part of his preparation, and that he is, therefore, in the dialogue (I had almost said disabused) method the correct one. If, on the contrary, the German is the right idea,—if a college professor, whose students, we are told, were given farther into his studies in a pleasant and attractive form to a crowd of enthusiastic and earnest learners,—then the better system is the only valuable and practical method of realizing this ideal.
College Wit.

In the Oxford Calendar is found his full name. It is Oscar Finigall O'Flaherty Willis Wilde.

A college does not always turn out good men. It sometimes keeps them, just as it would any others.

Philadelphia has an artist named Sword. When only eight years old he was only a little bowie.—Er.

He said his hair was dyed, and when he indignantly exclaimed, "Is false," he said he was growing.—Er.

Why is every Boston boy sure to make a noise in the world? Because, he is a little hub-bub himself.—Oriental.

"Did you ever call your brother a liar?" asked the stern parent, and the culprit replied: "Well, I said he was a book agent."—Coop J. Folio.

Senior: "We are not going to have morning chapel any longer." Delighted Freshman: "Why not?" Senior: "Because, it is long enough already." FreshmanFreshman Freshman agrees with him.—Er.

"Who was the great Athenian poet?" asked the schoolmaster. "Pericles," replied the slow boy in the farther seat; "he was versed in war, versed in peace, and versed in—But the pedagogues interrupted him to say that whether he was versed or not, he was "a veritable man." And just then lightning struck the ancient tower of the village school, and, without coming to a vote, the house adjourned.—The Varsity.

Harvard College has 857 students.

Columbia has 1,484 students, the largest number of any American college.—Hastings Lit.

The Regents of the University of Wisconsin have decided that in future the speakers at the commencement exercises shall be chosen by lot.

The Trustees of Columbia College, in New York, have decided, by a vote of twenty to two, against the proposition to admit women as students to the college.

It is said that the only Professor of Political Economy of any college in America who is opposed to Free Trade is Professor Robert E. Thompson, of the University of Pennsylvania.—Echo.

During the last four years, the University of London has admitted women as students, on the same terms as men to all examinations, and the women not infrequently beat the men in the lists. Give the girls a chance.

Incredible.—A customer of the Bank of France was recently going down the steps with 5,000 francs of gold in a handkerchief, when the handkerchief broke and the money went rolling over the sidewalk among the crowd. The bystanders helped him pick the money up, and every coin was restored to its owner.

George W. Harbor & Co., of New York, will shortly publish what will in all probability prove to be one of the most brilliant tributes to the beloved poet, in book form, that this year will witness. The book will be a quarto, entitled "Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, a Medley in Prose and Verse," by Richard Henry Stoddard. It will include the impressions of a number of literary celebrities, who will be dedicated to John Greenleaf Whittier. An artistic steel plate portrait of the deceased poet, from a photograph by Saxon, of New York, will accompany the volume.

College World.

We stood at the bars as the sun went down,
Behind the hills on a summer's day.
Our eyes were tender, and big and brown;
Our hearts as blithely as the new-moon bay.

For from the west the faint sunshine
Glanced sparkling off her golden hair;
Those eyes, deep eyes were turned towards mine,
And a look of contentment rested there.

I see her bathed in the sunlight flood,
In her beautiful, gracefully soaring hair.

As I lifted her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her—her-
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