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UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, OCTOBER, 1884.

No. 2.



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VOL. XIV.

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No. 2.

THE MORAL PHASE OF EDUCATION.*

BY HON. G. M. LAMBERTSON.

There are few persons long withdrawn from the breezy fields and manual occupations of youth, who can see a scythe left on the sward by the mower, without feeling an inclination to take it up and try whether in twenty years of professional life they have forgotten the swing of the implement; there are few men bred to college life who by chance stumble on a well-thumbed and musty volume entitled Cæsar or Geometry, but essay to translate a sentence, or demonstrate a problem, to see how much they have forgotten, and whether the facility of youth remains. Every ten, and whether the returns to his ALMA MATER and alumnus when he returns to his ALMA MATER and treads once again the arena of a thousand debates is inspired to speak the thoughts that are in him, knowing well his auditors will give patient hearing, bearing with him, even suffer for him, because orator and hearer have a common past, and each has known the other before he knew himself. And every college graduate long removed from literary occupations, engrossed with business activities, disconnected from institutions of learning, feels peculiarly qualified, and especially called to deliver an address upon the subject of education. So with kind greeting to acquaintances, friends, and schoolmates, I challenge your forbearance to a discussion of the "Moral Phase of Education."

I.

I remember an essay read within our college walls, that began with these words: "Education is the best thing I ever saw." For one, I cannot assent to the statement that education is the panacea for all the ills of society and government; neither do I believe that universal education is the corner-stone of popular liberty. The term education, as it is popularly used, means the drawing out and development of the mind and storing it with knowledge. When we speak of education, we generally mean what Herbert Spencer defines as "intellectual education." The mental horizon of most men never broadens beyond this definition. The general opinion seems to be that education

of the brain must be acquired, but morality, like religion, comes by inheritance, by gift, by grace, by special dispensation, and mighty few are elected to have it. We are taught that if the intellect is enlightened, either nothing is needed, or all things will of necessity be added. Smartness makes up and atones for all defects. It is deemed a complete answer to the charge that a man is corrupt, to affirm that he is smart. If a man can only harness a cultivated intellect to a wicked heart, he can drive straight across the prejudices of the masses. In fact, a little culture spiced with wickedness, or a great deal of wickedness glossed over with a veneering of culture attracts and awakens admiration because of its incongruity. Even Emerson says: "Depth of intellect relieves even the ink of crime." And the English judges, upon the same principal, in the olden times, forgave a criminal who could read and write. The moral delinquencies of a great man, like Webster or Erskine, are spoken of by their biographers as spots on the sun. The vices of a successful career are only a dark back-ground throwing into clearer relief brilliant intellectual parts. Vice-stricken humanity exhibiting itself in rags, whose countenance is unbrightened by the beams of intelligence, is repulsive to every eye. But vice, dressed in purple and fine linen, adorned with the graces of culture and refinement, is a fairer form than virtue itself. Carlyle says: "If the devil were traveling through my country, and he applied to me for instruction on any truth or fact of this universe, I should wish to give it to him. He is less a devil knowing that three and three are six, than if he didn't know it." With great deference to the profound thinker, I must believe that he is more a devil for knowing that three and three make six. Such knowledge has no moral quality. There are princely financiers that add three and three make seven, who are no better for it. If I had my way, I would keep the devil in attendance at a college of ignorance the remainder of his days. We need have but little fear of an ignorant, uneducated devil. Milton understood this when he wrote "Paradise Lost." It is a serious mistake to think a well informed man, of strong intellect, is always a blessing to his country.

He may because of his education and training be the greater curse to society. Education, like wealth, is a power, not a good in itself. Its possessor may do great good or evil, may be a benefactor or devil incarnate, as the motive power behind the training is right or wrong. Indirectly, education may make a man better; but the same may be said of wealth, poverty, rank and good society. There is no necessary relation between intellectual culture and moral conduct. As the nations become mentally enlightened, they do not rise in the scale of morality. How many nations in the apex of their intellectual development and culture have crumbled to the earth, because rotten to the centre morally. The sap which stimulates to rapid growth the outer layers of a tree, may be insufficient to preserve its heart-fiber. In civilized nations there is not the same brutal lawlessness. The trespass *vi et armis*, the element of violence, does not enter into crimes to the same extent, but the evil habits and vices of the people are deeper seated, wider spread and more destructive than the breath of pestilence; crimes are more audacious, of greater magnitude, and depend more on finesse and cunning, than upon force. They consist of frauds, speculations, defalcations, embezzlements, breaches of trust, bribes, forgeries, and the like—crimes that are generally committed by gentlemen, by men of intelligence and education. The criminal annals are not a fair test, because the crimes named are difficult of proof, and are generally committed by men who possess either the wit, wealth, or influence to escape merited punishment. I can speak with knowledge and certainty of the great difficulty of convicting a man socially well connected. In answer to those who cite the statistics of crime and illiteracy as though they stood to each other in the relation of cause and effect, I desire to say: First, we have no accurate and reliable statistics of crime in this country outside of the penitentiary register; second, there are other agencies, like poverty, that swell the number of illiterate criminals; third, the illiterate criminal is generally caught and punished, and his name appears in the criminal statistics. I am informed by the warden of our state penitentiary that its inmates are about the average in intelligence. The same will be found true of the inmates of other prisons.

Then again, how many thousands of men are making their fortunes by constantly trenching on the criminal line without crossing it! Hence Herbert Spencer is led to say: "It is essentially a question of character, and only in a secondary degree a question of knowledge. But for the Universal delusion about education as a panacea for political evils, this would have been made sufficiently clear by the evidence in

your daily papers. Are not the men who officer and control your federal, state, and municipal organizations, who manipulate your caucuses and conventions, and run your partisan campaigns, all educated men? And has their education prevented them from engaging in, or permitting, or condoning the bribes, lobbyings and other corrupt methods, which vitiate the acts of your administrations?"

That intellectual growth does not produce ethical development, but may be at the expense of moral training, is proven by the graduates from many of our secular institutes of learning, who go forth into the world morally worse than when they entered them, hear the testimony of Dr. Northup: "I speak from what I know, and from what I have seen in the character of young men, who have graduated from two leading universities in the United States. I have found them unsound at the heart, rotten to the core in moral actions, or saturated with skepticism, materialism, and the gospel of dirt. They come from Christian homes, and after a four years' course, they return poisoned, and nothing but a faithful mother's prayers or the influence of the church can save them—blood poisoned, heart poisoned, through and through."

A partial confession of the truth of the above charge is made by President Eliot, when he states: "In the last century, clergymen made one-third of all the educated people, and wielded an influence proportionately great. To-day, all but one in nineteen of the graduates of Harvard, and all but one of thirteen of the graduates of Yale, avoid the ministry."

A glance at the curriculum of our common schools, colleges, and universities prescribing grammars, languages, sciences and higher mathematics, will convince the skeptical that there is no moral nutriment in such courses of study.

II.

It having been shown that education, as the term is generally understood, fails to meet the needs of our nature, and only incidentally affects the moral faculties, the question arises, what education and training should be adopted. We answer, the education that appeals to and enlightens the conscience, that acts directly upon the moral nature, making men honest, truthful, loyal, and reliable, that recognizes that a soundly moral man, though ignorant, is a better citizen than a learned knave, that touches and vitalizes the whole man, not a segment or fraction of him, in short, the education that upbuilds and perfects a noble character, and holds up to heaven as its fruit the finished man. Educators must realize that the foundation of culture, as of character, is at last the moral sentiment that the "interests of society are not secured by a sys-

tem which turns out brains minus a conscience," that the training and discipline which makes a man an intellectual giant, but a moral dwarf, is an unmitigated evil. The supreme good to be ardently sought in any system of education is character.

Those who for ten or twenty years have stood on the dust-swept highway of business life, know that character stands for more than learning, wealth, or rank, and triumphs over all the vicissitudes of time. It is not what men say, not what men do, but it is the man behind the word or act, that moulds opinion and influences conduct. Then, to make my point clear, I reiterate, that whereas the primary object of educators is to keep men under the intellectual sandpaper as long as possible, to train and discipline the mental side of man, and only incidentally minister to the moral nature, the order should be reversed, and first attention bestowed upon man's ethical nature, after which his mental needs may be supplied.

III.

But where shall morality be taught? Experienced educators in chorus reply, in the home circle, by precept and example. The home is, undoubtedly, the place to lay the foundation of moral being, when the mind of the child is wax to mould and marble to hold. But we know too well that a large number, if not a majority, of children in the public schools come from lawless homes, and have not the example of a pure home life. Again, there are many moral problems and grave questions that oppress the youth upon the threshold of life's work, for which the advice and example of parents afford neither solution nor settlement. The truth is our youths and maidens cannot find the needed moral inspiration in the atmosphere of American homes.

Is there hope in the public schools? For more than a decade the minds of the people have been agitated over the question of the Bible in the public schools. The freethinkers oppose the reading of the Bible, because sectarian doctrines may be taught. The Catholics refuse to patronize the schools because their bible is not read, and the tenets of their infallible church inculcated, and characterize them as godless. The orthodox believers are dissatisfied because all Christianizing influences are being withdrawn, and only a cold secular morality formally doled out. They look wistfully back to the early days of the republic when, throughout New England, children were indoctrinated in the mysteries of the Westminster catechism, and no limit set to religious any more than to secular teaching. The result of this agitation is the gradual elimination from our common schools of Christian morality, leaving nothing in its place. If a child obtains

any ethical training it is because it happens to fall under the fostering care of a teacher who believes in character, and voluntarily departs from her routine duties to tutor the pupils' will. There is no code of ethics, no systematic teaching of morality. As long as our common schools are the creatures of state, and the state is divorced from the church, only secular education will be taught.

The legislatures of the different states are incompetent and lack the inclination to deal with the question. And it would be as difficult for the Catholic, Protestant, Orthodox and Liberal, Jew and Agnostic, to settle upon a code of morality to be taught and enforced in our schools, as it would be for them to agree upon nice points of a religious creed. Private schools will need to be multiplied, so that parents can select those teachers whose character and standing are a guarantee that the moral nature of their children will be cultivated. Schools of morality may be organized having for their primary object moral instruction, where the moral judgement may be sharpened, and the sensibilities to the finer distinctions of right and wrong quickened. Ethical societies can be formed for the discussion and investigation of abstruse questions of morality; of right or wrong, whether morality springs from the needs and nature of man, or is conditioned by religion, as well as the practical duties of man to man, to society and government. In this way the great moral truths of the universe may be plowed deep into the conscience of our youth.

The sectarian colleges and universities, and those more or less under sectarian influences, will find their appropriate work in this field, and will largely contribute to the solution of the problem of ethical growth and development. Every such institution feels a responsibility for the student beyond the class room. The professors in such institutions are not worried over the question whether morality can be divorced and taught distinct from religion. They are willing to say that a man ought, or ought not, to do this or that, and tell the reason why, though the inquiry may extend into the domain of religion. We need have no fear that the college graduates of to-day will not be liberal enough. The tendency is the other way. The danger is that they will emerge from their *alma mater* devoid of either moral or religious instincts.

It is not for a layman to say, whether the student emerging from an institution of learning had better not have some form of religious faith, though erroneous, than to become a member of the know-nothing party in religion, whose adherents are sailing on an unknown sea, under sealed orders never to be opened, and who proclaim for their creed, "We do not know."

but, it is feared, conceal another part of their creed. "We do not care." Who is not convinced that the graduates of Princeton, Brown and Rochester universities are infinitely superior in moral quality and conduct, to the graduates of older and more revered secular institutions of learning. It is to be hoped these institutions denominated as sectarian, will keep their vantage ground of moral elevation.

President McCosh, of Princeton, has lately addressed a circular to the parents of Princeton students, calling upon them to declare that they do not wish moral training which their sons have received at home, to be lost when they enter college. Dr. McCosh, in his circular, says that "the question of care or no care of the conduct of students will within the next few years, be decided in our larger colleges, and the smaller ones will be powerless to resist it." Dr. McCosh believes that unless the parents encourage the college faculty to continue their supervision of the moral conduct, as well as the mental training of their sons, they will feel as if their duty ended simply with instruction in the college course.

We believe that a college conducted on the principles outlined by Dr. McCosh in his circular, will receive the hearty endorsement and patronage of thoughtful parents, who want their sons to become not only educated, but upright men.

CONCLUSION.

The question of moral culture is of growing interest and importance, for upon its solution depend the existence and perpetuity of a Republican government. We must teach the young idea how to shoot correctly, or shoot the young idea when he gets bigger. In Russia, Germany and England, the capitalist, standing over the child in the cradle of the laboring man, has no fear; because the musket stands between him and the child of poverty, ignorance and vice. In a republic like ours, property has and can have no such reliance. Our safety must depend upon the intelligence and virtue of the people. The absolutely essential need of a republic is the general, thorough and systematic diffusion of knowledge, vitalized by the moral quality. This need of moral enlightenment and education presses upon those who dwell by the distant sea board, where come the immigrants by thousands from the old lands of Europe. It presses at the sunset, where the Chinese are coming with pagan ideas and superstition. It presses upon the South, where there is an untaught race lately set free from bondage. "Upon this fourth continent, the races of the other three are mingled to solve the problem of the ability of man for self government. Europe came. Africa was brought. Fow Asia comes." We are be-

ing invaded, year by year, by the undesirable classes driven out of Europe, because they are a burden to the government of their birth. America is made a dumping ground for the refuse of Europe. Seventy thousand immigrants in a single month have landed on our shores, made up largely of Irish paupers and Russian Jews. The ranks are swelled by adventurers from every land—the Communist of France, the Socialist of Germany, the Nihilist of Russia, and the cut-throat murderers of Ireland. Of course, the great mass of immigrants are honest and industrious, and will make good citizens. But all come with social habits and customs, ideas of government and political traditions, widely different from the native population of America. There are now in this country six million foreign-born inhabitants, and 15,000,000 whose fathers and mothers are foreigners. The question is whether there is enough salt in our vast sea of population, to take up, assimilate, and purify these natural streams of immigration pouring in upon us, as well as the forced drainage of Europe emptying into this vast reservoir.

To believe that in addition to our own proper elements of disorder we can safely absorb such a mass of corruption, requires no small faith in the robust virtue of our people and the saving efficacy of republican institutions. The sunlight of public opinion must steadily shine, and the winds of agitation beat upon this ocean of humanity, if it retains its purity. Plato has said, if a man were kept in some secluded place until he reached a mature age, and then taken to some lofty mountain and permitted for the first time to look upon the sun in its rising glory and effulgence, he would be enthralled with the vision before him. It seems to me, were it possible for one to stand apart and by a single sweep of intellectual vision gather in the country's growth with its marvelous achievements, he would believe the age of miracles had returned. Our past is then secure. If we would look with confident eye to the future, the educators of our day must learn from John Locke, that "virtue, direct virtue, is the head and invulnerable part to be aimed at in education;" that the need of our time is not smart, successful men, whose fame rests upon the broken tablets of the decalogue, but good men in the best sense of the term, men salted through and through with the Puritan virtues of our ancestors, with strict notions of right and wrong as they are applied to the thousand phases and relations of life, society, and government. Unless we realize our need, and supply it, the youth unborn, that will look down from the height of the next century, will gaze upon a people who have forgotten the teachings of their fathers, the lessons of history; upon a people great in their virtues, but greater in their vices, and upon a nation soon to perish from the earth and be buried beneath its own vast achievements.

SCHILLER AND GERMANY.

(ORATION DELIVERED BY VICTOR E. BENDER, OF KNOX COLLEGE, AT THE INTER-COLLEGIATE CONTEST, OCT. 3, 1884.)

History is a fabric woven of the threads of countless lives, interspersed with lines of deeper color and denser fibre. Every country has its individual pattern, its peculiar shade,—the bright or dark, the variegated or plain prevails, according as the courses of individual lives may determine.

The history of Germany reveals a brilliant and distinctive double fibre, interlacing her fabric like beautiful threads of gold. It represents the lives of Schiller and Goethe,—the patriarchs of German literature, the apostles of their country's freedom. Of the two, Schiller is pre-eminently the true German, embodying in his nature every essential attribute of German individuality, feeling and responding to every genuine sentiment of the German heart.

A hundred years previous to Schiller's advent in history, Germany lay prostrate under the desolating stroke of the Thirty Year's War. It was the Great Sahara of her history. Here and there, like feeble plants on a sterile soil, we see isolated intellects extending the feeble tendrils of their ideas, but the dire ravages of war had crushed out every element of growth and vigor, leaving industries, science, literature, church, nation,—in a state of indifference and apathy. O, for some quickening, reviving power that would arouse her lethargic faculties; that would invigorate and vitalize the exhausted forces of the nation! That power came. Toward the middle of the 18th century there is a perceptible thrill of life throughout the empire,—Lessening had infused the life-giving current. The prostrate nation slowly rises to its feet; Goethe extends to it a helping hand; and in the very midst of this reawakening, this alternation of light and darkness, this breaking of clouds, this promise of morning,—there bursts the clear light of perfect day! As the midnight fires, kindled by the mercenary Robber Moor, broke from the plundered castle, and set aglow the dark Thuringian forests, so the fiery passions that raged within that rugged creation, "The Robbers," burst upon the gloom of the nations lingering woe. Friedrich von Schiller had completed the trinity that effected Germany's restoration. Lessing, Goethe, Schiller—the seed, the flower, the fruit of her social and political reform.

But what were the more specific relations of Schiller to his native land? Hitherto the tendency of German thought had been toward the abstract, the metaphysical. Sentiment was chilled in cold philosophy, the

heart yielded to the mind, spiritual impulse was put down by mental predominance. Lessing and Goethe, with their contemporaries, sought to dispel this prevailing mysticisms of thought,—to lead the German mind out of its labyrinths of speculation into the light of moral truth. Thus when Schiller appeared the mental and moral elements of society were far from being homogeneous. It remained for him to reconcile mind to mind, and heart to heart.

The drama of the "Robbers" at once revealed his genius and proclaimed his mission. In it were voiced the burning words that trembled on the lips of an oppressed nation,—words that heaped upon the social condition of Germany the onus of popular condemnation,—words that urged, advocated, demanded immediate radical reform; and they were uttered with the authority and power of one supremely endowed.

The dramatic cast of Schiller's writings aided much in their dissemination and influence. Ideal creations were embodied and impersonated; pictures of the mind were made objective; fiction became real; reality, impressive. The stage proved the great medium between Schiller and his countrymen, interpreting to the masses the lofty conceptions of the poet-thinker. Not only as dramatist, but as poet, historian and philosopher, did Schiller enrich and adorn. His history of the Thirty Year's War, embellished with graceful expression, expanded by philosophical comment, illumined by the light of candor and truth,—is a pillar of German literature. The philosophy of Kant, that stupendous structure of thought rising, as it were, in a single night, above the debris of shattered philosophies, received from Schiller permanence and beauty.

But Schiller's true sphere lay not in recording the conduct of war, nor yet in solving the problems of an abstruse philosophy. It lay rather in creating a higher ideal of individual duty,—in producing and sustaining the genuine sentiment of fraternal love.

His mind was ever filled with ideals of the possibilities of humanity. Freedom and patriotism were twin conceptions of his soul, and to establish the one and foster the other,—to teach, to elevate, to perfect,—this was the all-controlling precept of his life. He was an idealist and a reformer. His mission was as evident as though he held in his hand the scroll of indorsement. At the very beginning of his career, he declared his position and his policy. "The public," he says, "is now *all* to me, my study, my confidant, my sovereign. Something majestic hovers over me as I determine now to wear no other fetters save the sentence of the world, to appeal to no other throne but the soul of man,"—and to this voluntary consecration he firmly adhered.

In a much wider field, but with a less sympathetic nature, Goethe was at this time a conspicuous figure in the world of letters. He appreciated the genius and felt the influence of his young rival, but between the two there had been, as yet, no personal relation. Each was the sole representative of his respective province of thought, and in the higher atmosphere of their beings they figured against an open horizon, like the overtopping heights of two distinct and separate ranges.

But circumstance casts the initial thread to many a close-knit friendship. Mutually repelled at first, chance brought them together, and their exalted natures yielded, touched, coalesced, and in the reciprocal light of this spiritual exaltation, literature was enhanced in breadth and beauty, humanity became worthier, human destiny higher and nobler.

True friendship is a potent alchemy; from the mingled sentiments of kindred hearts is evoked the gold of character and worth. In the communion of these two men of transcendent genius, there was a mutual awakening of yet latent powers; Schiller's fervor and intensity warmed the less passionate Goethe; while the calm, comprehensive mind of the latter modified the ideal creations of his friend, and reduced them to a more practical ideality, enabling him to grasp more completely and effectively the great problems of the human weal.

The Thirty Year's War, with the interests it involved, the issues to which it gave rise; with its innumerable phases of nature and character; with its motives, prejudices, hopes, and ambitions; replete with every shade and variety of human conduct, now offers to Schiller the possibilities of a mighty drama—a means to develop thoughts and ideas of individual and national utility. And with a felicity of poetic and philosophic genius, he has given us the inimitable drama of "Wallenstein."

Towering above the field of French history, he sees the sublime figure of the Maid of Orleans. O, what scenes of thrilling action cluster about her! He sees her a peasant among her flocks, he sees her in the transport of inspiration, rushing to the field of conflict, now in the ranks, now in command, leading the charge, subduing, conquering, crowning; suspected, accused, condemned, burned! But above her ashes there lingers the spirit of her consecrated life,—beautified, exalted, perpetuated, by the transforming touch of the German poet.

But the fostering light which had burst so suddenly upon Germany and Europe, which had dissipated the mists of darkness, and now stood in the zenith of its

splendor, was soon to be obscured. Clouds of mortal disease impede and withhold its rays; but as the curtain thickens and darkens, there is a final struggle of the spirit, a rift in the clouds, a baptism of refulgent light, and it passes irrevocably into shadow and night. Need I say what *was* that last, that greatest benison? Need I say how from the mystic depths of legendary lore he led the hero Tell? how he placed him in his native Alps and bade him redeem his olden glory? how he reawoke in forest and in valley the song of the Alpine hunter? and flecked the hills with flocks, the dales with happy homes? How Despotism clouded, then obscured their happiness; and how at last the clouds were dissipated, and Freedom smiled again? Ah! he baptized the land in the beauty of a poet's conception, and Switzerland stood disfigured. That priceless legacy lives to-day in history and hearts. It will remain an heirloom to nations yet unborn. The patience, constancy, bravery, patriotism of the primitive Switzer, reproduced in living, sentient characters, touched and moved the nation, and welded closer the bonds of sympathy and love.

Thus as a dramatist we see him peopling the stage with the sublimest conceptions of character and art, in the garland of poesy he has woven the brightest flower of song, from the field of civil strife he gathered lessons of human wisdom, into the dark recesses of philosophy he carried a torch of truth. Yet underlying all his intellectual powers, was the *character* that gave them firmness and dignity, the *heart* that warmed them with feeling and sentiment, the *soul* exalted and idealized.

The great heart of humanity was the source of his every impulse, the pulse of national sentiment determined the vigor of his works, he was the centre of his social and political organism—the embodiment of sincerity and devotion, the type of a patriot and man.

Germany has had her scientists, poets, her statesmen and generals; her Humboldt and Heine, her Bismarck and Moltke; in every department of human knowledge she keeps pace with the prodigious strides of the age; but at no time has she so rallied her forces and asserted her intellectual and moral powers as at the close of the 18th century—when the germs implanted by Lessing, Herder and Lavater were in their fruitage, when Goethe wrote that Richter puzzled and pleased, when the whole world would acclaim with Germany, *Es lebe Friedrich Von Schiller!*

O. M. A. has been granted a charter by the Supreme Hut, U.S.A., and a Sublime Hut has been established with the authority to form and charter other huts.

A GREEK MAIDEN.

(ORATION DELIVERED BY ELIZABETH FAULKNER, AT THE CONTEST, OCT. 3rd.)

The silent strings of the harp, touched by the hand of a master, wake with tones of sweetest melody. The shapeless block of marble, touched by the sculptor's chisel, is transformed into an angel of exquisite loveliness. The thoughtless maiden, touched by love and duty, becomes the heroic woman, for slumbering in her heart is the spirit of self-sacrifice, needing but their touch to rouse her to the performance of noblest deeds. Love and duty have through all time swayed the soul of woman, leading her to perform, cheerfully, the little acts of self-denial and seeming drudgery of daily life, and, on occasion, great and noble deeds of self-sacrifice. Christianity has filled her with grander thoughts of love and duty, but the spirit of self-sacrifice is to be found in the soul of every woman, pagan or Christian. Biography, history and legend alike attest the power of love and duty, and to-night from out the treasure house of Grecian legend, we have taken a single gem, which even in our rude setting may show some traces of its beauty and worth,—the story of a maiden, inspired by these feelings, daring, aye and suffering, death.

Daughter of a god-cursed race, child of a once prosperous but now blind and disconsolate king, she passes her girlhood days in caring for this father, leading him on a sad and weary pilgrimage. She tenderly watches over him in his feebleness, faithful, affectionate and womanly in her care; guiding his faltering steps; comforting, supporting and cheering him in his loneliness and affliction,—until he is called from the woes of life to eternal rest.

Time goes by. Again the maiden's life seems bright—love shines on her way. She realizes what life is, and thoughts of a new and holy nature take possession of her soul. But suddenly a cloud appears and, gathering and growing, increases in size until it darkens the whole heaven; the way before her becomes darker and more gloomy, never again to be illumined by a gleam of hope or rainbow of promise. Her brothers, fighting in personal conflict, have fallen, pierced by each other's spears. Her heroic nature might have endured this blow, but all the feelings of love and duty are aroused by the cruel command of the king that no funeral rites shall be performed for her young brother; and her soul is more troubled, more perplexed than ever. She thinks of the sad fate of the unburied dead, remembers the promise she has given that such a fate should never be his, and

she sees too clearly that she herself must dare the forbidden deed.

It was no sentimental fancy on her part, no foolish superstition, but love for her brother, her duty to him and to the "unwritten, unchangeable law" of her gods. She realizes the consequences—if she act in accordance with her sense of *right*, her life, aye more than that, her new-found love, must be sacrificed. But she does not shrink. Her woman's soul would rather die grandly in the performance of that which she feels is duty, than live in dishonor, knowing that she had sacrificed her conscience for her life.

While she meditates her soul becomes filled with the beauty of self-sacrifice, and with feelings of love and duty she thrice sprinkles the dust over the dead.

Great is the anger of the king when he discovers his command disobeyed, his intentions thwarted, and ordering the corpse to be again exposed, he appoints a guard to watch for the offender.

Through the long day the guard on the hillside keep watch; at last the maiden is seen, advancing slowly over the plain. Hear her bitter cry as she sees her work undone. Watch her as with new courage she performs the deed again, and then, fearless and unhesitating, delivers herself up to the watchers, who rush out and seize her. Behold her as she confronts the king, sublime in the accomplishment of her duty, her heart filled with a strange peace, arising from the knowledge that she has obeyed the dictates of her conscience—come what may.

Condemned to be buried alive, her woman's courage does not fail before the stern sentence of her cruel judge. She can even give up the holiest thoughts of early love, inspired as she is by the approval of a good conscience.

The last sad act! Along the highway there comes a strange procession—a band of royal guards, in their midst, the maiden, her sweet, pale face lit up by a strange, holy light, her womanly soul still firm in the belief that she has done her *duty*. As she comes out through the city's gate, she sees the sun rising in all its splendour, lighting up the roofs and turrets of her home; and, as she looks back, for the last time, toward the place round which so many sweet and tender memories cluster, as she realizes that she will see it never again, she bursts into a passionate lament.

Like a true Greek, she clings to life, and shudders at the thought of death, and like a true woman, now that there is no longer occasion to defend her act, no further need of firmness, she bewails her hopeless fate, and with tearful eyes, bids farewell to home and friends, and life and love.

Her weakness and her horror at death do not show that she regrets her deed. No, they tell us she is a

woman, and but enhance the heroism of her disobedience to a lower, in obedience to a higher law.

The last look is taken; the tomb is closed; the unjust sentence has been executed.

O, child of Greece, loving daughter, faithful, affectionate sister, we feel the influence of thy noble life, thy self-sacrificing death! By dying for the highest truth within thy ken, thou dost teach us that there are things which are better worth having than life, that to die is nothing, if by losing life we gain the higher, "better part." If thou couldst give up thy sacred love, thy youthful life, for the accomplishment of that which thou didst feel was duty, how shall not we, thy modern sisters, be willing to make the small sacrifices which duty demands of us! Thou didst not rebel against thy woman's fate, but inspired by love for those around thee, wast ready to do thy duty to thy brother and to thy gods.

Pure, noble, womanly, thou by thy death dost teach us how to live! Life to thee was everything, for thou hadst no hope beyond that tomb; but we, the possessors of a better faith, a higher love, have beyond the grave, the glorious hope of an immortal life. If we follow thy example, in obeying the dictates of love and duty to God and to our brother, we shall each receive the victor's crown, and hear the "King of Kings" declare:

"She hath done what she could."

And now, farewell, O, sweet Antigone.

EXCHANGES.

What is the matter with our exchanges, only fifteen have been received so far, of which only three are from Illinois. We feel somewhat disappointed, because we had hoped to distribute some of our superabundance of good spirits,—occasioned by the success of our representative at the Inter-Collegiate Contest, among our less successful, but esteemed contemporaries. We wanted to comfort their downcast souls and shake hands with Knox.

As you have not as yet shown up and the *Illini* has, we will first turn our attention to her. Thanks *Illini* for the graceful manner in which you notice our representative, your bear your defeat like gentlemen. We honor you for your highmindedness. We cannot agree with you though, in devoting a part of your space to magazine reviews. There are too many publications devoted to that exclusively.

The *Lauterie* comes to hand in good time, with a cover gotten up with more artistic display than is wont to be shown in the matter of fact aggregations, known as college papers.

The *Lauterie* needs to look to her literary department. Mr. Wyckoff's prize oration was all right but does not represent Ohio work, and the article: "Influence of the Crusades on the Civilization of Europe," cannot and does not contain anything new. Otherwise the paper is good.

The next to attract our attention is the *Indiana Student*. This paper we think is a model of neatness. We certainly did not expect when we beheld its meek exterior, that we were going to be plunged first thing into a College Comedy, it was a bold undertaking. The author tries hard to say something new on an old theme, perhaps he succeeded. At any rate it was something out of the usual line, therefore highly commendatory. The Editorials are good and the proportions of all its parts well preserved.

The *University Herald* of Syracuse is indeed to be congratulated, having as it says, "A surplus of revenues sufficient to provide against all possible contingencies."

O ye Publishers why don't you write and discover, if possible, by what scheme they have attained this "Delectable Land."

Yet more she can boast that Belva Lockwood was a graduate of the class of '57. Take care lest you may be puffed up by your own greatness! We agree with you most emphatically in your remarks on Genius. When you say "Professors, when they proclaim genius to be only the ability to work, oftener flatter blockheads than tell the truth."

The *Round Table* next pleads for recognition, nor is it undeserving. Its chief recommendation is neatness. The Editorial on politics, we think, usurps the prerogative of the daily newspaper.

That's right, don't mind the Editor of the *Illini*, don't call him hard names, but stick to your pacific policy. The *Hesperian Student* goes straight to the point when it says, "While there are advantages in military drill, we must not overlook the fact that our University is a western institution and that many students are compelled to make their way as they go, contrary to the conditions of many students in the East."

Many of the students there do not aim at perfect scholarship. It is a character as far as possible with strict regulations and stern discipline.

We cannot see how men can be made students against their will, or what relation carrying a sham musket has to the process.

We hope you will be successful in obtaining exemption from such an old fashioned practice.

Time does not suffer us to finish our list but next month we hope to read and comment on those we have been obliged to omit, especially Illinois Colleges, Blackburn for example. Blackie, we are waiting for you.

THE VOLANTE.

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University of Chicago, September, 1884.

EDITORIAL.

We clip the following from the "Saturday Evening Herald" of Oct. 18:

"If the entire neighbourhood must suffer from the impecuniosity and bankrupt condition of the Chicago University it does not require any argument to prove that it will be an excellent thing to have the concern either closed up or transferred to parties who can conduct it in a successful manner. Half of Cottage Grove avenue in front of this moribund institution is left unpaved, and without any sidewalk, for the sufficient reason that the University is too poor to pay an assessment. The same thing is true of Rhodes avenue, on the west side of the college, and of College Place on the north. As the matter stands, the Chicago University is not only a sort of burlesque in the way of an educational institution, without pupils enough to wad a gun, but it is by reason of the facts stated, a positive disadvantage and drawback to the flourishing neighborhood in which it is located."

This is not the first time that the Editor of the *Herald* has seen fit to vent his venom on the management of the University and we think that now it is about time he gave his bigoted bull-headedness a rest. If the city possessed more men and fewer professional kickers like the *Herald*, the University would be in a better condition. But before this Krupp gun of an editor makes the charge that the

University is too poor to pay an assessment, why doesn't he wait until an assessment has been made? Why doesn't he remember that there was a good sidewalk there until the cable track was laid, when it was broken up and carried away piecemeal for kindling-wood by the "flourishing neighborhood in which it is located"? Perhaps the *Herald* Editor would like to undertake the management of the finances of this institution. Perhaps he can suggest some "parties" who will do it in any better shape than is now done. If so we are open to offers. Were it not so plainly due to unqualified ignorance on the part of the *Herald* we would feel called on to resent the statement that our institution was an educational burlesque, without enough pupils to wad a gun.

This University has seen hard lines financially, and we are willing to admit it; but we would respectfully suggest that the *Herald* substantiate the libelous statement that it is an educational burlesque. We would refer our erudite and esteemed contemporary to the records of the Illinois Oratorical Association, the Cook County Microscopical Society, and the Baptist Theological Seminary or Union College of Law. The University of Chicago turns out men every year that could edit the "Saturday Evening Herald" and split a cord of wood before breakfast and then have time enough to do a day's work without finding fault with things they knew nothing about. If the appearance of the adjacent streets is unpleasant to the aesthetic eye of the *Herald* man, he should remember that no one will shed tears if he walks somewhere else. Of one thing we can assure him:—The *Saturday Evening Herald* with its 40 columns of "society slush" per week will never prove that the University is an educational burlesque nor will it pave Cottage Grove avenue, nor change the administration of the affairs of the University. And if its gun-wad editor will take a trip to this "positive drawback to the flourishing neighborhood in which it is located" he will find students enough here to wad all the guns he may find it convenient to carry with him. Perhaps we have given this too much notice, but when we see a man trying to blow open a safe with a parlor match we feel like telling him he may as well quit.

THE VOLANTE aims to be a reformer and we propose to set about our labors by protesting loudly against the lamentable lack of sociability among the students. Stand in the hall any morning before chapel and you may see young men entering the building, pass by groups of merrily chatting young men and women without as much as a look from them, see them pass unnoticed into chapel and out of

it and to their recitations. If a new student, a non-resident of the building, desires to become acquainted with his classmates and schoolmates, he is compelled to make his own advances or be stiffly and properly introduced. This is not as it should be. We are well aware that in a great and wicked city like Chicago one cannot be too careful in forming promiscuous acquaintances and associating with a heterogeneous populace in a promiscuous manner, but we believe here within the walls of our own Alma Mater, this puritanical conservatism may be done away with to a great extent.

We constitute a commonwealth of our own;—our interests are identical;—our end in view is the same. We are, or should be, more like members of one family than like strangers on an equal footing.

Neither do we believe a young lady forfeits her self-respect or lowers herself in the estimation of her fellow-students if she condescend to bow to a classmate, to whom she may not have been "introduced."

Common civility need not warrant an intimacy or an acquaintance, but it does show a spirit of the realization of human equality, which would indeed be refreshing in many instances, even in our own institution.

New students should be made welcome, made to feel that this is a place where we meet on a common level and that we do not consider ourselves too good to recognize our peers.

Our remarks on sociability apply not only to our dealings with the new students, but to ourselves. Secret societies are prone to give rise to cliques, which are well enough in their way and ought to be encouraged to a certain extent, but not to the exclusion of all outside sociability. Why do we not have more University socials? The authorities would be glad to give us the use of the parlors for such purposes and there is no tenable reason why they should not occur. By means of socials, more than any other one thing, is college life made more pleasant and profitable, and less a bore and "grind." We believe that if we went to work to make life more pleasant for the younger students here, there would be smaller defections from the ranks every year. In fact, without being considered pessimistic, we may safely say that we are too apathetic in everything pertaining to college life, to say nothing of our studies, everything seems to be done by some clique or individual and if the college gets any credit, it is incidental. To use a slang expression, we ought to "brace up and howl" and let us have a little less personal and party individuality and a great deal more University of Chicago individuality.

It is very often a good thing for a student to visit and inspect other colleges and find out how they compare with his own Alma Mater in the amount of work that is done, in the rank of scholarship, and in the instruction that is given. In nine cases out of ten, he will return impressed with the idea that, although in financial matters, in external qualities of elegance and beauty, and in the number of students, his institution may be inferior to some rival college, in instruction and real scholarly work it is far superior. At our Inter-Collegiate Contests, we have a very good opportunity to observe this, for the representatives of each college always goes home thoroughly impressed with the fact that their institution can produce the best students and can show the best scholarship record of any college in the state. If any of our students here, are inclined to be dissatisfied with their surroundings, we would advise them to visit other colleges and see what is done there. Never be deluded by a vain idea that base-ball clubs, college bands, boat clubs, cricket clubs, tennis clubs, and such organizations make up the sum-total of the excellences of a college. Rather form your estimate by entering the class-rooms, observing the course of instruction, the manner of the professors, the recitations, and the intelligent, refined appearance of the students. Then you will surely come back thoroughly impressed with the idea that the University of Chicago is equal to any other college in the educational advantages which it offers. At times we hear men among us—who, by the way, are not among the regular classmen—speak disparagingly of the institution which is doing so much for them, alluding to its lack of college sports and its seemingly poor condition. Ah! they do not know us here. They do not know that we believe here that mental discipline should equal physical; that it is our boast that our classes, though small, have contained men and women whose influence is now felt in every department of life, so that a graduate of the University of Chicago is entitled to the honest respect of every man of letters. If anyone doubts the power which this University possesses let him consult other men, let him test by every fair standard the mental calibre of our students, and THE VOLANTE is confident that he will be convinced of the great superiority of the institution with which he has allied himself.

The Editors of THE VOLANTE are very anxious that the paper should be successful in every way this year. We regret the unavoidable delay of the first issue, and hope always to be prompt in the future. We ask the active co-operation of all the students and Alumni,

desiring contributions from all those who are interested in the success of the University and its paper. We will be glad to hear, at any time, from our old students and Alumni. Our columns are always open to them, and the students will be very glad to receive from their old friends any advice or suggestions they may be pleased to give. THE VOLANTE is open to the students, not for any personal attack or fancied grievance, but for any other communications they may be pleased to send us. Will you not all help us this year, give us your ideas on various subjects, and impart to THE VOLANTE the real, ringing tone of a true college paper?

LOCALS.

A little earlier this time.

Yes, but have you paid your subscription yet?

What has become of the Mud-slingers?

Ask Everett what the Epigastric nerve is.

The long-established coal bin at last has fallen through.

If you want to see a smile that is "immense" ask Conley about his new Phi Kappa Psi pin.

This college has thirteen different societies, not to mention boarding clubs, chit-chat cliques, et cetera.

The Tuesday evening Bible Class led by Prof. Stuart lately, is very interesting and well-attended.

Our base-club is alive and batting. The game with the Hyde Parks, on Saturday, Oct. 11th, resulted in a victory for the University. The score was 11 to 1.

The O. M. A. endeavors to mystify the preps and ladies by adorning the bulletin board with occasional notices in curious symbols.

Again on Friday, Oct. 11, the ball club scored a victory, this time over the Englewood club, the score was 9 to 5.

Most of all the "boys" were out hearing returns from Ohio, the night of its election. Dr. Anderson addressed on that night an enthusiastic audience.

The Doctor's prophecy last term in regard to the military company, is but another example of his wisdom and experience. Nearly all the students who joined at first have abandoned the company, and the headquarters have been removed down town.

THE VOLANTE is not supposed to mingle in wordly politics, but a recent act of the judges of registration calls for the contempt and scorn of any rational being. Gentlemen who are just as much citizens as the mayor

(and far better perhaps) were denied the privilege of registration on the day appointed for that purpose, and the only reason assigned was that they were students of the University. Is this Illinois or Louisiana?

The class of '87 elected officers recently, for the year. They are as follows:

R. G. HALL,	-	-	-	Pres.
CARRIE HAIGH	-	-	-	V. Pres.
BERT NICHOLS	-	-	-	Sec'y

Our delegates to the Y. M. C. A. state convention—Messrs. Millard, Tibbits, and Conley, report an intensely interesting session, attended by about 175 delegates. Twelve different college associations were represented by 41 gentlemen and 15 ladies. Among the prominent men who were present and took part were Mr Wishard, the international college secretary, Mr Weidensall and Mr Ingersoll, inter-state secretaries, Mr. J. E. Lewis, of Wisconsin, J. H. Elliott, of Minneapolis, also from Illinois nearly all the prominent workers. An assistant state secretary has been appointed to aid Mr Brown, whose work had grown beyond the limits of one man's capability. \$4000 was pledged by the convention to carry on the work for the ensuing year. Our association pledged \$12.00 for the work. The outlook for the coming year is most promising in every way.

Messrs. Hammond, Burnap, and Walsh rendered a declamation in Athenæum, Friday, Oct. 17, in a manner that was unique. The announcement on the Athenæum bulletin board was a Triple Combination Declamation with a Vocal Trio. It was a burlesque on the modern dramatic declamation, and very laughable.

'69. The Rock River Conference, at its recent session, appointed R. D. Shepherd to Grace Methodist Church, Chicago.

We are sure the readers of the VOLANTE will be glad to read the oration of Mr. Bender, of Knox College, which is printed in this issue. Mr. Bender's oration received the first prize at the Inter-Collegiate contest, and is an exceptionally fine production. Mr. Bender's delivery was excellent, his voice clear and musical, and his pronunciation of the German names excellent.

The young ladies of the University, who attended the contest at Lincoln were very hospitably entertained during their stay, at the home of the Hon. S. A. Foley, and enjoyed their trip exceedingly, especially their visit to the coal-mines, and their drive through the country around.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'62. Rev. James Goodman is now pastor of the Baptist Church at Sault St. Marie, Mich.

'65. Chas. A. Hostetter, is States' Attorney at Mount Carrol, Ill.

'67. Sept. 18, a large audience assembled in the parlors of the Second Baptist Church, Phila., Pa. to welcome the new pastor, W. W. Everts, Jr., at which addresses were delivered by several prominent clergymen of that city.

'68. The Central Baptist Church, of which Rev. E. O. Taylor is pastor, has commenced the erection of a new church building at Halsted St. and Belden Ave., on the North Side.

'69. Rev. Robert Leslie, Jr., of Waukesha, has been elected President of the Wisconsin Ministers' Union.

'69. Rev. J. M. Coon is the Wisconsin correspondent of the *Standard*, and also is the author of the Sunday School Lesson Expositions, which are a prominent feature of that journal.

'72. We copy the following from the *Indiana Student*, published at the State University at Bloomington:

RECEIVED, sometime in vacation the following, neatly printed on gilt-edged invitation card: *Gwenn Marie Clark, Born June 25, 1884, Bloomington, Indiana.* No other explanation attending, it is presumed that she has come to stay through the winter with our Professor O. B. Clark, and through the kindness of her mother, Mrs. O. C., she will be happy to entertain the corps on call. Thanks and friendly greeting.

'73. N. E. Wood, D.D. has been elected Moderator of the of the Baptist Ministers' Meetings.

'74. Rev. L. H. Holt and Prof. Sutherland are the editors of the new journalistic enterprise, the *Western Baptist* published at Topeka, Kas.

'75. We clip the following from the *Correspondence University Journal* concerning Prof. H. A. Howe, son of Prof. A. J. Howe:

H. A. HOWE, M. A., S. D.

PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS AND ASTRONOMER IN THE UNIVERSITY OF DENVER.

Graduated at the University of Chicago as B. A. in 1875; as M. A. in the University of Cincinnati in 1877; as S. D. in the Boston University in 1883. Was Assistant Astronomer in the Cincinnati University, and four years Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy in the University of Denver. Has published: Cin-

cinnati Observatory Publications, No. 1; Three Approximate Solutions of Kepler's Problem; Articles in the "Astronomische Nachrichten" and "Siderial Messenger"; last 63 pages of Wentworth's Complete Algebra.

Mr. Howe will give instruction by correspondence in Mathematical and Descriptive Astronomy.—Text-book: Loomis' Astronomy.

Prof. Howe gives instruction in Astronomy and Calculus.

Prof. F. L. Anderson '82 has charge of the department of History, while Dr. Anderson and Prof. A. J. Howe preside over the departments of Psychology and Mathematics, respectively.

'79-'65. At the annual meeting of the Baptist Ministerial Union of Dakota, held at Mitchell in September, Rev. E. B. Meredeith '79 was elected Secretary, Rev. S. J. Winegar, '79 Treasurer, and Rev. Joseph Rowley '65 delivered the sermon.

'80. At the Minnesota Baptist State Convention, Rev. D. B. Cheney, jr., of Stillwater, read an essay that was highly commended.

'80. We clip the following from a very handsome "Illustrated Handbook of Furnas County, Neb.," recently received: "J. P. Lindsay, the County Attorney, is a promising and successful young lawyer, and has made an excellent record as County Attorney. He is an alumnus of the University of Chicago, and a buckeye of fine cultivation, whose year and a half residence here has given him a most agreeable impression of the country and people."

'81. Rev. L. W. Terry was ordained to the ministry, Sept. 18, 1884, at Edgar, Neb., where he has a pastorate.

'81-'81. Mrs. Louisa A. Barnum requests your presence at the Marriage of her daughter, Ruth Mary Edgerton, to

James B. Gardner,
Wednesday Evening, October Twenty-second,
Eighteen-hundred and Eighty-four,
at five-thirty o'clock,
at John's Church,
Cor. Langley Ave. and Thirty-seventh St.,
Chicago, Ill.

These two members of '81 will please accept the hearty congratulations and best wishes of the VOLANTE staff.

C. V. Thompson, formerly of '83, is now taking a course of philosophy and languages at the German University at Jena.

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BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, Esq., Professor at Yale College, New Haven, Connecticut.

R. A. WITTHAUS, A. M., M. D., Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology, University of Buffalo; Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology, University of Vermont; Professor of Physiological Chemistry, University of New York.

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