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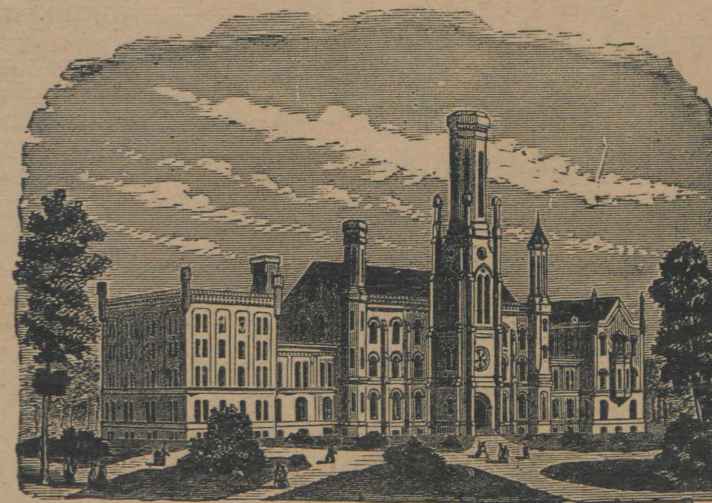
192 THIRTY-FIRST ST., CHICAGO.

# THE VOLANTE.

VOL. XIV.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, APRIL, 1885.

NO. 8.



UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

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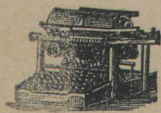
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# THE VOLANTE.

VOL. XIV.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, APRIL, 1885.

No. 8

## THE QUEEN OF NOVELISTS.

AMONG all English and it might be truly said all women novelists, George Eliot ranks first. England has had many celebrated women writers but none who could equal the author of Adam Bede. This great authoress whom we have declared Queen was born in 1819 at South Farm in Warwickshire. Robert Evans, her father, was of Welch origin and a carpenter by trade. He was of large stature, with a handsome face, heavy eyebrows and brown hair. His character is strangely like that of Adam Bede. The mother was Mr. Evans' second wife, a woman of sharp tongue but tender heart. She closely resembles Mrs. Hackett in Amos Barton. Very little is known of her; therefore, according to Schiller, she must have been an exceptionally good woman. For he says the best women, like the best ruled states, have no history. Marian's early life was much the same as any daughter of a carpenter of moderate means, with the exception of a liberal education. Among her classmates she was not generally liked; was thought to feel above the others. One of her companions is said to have taken up her German grammar one day and discovered verses of poetry written by one longing for love and sympathy. This is the first instance we have of her deep feelings. In her sixteenth year her mother died and as her brother and sister had both married she kept house for her father. She says while making cheese and butter she broadened one of her hands, which was especially noted for its beauty, more than the other. Though her features were plain yet she was attractive, with fine brows, abundant auburn brown hair, long head, blue grey eyes with constantly changing expression. She displayed when quite young great tastes for literary pursuits. Of French, German, Italian and Spanish she had a scholarly knowledge, but spoke them imperfectly. She loved Latin and Greek, and Hebrew claimed her attention when she could spare the time, until shortly before her death. Geometry, Botany and Astronomy were among her favorites. In after years her great culture was attended with distrust of her own ability;

for the more she knew, the less she knew she knew. George Eliot was one of those exceeding passionate natures and (it is thought) has described her own character in Maggie of "Mill on the Floss." After her father's death she lived with Dr. and Mrs. Chapman, at whose house it was her good fortune to meet many literary people. It was during her residence with these people that Marian Evans met George Henry Lewes, a witty, brilliant and thoroughly educated man. They immediately showed decided preference for each other's society, but Mr. Lewes, a few years before, had contracted a marriage which proved to be very unhappy, thus a separation took place, but he could not obtain a divorce. Now it would seem, comes the most critical moment of George Eliot's life, to decide whether she would make her own judgment law or abide by the laws of her country. She chose the former and decided to face all the world with George Henry Lewes as her husband. Though these natures were so strangely opposite, yet there was a perfect union between them that lasted even unto death—rather an exception than a rule. As they were both such renowned literary characters their work in life blended well. Is it not a disgrace to the human race, that a woman had to fall behind the guise of a man's name in order to have her books received with just consideration? This is what George Eliot did and what other women have done as well. She knew her books would not have gained success half as soon had they been published under the name of Marian Evans. Mr. Lewes first suggested to his wife the possibility that she could write a story. Shortly after this, "Clerical Scenes," appeared "The Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton." An inscription over a handsome monument may now be found in Chilvers Coton graveyard, reading as follows—"Here lies, awaiting the summons of the archangel's trumpet, all that was mortal of the beloved wife of the Rev. John Gwyther, B. A., curate of this parish, Nov. 4th, 1836, aged 34, leaving a husband and seven children." This Emma Gwyther is the beautiful Milly, wife of Amos, whom George Eliot describes so vividly. No one but Charles Dickens suspected

the sex of the author of this book. Then came that masterpiece of fiction, "Adam Bede." The heroine Dinah Morris, a Methodist preacher, with "pale red hair" is strangely like an aunt of the author's. Dinah is one of the few saints we find on this earth, a ministering angel to all whose good fortune it was to know her. Her quiet, gentle ways claimed one's attention at once. We can hardly compare her to the howling Methodists who have been surrounding Mr. Harrison of late. The "dileck," as Squire Donnithorne continually calls it, is extremely interesting and quite a relief from plain language. Adam is broad-chested, muscular, Saxon, a carpenter by trade. He is one of the few truly grand characters, his only weakness being that of falling in love with a vain, senseless, creature like Hetty. Is it not something wonderful to note how many of our grand men have foolish, insignificant wives? The fact that Adam was unconsciously possessed with such great love for Dinah seems slightly overdrawn. But the friendship between these two is very touching, also the manner in which Dinah tries to sacrifice love to duty—then the surrender, with the scene on the hill—likewise her words to Adam—"It is the divine will, Adam; my soul is so knit with yours that it is but a divided life I live without you. At this moment now I am with you and I feel that our hearts are filled with the same love, I have a fullness of strength to bear and do our Heavenly Father's will that I had lost before." Poor Seth! He was faithful in his love for Dinah through his whole life; he is not the only mortal who, dazzled by the vision of an angel, was incapable of ever after loving another woman. The time that was not spent in studying and writing, George Eliot used for visiting the noted art galleries and concerts. She was passionately fond of both art and music. During these trips she gave interesting descriptions in letters to her friends of all she saw and heard. "The Mill on the Floss" next appeared. At first this was thought to surpass "Adam Bede," but this opinion did not last long, as the book is slightly overdrawn in many instances and savors some of light novels. Philip Wakem is a fine character, his deformity only increasing his power of mind. He proved what a generous, noble-minded man he was in his letter to Maggie. He says "I believed then as I do now that the strong attraction that drew us together proceeded from only one side of your character and belonged to the partial divided action of our

natures which makes half the tragedy of human lot." This letter was concerning the love between Maggie and Stephen Guest. It is believed that many of the characteristics attributed to Maggie are those of George Eliot herself. Maggie is a beautiful, noble principled girl with the highest regard for justice and her duty to others. Some call her a martyr in giving up Stephen because she thought it wrong to marry him. The love scenes between Maggie and Stephen are especially pathetic in their sad result. The tears will spring to one's eyes when Maggie takes her little boat in the river to rescue her brother and after she has even succeeded in getting him into the boat it is struck by a raft and they perish together. She must have made a grand picture starting out in the dead of night with her black hair flying in all directions, her face deadly pale and her eyes, "those intensely interesting orbs," bent on one purpose, to save her brother. Let us return to our author's life. Much of her time was spent in correspondence, and very beneficial and interesting this must have been to her. Harriett Beecher Stowe, Lord and Lady Bulwer, Harriett Martineau and Herbert Spencer were among her correspondents. Her Sunday afternoon receptions were very pleasing to her, inasmuch as she could then meet people whom she otherwise would not have the opportunity of seeing, but beyond this she cared nothing. She was not a society woman and could not mentally turn from one to another in short spaces of time. Mr. Lewes supplied all these deficiencies in the hostess; he was a brilliant conversationalist and possessed that power of entertaining with ease. "Daniel Deronda," "Felix Holt" and "Middlemarch" were published at different times. This last named book was received with more enthusiasm than any previous writing. Many rank this next to "Adam Bede." It is certainly one of the pleasantest stories ever written. There have been many criticisms made on Mr. Causabon's character; but do we not often meet just such morose, awe inspiring, intellectual personages?

Shortly after the publication of this book George Eliot received a letter from a young man saying *he had* been a Fred Viney, but now had begun a new life, etc. Dorothea has that same strength of character which is predominant in Dinah from "Adam Bede." Celia is a bright, airy creature, just the wife for Sir James. Rosamond is certainly one of the most des-

picable characters in the book. The way in which she treats Lydgate makes one fume with indignation. She is a born actress and should have gone upon the stage instead of becoming the gentle, loving wife (as he supposed) of the Doctor. George Eliot says when she brought those two together, Dorothea and Rosamond, she was "not herself" but possessed with some unknown spirit. This shows us how completely enthused she must have become when writing.

In 1878 Mr. Lewes died. The only entry in the author's journal on Jan. 1st, 1879, was—"Here I and sorrow sit." She sincerely mourned for her husband and thought for a while her life had been broken; but Time, the great consoler, gradually calmed this feeling. She seemed like a broken lily; her health was never good; this may partly account for the pathetic tendency her books have. Her letters show us that she must have been a wonderfully affectionate and tender hearted woman.

In 1880, she married Mr. J. W. Cross, whom she had known for many years. Her married life, though short, proved to be a very happy one. Mr. Cross says "It was impossible to get at her real opinions in regard to any religious creed or any political party. My own impression is that she was so imbued with the Western idea and her imagination so fired by the scientific spirit of the age, that she could not conceive that there was, as yet, any formula sufficient or any political system likely to be final. She had great hope of the future in the improvement of human nature by the gradual development of affections and of sympathetic emotions and by the slow stupendous teachings of the world's events, rather than by means of legislative enactments."

He also says she possessed those distinctly feminine qualities which lend a rythm to the movement of life. The quick sympathy that understands without words—the capability of creating a complete atmosphere of loving interest—the detachment of all outside influences—delight in everything worthy, even the smallest thing—the versatility of mind—the varied accomplishments, were all hers.

On a stormy day in December, 1880, this great soul passed away, quietly, without protracted pain, as she had wished. Few lives we find as beautiful as George Eliot's, so full of love, tenderness and good work for all.

#### THE INGRATITUDE OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

THE statement that we are continually hearing that republics are always ungrateful to those who have served them loyally and well, and those to whom they should be under great obligations, has indeed, judging from the frequency of its quotation, become an established maxim. But, since this declaration casts a grave reflection on the honor and integrity of all republics, it is natural that we, the inhabitants of this great free country of America, should see to it that such a statement pass not by unchallenged. But, when we look into the arguments that are brought forward to substantiate the allegation, we are surprised that such an unanswerable train of evidence is presented. When we look to Rome for a refutation of the charge we see her mangled Cicero; when to Greece, her most wise Socrates with the cup of poisonous hemlock, presenting a picture that is all too clearly indicative of the ingratitude of the Grecian republic. From these, turning to that last of the world's great republics, France, we saw but a few weeks ago M. Ferry, one of the wisest statesmen of the republic, removed from the premiership of France, because his policy in reference to the Tonquin troubles was not in keeping with a majority of the people; not only this, but on his appearance in the Chamber of Deputies (the legislative assembly of France) he was greeted with the clamorous demand of "guillotine him! guillotine him!" Thus France, like all her predecessors is most worthy the appellation of ingratitude.

After contemplating the well authenticated testimony that can be presented concerning the ingratitude of other republics, we try to satisfy ourselves with the observation that we are aware the statement is applicable to republics that have been preceded by monarchical or despotic forms of government, but, that it does not in any sense apply to our own great country. But even a casual glance at our past history will show us that to a great extent we are wrong in this statement.

When Robert Morris, the wise financier of the revolution (who lost his fortune in the cause of freedom), was imprisoned for debt, when our country showed neither clemency or mercy (for that was not asked) although in all right it was due him, but did not even show justice (which is due all of her citizens) when Morris asked repayment for his outlay,

would you say that she was in this instance a fit example to prove the gratitude of republics?

Similar was her treatment toward the gallant Col. Barton, one of the most intrepid of revolutionary soldiers, who was incarcerated for a like offence, and whose trials and sufferings in prison furnished a theme for the muse of that grand old bard of freedom, John G. Whittier, in his "Prisoner for Debt," in which we find these expressive words:

"What has the gray haired prisoner done?  
Has murder stained his hands with gore?  
Not so; his crime a fouler one,  
God made the old man poor:  
For this the boon for which he poured  
His young blood on the invader's sword  
And counted light the fearful cost,  
His blood gained, liberty is lost."

When Lafayette was in this country on his memorable visit in 1824, hearing of the imprisonment of his former companion in arms, he paid the bounty money and obtained his release. Thus, alike rebuking the Shylock who demanded the pound of flesh, and the ingratitude of the people Barton had so well served. One of the greatest acts of injustice in revolutionary times was that toward Gen. Thos. Nelson, the war-governor of Virginia and one of the most loyal of the blue blooded aristocracy of the "Old Dominion." Although he had received his scholastic training in England, having graduated at Eton and Oxford, he early espoused the cause of the colonists, and was governor of Virginia during the greater portion of the revolution. At the outbreak of the war he was one of the wealthiest men in the state, being worth over \$2,000,000, but his vast estate went to pay public debt, and the coming of peace was the coming of utter poverty to the former opulent Nelson.

Years after the old war-governor had passed away, a bill was presented in congress for repaying the family, but at this time a bill was pending for the pensioning of the widow of Alex. Hamilton, and a member in the course of debate had the supreme brazenness to ask "if there were no poor-houses in New York that Mrs. Hamilton should come begging to congress?" After this, one of Gen. Nelson's sons, who was present, refused to proceed further, declaring that he would not permit his mother's name to be mentioned in an assembly that permitted such blackguardism. Thus we have another instance of the vaunted gratitude of our country, and were we so inclined history would enable us to multiply the examples already

given. But suffice it to refer to one or two of more recent date, especially to that of Gen. John C. Fremont. This gallant soldier, who was the pathfinder and explorer of our great western domain, was appointed to the command of the Army of the West at the outbreak of the rebellion; in this and other capacities throughout the war he served the republic well. This present session of congress a bill was presented for pensioning him, but notwithstanding the fact that he had spent his fortune and his life in the service of his country, that he had explored our territories, enduring hardships that can scarcely be paralleled in history, that on tented plain and battle field he has contended manfully for the preservation of the Union, that he was the first man who struck the key note of the rebellion in considering negroes contraband of war; notwithstanding all these facts his claims were rejected, and today John C. Fremont, a veteran of two wars, and a man who has ever been loyal to his trusts, is another example of what the gratitude of a republic can do for a man.

But a few weeks ago we saw a bill for placing Ulysses S. Grant as general on the retired list of the army, being fought and wrangled over in our national legislature, and it was not until the grim death angel had almost claimed him as a victim, that the grand old silent man of destiny, the hero of Vicksburg and Appomattox, and the saviour of the republic, received his just deserts.

In view of these facts, together with myriads of others that are recorded, we, the inhabitants of this "land of the free and home of the brave" must admit, in common with all republics, that we are ungrateful, and that high must we climb up the ladder of virtue and of justice, before we may be able to reach that high conception of what an ideal republic should be, which must have inspired the muse of one of our earlier poets when he sang:

"Perfumes as of Eden flowed sweetly along;  
And a voice as of angels enchantingly sung  
Columbia! Columbia! to glory arise,  
The Queen of the world and the child of the skies."

H.

'85. T. M. Hammond entertained the members of Athenæum and a few other friends at his home, March 27th. A very pleasant evening was passed, and Athenæum was unanimously decided to have a jolly, social "crowd."

# COMMUNICATIONS.

EDITOR VOLANTE:—You ask for reminiscences from a graduate of '67. We were favored with the best of teachers. There were Clarke and Mixen; no finer gentlemen and linguists could have been found. Sawyer was up in mathematics but a little too easily inveigled by delinquent students into discussion of points not in the lesson. Breck, the ponderous Hungarian, represented the culture of foreign Universities. Mathews was entertaining in the class-room but will never be forgiven for invariably striking out the best passages in a man's essay and leaving it painfully bare. Safford was *au fait* with the telescope but the telegraphing was so far out of his department that he never discovered how the boys tapped replies to his questions to each other across the room.

The most amusing if not mortifying give-away of teacher and class occurred before Safford came. Physical geography had been rather lightly passed over, but to make a good showing on examination day each boy knew his part. All went smoothly until a greenhorn jumped up at the mention of his name and to the consternation of the teacher let the cat out of the bag by beginning to recite before a question had been asked.

To the south of the University was a grove for shinny and to the north stood for a time, the high fence enclosing the rebel prisoners. We flooded the northwest corner of the grounds for a skating park and used the levelled surface for base ball in warm weather.

We had one powerful revival in which the worst fellows were converted. Tutor Thomas for a time turned the recitation into a prayer meeting.

I recall but two expulsions, and in one case it did good, for the defiant undergraduate is now defying Ingersoll.

W. W. E., Jr.

Philadelphia, March, 1885.

MESSRS. EDITORS (de) VOLANTE:

I see in the last copy of VOLANTE, kindly loaned me by a friend, that you are inquiring as to my locality.

This is probably on account of my continual procrastination in regard to my little bill for subscription. Don't allow this to trouble you; Prof.

Mathews could tell you that when I was one of the boys, I never pretended to sit down to an essay until Thursday evening, but I always got there some way if it was no more than an exposition of the wonderful merits and estimable qualities of "Das Pferd." If you will take the trouble of sending my bill to the above address, or if one of your collectors could drop in between 2:30 and 3:45 p. m. some day, I shall be happy to settle.

If you care to know anything about me I might say that, after knocking around the world for some ten years or more, I have at last settled down to business, in the employ of one of the solid firms of the Board of Trade, in good health and spirits.

Yours very truly, L. S. COLE, '72.

P. S.—You may continue sending THE VOLANTE to 3609 Ellis avenue. L. S. C.

JAMESBURG INSTITUTE,

Jamesburg, N. J., April 6, 1885.

DEAR VOLANTE:

By your appearance today I am reminded of my indebtedness for the current year. Please find herewith the amount enclosed.

With yourself, and all who have been nursed on the generous breast of our Alma Mater, I am deeply anxious for her future. May the Supreme Court render a speedy decision in her case, and one that shall continue her in her present home, to survive with less of struggle and greater ease than in the past, yet many myriads of sons and daughters. You see I am not of those who think the end of all things is at our doors. Very truly, J. A. METS, '64.

EDITOR VOLANTE:—Success to VOLANTE and University. I may visit your Commencement.

J. V. COMBS, '82

Burlington, Kansas, April 6, 1885.

## ALUMNI NOTES.

'65. J. L. Jackson is residing at Aurora, Ill., at present.

'78. F. A. Helmer paid a visit to his Alma Mater and the old class rooms last month.

'83 S. G. Stein, Jr., spent a few days in Chicago recently, to attend the Opera Festival and see old friends.

## THE VOLANTE.

## EDITORS:

ELIZABETH FAULKNER, '85. THEODORE M. HAMMOND, '85

DAVID J. LINGLE, '85.

HENRY S. TIBBITS, '86. THOMAS R. WEDDELL, '86.

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THOS. E. DONNELLEY, '88.

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UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, APRIL, 1885.

## EDITORIAL.

THE University case is approaching a crisis. We soon shall know definitely whether we are to go or stay. At the Baptist Ministers' Meeting held a few weeks ago the affair was discussed and the various plans were brought forward and considered. Dr. Lorimer advocated the removal of the University to some such point as Kenwood or Morgan Park, where a distinctly college community could be organized, holding that the present location would inevitably be given over to trade in the near future. This idea was opposed by Dr. Henson and several others, who held that the present location far surpassed any other that could possibly be obtained. Dr. H. C. Mabie, who came in from Belvidere to attend the meeting, made a strong plea for his Alma Mater. He held that it would be an undying disgrace to allow the University, with its grand record in the past, and splendid possibilities in the future to be lost to Chicago and the northwest. Speeches were made by several other Alumni, and a committee was appointed to call a meeting of laymen to consider the matter at an early date.

If this institution goes under it will be a case without precedence in college annals. Institutions have gradually dwindled away in point of attendance,

and finally been compelled to close their doors; the war destroyed a number of flourishing institutions; but for a college with the reputation of this to succumb, with so able a faculty and so large a body of students, would be an unprecedented case. Chicago cannot afford to be without a University, and her citizens will realize their mistake when, perhaps, through their indifference and neglect, the institution shall have become a thing of the past.

THE action of the Faculty of Harvard in changing the requirements of admission has excited a deal of controversy in the educated world, which shows no signs of decreasing. Every college paper has expressed its views on the subject, the majority, we are glad to note, disapproving such a sweeping change.

THE VOLANTE has always championed the cause of intellectual freedom. We believe that liberty should be granted to the student, that he should be allowed to select and pursue that course of study especially adapted to his talents. In so far as the course at Harvard grants this liberty to the students, it is especially worthy of commendation. But have the majority of students, upon entering college, formed a definite idea as to what profession they will choose? Do they know for what they are peculiarly adapted? We think not. The student who enters a particular course with a prescribed range of subjects, makes of himself a *specialist*, and pays little or no attention to the many branches outside of his line of study. Often he has chosen something for which he is not naturally fitted, and discovers his mistake when it is too late. How much better it would have been had he, during his Freshman and Sophomore years, followed an appointed course, found out the subject which interested him most, and then, in his Junior and Senior years devoted his energies to that line of study. This is the system THE VOLANTE has always advocated—an obligatory course during the Freshman and Sophomore years and an elective course, well arranged, during the Junior and Senior years.

In the midst of this discussion, however, it has been reiterated again and again that the requirement of Greek for admission keeps many men out of college, but in thinking over the matter THE VOLANTE feels assured that another cause, quite remote from the question of the classics, has far greater influence. This is found in the expenses usually attending a

residence of four years in an ordinary American college. Statistics show that they have not decreased since the close of the civil war as they should have done. College expenses are fourfold what they were fifty years ago, and almost double what they were twenty-five years ago. At the average rate the annual expenses of a student at Harvard, Yale and Columbia are \$800; at Amherst, Princeton, Williams and Dartmouth \$500, and at our western colleges they range all the way from \$250 to \$450. If a broader and more equitable system of scholarships was in vogue at our educational institutions, if the expense could be lessened in some way or another, Greek or no Greek, the young men of our country would be more ready to enter upon a college course.

THE VOLANTE does not pretend to dictate to the Faculty, but it does pretend to be a reformer, and it is in the latter capacity that we desire to utter a mild protest against some existing evils in the course of study in the University.

We have only two courses of study, and for so comparatively small a number of students, the Latin, Scientific and Classical courses are enough, when the students are permitted, as they are here, to pursue an elective course. But the question arises as to where the line should be drawn between the two, and what the optional studies may be substituted for. At present the Sophomore scientific class has Greene's English History, while the classicals can only take that study by omitting a term's Greek, German, mathematics, or by taking four studies if the arrangement of recitations permits. In many of the succeeding Junior and Senior classes, a thorough knowledge of English history is absolutely essential and the poor classical student must either fall behind in those classes or make up his history. This is not as it should be. English history is as purely classical as Greek or Roman history, and far more practical and essential, and the idea of depriving the classical student of that study, while he is forced to sandwich in fourteen weeks of chemistry in a cold, damp basement, with a mere apology for a second class laboratory is absurd. The Sophomore classicals in the third term had an option between analytical geometry and German, and who ever heard of one choosing the Analytics? The Sophomore is glad enough to

drop mathematics, even at the extreme alternative of grinding out three languages daily in the warm spring weather. Why not put Horace the first two terms and English history for both courses the third?

The Juniors are allowed an option between practical chemistry and any other study. We have no objection to practical chemistry, but we decidedly question the wisdom of allowing any person to substitute it for rhetoric or logic. A student of a scientific turn of mind may have a very pleasant time for two terms in practical chemistry, but the chances are that he is far more in need of rhetoric than he is of chemistry. Then, too, why should chemistry be obligatory on both courses and zoology a scientific study? The facts of zoology are far more interesting and valuable to the whole class of students than are those of chemistry. One term of chemistry can at best only give a smattering, a foundation for future study, whereas a pretty thorough understanding of the foundations of zoology may be attained in one term.

In the Senior year we are shut off with six weeks of astronomy! Here we have at our command the finest set of apparatus in the United States. It is one thing we may legitimately boast of. The great equatorial refracting telescope has only one superior in the country.

The transit instrument is one of the largest in the world and admirably located. Our instructor, Prof. Hough, is the inventor of the only electric printing chronograph in the world which accurately prints hundredths of seconds. The tower-room and observatory are full of magnificently built clocks and instruments of all sorts, and yet we are only accorded time enough to learn a little physical geography from a text-book. We should have at least a year of astronomy. Six weeks would not suffice to learn the use of the instruments at our command.

The preparatory course, we are happy to say, has been improved in many respects of late years.

While we humbly bow before the superior wisdom of the Faculty in arranging these courses of study, we think that the improvements we have suggested would meet with the approbation of the students, and would give more satisfactory results to the Faculty.

N. B. Not necessarily the opinion of all the editors.

THROUGH an incomprehensible blunder, our account of the Washington Supper, in the last issue, contained no notice of the Preparatory toast, "Rushing", responded to by Henry R. Hill. It was perfectly unintentional and no slight was intended to the gentlemen or to his department by THE VOLANTE. We regret the occurrence of such an error very much, and hope that it may never occur again. Last month our printer played sad havoc with our proof sheets and mixed up articles promiscuously. The essay on Wordsworth was most strangely and fearfully twisted. It is but justice to ourselves to say that this "mixing" all took place after the revision of the proof, and was wholly attributable to our printer. We believe that such things are the lot of college journalists, at least they seem to have fallen thickly on the present VOLANTE staff.

#### EXCHANGES.

We notice that the secret society question is receiving considerable attention just now. Several of our exchanges contain articles on this subject. The scheme is to allow the advocates of both sides to express their opinions. This plan has certain advantages, and we have read with interest the articles that have appeared, especially those of the *Northwestern* and *Bates Student*. The latter has as yet presented only one side of the question, but promises to give the other side an opportunity to reply in their next issue. It seems from what we have read that fraternities have been hitherto unknown at Bates, and that the present discussion has arisen because of the likelihood of a change.

We do not think the question can be justly decided in this way. Imperfection is universal in man's work, and no matter how good a thing may be, the faultfinder can always exercise his art. So with the fraternities. They have, we admit, many faults, and we may add also, plenty of keen-sighted, sharp-witted critics who are not slow in making these known. This in itself is a great benefit and an argument in their favor, because criticism or even the consciousness that critics are on the alert is a constant restraint upon evil, as well as a spur toward the good and praiseworthy. It seems to us that any one who undertakes to take college men to task for this institution, or to prove that fraternities as a whole are bad, has undertaken a task which, upon second

thought, he will be glad to give up, and to accept the established order of things, for in attacking secret societies one must fly straight in the teeth of the good sense and judgment of a body of students made up of those who, to state it mildly, are fair representatives of American college students, and to picture them as anything but shrewd and practical, with a large measure of good common sense, would be a gross misrepresentation and a violation of the truth. The existing fraternities are living examples of their worth; the fact that many have sprung up and shortly died, while others live and flourish, seems to show that those which have perished have done so because they did not possess the qualities demanded by modern student life, while on the other hand, the other class lives, simply because it fulfils its mission. The opponents of fraternities should consider before making sweeping assertions that not always can the character of a fraternity as a whole be judged from any one chapter. Local circumstances have great influence, and in the character of its members in their habits and tastes can be found the test of its influence. A chapter of good, strong earnest men is a power for good, but on the other hand this power when directed wrongly loses none of its strength, and great care should always be exercised in making a decision.

We always read with pleasure the *University Magazine*, from Virginia. Many of the best literary productions found in college journalism, appear in its columns. In every respect it seems to be a live journal and thoroughly up to the times; in fact it is just a little too much so, or rather it has too much of the mercenary spirit now so prevalent. It seems to us out of good taste for a college paper to resort to the trickery of the newspapers in order to get people to read its advertisements. The object of a college paper is to represent the students in all their varied relations, and the part of the paper devoted to this is and ought to be the most important, but when we find several pages of advertisements inserted among the literary matter, we are unpleasantly reminded of the fact that in the eyes of those managing its affairs, the really important thing is the advertisements, or rather the money they bring, and that the reading matter is good only as a sort of carrier to get these notices before the public. We think the whole course is beneath the dignity of this excellent paper.

Among the editorials of the *Ewing Student*, we notice this statement: "A college is a school where the languages and sciences are taught. Now there is a difference between a college and a university, viz: a college teaches the elements of knowledge in general, while the university begins where the college leaves off, and gives one special training in one or more particular lines or professions. In other words, the college prepares for the university. Now, is our school a college? We have qualified teachers, etc., only the elements of knowledge in general are taught, therefore our institution is a college." Perhaps so, but we would call such a college a preparatory school. According to our ideas the college is an integral part of the university, or to state it in another way, the university is composed of colleges; take away the colleges and the university ceases to exist. It is not surprising that confusion has arisen about these terms for the founders of schools very generally, while seemingly laboring under the impression that the name makes the school, have applied the terms college and university in a reckless manner which implies great indifference to accuracy or truth.

#### LOCALS.

O - P - E - R - A .

Nevada !

Scalchi !!

Patti !!!

Tri-Kappa anniversary has been appointed for May 28th.

Messrs. Hammond and Burnap left the 27th to attend the Psi Upsilon Convention at Hartford, Conn., May 1st and 2d.

Sophomore Ex. has been "anteponed" two days, and Junior Ex. has been postponed two weeks, because of meter statements, or Fraternity conventions, or something like that.

It was a real damp morning, and her bangs were rather straight when she reached the Young Ladies' Room, so she stayed away from "Chapel and curled them, and because they weren't quite ready, she "cut"

Almost every professor and student who could beg, borrow or appropriate a dollar, went to the Opera Festival. Some of the boys were installed as ushers, and enjoyed their work immensely. By the way, have you noticed how much better the singing is lately in the Chapel? Results of the opera, perhaps.

the first hour, and entered her other recitations with a clear conscience, a serene countenance—and a curled bang.

Allen A. Griffith, Jr., gave a progressive euchre party at the Douglas House, April 2d. Seven tables were used, and a great deal of sport was occasioned by the exciting struggle to win the "booby" prize.

Wednesday, the 8th, the Sophomore Class was entertained by Miss Rose Mason at her home on Calumet avenue. About 12 o'clock, laden down with fire crackers, kindling-wood, kerosene and other crematory implements, the whole class proceeded to the University Campus, and in front of the old mathematical sanctum, witnessed the death struggles of Al. G. Bray, with fiendish yells of delight and cheers for '87. After this deed of destruction, the fearless band effected an entrance into the building and aroused the inhabitants with fire-crackers, shrieks and songs—the clear treble of the boys mingling with the deep, base notes of the fairer sex. After disturbing the slumbers of every tired student, they departed, leaving a parting "good-bye" for "Mrs. R—s" Perry. One of Carter's "blue-coated" supporters offered to escort them to a safe resting place if they were tired of their adventures, but the kind offer was rejected. Some of the Juniors claimed to have found mute witnesses of the whole affair in the numerous bottles which marked the site of the funeral pyre.

The Alumni meeting of Tri-Kappa, which was postponed last term, took place Saturday, April 18, a very large audience being present. It was rather disappointing to the president and members that all of the Alumni who had promised to participate in the exercises were not present, but those who did come did so well that Tri-Kappa felt justly proud of her Alumni. The oration, "Fate," by F. W. C. Hayes, '80, was a very fine production and was greatly enjoyed. Mrs. Wood, '72, made an earnest plea, in her essay on "Rhyming," that more attention should be paid to the study of rhyming as a science, and that every one should attempt to cultivate the poetic art, though he might not feel that he was "born a poet." Mr. VanSchaack, '81, and Mr. Mott, '81, were to have debated, but on account of the unavoidable absence of the former, the latter gave a very spirited address, discussing Riel's rebellion in Canada. Miss Ross, once a vice-president of Tri-Kappa, furnished the music, singing several times.

## DYNAMITE, DITCHES, DOORS AND DEATH!!!

### A Scheming Villian Concocts and Nearly Consummates a Hellish Plot.

OTTO FUNK, ALIAS J. A. TALBUT, HAVING  
DEFTLY REMOVED THE CHICAGO PUBLIC  
LIBRARY, STARTS IN ON THE UNI-  
VERSITY OF CHICAGO.

THE University of Chicago is generally regarded as a poor crippled, hump-backed old concern, without students enough to wad a gun (as the *Saturday Evening Herald* puts it), or money enough to pay its running expenses, or enthusiasm enough to cut off government coupons, and we are almost willing to admit the base charges, but when it is asserted that we never do anything to attract any attention, we do most enthusiastically object. The newspapers of Chicago owe a debt of gratitude that can never be paid to the University. Our assassinations, our oratory, our mortgages, our own and only Talbut, and our dear friend, Leonard Swett, have furnished the newspapers with unlimited columns of matter, and now, last and greatest, comes our own private, dyed-in-the-wool, patent-applied-for, *Death-Dealing Ditch and Dynamite Plot*, before which the plowing up of the House of Commons, and the escape of the Union prisoners from Libby prison pale into insignificance.

On the afternoon of Monday, April 20, some of the students noticed that there had been digging done at the north side of the observatory tower, but paid no particular attention to it. Monday night, however, at about 11 p.m., a belated Senior, coming across the campus discovered a person digging industriously. Wondering somewhat at the unusual character of the proceeding, he went into the building and asked the janitor what was up. John, the faithful, also wondering much, hastened to the scene of action, closely followed by Profs. Howe and Riggs, and jerked the offending disciple of Kosciusko out of the depths. The man was arrested but stoutly protested his innocence and it was afterward so clearly established

that he was innocent of any criminal motive that he was set at liberty.

Investigation developed the fact that a trench had been dug from twenty feet west of the observatory tower, in a northeasterly direction, to the north face of the tower, at which point it was nearly six feet in depth. A frame-work had been inserted and a neat-fitting cover placed in the top of the excavation.

All this afforded little or no explanation, but later on, some predatory Sophomores discovered in a remote corner of the campus, behind the little coast-survey station house, a barrel of cement, a lot of sawdust and two large wooden doors, with complete arrangement of latches, hinges and springs. The natural supposition was *dynamite* and infernal machines. Dozens took up the war-cry and in a few moments the neighborhood was all gathered to witness the remnants of the diabolical plot and congratulate the students on their remarkable and timely escape from a premature grave, had they been so fortunate as to consist of remains enough to warrant a whole grave. No less than eleven students were on hand inside of fifteen minutes, who minutely explained the workings of the infernal machine, explained how it was to be gotten under the tower, how it was to be touched off, and all about it.

Who did it? That was the question. Dr. Anderson said that dynamiters usually aimed their blows at wealthy corporations, but he didn't exactly see the application of the principle in this case.

A reporter for THE VOLANTE was early on the scene of almost-was-desolation; pushing our way through the surging crowd of school-ma'ams, preps., faculties, news-boys and the like, we first encountered Prof. Hough. Borrowing a light from him, we asked him to illumine us as to the end in view of the supposed dynamiter. With a thoughtful smile and a soulful spit, the professor remarked: "They say that I did it with the end in view of taking a trip to the moon, but they are mistaken, I did not do it; for my part the plane of the ecliptic, in which the earth lays, and to which we refer everything to, is good enough for me,—you are entirely excusable." Nevertheless we felt as if the Professor would probably have been able to give Jules Verne a few pointers in the course of a few hours if our own and only stem-winding *Death Dealing Ditch and Dynamite Plot* had not been cut off in the fluff, bluff and bloom of its existence.

Prof. Howe got his boots on and grabbed a tape-line right after breakfast and started in to calculate. He accurately computed the distance to which each separate stone would have been projected. He ascertained that the utmost distance would have been covered by the third stone to the right of the center

line of the east wall of the north end of the building, second row above the third story window. This stone, according to hasty calculations, would have been projected 163 ft. 3.69 in. beyond the east end of Thirty-fifth street pier in lake Michigan.

But all these theories and opinions were ruthlessly scattered to the 4 w. of H. by a more recent discovery. Shortly after noon another Senior, a hungry one this time, not belated, noticed that the earth had been disturbed near the gateway of the middle walk from the back door to Rhodes avenue. Invoking the aid of John, the faithful, once more, an excavation was made and an extensive framework unearthed. A hasty glance told the whole story. The doors which had constituted the infernal machine, were brought and found to fit the hinges of the framework *exactly*. Another glance showed that the before-discovered trench pointed in a direct line for this trap. The whole plot was clear as day, and with the unfolding of the plot, the older students, whose memories extend back over a period of three years, instantly solved the problem as to the originator and purpose of the fiendish contrivance. "Talbut!" was their unanimous exclamation. The plot was simple—Talbut could secrete himself in the excavation by the tower, pull the ropes at the proper time and, loosening the spring trap-door, let the unfortunate victim of his insane affections into the hole, whence she could be taken at his own sweet will. And such has since been proven to be the correct supposition.

Tuesday's recitations suffered considerably from the excitement attendant upon the circumstances, and the place was surrounded all day with crowds of interested students and citizens, including policemen, pop-corn peddlers, news-boys, detectives, reporters, servants and aldermen. South bound cable-cars in the afternoon were loaded down with hundreds of curious Chicagoans, who had heard the news down town. Some had even heard that the University was entirely demolished.

The universal expression was that Talbut was a crank of the worst order, and ought to be sent to an asylum rather than the penitentiary. The young lady who has been so unfortunate as to be the focus of his absorbing passion, and the intended victim of his infernal man-trap, has the sympathy of her hosts of friends in her embarrassing position. She however clings to the idea that Talbut is of a revengeful disposition and not insane.

Whether he be a crank or a sane man, he is a genius. He is the man who alone in all this great city has solved the problem of how to move the public library. He is the man who reduced a Tri Kappa audience one evening some three years ago from over sixty to two, with an essay of nearly one thousand pages. His chapel orations were always "pie" for those who had a recitation at the first hour, and

his class-day prophecy will long be remembered by those who were (un)fortunate enough to listen to it.

He was arrested Tuesday evening the 21st., at the residence of his sister, on the west side of the city, and confessed to having concocted the scheme, but denied any sinister motives. Inside of six hours, however, he told no less than ten different stories of his actions, thereby puzzling his keepers as to whether he was a scheming, crafty villain, or an unfortunate maniac. In his preliminary hearing before Justice Foote, Wednesday, April 22, he was bound over to the Criminal Court under \$500 bond, and being unable to secure bondsmen went to jail, where he rests safely behind the bars at the present writing.

He is bound to attain a reputation at any cost, and according to present appearances is succeeding admirably.

Some of the incidents attendant upon the excitement were amusing. While the dynamite theory was uppermost it was whispered around that Daisy Springer had taken Dave and Sam, our worthy Seniors, into the plot for blowing up the building and thus avoiding the necessity of giving chapel orations. They however denied this and threw the charge on to Jaros, but Jaros claimed that while he was a dynamiter at heart, he never would so degrade himself and the noble cause of Socialism as to attack a poor broken-winded, spavined concern like this.

Leonard Swett was up in the forenoon, and when asked by THE VOLANTE reporter for his opinion as to the perpetrator of the dynamite outrage, he struck an attitude and said, "It is just as I said in the magnificent peroration of my \$25,000 speech in this case (of which you probably have seen a copy, if not you can obtain one of the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company, they have several hundred yet), this is a continuation of the long established policy of the University. This is a practical application of the teachings of Doctor Anderson's Moral Philosophy. The University having failed to escape its just due by law, is now trying to accomplish the same end with dynamite," and the learned gentleman finished with a flourish of his new silk umbrella, and, taking out a little note-book wrote hastily:

Apl. 21.—U. M. L. Co.—To talk against Anderson and Univ. de dynamite.....\$150.

Prof. Stuart was asked his opinion and replied, "Well, I don't know much about the ways of this country but the man who did that was neither a classical scholar, nor did he possess the faintest conception of what constitutes a gentleman or good breeding; he was a boor, sir, a boor."

Prof. Butler said that that might possibly be an ingenious plot, on the whole he thought it was, but was however not quite positive as to the whole matter. He was much obliged, however, and would look it up.

Prof. Bennett, however, played about the meanest trick of all. Spying a few stray Juniors about the scene, he corralled them and compelled them to write the reaction for the manufacture of dynamite. Comment is useless. Some men would sell *ban-nan-no-os* in church, but that would be mild and inoffensive in comparison.

Prof. Griffith drilled a few dozen Juniors and Sophomores an hour each before breakfast, and then sauntered over the grounds. THE VOLANTE approached him with, "Well, Professor, what do you think of the scare?" The good natured Professor rubbed his hands and chuckled a few seconds, then replied, "Really, my dear fellow, I don't know. You see I've not a vulture's bill, to pick at every flaw I see, and make it wider still. It is enough for me to know, I've a hotel of my own, and guests without baggage must pay in advance."

Prof. Howe expects to be called as a witness in the trial and accordingly he spent several hours in gathering evidence. He succeeded in collecting a bushel basket full of foot-prints and wagon-tracks and a bottle of air from the pit. The latter has been found to correspond remarkably with Talbut's breath and will probably convict him (Talbut, not the professor).

But lack of space forbids our mentioning all the various opinions expressed and theories advanced. Suffice it to say that we had a real, genuine sensation and we did it ample justice. We treat it in as light a manner as possible because it was really entirely harmless and as it was conceived could never have been successfully accomplished. But the consequences are awful to imagine and we may be thankful that THE VOLANTE is not draped in mourning and that we have still a place which serves as a "dear old shrine" for THE VOLANTE and her loyal adherents.

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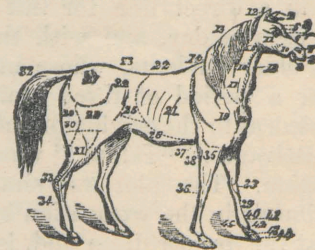
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Horse.

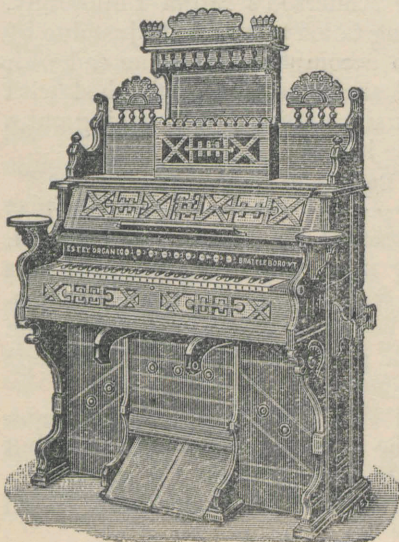
1, ears; 2, forelock; 3, forehead; 4, eye; 5, eye-pits; 6, nose; 7, nostril; 8, point of nose; 9, lips; 10, nether jaw; 11, cheek; 12, poll; 13, mane; 14, withers; 15, parotid glands; 16, throat; 17, neck; 18, jugular vein; 19, shoulder; 20, chest; 21, ribs; 22, back; 23, loins; 24, hip; 25, flank; 26, belly; 27, haunch; 28, thigh; 29, buttock; 30, stifle; 31, leg; 32, tail; 33, hock; 34, cannon or shank-bone; 35, arm; 36, knees; 37, passage for the girthing; 38, elbow; 39, shank; 40, bullet; 41, pasterns; 42, coronet; 43, foot; 44, hoof; 45, fetlock.

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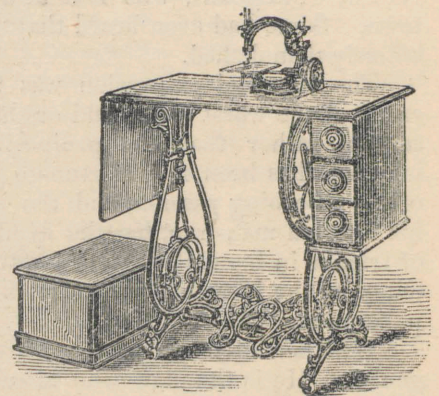
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