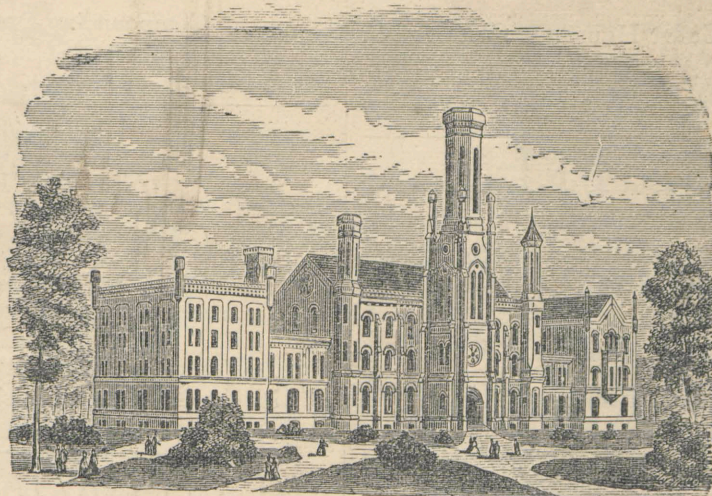


# THE VOLANTE.

VOLUME IV.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, APRIL, 1875.

NUMBER 7.



## UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

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The Museum is contained in a large and well lighted front room, on the second floor of the University building, opposite the Society Hall. The several departments of GEOLOGY, MINERALOGY, ZOOLOGY, ENTOMOLOGY, HUMAN ANATOMY and PHYSIOLOGY, as well as the lower classes of Invertebrates, as STAR FISHES, ECHINODERMS, WORMS and CORALS, are well represented by specimens, judiciously selected and arranged for teaching purposes. The NUMISMATIC COLLECTION, containing 3500 ancient coins, is an interesting and useful acquisition.

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This LIBRARY, including the great library of the late Dr. Hengstenberg of Germany, now embraces over fifteen thousand volumes, contained in one room, and accessible to the students.

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# THE VOLANTE.

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## LITERARY.

### MORDECAI.

Mordecai sits at the palace-gate;  
In and out, with a lordly stride,  
Hastens great Haman, in pomp and pride;  
Sullen and silent doth Mordecai wait.

Clad in his humble beggar dress;  
Scorned and rejected; he does not dread,  
Holding erect his proud, sad head,  
To mock at the great man's haughtiness.

Lo! over Haman's advancing path  
Falleth a shadow strange and high;  
Swaying, terrible, drawing nigh;  
While he curses the Jew in his frenzied wrath.

How can he know that his own proud seat,  
Within the gates, in the honored place,  
Waits even now for the form and face  
Of him whom he spurns with disdainful feet?

Think you he'd laugh in his pride and scorn,  
If he knew that, fifty cubits high—  
While perhaps Mordecai watches nigh—  
He shall be swaying to-morrow morn?

Mordecai sits at the palace-gate:

Your gate it may be, it may be mine;  
Refusing his noble head to incline,  
He seemeth only to watch and wait.

Shall we threaten him now with death?

Whose the death that is drawing near  
We cannot know; let us rather fear,  
Cursing, to waste our final breath.

Seats of honor, of power, and trust;

Filling them let us fill them well;  
Who may be waiting—not ours to tell—  
To fill them for us, when we are dust.

R. I.

THOMAS MOORE.

I.

If there be one thing more than another with which literary people are endowed, plentifully, that one thing is egotism. Moore had, perhaps, even above his share of it. Had his genius equaled his vanity, he would now occupy the front rank among poets, instead of being almost a stranger to general readers of this generation.

Egotism manifests itself, fortunately, in more than one way, and in some of its manifestations it is much less abominable than in others. When its possessor is so unhappy as to be led to look down upon fellow mortals, the world is only made the sourer for his having been in it, and his death occasions little genuine grief. This was not the case with the sweet singer of Erin. Petted and praised into a most delicious state of self-satisfaction, his vanity was harmless, and tended to make his society pleasant, rather than otherwise, to those among whom his later days were spent.

In writing his voluminous diary, Moore utterly disregarded the injunction of Rochefoucauld to "avoid, especially, speaking often of oneself," and showed his disbelief of the statement that "nothing is more disagreeable than a man who cites himself on all occasions." Moore had no friend so true as Moore, and was frank to acknowledge his high opinion of, and cordial relations with, himself. How much of the secret of a happy life lies in this self-friendship, let each judge for himself.

Moore opens to us his boyhood with a school event. It is a summons from Mr. Whyte, the master, who also trains those who wish to make the stage their profession. "How great was my pride, delight and awe when I found I had been summoned for no less a purpose than to be introduced to Miss Campion (afterwards a popular actress), and to have the high honor of reciting to her 'Alexander's Feast.'" Then he is put on for an epilogue in private theatricals, and, "as this was the first time I ever saw my name in print," he transcribes the programme.

"The commencement of my career in rhyming," he says, "was so very early as to be almost beyond the reach of memory. It was in 1793 that for the first time I enjoyed the honor and glory of seeing verses of my own in print. I had now become indeed a determined rhymist."

Then we follow him as he collects matter for his biography of Byron, to whom he was a warm, true friend. Occasionally he picks a flower for his own bouquet. "By-the-by, I find that Lord Byron showed Shelley the letters I wrote on the subject of his 'Cain,' warning him against Shelley's influence, and deprecating that wretched display of Atheism which Shelley had given into. \* \* Shelley, too, has written anxiously to Smith to say how sorry he should be to stand ill in my opinion." Again, "Drove to the Rev. J. Beacher's (Byron's old friend). Asked us to dinner, which was what I speculated



upon. \* \* Took me to call on Mrs. and Miss Pigot, who were equally friends of Byron in his youth. Their reception of me most cordial 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."

Moore visits the prince of hospitality, 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 sung 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. Scott confessed that 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 'rape.' \* \* The carriage being ordered immediately after breakfast to take me to the coach, I took leave of Scott, who seemed (as my companions afterwards remarked) to feel much regret at parting with me."

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 and flattered and caressed, and he always does his share to make the company enjoyable. No doubt his ballads were beautifully sung, as they were exquisitely composed; and why should he not say they were received with plaudits, such being the case? He does not draw invidious comparisons; he has a 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 diner-out. His dinners at home are few and far between. Not that he loves his good wife less, but that he is demanded elsewhere more. 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 Genlis, or Talleyrand, or Irving, to uphold foreign parts; and Moore to sing his pathetic verses. The tendency of it all is to increase his vanity, though nothing induces him to set himself above others; nothing spoils his splendid disposition; nothing makes a rioter 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. Sitting 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 manfully. \* \* I look upon the part of your book that relates to Sheridan himself as comparatively worthless; it is for the historical and political views that I value it; and am indeed of opinion that you have given us the only clear, fair and manly account of the public transactions of the last fifty years that we possess." \* \* "Went to the courts after breakfast; found out Jeffrey, and walked about with him to see everything, being myself the greatest show of the place, and followed about from court to court."

Happy Tom! True or not true these tributes to self, in the eyes of others, they gave to the warm heart of the poet a joy which none would deprive him of, even were it possible. Perhaps it is only when one has succeeded in enveloping himself in self-sufficiency that one reaches the blissful state where there is

\* \* \* "No tongue to wound us,  
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us."

#### THE HEN AND THE DIAMOND.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Once upon a time, a hen  
Found a diamond bright, and then  
Hid it in the sand again.

"Now, this lovely stone would be  
More acceptable to me  
Were't a grain of wheat," said she.

#### JOHN CHINAMAN'S THEATRE.

A recent letter from San Francisco brings the Chinaman before my mind and forms the basis of this article. Some writer has said that if you will tell him what a man's amusements are he will tell you what the man is; and that the same holds true of a nation as of an individual. The ground is not unreasonable that what a man does in his leisure, when most at liberty to do as he pleases, will be more likely to disclose his taste and temperament, than what he does under business or other

pressure. Catch a person at play and you catch him off his guard; in the work of life, whatever it be, he wears some sort of a mask and cannot escape it. His true face is concealed as effectually as was that of 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 Campus Martius, in the tournaments of the Middle Ages, in the Spanish bull fights, the German Gardens, the French Mabilles, 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 games is it that his way is most peculiar. Not because of his ability as a juggler and magician 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 theatre early in the evening and, what with his opium and the play and the company of his snub-toed friends, settles himself to make a night of it, he has taken refuge in his own distinctive institution, unlike any other on the face of the globe. Observing him here, if the clouds of opium smoke will allow, you can form an idea of what is amusement to him, and you can draw inferences quite as easily, at least, as you can your breath, though the former may be no more satisfactory 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 interest must be centred 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 Desdemona. The air is thick with smoke, and the fumes of opium are almost unendurable to the unaccustomed visitors. The announcement that the performance has begun is made by means of a din that threatens distraction, and that does not cease. John would tell you that this is music. Then quotations crowd in memory. "Music hath charms"—if this is music, that's a lie. "The man that hath no music in himself"—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 far from Hong Kong, and never had a chance afterward to visit the tea land. And so the indignant soul seeks to avenge the insult to Apollo, who never, at any rate, taught the Chinaman other than to play the lyre, which should be spelled "l-i-a-r" 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, pans that might much better be in domestic service, and other instruments of like charming kind and sound. There is no leader, unless the man with the largest gong and strongest arm counts himself such. Each whatever-you-call-him plays away by himself, without regard to the rest or to time. The rule seems to be both general and simple: drum as loud and as rapidly as possible. Of course one expects that this overture will be finished shortly. Judge of the consternation, then, when it becomes known that this accompaniment is to continue through the entire entertainment (?). Sure enough, the acting begins, while the stout party with the big pan beats away for dear life, as if the crisis of his career is reached. The acting seems to be good, so far as an outsider can judge, and the audience evidently find in it that enjoyment which leads to its support. The piece is an opera rather than a play, but the singing is more like an Indian war song than anything else. When an actor wishes to change his costume, he merely turns his back to the audience and disrobes as composedly as if he were in a private dressing room. When an actor's back is toward the audience, he is supposed to be out of sight, and as little attention is paid to him as if he were really concealed.

Some of the features of this Chinese temple of Thespis—forgive me, Thespis—are quite enjoyable, others most amusing. But the smell of opium and the deafening noise become unendurable, and the stranger leaves John to his pleasure and pipe. And there will John sit for hours. He reverses our favorite idea. For him there's no place like home—to keep away from. He cannot be said to have a changeable disposition. The same play lasts him for six months, and occupies the hours from seven o'clock in the evening till five in the morning each day, Sunday and all. The costumes are many of them elegant, not a few of the dresses costing \$500 each.

In closing the description, my correspondent says: "As a curiosity the Chinese theatre is worth visiting, but no amount of good things could persuade me to go again. I suppose I am wicked, but really I did hope all the time I was there, that the gong player might have a light stroke of paralysis." Even at this distance one can sympathize with this feeling. But, as was said at first, it is a puzzle to make anything of John Chinaman, judging him from his amusements.

H. G.

The University nine has practised 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. Evanston 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.



## AD CONDISCIPULOS.

"*Nobis da quietia tempora.*"

Scholæ civis erat captus  
Metu ne nocte esset raptus,  
Armat se pro salute;  
Qualis ei metus erat  
Quod orationem ferat  
Abditam in corpore.

Quare, nunc, est talis terror  
Viro ab quo non factus error?

Aliquid non justum est;  
"Integer non eget Mauris  
Jaculis," sic dicit Horace,  
Cui cognitio non abest;

Sed is schemam ignoravit  
Simulatam, et amavit  
Otium ac gaudium;  
Si qui Junior studiosus  
Esset, labore corrosus,  
Memor esset fraudium;

Vigilans a die et nocte,  
Artis suspicax concoctæ,  
Cavens condiscipulos;  
Plenus equidem dolore,  
Omnium diffidens ore,  
Sophomores ante alteros.

Exhibitione data,  
Menteque non occupata,  
Pax ad pectus veniet;  
Ejus arma tunc deponet,  
Dum exemplo forte monet  
Preps. consequi qualibet.

H. G.

## GOING THROUGH COLLEGE.

In the chapter on "Helotage," in "Sartor Resartus," we find the following lamentation: "But what I do mourn over is, that the lamp of his soul should go out; that no ray of heavenly, or even of earthly knowledge should visit him. \* \* Alas, while the body stands so broad and brawny, must the soul lie blind, dwarfed, stupefied, almost annihilated! Alas, was this too a breath of God; bestowed in Heaven, but on earth never to be unfolded! That there should one Man die ignorant who had capacity for Knowledge, this I call a tragedy. \* \* The miserable fraction of Science which our united Mankind, in a wide Universe of Nescience, has acquired, why is not this, with all diligence, imparted to all?"

These burning, breathing words penetrate like the thrust of a two-edged sword, to the very heart's core of every lover of knowledge and mental culture. They are enough to inspire any one, of a benevolent disposition, with a willingness to become a martyr, if it were necessary, for the moral and intellectual welfare of men. It is over a year since I first read these words, and they

have been ringing in my ears and echoing in my heart ever since. But lack of opportunities is not the only, nor even the greatest enemy and obstacle to enlightenment and the pursuit of knowledge. I believe the real seat of the disease is to be found in the fatal want of appreciation of things intellectual, which so generally prevails. Only here and there a boy, or a young man, cares to pursue his studies farther than is absolutely necessary to attain what he calls "success in life." And of those who do go to college, it is a notable fact that a large proportion are in the class who are precisely the least able to bear the expenses of a liberal education. The love of knowledge and of immaterial things has been bestowed upon a few happy souls. It is a heavenly gift. How grateful ought he to be who carries that celestial treasure in his bosom! A love for intellectual things: for the things that pertain to the invisible part of man and the universe. One spark of that sacred fire is worth mountains of gold, and outweighs all the treasures of earth. When this flame has once been kindled in the heart, college becomes an Elysium of delight. This feeling is the truest and best foundation of a college course. It is an indispensable condition to real success in mental pursuits. Whoever has had this affection for intelligence and culture planted in his soul, will, before all others, be likely to find his way to college. And why should he not? What in this world could be of greater importance than going through college? It has been said "that there is nothing great in the world but man, and nothing great in man but mind." While I believe that *everything* in the world is both great and wonderful, yet it is evident that the quotation is speaking comparatively, and in this sense every thinking person will admit its justness. Now, if it is true that, comparatively speaking, there is nothing great in the world but the soul of man, then is not the improvement of the faculties of the soul our first duty? The pursuit which has for its immediate object the beautifying, strengthening and purifying of the intellectual powers—can any other occupation compare with this in 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, just in proportion as it promotes this one grand object. In view of these reflections, college assumes all the importance attributed to it by its most enthusiastic admirers. The most ardent student does not and can not 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 Freshman year, turns toward the object of his desire! To a lad who reverences learning and intellectual supe-

riority, college is surrounded with a halo of ineffable glory. The preparatory course is a great gulf that separates him from the land of the blessed. He thinks to himself, "Oh, if I could once even get into college, that would be happiness enough for me!" He at length surmounts this difficult barrier, and finds himself on the shores of the enchanted country. *Country*, did I call it? It is a new world—a whole universe of wonders and strange delights. The sense of supreme self-satisfaction and sublime exaltation which pervades his whole being at this period, is hardly second to the lofty complacency that swells his bosom when he has proposed to the "divinest earth-angel that ever lived on our planet," and has been accepted. By this time the pursuer of knowledge under difficulties has learned something of his ability, finds that his talents compare favorably with those of other young men, and hence his confidence is increased to such a degree that he can look forward to the four golden years that lie before him, with the expectation and assurance of success. Those subtle and varied influences are at work upon him which are to transform and revolutionize the whole intellectual man. He feels constant acquisitions of mental strength; his tastes are changing and improving, so that he turns with aversion from those things which he has been wont to admire, and beholds beauty where he could hitherto perceive nothing but deformity. A new power of mental vision is acquired, enabling the mind to see new worlds that it never dreamed of before. A telescope does not give greater assistance to the eyes of the body than a thorough training does to the eyes of the mind. What unspeakable satisfaction there is in the acquisition of knowledge, in the consciousness of daily intellectual growth and moral improvement! College is the means of reclaiming the mental faculties from chaos to order, from deformity to beauty, from disproportion to symmetry, from discord to harmony, from sluggishness to activity, and from weakness to power. Students appreciate these advantages as well as the ten thousand others that might be enumerated. And yet there are students of fine talents, high aspirations and noble ambition, who allow themselves to be turned aside and diverted from their chosen course without completing it. Some are hindered by obstacles that are not in themselves insurmountable, simply because they have not at the outset dedicated themselves unconditionally to a complete course. When a young man enters college it ought to be with the invincible, unalterable determination to go through. If he does not form this resolution at the start and adhere to it without wavering throughout the whole course, he will not only suffer from his liability to be driven from his purpose, but even if he does go through, he will not reap the full benefit of his success, since he has attained it partly by accident and circumstances, instead of by decision of character, perseverance and

pure grit. To see a collegian discontinuing a half or three-fourths completed course is, unless Providence is the unmistakable cause, almost as pitiable a sight as a reformed drunkard lapsing back into his old bondage to alcohol. A highly esteemed and dearly loved Professor who no longer dwells among mortals, said to a certain class at the close of their Sophomore year: "Let no one of you for a moment entertain the thought of discontinuing his course. The college course of study is an admirable, harmonious unit; an almost perfect system, wonderfully, skillfully framed, and wisely calculated and adapted to the wants of the human mind in the symmetrical development of all its powers. Take the full course; there is nothing like it. Complete the curriculum and be *men*!"

J. S.

## SENIOR STUDIES.

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 profitableness, with as little as possible of the drudgery attaching to the studies of the other years. We have the History of Civilization, Moral Science, German, Plato, Mineralogy and Geology, Political Economy and others, but the time would fail me 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," says he, "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 it be administered with warmth and energy; let there be soul in it. If she closes her eyes and sighs immediately after it, the effect is greater. She should be careful not to slobber a kiss, but give it as a humming bird runs his bill into a honeysuckle—deep, but delicate. There is much virtue in a kiss when well delivered. We have the memory of one we received in our youth, which lasted us forty years, and we believe it will be one of the last things we shall think of when we die."

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



## THE VOLANTE.

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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. Boise'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 funds raised 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-twentieth; Howe Literary Institute, one-twentieth. The direction of the whole matter is given to a State committee, with Rev. C. E. Hewitt, D. D., 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 we shall 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 require them 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 Expostulation." 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 enjoys a crushing retort 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 Mr. Gladstone's masterly reasoning 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 antagonists, who are certainly foemen 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 on any subject, and this interest is greatly enhanced when their topic is one of such universal interest as the political influence of the Romish Church. These pamphlets are inexpensive and easily obtained, and ought to find their way into the college in goodly numbers. No one can read both sides of this controversy without obtaining a great deal of interesting information, and greatly liberalizing his views. Above all, no real student can read these pamphlets without getting a much more definite idea of a clear, forcible style, and of its value. It is not necessary, nor desirable, to be a blind partisan of either Mr. Gladstone or his opponents; but it is desirable to have some acquaintance with the questions with which they deal, and with their manner of treating them. Better examples of controversial writing than some of these pamphlets it would be hard to find, and the student who wishes to acquire an effective English style ought not to fail to read them.

## IS THE STUDENT NARROW-MINDED?

The answer to this question will probably be in the affirmative. Even the students themselves will hardly venture to deny that it is so. We are continually told of the necessity for a college man's mingling with the world in order to free his mind from the trammels of his education. Doubtless much of this is needed, but much more of it is cant; that is, if cant be defined as persistence in forms and expressions after the real truth that they once embodied has evaporated. Whatever the student may actually be, an utter ignorance of everything outside of the college walls and his own routine studies, is no longer an essential condition of his being a student. That it was so once, there can be no doubt; but to suppose that it is so now, is to assume that we have gone back to the monastic ideas of mediæval times.

It requires but a moment's reflection to convince any one that much of the complaining in regard to the bigotry, narrowness and conceit of college men is pure cant. Whatever may have been the case formerly, now, at all events, they have as much freedom as they are qualified to make use of. In no college of reputation in the country, are the students any more cut off from contact with outside influences, than young men who are engaged in any other calling. The monastic system of education, that seized upon the boy at an early age, and shut him up under the sternest restrictions to a mental diet consisting of appetizing changes from Greek, Latin and Mathematics to Mathematics, Latin and Greek no longer prevails. The yoke of the scholiasts has been about as thoroughly broken in the field of education as in all others. The modern liberal spirit prevails there as well as elsewhere. Not only is the range of studies extended, but in many cases the learner is allowed to select his own path of investigation, and to proceed almost wherever he pleases. College government, moreover, has been liberalized in the same degree as the college curriculum. The student's time is left at his own disposal, and he is not only permitted, but encouraged to seek society and social culture.

Thus 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 complaint against them is merely a parrot-like repetition of censures that were, indeed, well founded 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 their work obliges 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 more than neutralize the broadening effect of liberal studies, and deserves to be carefully avoided. The student who finds himself totally destitute of any thoughts or feelings in common with the world 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 goodness not to grant, but the majority of them chose 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 many 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 a faithful and conscientious discharge of the duties of each day and hour, in and out of the class-room. College men cannot be fooled by any spasmodic and temporary excitement. They are cautious, accustomed to think, and quick to see through 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 root of the matter in you; that religion is a firm principle which you have made the guide of your life. Strict consciousness, evinced 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. The daily prayer meeting in the Christian Association room is still continued,



## THE UNIVERSITY NINE.

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; Boganau, pitcher; Bailey, short stop; Honoré, first base; Raymond, second; Gardner, third; Dean, left field; Egbert, center; Lansing, right. There is good stuff in this nine and the members play prettily together. There appears to be no good 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 pluck displayed by his brother, whose health has driven him into unwilling retirement. With practice and experience he promises to develop finely. Boganau 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 left, then the right arm, now slow, now very rapid; Lansing will relieve him when both his arms get weary. Bailey, at short, could not be bettered. Grounders are his pets, and he throws with accuracy and swiftness. His record last season is his best recommend. Honoré played first last year, and was with the Socials at Peoria. Gardner, at third, is an able coadjutor to Bailey, and between the play of short, third and first, many fall easy victims. Gardner throws after the fashion of Kerll, and straight to the mark. Raymond's playing we are not familiar with, but he promises to hold his place ably at second. Dean 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. It has long seemed to me that a large part of the canine race are badly misconstrued. Many of the poor fellows are no more understood than that unfortunate New England dog that perished in the persecution of the witches.

Griff was a dog of the Puritan breed,  
Brave in fight and of visage grim.  
He was not a surly beast, indeed,  
But life was a serious thing to him.

Alas! his sober conscientiousness was mistaken for surly malignity; his dignified reserve was construed as underhanded malice, 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 life of all good dogs is, as 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 steps, 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 my flesh become acquainted, the reflection that the poor brute was actuated solely by that sense of duty which I have discovered to be 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 exaggerated sense of responsibility throws a gloom over our lives, as in the case of the Puritans. We know how easily it is misconstrued. In view of this is it not manifestly necessary that the moral education of dogs be hereafter conducted on different principles?

CANIS AMATOR.

## AN EPISODE.

There he sat in his much-repaired yet still weak rocking-chair, his feet on the stove urn, and melancholy in his usually "light sarcastic eye." No heed 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 hopes pondered,  
Whereof yon gay fancies were the type;  
And my hand mechanically wandered  
Towards my left hand pocket for a pipe.  
Ah! why starts each eyeball from its socket,  
As, in Hamlet, start the guilty queen's?  
There, deep-hid in its accustomed pocket,  
Lay my sole pipe, smashed to smithereens!

The awed visitor, weighed by a sense of calamity he could ill define, silently withdrew. At eventide, a young man rushed forth in the direction of the corner grocery, and soon returned with peace in his countenance and five clay pipes in his pocket.

## AT HOME.

How numerous, these chill days, are the friends of students who still have coal in their bins and fires in their rooms.

Don't leave off your overcoat and prance round as though 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 mistake which the First Year youth made when he translated, "*P. Scipio equestri genere natus*," 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 V, 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.

RECITATION 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 Librarian was stupefied the other day when a collegian asked him for Gail Hamilton's Logic. Before he was able to recover, collegian became mad, growled out, "Well, the professor of rhetoric said it was here," 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 Quincey. When he is spoken of, the students confound him with John Quincey Adams—confound them."

That was probably a First Year student who, on being requested to purchase a new and handsome edition of Milton, said, "Yes, that's a purty 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 recitation room. A splendid idea, we think; just the place to pursue 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 30th, Professor and Mrs. Wheeler gave the Senior class a reception at their residence, No. 240 Calumet avenue. It was an occasion which will be remembered by the Seniors long after many things in chemistry and mineralogy have been obliterated from the tablets of their memories.

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

The easy times of the Seniors 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 Seniors have work enough to make any man happy; they haven't a second to get "blue" in. We have heard that the Faculty have made up their minds to heap on enough "to hold us down." This may be 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 while suited to the purpose for which it was intended, were of a much higher character than are usually found in such books. Among the specially 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 extempore address on "The Centennial," 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 a quite remarkable extempore speaker. His success may be somewhat explained, however, when it is disclosed that he gave what had already been read in class as an essay, and what was delivered as an oration a night or two subsequently in the Tri Kappa. The maxim may be changed with advantage to "Utility—not honesty—is the successful policy."

Jones says he seated himself to write a ponderous article for THE VOLANTE on 'Typical Developments.' The first sentence—it is the first sentence, Jones says, that racks the feeble brain—was not finished; nor is it yet, and he explains it by this quotation:

"But hark! a sound is stealing on my ear—  
A soft and silvery sound—I know it well.  
Its tinkling tells me that a time is near  
Precious to me—it is the Dinner Bell.  
O, blessed Bell! thou bringest beef and cheer,  
Thou bringest good things more than tongue may tell:  
Seared is, of course, my heart—but unsubdued  
Is, and shall be, my appetite for food."

Said a Sophomore, in love with Horace, to his chum: "You remember the line

"O matre pulchra filia pulchrior,"  
and the lesson—"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 thought that was a neat line to quote in a letter to Sarah. But I couldn't get my conscience to say *pulchra* after *matre*, so I rendered it:

"O, daughter more beautiful than thy ma,"  
and by some horrid chance the old lady got hold of that letter. Sarah couldn't do anything to pacify her, and was obliged to tell me that we must part, as she cared too much for my life to have me risk it where her mother was. I have another girl now, chum, but I never put quotations in mine."



## A CHAMPIONSHIP CONTEST.

Those who are best acquainted with the Seniors will be most amused to know that two of them played for the billiard championship of the class not long since; while it will sufficiently amuse those not acquainted, to be informed that neither of the contestants had ever before applied the neatly tapering cue to the ivories. The game was long—as long as our reporter remained, and only the rivals know how long thereafter. The runs were not large, but the “scratching” has seldom been equaled, even by professionals. The average, up to the 179th inning and the time of our departure, was: B., two-tenths, Dick, four-tenths. Since neither party had much faith in “banking,” they “flipped” for first play, and Dick won on “heads.” The referee persuaded B. that he must not put his ball in his pocket, but leave it for the benefit of his opponent. Dick chalked his cue vigorously (the result of having observed some of his companions), and nervously approached the table. Placing his ball near the light red, he gave a punch and countad sure enough, having struck the light red first. It took the referee fifteen minutes to explain why the white must first be hit, and after all Dick remarked: “Well, if I get beat, you’ll do it with your rules. Every time a man makes a square shot, somebody proves he had no right to shoot that way.” His first inning was a blank. B., seeing a good position, insisted on taking the red for his cue ball, and said he couldn’t see why one ball wasn’t as good as another to shoot with, and better too when you could count with it. There were several hints made that a new referee would be required unless the constant interference with the interests of the players ceased. Both men were plucky, and for about fifty innings sent the balls flying around the table and room with splendid recklessness, counting when there was no way to avoid it, Dick taking one or more balls off the table if B. made more than one tally at a time, and vice versa. When the spectators were obliged to leave for supper, in the 179th inning, as aforesaid, B. had eleven points and Dick sixteen. The result is only known from the fact that Dick wears the championship medal, which is richly embossed, made of 18-carat tin, and fastened to the vest button-hole by a finely twisted cord which cost not less than a mill a yard.

## SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

*Athenaeum*—President, H. B. Mitchell; Vice President, H. L. Stetson; Secretary, D. W. Fahs; Sub Secretary, R. B. Twiss; Treasurer, C. H. Mitchelmore; Critic, W. D. Gardner; Literary Editor, H. M. Snapp; Political Editor, J. M. Jackson; Local Editor, H. E. Fuller.

*Tri Kappa*—President, B. F. Patt; Vice President, J. R. Ives; Secretary, C. F. Morey; Sub Secretary, J. Staley; Treasurer, Miss Lily Gray; First Critic, J. E. Rhodes; Second Critic, J. V. Garton; Editor-in-Chief, D. M. Carman; First Assistant Editor, W. R. Raymond; Second Assistant Editor, F. E. Lansing.

*Students' Association*—President, H. I. Bosworth; Vice President, G. M. McConaughy; Treasurer, H. B. Mitchell; Secretary, F. E. Lansing.

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

## OUR EXCHANGES.

We are reminded that *THE VOLANTE* is a little behind time this month, by 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 they came in, and then taking a comprehensive glance through them all in the vain effort to generalize their contents, we give up the attempt, and shall try to characterize only a few of those most ready at hand.

The first one that we glance at, the *Dartmouth*, is worth much more than a hasty glance. “The Cave of Poetry,” is decidedly 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 parodies:

It was just about forty years ago,  
In Erin—green isle of the sea,  
That a maiden was born whom I too well know  
By the name of Bridget McFee;  
And this maiden she serves in the kitchen below,  
And she is the cook to me.

And each day she takes her stand by the grate,  
And gets my breakfast for me:  
And I hate her with hatred deeper than hate,  
This wretched Bridget McFee;  
With a hate that the little demons condemned  
Must envy to see in me.

For whenever I go in the morning below,  
To the realm of Bridget McFee,  
I always fear that her muscular arm  
Will throw a dish-pan at me.  
And I wish that her “highborn kinsman” might come  
And take her away from me,  
Or carry her back to her island home—  
To Erin, green isle of the sea.

Evidently that denizen of the cave of poetry was unfortunate in his boarding place.

One of our regular visitors, for which we confess a growing partiality, is the *Brunonian*. The weakness of the poem in the last number is more than redeemed by the little gem that opens the preceding one. But the features which we particularly admire it, are the unpretentiousness and manly directness of its style and tone, qualities that put it in strong contrast with some of our other exchanges. If we were to suggest any deficiency, we should say that it was a want of liveliness.

The *Scholastic*, from Notre Dame, Indiana, is a weekly visitor, very manifestly devoted to the interests of Catholicism, as well as to those of the students. It certainly indicates a good degree of literary activity at Notre Dame. A good part of its contents, however, are in reference to subjects that we can find more satisfactorily treated elsewhere. The college paper has its own domain, which is not by any means a limited one; but the general art, literary and musical news of the day, can hardly be said, even under the most liberal definition, to fall within it.

The *Targum* discourses as follows:

“One of our correspondents suggests that it is desirable to have a Senior Editor now and then from the Scientific classes, or that it would be a good plan to have two Senior Editors, one from each section. Ex-

## CLIPPINGS.

During the recent revival in college a sophomore informed his chum of the conversion of a mutual friend, whereupon the considerate young man exclaimed, “By jolly, I am glad of that, for now I can sell him my bible.”—*Dickinsonian*.

“Not all the pumice of the polish’d town  
Can smoothe this roughness of the barn-yard down.”  
O. W. HOLMES.

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

The *Cornell Era* gives us the “The Tale of King Kalakaua,” beginning:

“Her graceful arms in meekness bending,  
Across a breast as white as spray.  
Gently advanced the Boston maiden  
To greet the King Kalakaua.”

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

Her Virgil on her breast she laid;  
She knew more Greek than words can say;  
Blue stockinged came the Boston maid  
Before the King Kalakaua.—*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 him,  
The music had “friz” in his throat.—*Ex*.

A Freshman having learned that a heavy growth of eyebrows is a mark of intellectual power, has closely shaved his own that he may soon be numbered with the brilliant minds of the earth.—*Dickinsonian*.

Bon ton Freshmen 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 retain this card. If not, return it.”—*Beloit Monthly*.

This is the way we heard it explained yesterday morning by an old toper, who had insisted that the row on Winter street, last Monday evening, was caused by students: “You see them d— students what would rather drink water nor beer, voted to stop the selling of beer, and then some of the boys was bound to have it anyhow, and drank more’n usual just for spite, and got mad and busted them winders and blacked them eyes. Now, sir, if there hadn’t been no students in this town, there wouldn’t been no row.”—*Transcript*.

BEST BOOK FOR EVERYBODY.—The new illustrated edition of Webster’s Dictionary, containing three thousand engravings, is the *best for everybody* that the press has produced in the present century, and should be regarded as indispensable to the well-regulated home, reading-room, library and place of business.—*Golden Era*.

perience has taught us that it might be well to have about fifteen Senior Editors, a corresponding number of associates, and a good stock of “Planchette boards” to fall back upon when other inspiration fails.”

The experience of Rutgers’ editors is astonishingly like ours, nevertheless, we think the retiring editors ought to receive congratulations on the success of the *Targum* under their charge, and their successors on the high standard already set up for them.

The *Alumni Journal* says that a movement for the formation of a new society is in progress at the Wesleyan University. It seems something like the one that proved abortive here a little while ago. Only, at Bloomington, it is the lower-class men that are engaged in it.

It is pleasant always to take up any of our exchanges that have a well-defined individuality, such as the *Berkeleyan* certainly possesses. It has marked out its own path and follows it with success. It is doubtful whether a college paper should be made up so largely of weighty literary and general articles, but as long as they manifest the ability of the last number of the *Berkeleyan*, no one has the right to complain. We hope it will adhere to its independence, and never substitute college gossip for articles like the Analysis of “Far from the Madding Crowd,” and “The Foundation Idea in Poe’s Poetry.”

In looking around for some unfortunate poet to exhibit to our readers, we find the following in the *Irving Union*:

The hour was late, I could not sleep;  
I sat and watched the pale moon peep  
From silvery clouds on high.  
How beautiful she looked that night,  
Sailing among the clouds so white!  
A smile was in her eye.

On the next page of the same paper we find a very old friend, indeed, “The Trials of a Twin,” signed “Institute.”

From the statement of the *Advocate* it would seem that after all the strong words between the two parties, Harvard is likely to yield up its loved magenta to Union. If any of our students are in want of tender poetical quotations, we advise them to call and examine the *Advocate* before going elsewhere.

The *College Olio* has among other good articles, one on dancing, in the course of which it says: “I learn that Eastern colleges are supplying billiard rooms for the students, and it is an excellent idea. The student, at college, away from home, and to a great degree excluded 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 find them where he should not.” Amen, my dear *Olio*.

We have received our first copy of the *Sigma Epsilon*, 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 South.

A good many papers contain accounts of Junior exhibitions with their almost invariable accompaniment, mock-schemes. Of these effusions we have received one specimen from Lewisburg, Pa., and it bears all the features of its kind. We sincerely hope that the students of this University will produce something more becoming to students and gentlemen, if they attempt anything of the sort.



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