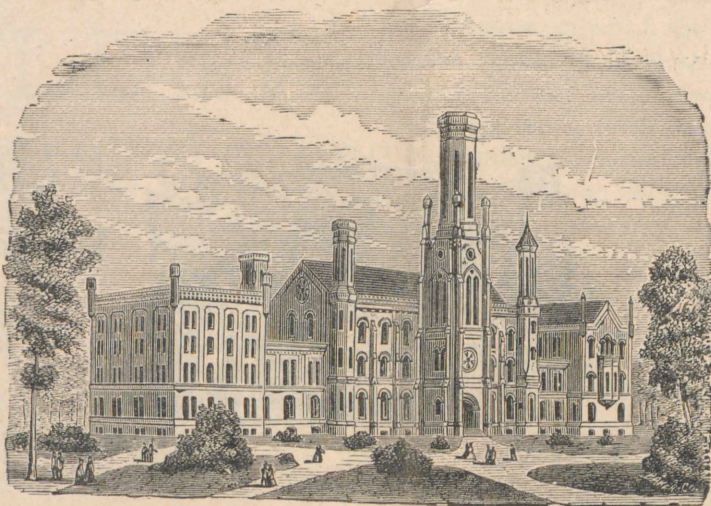


THE VOLANTE.

VOL. XII. UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, COMMENCEMENT ISSUE, 1883. No. 10.



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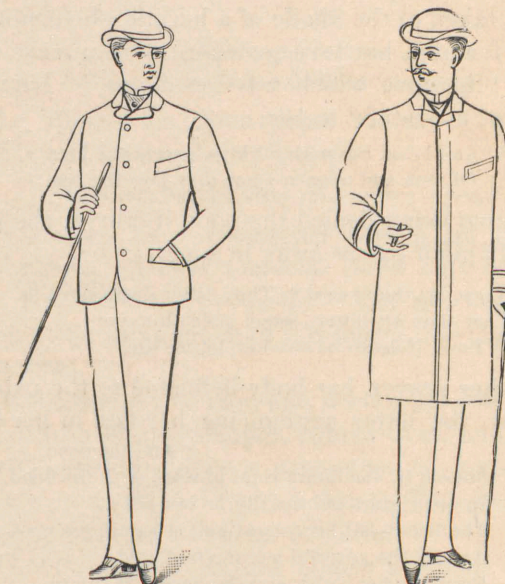
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LITERARY.

Tennyson's Works.

It is said that at Blenheim there is a picture of a
Madonna, in which the artist has endeavored to give
the mediæval ideal of virgin purity and infinite re-
pose. The look is upward and the color of the back-
ground blue, which in itself has a wonderful power
of soothing. At the times when great numbers of peo-
ple are visiting this art gallery, it is often observed
that groups of merry young ladies and gentlemen, full
of the life and vigor of youth, become unconsciously
stilled before it, their features relax into repose, and
their voices soften to whispers. With the brush for
his pen, and the canvas his words, the painter had
spoken his message, and human beings ages after-
ward felt what he meant to say.

Thus it is with great poets, they are the men who
speak their thoughts so that men *feel* what they
mean. As one has said, "poetry is the indirect
expression of feelings which cannot be expressed
directly." The poet leads us into an ideal world
where are beauties which our eyes have never seen,
and music, our ears have never heard.

Such a writer is Tennyson. He is a born artist,
the poet of society, the interpreter of the joys and
sorrows of the human heart. Who has not felt a
thrill of inexpressible pity as he has read the touch-
ing tale of Enoch Arden, and his great sorrow? First the happy lover, husband, father, then the
wanderer, thinking, working, praying for his loved
ones, and at last returning to a home which is his no
more. We would cry out as did he:

"Too hard to bear! Why did they take me thence?"

His noble soul arouses itself once more, and he
prays,

"Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer! aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know."

and thus he passes away true to his vow. How pit-
iful, and yet how noble! a hero indeed!

"The Princess," which the author has termed "a
medley," has the character of a regular drama. It
is a mingling of modern ideas with mediæval chiv-
alry and romance. The Princess, a beautiful enthu-

siast, impatient at the rule of man, conceived the idea of liberating her sex, and founds a university on the frontiers, designed as a colony of future equality. The effort is of course unsuccessful, and the question of woman's rights is settled at its close.

"For woman is not undeveloped man
But diverse; could we make her as the man
Sweet love were slain; his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference."

As a dramatic effort it is a failure. Tennyson is no dramatist, as every attempt in that direction has proved to every one except himself.

"In Memoriam," is one of the grandest tributes to the memory of a departed friend which is to be found in the pages of English literature. It is the cry of the bereaved soul as it tries to pierce the darkness of the infinite for the vanished love. The stillness of death, the awful gloom, and the utter loneliness suggest questions relating to the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, the conditions of future existence. Like a true poet, not a philosopher or theologian, he falls back upon those intuitive principles of our nature which underlie all creeds, "God is His own interpreter," that

"All is well, though Faith and form
Be sundered in the night of fear."

Thus, one by one, he solves these problems, until his spirit is lifted above its sorrow.

"Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
I have thee still, and I rejoice;
I prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee though I die."

"Idyls of the King" is Tennyson's greatest work, with the exception of "In Memoriam." It is the renewed legend of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. With the style of the primitive age, the poet gives expression to the aspirations of man, to the hopes of religion and the harmony of nature. The simplicity and grace in the character of Enid at once enlist our sympathies and interest, which only increases when her husband subjects her wifely nature to the severe test. We in this age have no sympathy with him. He seems to us harsh, unfeeling; but in those times what we may call the brutal element in man was often displayed in similar ways, and though at first we might condemn it as unnatural, viewed in the light of the times, it is entirely in harmony with nature. The most beautiful part of the poem is her triumph, and "Enid, whom her ladies loved to call Enid the Fair, a grateful people named Enid the Good."

The negative character of Vivien is made the more repulsive in contrast with the beautiful charac-

ters, Enid and Elaine. The wily woman or the old magician have no charms for the reader, and he misses the pleasure of moral harmony which the other poems possess. But the poet has not failed in his design. He shows us both sides of human character, and is therefore the more true to nature.

The "Maid of Astolat" is the next figure in the series. In this poem the character of Elaine is portrayed with a simplicity and pathos that is at once fascinating. We have, on the one hand, the simple, loving, trusting maiden, on the other, the brave, generous knight, too noble a character to be human, had it not been stained by that one sin of shame and dishonor. Sir Launcelot happens to come to Astolat on his way to the tournament, and at the request of Elaine he wears her red sleeve on his helmet, and she retains his shield, and "lives with it in fantasy." He wins the prize, but is severely wounded, and being taken to the abode of a hermit, she comes and cares for him, her love growing more intense every day, "the love which was her doom." Launcelot was not ungrateful to her,

"And loved her with all love, except the love
Of man and woman when they love the best."

Her love being denied the boon it craves, the life of the lily-maid passes away in song.

"Love, art thou sweet? Then bitter death must be,
Love thou art bitter; sweet is death to me:
O Love, if death be sweeter, let me die."

By her prayer, her body is floated to the palace of Arthur, the letter announcing her fate in her hand.

"And the dead,
Steer'd by the dumb went upward with the flood.
In her right hand the lily, in her left
The letter—all her bright hair streaming down—
And all the coverlid was cloth of gold
Drawn to her waist, and she herself in white
All but her face, and that clear-featured face
Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead
But fast asleep, and lay as though she smiled."

This is a fitting prelude to Tennyson's able effort, "Guinevere." This is a masterpiece, showing with great power the noble, forgiving man in Arthur, and the penitent sinner in the queen.

By contrast with the innocent ways of the little novice, the crime and agony of the queen stand out more distinctly, and the climax is all the more grand. Where in the pages of literature is a truer, nobler representation of man than where Arthur addresses the stricken queen?—

"Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God
Forgives; do thou for thine own soul the rest.
But how to take last leave of all I loved?
My love thro' flesh hath wrought into my life
So far, that my doom is, I love thee still."

Let no man dream but that I love thee still.
Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,
Hereafter in that world where all are pure
We two may meet before high God, and thou
Wilt spring to me and claim me thine—
Leave me that,
I charge thee, my last hope."

The king is gone before she tells her sorrow for her sin, and she cries out in agony:

"Is there none
Will tell the king I love him, tho' so late?
Now—ere he goes to the great battle? none;
Myself must tell him in that purer life,
But now it were too daring. Ah, my God,
What might I not have made of Thy fair world,
Had I but loved Thy highest creature here?"

Tennyson's wonderful power in repetition is beautifully exemplified in the words of the queen, as she unconsciously utters the words the king had addressed to her:

"I must not scorn myself; he loves me still.
Let no man dream but that he loves me still!"

As abbess, for three years she lived a life of purity and love and then passed

"To where beyond these voices there is peace."

When we have completed this poem the first thought is, "Oh, if someone could only have told the king before the battle!" but no, that would have taken away much of the charm, for that is true to nature.

In the real world men and women go down to the grave with blighted hopes, ruined lives, and broken hearts. Seldom does a messenger of joy come at such a moment, and for this reason Tennyson's representation is all the more powerful.

The Passing of Arthur makes a strong and impressive close of this series, though the date of its composition is earlier than the others. Though in some respects superior to any of the others, there are no passages which can surpass the words of the king in Guinevere.

In shorter poems, Tennyson has perhaps written nothing more impressive than the verses:

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold, gray stones, O, Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O, Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

Tennyson's teachings are wholesome, and his aim has been for purity and simplicity.

Probably the writings of no other modern poet are more read than those of Tennyson, and though he is not an English poet of the first rank, still he holds a high position among writers of the second grade.

Class History.

As '83 had no Class Day, we furnish our readers with some items of interest concerning the class. The following is a Class History written at the close of its Freshman year:

In September, 1879, there assembled in the classic halls of Chicago University a class destined to be the most famous and renowned of any that had ever gathered in that institution. Not only did this class represent different states and nations, but the aspirations, dispositions and peculiarities of its members were of such an interesting and diversified character that it might be instructive to study them for a few moments. Permit me then as your historian to call to your mind's eye some of the events which have concerned '83 during its Freshman year. The class was formally organized October 3, 1879, electing as its president the dignified and cultured F. W. Kermott; as vice president, the superb and stately Miss Haigh; as secretary, the brilliant and fascinating Miss Dexter; as treasurer, Charles Pickett, of Apollo mien and grace; as orator, F. F. Bennett, rich in classic lore and glowing with fervid eloquence; as poetess, Grecian-featured and cerulean-orbed Myra Pollard; as historian, Miss Cooley, with her unfathomable depth of mind and learning; as prophet, Lucius Weinschenk, with his meditative brow and preoccupied air; as toast master, R. S. King, burning with the impetuous zeal of youth. Is it any wonder that, with such a galaxy of brilliant talents, the Class of '83 should be so celebrated? The first important item of business was, "Shall we have a cane-rush?" We decided we should, being confident of overcoming the muscular superiority of the Sophomores by our preeminence in courage and brains, and wishing to keep up the time-honored custom. As the time for the rush drew near, and the Sophs accepted the challenge, the gentlemen of the class became very much excited. There were frequent drills under Captain Kermott, and a certain skirmish in the halls one morning after chapel, while

"Hang '82 on a sour apple tree
While '83 marches on,"

enlivened the midnight air.

Things were progressing finely, the gentlemen had a plan that was sure of success, the ladies were becoming intensely interested, when one morning

President Anderson, in a prolonged chapel "oration," asked the young gentlemen to desist from the proposed cane-rush, giving such good (?) reasons that '83 with her usual clearness of apprehension, couldn't understand them, and immediately appointed a committee to wait on the doctor. The result somewhat quenched our indignation for being compared to prize fighters, and being called roosters. So the preparations were completed; the cane was bought; fanciful clothing, with which to ornament our ten, was collected; arnica and hartshorn were purloined from the medicine shelf at home. At last the hour came, the students assembled on the campus, the lines were marked off, the savage Sophs filed out of the University; but now look to the right, see, our conquering heroes come. How brave! How noble they were! How finely they looked in their new uniforms! The signal is given, they rush,—and the rest is a blank. But the "victory of the vanquished" took place a few nights later. After this the class devoted all its spare energy to Boise's Syntax and Sturm's Theorem. We assembled after the holidays, having lost one of our number, Mr. Bennett, who left us for Boise's Greek Prose in an eastern college. Socratic philosophy and the eloquence of Demosthenes claimed our attention, and we soon admired Socrates as much as our admiring professor, and delivered the Third Olynthiac with the power of the ancient orator. During this term also, we (partitive genitive) enjoyed our rhetoric under the genial rays of Professor Sanford's instruction, but not even the memory of the sunshine of the fall term, and Professor Stuart's private admonitions, could induce the gentlemen of the class to sacrifice their precious time to commas and periods. The beginning of the spring term was devoted to the Greek boom, *φιλέω* and *ῥοπήμι* were so engraved on the tablets of our memories, that through the stillness of the night we unconsciously murmured *φιλέω, φιλέεις, φιλέει*. During this term the weekly sociables of the class became an established thing, being held every Friday from 11.40 to 12.30 A.M. The exercises varied each day, sometimes Professor Stuart, sometimes the members of the class contributing to their entertainment. It may be interesting to notice the class individually. Miss Colver says "it is not polite to talk about folks behind their backs," so we will omit interesting personal allusions. Mr. Cornell, our brilliant orator, b'ds fair to be a second (rate) Demosthenes. Such fidelity as his to Dr. Anderson's entreaties for early hours will sooner or later be rewarded. Recently, however, he yielded to the temptation of displaying his genius, and staid up past 9 o'clock, in punish-

ment for which he missed the train, and was obliged to walk home—alone, too.

Miss Dexter has been obliged to leave us for a time, but we trust she will renew her allegiance to '83 in the fall.

Mr. Dickerson is chiefly remarkable for being an *οὐδέτις* and the best guesser in the class. He was lately complimented by Professor Stuart for his success in this direction. Mr. D. has a certain Bostonian air, and shows his eastern culture by his fine translation of the classics, and his Yankee ingenuity by the questions he asks when it is his turn to recite. Mr. Fish as a D.K.E., is true and loyal, as a mathematician, clear and accurate, as an admirer of Professor Howes, enthusiastic and devoted.

Miss Haigh, our honored president, is our brave defender from the impositions of professors, and our successful pleader when the class desires to improve its theological education. She is much admired by Professor Stuart on account of her accurate scholarship, but even she has not been free from a private rehearsal of Scotch ideas.

Mr. Hawley represents the *Z.V.s.* We are obliged to confess that this gentleman was formerly an inmate at Joliet, but with the fascination of Orpheus he overcame the guards with his music and escaped to Chicago, where, on account of his marked talents and charming appearance he was allowed to remain and sing Pinafore. Miss Howe sings Psi Upsilon forever.

Mr. Kermott is a D.K.E. ready for either a hazing or spree. Mr. King is a true Phi Kappa Psi. Mr. Pickett is also a D.K.E. and believes in loyalty, equality and fraternity. He has a decided propensity for cuts. Although a strong democrat he lately attended the republican convention. Here he must have met with some terrible accident, for he returned with his visage sadly marred and all his beauty gone.

Miss Pollard is extremely fond of the classics, and pursues a post-recitation course with Professor Stuart.

Mr. Weinschenk is the only Phi Kappa Psi who is honored with having a young lady of the University wear the pin of that fraternity. He lately took advantage of leap-year and inflicted a mitten on a S.R.P.O. We will refrain from more for she *begged* us to spare *him*.

With Mr. Woodworth we are not yet acquainted, but his fame has reached us and we should be pleased to see his *Gunther's* chain. We are happy to greet our other friends and bid them welcome to the festivities of '83. The year has been full of events and we will all agree that it has been a profit-

able and happy one. And at its close we can say, though in the future we may be "*absum in corpore*," we'll always be "*adsum in animo*," and as the Alpha of our course has been so harmonious and successful, may its Omega see far grander results.

Yes, the Alpha of our course was pleasant and harmonious. No class ever had a happier time than we did during the first two years of our college course. With the beginning of the Junior year came many changes, and the '83 of the Freshman year was gone. Messrs. Cornell, Dickerson and Pickett went to other institutions. Of the six young ladies of the Freshman year only three remained in the class. The Senior year brought more changes, until now there are but two of the old members left. We will not inflict upon you any pathetic appeals for your sympathy, but ask you when you think of '83 to think of her during her Freshman and Sophomore years—the time of her glory.

NEWS.

Preparatory Commencement.

The graduating exercises of the Senior class of the preparatory department were held in the First Baptist Church on the evening of June 11. The class was greeted with a good audience, and all passed off well. The vocal music was furnished by Miss Marie Bevan, and the instrumental by Miss Lucy Anderson, a former member of the class. Nine of the class took part in the exercises. The first speaker was Mr. A. A. Griffith. His oration "Independence Bell" was well written and exceedingly well rendered. Miss Rose B. Mason read an essay on "Dickens as an Author." The writer showed a good knowledge of Dickens, and the comparison between him and the other English novelists of his time was very good. As a reader Miss Mason needs training of the voice so as to give deeper and purer tones. Mr. Burt M. Russell followed Miss Mason. His subject, "Serfdom and Freedom," was well chosen. The oration showed thought and was well wrought out. Mr. Russell's voice lacked strength and clearness, and his gestures were very poor. Mr. H. S. Tibbits' subject "How" was rather indefinite. If there had been one little vowel "e" attached we could have surmised better what the oration was to be. We suppose Mr. Tibbits spoke on success in life. The subject is not a fresh one and is apt to lead into commonplaces. Mr. Tibbits said many good things and his manner was earnest. Miss Bessie Northup evinced a love for science in choosing such a subject

as "A Lesson from the Coral Builders." If the essayist had given us a little more about the coral builders and less of the lesson her production would have been fresher. Much of the essay was lost to the audience, for she could not be heard far from the platform. Mr. E. A. Buzzell chose for his subject "Alexander H. Stephens." There was too much description in the first part of the oration. The latter part, especially where he spoke of Mr. Stephens' congressional career, was good. Mr. Buzzell has a rich voice and his manner of speaking is easy and natural. Miss Mary A. Andrews had evidently spent much time and thought on her essay "American Women." Her views were sound and mature. Miss Andrews wrote from the heart, and her treatment of the subject was fresh and instructive.

Mr. C. L. Geiger's subject, "Benedict Arnold," was certainly not one to win an American audience. But the speaker asked us to forget the traitor of West Point and think of the hero of Lake George. No excuse could be made for Arnold's treachery, but let us look at him in another light, let us pity the poor, despised man. Mr. Geiger treated a bad subject skillfully, and his elocution was excellent. Miss Carrie Haigh charmed us with the simple story of "Evangeline," never old or trite. We are never weary of hearing of that simple Acadian maiden wandering far and wide, seeking her lover. The pathetic story was told by Miss Haigh in a simple, pleasing manner, and her delivery was well suited to the essay.

Surely the class of '87 enters upon her Freshman year with bright prospects of success. The exercises reflected much credit upon Professor Riggs.

Commencement.

The twenty-fifth annual commencement exercises of the University took place this year at Central Music Hall, the programme opening at 10 o'clock, A.M. When the hour arrived for the exercises to begin, there was a very fair audience in waiting. The audience was fair in more respects than one. It was fair as regarded its personal attractions, and its attentiveness of character, perhaps more so than is usual on such occasions, and then it was fair as respects its size, considering the cold, lowering weather. On the rostrum was assembled an imposing body of men, including the President and faculty, many of the trustees and eminent divines of the city.

The exercises were opened with prayer by the Rev. E. C. Mitchell, late instructor of theology in Paris. As the music was furnished by the Chi-

cago Male Quartette, they then sang, doing well in that they did not bore the audience with all the old threadbare songs. Next on the programme came Miss Elizabeth C. Cooley, who pronounced the salutatory oration. Miss Cooley chose as her theme the very appropriate subject, "The Idea of Woman in Three Civilizations." The subject was appropriate for more considerations than one. It was appropriate because the University of Chicago has the system of coeducation, because there were two ladies graduating with the class, and because these ladies took off most all the honors of the class. She introduced her oration by saying that in the first civilization woman was the slave; in the second, she was the divinity; in the third, the companion of man. The Pagan world was satisfied that woman as an inferior was in her right place. The chivalry of the middle ages could scarcely be content to look upon her as mortal; it wished to deify her for the past bondage. She was afterward worshipped with blind devotion, individual honor, the soul of chivalry made woman the object of its homage. But chivalry had to give way before the progress of civilization. The conception of woman in modern civilization unites the best elements of the Pagan idea with the truest conception of her in the middle ages, and supplements their union with an idea far nobler than either. She is not below man nor above him, but at his side. The Pagan did not believe that woman had a soul, that she was of the same race as man. It was a common belief that the body was inherited from the mother, the soul from the father. Mohammedanism is woman's greatest enemy. It was the defect in the character of Greece that she considered a woman a thing, not a human being. The conception of woman in modern civilization possesses the idea of beauty which inspired the Greeks and Romans. It goes beyond the conception of chivalry; Christianity has wrought this change; it teaches that there is light, hope and noble ambition for woman, as well as salvation for the degraded heathen.

The next orator, Mr. Wm. M. Corkery, chose as his subject "Success in Life." He said that it was not those born under a lucky star who are necessarily successful, but effort and persistence have much to do with a man's success. Thoughtfulness is a very necessary element of success; slow belief in mankind is necessary if one would succeed. That one may acquire the highest success in life, he must, after all other means have been used, rest on the Rock of Ages. His voice was clear and his enunciation dis-

ting, his action and posture showed want of training in that direction.

Mr. Orlin O. Fletcher followed with an able production on "Semitic Languages in the University." This oration showed a mastery of the subject; the composition was easy, graceful and pleasing, and had he not hesitated in the delivery at one point, his oration would have been one of the best on the programme.

Mr. Henry F. Fuller then read a dissertation on "Musical Culture." He said there are so few true musicians that music advances less rapidly than other sciences and arts. The term musician has so many and even mean significations, that people have come to shun the pursuance of that art. To be a musician in the true sense of the word, one must be a genius and student. There are few even in this age of advancement, culture and discipline who conquer the rudiments of the art, and who pursue all the branches of study requisite to the highest proficiency in it. Mr. Fuller seemed quite at home with his subject, and had he been more familiar with his text, might have made it far more interesting to the audience.

Mr. Robert F. Harper followed with an oration on "The Old and the New." He said that unity and variety had been the characteristics of the ages. Symmetry of form and beauty of outline had been the ideals of the Greek, Pericles and Theseus were their heroes. With the Greek, beauty was a virtue; deformity a crime. But in the progress of civilization, symmetry of mind came to be their ideal, and this was the age of reason. The Jew and the Latin had also paid their allegiance to mind and matter; France in her revolution, and England in her reformation, had also experienced the pangs of conflicting opinion upon the question of an ideal. But out of all this has been evolved the present, the cosmopolitan age, in which no longer the mental, the moral, and the physical clash arms.

Mr. Levi D. Temple delivered an address on the relationship and influence of "Taste and Morals." He defined the sphere of taste as subjective, and that of morals as objective. To enlighten the understanding, that it may recognize duty; to stimulate conscience that it may be quick to approve or disapprove; to strengthen the will, that it be ready to decide; to cultivate the emotions, that they may kindle into sympathy with virtue and into hatred of vice, is the problem of morals. The cultivation and exercise of taste belong to light and leisure; but the practice of morality is the safeguard of right and the redemption of confusion. The former adds to the

sum of poorish pleasures; the latter removes misery from human experience. As men may remain single and maids go unmarried, deplorable to say, so taste and morals are not always wedded; taste and morals have no inter-dependence; taste is cultivated by contact with beauty, order and harmony; morality by enlightening the understanding, moving the will and thus shaping the life. Taste has its function in adding to the amenities of life; morality by removing from society its wrongs. Taste is like the star which delights while it does not enlighten; morality like the full moon, which fills the dark places with light and glory. Mr. Temple's style of composition was a little too metaphysical in places to be enjoyable; while his delivery was in the main easy, save that he persisted in revolving upon his heels, as on a pivot, when changing his direction of address. This kept the audience in constant suspense lest he should at some unguarded moment topple over.

The Valedictory Essay was pronounced by Miss Ella F. Haigh on the subject, "Heroines of English Poetry." She believed that the greatest orator is not he who elaborates every idea which he presents, but he who suggests to the minds of his hearers other and greater thoughts than the words express. He is not the greatest artist who can paint a basket of fruit to deceive a bird, or a veil to deceive a man; but he who will with brush or chisel work out designs which will suggest to the beholder the emotions of the soul. Perhaps there has been no agency which has had a greater influence on civilization than woman. It was not until the fourteenth century in the time of Chaucer that authors began to represent the noblest types of woman. Ancient literature had its noble Antigone, its beautiful Helen, its faithful Penelope, but these were only the few elevated above the masses. Christianity had not come to raise woman to her true position in the home and in society. For this reason then we must turn to English poetry for the best specimens of woman's character. No heathen poet could have written Burns' "Highland Mary." Thus with all great poets the characters of their heroes and heroines are in perfect keeping with their own. Spenser's heroine is found in the lovely Una. But in Milton's heroine we expect to see reflected the grand and severe of Milton's nature. The Lady in the "Masque of Comus" shows us Milton's ideal woman, grand in her virtue, too lofty and secure to fall. But we cannot love her. We must rather go to the Bridge of Sighs and look upon the face of "One more unfortunate." In Coleridge's Lady Geraldine the serpent woman is repulsive. Tennyson,

in Guinevere, gives an impression of woman fallen, but not too far to be reclaimed. Scott's "Lady of the Lake" contains a picture of the dutiful daughter and the beautiful lover in the character of Ellen. Rather an outcast pilgrim will she be than wed the man she cannot love; Minnehaha is a touching scene of the daughter leaving the home of her father and the scenes of her childhood to follow her husband. The "Father of English Poetry" sounded the first note in honor of true womanly character, and ever since, poets have added their songs, some in a minor key, others in a noble strain, but sweeter, purer and nobler than any song of poet or bard is the melody of innumerable lives that have been passed, 'mid the quiet places of the earth, unmarked by man, unhonored in song.

After music the President delivered his address to the class, saying in it that the class now stood on the threshold of life, no longer sustaining the attitude of pupil to teacher, but standing shoulder to shoulder with the faculty. The responsibility resting upon them of elevating and ennobling the minds of men was great, since a Jumbo could call together in a single day more people than all the commencement exercises of Illinois colleges. There is a place for college-bred men. The pulpit demands such men called *live* men. An able college graduate is fitted for almost any department of action in life. Only a year ago one of our graduates, who had never studied book-keeping, took the books of a large firm in the city and carried them through successfully. But why should we expect every college man to be a success when the business colleges expect but half of their students to become successful business men? A. T. Stewart was a college-bred man and retired each day to read the classics. Every true man who would succeed must give himself diligently to his profession, and should make himself more than competent for his profession. He should be interested in the affairs of the citizens among whom he moves. He congratulated the class on having two ladies. We are a step in advance of many of the eastern colleges. Harvard now lets them in at the back door, but soon she will welcome woman to all her honors. These ladies, he said, might never lead armies, but the fields of literature are open to them, as nine-tenths of children's literature is written by women. They might not appear in the council chambers of the nation, but they could help mould the minds of the nation's orators. He suggested to the class that if fortune should smile upon them in life, they could turn it to no better end than to help their *Alma Mater*. If the citi-

zens of this great metropolis fail to look after the interests of their University, let each son and daughter be more loyal to its interests. After the conferring of degrees came the awarding of prizes. The first prize of fifty dollars for English essay was awarded to Miss E. F. Haigh, second of twenty-five to Mr. E. Parsons. First prize for sophomore declamation, fifteen dollars, was awarded F. M. Larned; second, ten dollars, to Miss Faulkner.

The president's levee in the University parlors in the evening was largely attended by students and friends, and was a most enjoyable occasion.

Tri Kappa Anniversary.

The members and friends of Tri Kappa Literary Society assembled in the First Baptist Church Tuesday evening, May 22, the occasion being the twentieth anniversary of the organization of that society.

Owing to some delay on the part of the musical performers, the exercises did not begin until very late, which was exceedingly unfortunate, considering the length of the programme.

Dr. Anderson led in prayer, followed by an organ solo by Mr. M. C. Baldwin, who kindly gave his services for that occasion. The president of the society, Mr. R. S. King, made a few remarks of welcome and then introduced the first number of the literary programme, a recitation by Miss L. E. Heinemann, "The Revolutionary Rising." Miss Heinemann was very free and easy on the platform and showed herself to be a speaker who will be an honor to her society during her course. If we made any objection to the rendering of the selection, it would be that there was a little too much action; however, the piece called for considerable, but a little less would have been an improvement, in our opinion.

Miss J. I. Gibson next gave an essay on "Fallen Cities." The essayist spoke of Babylon, Athens, the cities of the Nile, Palmyra, Rome and Carthage, but none of these had fallen because they had been destroyed by their inhabitants as was Paris. Reference was made to Chicago risen so quickly and proudly from the ashes of the great fire. An essay, as we understand it, should be read and not delivered. This opinion accords with the rules of elocutionists, but that would not be a conclusive proof unless there was some plausible reason for the rule, which is this,—the use of a paper to which only an occasional reference is made, gives the impression that the speaker is not familiar with his production, and needs a little assistance. It would be better

either to read the production or discard the paper and deliver it.

The paper, the "K. K. K. Sepulchre," was read by Miss Mamie Short. As is customary with society papers, it was a relief to the audience, giving them many opportunities for a hearty laugh.

Miss Julia Ross followed with a vocal solo "Staccato Polka," for the rendering of which she received a basket of flowers and a hearty encore, to which she responded in a very pleasing manner.

The debate followed on the question, "Resolved, that it is best for Ireland to be under the British Government." The affirmative was ably sustained by Mr. C. L. Geiger. Mr. T. B. Collins replied on the negative. The first remarks which Mr. Collins made, would have led us to suppose the "honorable judges" to whom he appealed were some Preps, rather than venerable gentlemen who kindly consented to act in that capacity. The speaker naturally became very much aroused and excited with speaking and doubtless was not conscious of his manner. He made some very good points, but dwelt upon them a little too long. The judges decided two to one in favor of the affirmative.

Miss Ross again favored the audience with a "Swiss Echo Song," after which Miss J. E. Griffith recited in a very charming manner, "How Ruben Played." Miss Griffith responded to the hearty applause of the audience by giving "Josiah Allen's Wife."

Mr. Swartwout, owing to the lateness of the hour, did not pronounce his oration on "The Western Empire," and Miss Grace Reed closed the literary programme with an essay, "Tower of Babel." The essayist labored under great disadvantage from being the last on so long a programme, and therefore endeavored to read as rapidly as possible. We were greatly disappointed at not being able to hear, for we know from what others have said concerning it, that it was an excellent essay. After the thanks of the society had been extended to the audience and an invitation to visit her "before she became of age," the exercises were closed by an organ solo by Mr. Baldwin.

Athenæum Anniversary.

The Athenæum Literary Society held its twenty-second anniversary at the First Baptist Church on Tuesday evening, May 29.

A large audience witnessed the efforts of the various orators, essayists and debaters and showed its appreciation of the literary productions of the evening in the usual manner. The exercises began in

good season and were not prolonged to an unreasonable hour as is sometimes the case at similar entertainments. Prayer was omitted either because no one was found sufficiently religious to offer a prayer or that the debaters might not be bound to be so conscientious in their statements.

The vocal music was furnished by the Athenæum Quartette and the instrumental by Misses Georgia Tanner and Clara B. Browning.

The entertainment was opened by a piano duet from *Il Trovatore* by Misses Tanner and Browning. This exercise was appreciated by all, being executed in a most admirable manner. Then came the President's address, which was very appropriately brief. His subject was "Words" and the words were well chosen. His delivery, however, was rather stiff and lacked energy. W. L. Burnap pronounced the declamation of the evening; subject, "How He Saved St. Michael's." This selection was admirably rendered. Mr. Burnap showed by his excellent delivery that he had made a thorough preparation. The essay was then read by Miss Ella F. Haigh; subject, "The Influence of Christianity on Civilization." The essay was well constructed and was delivered in a self-possession manner.

The quartette then sang Mendelssohn's "Farewell to the Forest." After which Mr. T. M. Hammond read the society paper, "The Enterprise." Mr. Hammond had taken every precaution against allowing his production to become dry. The paper as a whole was not, however, up to the usual standard either in selected or original matter. Mr. Saum Song Bo then delivered the address, his subject being "Opium Smoking and Opium Traffic." He compared the evil effects of the use of opium with that of rum in America, and claimed that while there was hope of recovery for a man who had become a drunkard, there was absolutely no ray of hope for one who had become addicted to the use of opium. His address was one of much interest and was received with enthusiastic applause.

The quartette then sang Müller's "Spring Song," after which occurred the regular debate upon the question:

"Resolved, That the measures of the Nihilists in Russia are justifiable under the circumstances."

Affirmed by F. M. Larned and denied by F. J. Walsh. The debate was the principal feature of the evening, and created unusual enthusiasm on the part of the audience, as the question was not one of the usual kind, such as the "Chinese Question," or "Woman Suffrage." Mr. Larned exhibited the more polished eloquence and seemed to be pretty

thoroughly in sympathy with his side of the question. Mr. Walsh was rather quiet and unassuming, but presented arguments as convincing as his opponent. From the arguments brought forward it was evident that the gentlemen had entirely different ideas as to who the Nihilists were and what was their aim, thus making the debate rather indefinite. It would be better if the debaters had agreed upon the definition of the word Nihilist. The debate was, however, very greatly enjoyed and many good arguments presented on both sides. After a piano duet by Misses Tanner and Browning the audience retired feeling well paid for their effort in attending.

Alumni Dinner.

The Alumni Association met at the Palmer House, Tuesday evening, June 12, at six o'clock, for its annual reunion and banquet.

The business session preceded the banquet, when the following officers were elected: Prof. Edward Olson, president; Geo. E. Ingham, vice president; R. B. Swiss, secretary; F. A. Helmer, treasurer; G. M. Lambertson, orator; Miss Lily Gray, essayist; A. J. Fisher, poet.

After the transaction of the necessary business the Alumni and their friends and guests repaired to the dining hall for the banquet and literary exercises. The attendance was much smaller than last year, but those who were present were unanimous in the opinion that it was a most enjoyable occasion.

The first number on the literary programme was an essay, by Miss F. M. Holbrook, of the class of '79, subject, "The Novel of the Future." The essayist is so well known that any words of commendation are unnecessary.

Rev. J. T. Sunderland, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, read a paper on, "Charles Darwin, and his Influence on Science and Thought."

The second part of the programme was opened by Miss Ella F. Haigh, who responded to the toast, "The Class of '83."

President Anderson spoke of the condition of the University in one of his characteristically cheerful and hopeful speeches.

Prof. N. E. Wood, of Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, responded to the toast, "The Sons and Daughters of the University." He made a very strong and stirring speech, showing how great was his love for his Alma Mater, and how thankful he was that he had not made the fatal mistake of going to an Eastern College, when his life work was to be in the West.

Dr. P. S. Henson made a speech in behalf of the friends of the University, which was greatly enjoyed by all present.

Rev. Joseph Mountain, of Algona, Iowa, of the class of '73, made a few remarks, and Prof. Bastin spoke a few moments concerning his connection with the University. The Athenæum Quartette enlivened the programme with college songs.

THE VOLANTE.

EDITORS: EUGENE PARSONS, '83.
 ELLA F. HAIGH, '83. ELIZABETH C. COOLEY, '83.
 R. S. KING, '84. D. R. LELAND, '84.
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UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, JULY, 1883.

ANOTHER year has passed, another chapter in college life has been written. For some it is the closing chapter, and as they look back upon the experiences of the years just past, many thoughts of happy hours and pleasant friendships are awakened, the friendships of classmates, dear and profitable as they often are and those of teachers and students as well, which it will ever be a source of joy to remember.

The student who has passed in and out of the class-room listlessly, done as little work as possible and missed as many recitations as he thought would admit of his passing, has no idea of a true college life. The teacher has no opportunity to make any lasting impression upon him, and when he leaves the institution he feels no great love for his *Alma Mater*.

But the man or woman who has loved to go to the recitation-room and has felt the impress of the teacher, who feels when graduation day comes that he is a different person from what he was when he entered college, that he owes to the institution a debt of gratitude which he can never repay, that is the man who will always have an interest and a pride in the welfare of his *Alma Mater*.

Having spent several years in study in the University, we feel it would be a great privilege to pay a tribute to the noble band of earnest, hard-working instructors from whom we have received such lasting benefit.

Whatever any one may say in regard to the equipments of our college, they certainly can speak only in the highest terms of its instructors and the quality of the work done. During the last year every department has been carried on by able teachers, whose self-sacrifice and hard work have more than once amazed us, men whose talents and accom-

plishments would easily gain for them positions of much larger pecuniary returns but who bravely and heroically stand by our University.

It is with pain and sorrow we hear that one member of the faculty has severed his connection with the college. For nine years he has been teaching in the department of Natural Science, most of that time without any assistance whatever, endeavoring to make that department a power in the college. Those students who have been most frequently in his classes have the heartiest words of appreciation and esteem to express. He has given nine years of the hardest toil to the institution, when she was in greatest need, and it is with deepest regret and sorrow that his students, who have been aroused and inspired by his enthusiastic instruction hear that he has severed his connection with the University; and if their good wishes are realized in any degree, great success will attend his labors wherever he is placed.

With a sigh of relief, we lay our old familiar friends, the text books, on the shelf to remain there undisturbed for ten long weeks to come. As we gaze at them all piled up so neatly or standing in a row like a company of veteran soldiers worn and dilapidated by a recent campaign, our mind begins to reflect upon the past year of college work. Our eyes fall upon a certain book; we read the title, and then, perhaps, conscience whispers softly, but distinctly, that we failed to do our duty by that book, that we did not try to master its contents as we should have done, that we slighted it for something more agreeable, but perhaps not as useful, because we found that it required more determined perseverance to digest its contents than perhaps our restless nature would endure easily. We gaze upon another book and remember with sadness, how with high hopes of success, we determined to get a good sound knowledge of this subject at least, how at first we persevered, but little by little, we applied ourselves less earnestly to it, losing interest in it daily until finally when the novelty had all worn off, we perhaps forgot our good resolutions and neglected it. Aye, there's another volume. We don't like the looks of it. Somehow, we took a foolish prejudice against it which we have never got rid of, though we did not find its lessons so very difficult to master. We try to think of some excuse for disliking it, but in vain. Conscience suggests that we lacked a just appreciation, that we have allowed our feelings to be carried away with our judgment, and betrayed us into showing bad taste; that we have never tried seriously to conquer our prejudices

against it, but have listened to the sophistical arguments of neglect. Sadly we may acknowledge it as true, and we may feel uncomfortable till we happen to notice an old, well thumbed text-book, over whose pages we have studied with increasing delight many an hour. They have revealed to us beauties of thought, of words, of facts which before were hidden from us. To these pages we owe some of the happiest and most satisfactory moments of our student life; they have confirmed and deepened our love of study, they have awakened our ambition to be lifelong students, to search for the truth, wherever or whatever it may be, and to cultivate the purer, nobler faculties of our minds with greater earnestness.

Such reflections fill our minds as we take a last look at the dignified assemblage of classic, scientific and other learned lore, and then we turn our thoughts toward rest and recreation and a return in the fall to our dusty but dear, old volumes.

How shall I spend my vacation?—is the question of the day. Most of our readers undoubtedly have some idea of how they will dispose of their leisure time, but a few thoughts upon the subject may be of interest. During the year just gone we have not, as a general thing, done much manual labor, nor toiled so hard mentally that our brains have weakened. We have, to a greater or less degree, sought to cultivate the mind and acquire a little knowledge and we hope we have been successful to some extent. This kind of labor has lasted almost without intermission for nine months.

We have now ten weeks to dispose of according to our own inclinations. Shall we devote them to the same purpose or to something else? It has been the experience of many that it is more profitable to engage in some kind of manual labor and thus recruit the wasted substance of the physical system. We hear much of the benefits of athletic sports, and we believe that there is a great deal in them, but the benefit of ten weeks of steady muscular exertion in the pure and bracing air of the country would prove far greater to many. It would be a good suggestion for the young men to go and hire out on a farm, swing the scythe, hoe corn, rack and bind grain and lay aside for a while all thoughts of study.

How our young ladies should pass their vacation is a far more difficult matter to decide, but would it not be well for them to accept the invitation of their country cousins, go out into the fields and woods, not to botanize, but to milk cows and make butter? Do this and next fall you will come back

perhaps a little tanned, but certainly strong and healthy and better able to endure the severe task of the study and recitation rooms.

PERSONALS.

- '78. W. R. Raymond is teaching at Atlanta, Ga.
- '82. C. S. Brown has returned from New Mexico.
- '82. C. A. Mead is at Lu Verne, Minn., reading law.
- '87. E. A. Buzzell will study at the University this summer.
- '89. Wm. E. Russell will go west for his summer vacation.
- '87. Mr. Stanard and wife will go to Nebraska for the summer.
- '80. E. W. Clement has returned from his year's teaching at Burlington.
- '73. Rev. Joseph Mountain, Algona, Iowa, came to the reunion of his class.
- '84. F. S. Cheney does not expect to return, but goes to Denison next year.
- '85. E. R. Anderson expects to resume his studies at the University in the fall.
- '86. T. B. Collins will take up the songs of '87 next year, and sing them straight.
- '84. Clayton A. Pratt returned in time to be present at the commencement exercises.
- '88. C. B. Antisdel will enjoy the pleasures of "home, sweet home," this summer.
- '80. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Johnson were in attendance at the commencement festivities.
- '89. Miss Nellie Springer will spend a part of her summer vacation at Grand Trevost Bay.
- '89. The Vesperes will probably have several enjoyable pic-nics during the summer days.
- Prof. Edward Olson and Prof. J. C. Freeman, of Madison, intend taking a European trip this summer.
- '89. C. M. White will pass his summer vacation with the canvassing party in the wilds of the Far West.
- '85. D. Lingle has procured a valuable microscope, with a 500 magnifying glass. How the bugs will suffer now!
- '88. Henry McMullan is reporting on the "Inter Ocean." Go it McMullan, there is nothing like being on the "Ocean."
- '89. Mr. E. F. Perry will break the dread spell which has enthralled him all the year, and will rusticate for a change.
- '88. C. S. Thorns will pass his summer canvassing on mule back through the rugged wilds of Dakota, in company with his brother George.
- Prof. Howes will now be in the serene atmosphere of the University neighborhood, for he has purchased a home at No. 4 Woodlawn.
- '89. Miss Lizzie Heinemann had a reception for her friends of the University at her home in Hyde

Park, on Friday evening, June 8th. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, and that several were not able to be present, still those who were there enjoyed a very jolly time.

'84. Mr. J. P. Topping was among us again during commencement exercises, recalling to all pleasant recollections, and breaking the ladies' hearts.

Prof. E. S. Bastin, Professor of Natural Science, has resigned his position as instructor in that department. It is with sincere regret that we say good-bye to him.

'85. Mr. Jay Brockway will spend his summer vacation in the East, visiting Schenectady, N. Y., Middleburgh, Albany, Hudson, Saginaw City, Michigan, etc. Mr. Guy Brockway, his brother, will accompany him.

'84. F. R. Swartwout will preach at the Central Baptist Church, North Side, Chicago, June 17th, after which he will take a trip to Iowa, for recreation, then he will return to the sweet seclusion of the University halls.

'82. Lucius Weinschenk has entered the office of Clifford Anthony & Paulsen, attorneys and counsellors at law, No. 81 South Clark street, where he will always be pleased to see his friends on either business or pleasure.

LOCALS.

FLIES!

SUMMER vacation!

SENIOR photographs!

PREP commencement!

THERE is no discount on the campus now!

WILL the Seniors forget their Alma Mater? No, for Dr. Cooley will soon call on them.

DR. P. S. HENSON preached the Baccalaureate sermon in the First Baptist Church, June 10.

A SECOND year Prep to a Freshman—"Do you know where I can find a good map of All Gall?" "Look into mirror," said the witty Freshman, "and there you will find it perfect in its three parts."

THE following are the officers for Athenæum for the next term: president, Lawrence Johnson; vice president, Miss Clara B. Browning; secretary, A. N. Cooley; treasurer, E. A. Buzzell; critic, Miss Emma C. Stockwell.

THE Class of '73 held a reunion on Wednesday evening, according to a plan agreed upon on the day of their graduation. Some of the number came a long distance to meet their classmates, after a separation of ten years.

ZETA Psi has finally "come to." He has taken into the fraternal embrace four new men: H. S. Tibbits, G. F. Holloway, H. F. Carson and Mr. Hall. Be courageous, boys, we wish you well. Zeta Psi has been sleeping long enough in the cold embrace of oudenism. It is time for her to rise and shine.

THE Students' Association met June 1, for the purpose of hearing the report of the joint committee of the Students' and Oratorical Associations on the consolidation question, and for the election of officers and editors of the Volante. After the report of the consolidation committee the Students' Association adjourned, and the Oratorical Association went into session. After due consideration it voted to unite with the Students' Association. After the formal disbanding of the two associations, the following officers were elected for the new consolidated association; president, D. R. Leland; vice president, A. A. Griffith; secretary, D. Lingle; treasurer, George Newcomb. The following editors were elected to THE VOLANTE: Seniors—Miss Gertrude B. Fuller, F. R. Swartwout and George Walsh; Juniors—Miss Daisy Springer and A. A. Griffith, Jr. The committee then presented a constitution and by-laws, which were adopted.

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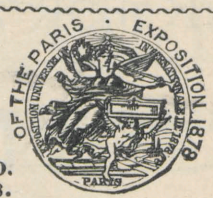
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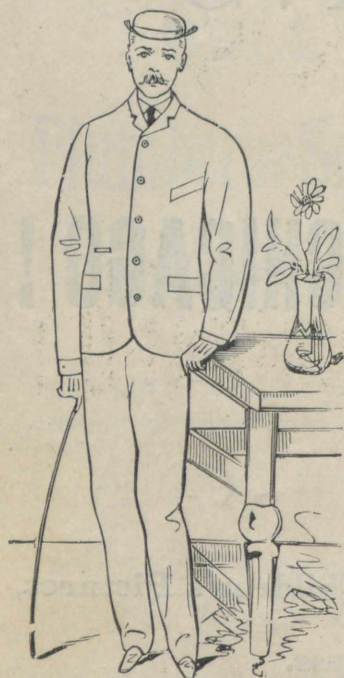
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