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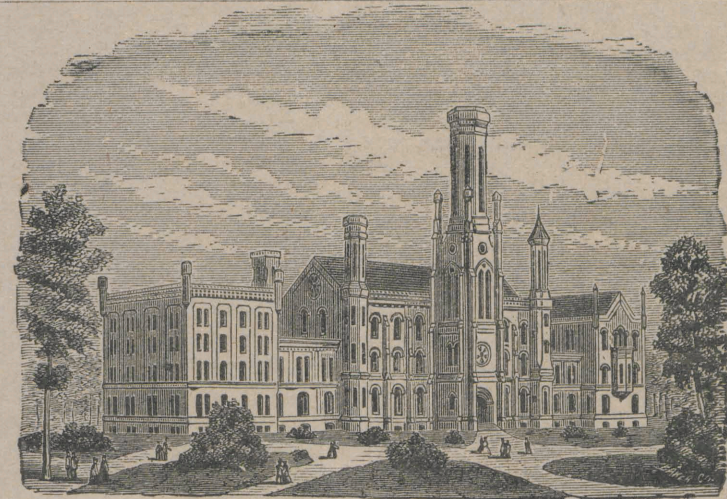
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# THE VOLANTE.

VOL. XIV.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, NOVEMBER, 1884.

No 3.



UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

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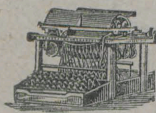
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# THE VOLANTE.

VOL. XIV.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, NOVEMBER, 1884.

No. 3.

IS IT WELL?

BY MARY G. CROCKER.

Beloved, is it well? the glorious morning,  
Rises in beauty o'er the Eastern skies,  
And on the wings of love in the still dawning,  
My thoughts turn toward thee, and my prayers arise.

Beloved, is it well? in full-orbed splendor,  
The holy day advances to its noon,  
And longing thoughts rise, pure and sweet and tender—  
Ah, if I might behold thee, dear one, soon!

Beloved, is it well? the day decreases,  
The sunset glow fades slowly in the West,  
And lulled to peace by sweet, sleep-giving breezes,  
The weary earth is sinking into rest.

Beloved, is it well? the night grows deeper,  
And peace broods o'er me as I kneel alone,  
And pray that He, the soul's all-faithful keeper,  
May keep His watch to-night above His own.

Beloved, is it well? tho' the dear faces  
Are hid from sight, and in a far-off land,  
God keepeth watch o'er all the distant places,  
He will protect us with His loving hand,  
And so it will be well!

Fort Sully, Dak.

THE AGE OF REASON. \*

LUCY C. WAITE, '80.

Every age which has left its impress upon our world's history, whether for good or ill, has been stamped with some one purpose or idea. We have had our ages of war and military heroes when glory and fame were to be won only on the battlefield. We have had our golden ages of literature and art when the sad music of humanity was attuned to a minor key. Then the world has passed through many dark ages, when reason's flickering lamp was quenched and the gentle eyes of justice were closed in a troubled sleep. We have had our centuries distinguished by great statesmen, philosophers and reformers, colossal figures standing out in bold relief and, like Atlas, carrying their age upon their shoulders. But the age is gone o'er when a man may in all things be all. Our own is too vast and too complex for one man alone to embody its purpose; and our age belongs to the people. The Age of Reason has dawned upon us

at last, bright and clear, and the people are awake. They are asking "why" and "why not" and will not be put off with meaningless platitudes or bombastic assertions. Far back in our history we see here and there men and women who have anticipated this day; who have worked in the face of poverty and persecution and died that we might be free. They were bright spirits, far ahead of their age. The world, was not ripe for their work. Although their lives went out in darkness, their influence lived on to receive its due mead of praise at our hands. Silently and noiselessly has this spirit of free thought been working in our midst. The ground is now ripe for the seed. It has taken many valuable lives to make ready the soil. They were given us cheerfully and freely, and, while we cannot but mourn the ignorance and prejudice which allowed them to go down to the grave unappreciated and unrewarded, their lives were too grand, too exalted to need our pity. We can but wonder and admire.

Social Science of all sciences the most intricate and important is not possible until men shall cease entirely to ascribe supernatural causes to the effects for which we alone are responsible. \* Men are beginning to reason from cause to effect, and from effect back to the natural cause. Science has taught us there can be no effect without a cause. If we are even to have a social science, it must come through a thorough and conscientious study of every link in the chain to the remotest history of our earth, if need be. So long as every accident, every death, was attributed to some power outside of ourselves and for which we could not be held responsible, progress in social and sanitary science was impossible. But happily for us that day has well nigh past. When the startling statistics were brought to scientific men that half the children born into the world die before reaching the age of ten years, they began to ask "why is this?" and the cause once found, the remedy is at hand. The young should never die; the old alone die a natural death. Every death by disease is unnatural, and the direct result of the ignorant or willful disobedience of some law of nature. When we see whole cities de-



populated by some terrible disease, we no longer rest satisfied with the assurance that we are in no way responsible; as an intelligent and enlightened people we know we are directly responsible and the cause must be found. We see starvation in the midst of plenty, crime running rampant in a land blest with an army of good and intelligent men and women. We see sickness and misery and death in a world where there should be perfect health, happiness and life. Surely these evils are no law of nature. There must be an avoidable cause, and we cannot shirk the responsibility. The women are beginning at last, to ask a few questions on their own account. Why is it that a hundred years ago taxation without representation was unjust, if it is not as true to-day? When women began asking, "why are we not entitled to a college education as well as our brothers?" it would not do to tell them that St. Paul said "If a woman will learn anything let her ask her husband at home." Some have the audacity to ask; "Who is St. Paul that he should presume to dictate to women of all time what they should or should not do." Some have even dared to hint, that being a bachelor, there is a bare possibility that he didn't thoroughly understand womankind, when he issued that command. There being no satisfactory reason found, why women should not be allowed a thorough education, behold her in our vast colleges to-day well abreast of her times, nothing daunted, longing for more worlds to conquer. Not satisfied here they paid a visit, uninvited, to our doctors of Law and Medicine, and politely demanded a good and logical reason why they should not be admitted within their hallowed precincts. The assurance that they were not capable in brains or physical strength did not satisfy these restless spirits. They continued demanding reasons and battering away at the ramparts until the fortifications gave way. They have even attacked the Theological Schools, not dismayed that St. Paul has distinctly said, "Let your women keep silence in the churches; for it is not permitted unto them to speak." They have sent that little word "why" thundering down the centuries and unless St. Paul wakes up to give a satisfactory reason, his rule as dictator is certainly over. The 19th century is calling for facts. Dictatorships are no longer fashionable among the people. Every custom, no matter how illustrious its founder, or how many centuries it has existed, must to-day give us a clear and logical reason for its existence, or vanish among the shadows of the past. There is no surer weapon against error of every kind than reason, and the sun of reason is high in the heavens. Never in the history of our world, has there been such an

awakening in the minds of the people. Old superstitions founded in ignorance and nurtured in bigotry, are crumbling away. The strong light of reason is turned upon them and their fate is in her hands. Whatever is true will remain. Truth alone is eternal and fears no light however strong. We trace the source of this mighty river, which is now rushing over our land, far back in the distant ages. Seen first as a tiny stream, taking its winding and tortuous path through mountains of superstition and fear, sometimes lost to sight, but ever growing wider and wider and faster and faster, it has swelled to a mighty torrent, which is tearing down everything before it and joyously bearing us onward to a larger and a better freedom.

\* Read at the Alumni Reunion at the Palmer House, June 10, 1884.

THE University of Chicago has one great bulwark of strength—its alumni, who are loyally interesting themselves in everything pertaining to its welfare. Doubtless, many of our students do not know that the subscription list of THE VOLANTE contains a very large number of alumni, whose cheering words of advice are of great value to all of us. Interested as they are in the University, we want to awaken still greater interest among them in respect to the studies of our course, their present benefit and future value to the student. THE VOLANTE therefore asks for short answers to these questions: (1) Was your course at the University satisfactory in its arrangement? (2) Have you ever felt that a college course was not "practical"? (3) In what way has your college life especially benefited you?

Do not think, alumni friends, that we are unnecessarily soliciting communications from you. Every week the talk against a college course becomes greater, especially in the financial and business centres of our country. Students, even while enjoying educational privileges, are apt to slight their opportunities, to overlook the importance of their studies, and, sometimes, even to doubt their future benefit. No one can so easily prove the value and importance of a college course, as he who has himself completed it. The alumnus often succeeds in proving what others have failed to show, and answers, from experience, seemingly unanswerable arguments. Therefore will you not answer these questions at length or briefly as you choose. THE VOLANTE would like to hear from every loyal alumnus at some time during the year, and if you will give us your views on the subject of *college education*, we believe the result will be valuable not only to the students of this university, but to all who are interested in the success of education.

THE principal honor of the editorial board of last year was the valuable work they performed in collecting and perfecting the alumni list, and in increasing the interest of the alumni in the college and its work. The labor was well begun, and it is not the intention of the present staff to allow it to flag. But, as they had the revival of the alumni interest to strive for, so we should have some definite end, to the attainment of which we may devote our energy and whatever influence THE VOLANTE may possess. And so THE VOLANTE intends to devote itself to arousing among the students a more earnest college spirit, to cause more interest to be taken in college associations, literary, social and athletic. Little need be said concerning the literary societies, but this university certainly does need, among many other things, a reading room and an athletic association. We doubt whether any other collegiate institution in the land is without that most important adjunct to a liberal education—a reading room. If the University management is unable to provide one for us, the students themselves should see how much they are losing in not having access to the current literature of the day, as presented in the dailies, magazines and reviews, and should at once take the necessary steps to provide themselves with such an opportunity. Many houses would make a gift of their publications to such an object. THE VOLANTE exchanges could be put on file there, and a pleasant room would be provided where any student might pass a spare half hour in work which is fully as important as any performed in the class-room.

We understand that an athletic association was organized a short time ago, and we hope that the students will give it their hearty support, in order that they themselves may be benefited, and that the University may regain its old position of leader in the athletic sports of the colleges of the North-West. For five years we held the silver ball, the championship emblem of the College League, and we possess base ball talent which might well be utilized in an attempt to regain our old position of supremacy.

The afternoon of the day preceding Commencement seems to have been set aside for a Field Day, which might be made one of the most attractive features of the Commencement week. A program should be prepared, and the contestants should enter at once upon their winter's course of training.

Of course, all these outside matters must be subordinate to the regular college work, and we feel sure that the good sense of the student will show him that a reasonable amount of such exercise and recreation

will only the better prepare him for work in the study and class-room.

AN element which is sadly lacking in the University is musical culture. Only a few students are able to play an instrument, and not many more can sing well. This should not be so. There are a great many good voices in college as the recent election showed, and when such fine musical privileges as exist in this city are within the grasp of all, it is indeed strange that we have not long since had a glee club, or if there was ever one, that it should die. It is then gratifying to learn that a club has been formed by a few workers. We hope that a great number will swell its ranks and add to its enthusiasm. In no way can you evince true college spirit more than by joining the University Glee Club.

MR. F. R. SWARTWOUT, '84, has collected THE VOLANTE of '78-'79 and of '79-'80, and intends to have them bound. There are now in the library, bound in volumes of a year each by their respective publishers, the volumes for '74-'75 and '77-'78, with nearly all the numbers since '80 on file, and waiting for the binder. In order to complete the list and preserve the only extant record of university life and progress, cannot each publisher of the missing years make up a file from the pile of VOLANTES he must have on hand, have them bound and presented to the library? If the publishers have not the papers, we may be able to secure them for them from the ex-editors.

Of course, the young ladies are superior creatures and are entitled to great consideration as such, but the young men are human and are entitled to some consideration as well. But at present we find positively no accommodation for young men residing outside the building. They are compelled to carry their overcoats, umbrellas and hats around with them to recitations, or else leave them in the room of some resident student, and take the chances on being locked out at the end of recitations.

There should be a room in the building where non-resident young men might hang up their overcoats and hats in a civilized way, deposit their muddy overshoes or wet umbrellas and gossamers and, perhaps, spend a few quiet moments in study. We feel confident that if such a room were provided—and the outlay would be next to nothing—the young men would appreciate it and use the room only for the purposes for which it was designed. It certainly is unpleasant for such students, as well as disruptive to good hats and garments, to be compelled to be continually transporting them from one room to another and finding them half the time on the floor in the dust.



In most of the colleges of the United States, the students are uniformed in some way, generally with hats, and we believe the custom to be a good one. It at least infuses a little college enthusiasm into the students. The only approach to this we have ever seen here, was some four years ago, when one of the fraternities came out with a chapter cap, which was unfortunately, of a generally unpleasing appearance and soon disappeared; but we believe a fine effect could be produced by adopting a college hat or cap or else class hats. We have as a whole a fine-looking set of men, and a uniform hat with some regularity in the wearing of it would be an improvement in our general appearance. Let the students' association or various classes take hold of this matter.

#### THINGS THE VOLANTE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

[Answers by postal or registered letter.]

What *incidentals* are, that they should come to \$8 a year.

Why Prof. Riggs does not call the roll of the Faculty Friday mornings in chapel.

The difference between the size of a bridge and a bridge of sighs.

Why the literary societies can't begin on time.

Why those young men who are not gallant enough to bring ladies to the sociable can't at least refrain from "gawking" in the doorway of the parlor.

When the University suit is to be settled?

Why it is that a certain bookseller down town sells 10 copies of "Bohn's series" to University students each term.

Why the spirit of mortal should be proud.

Why a professor should advertise himself by tacking on a degree which he has never obtained.

What has become of the reading room.

Where are you going, my pretty maid.

Why those little boys won't let the electric bell alone before some one gets killed fooling with it.

Why the authorities don't buy calcimine that won't rub off.

Just how many weeks a man may be allowed in which to prepare an impromptu address.

Who struck Billy Patterson.

What has become of the St. John and Daniel Club.

Why the young men will extol Chicago as a healthy city and then manage to be sick four recitations a week.

Why students who "borrow" exchanges from the mail-box never return them.

When the swallows homeward fly.

Who is a mugwump.

#### FRATERNITY NOTES.

—The Ohio Beta chapter at Wittenburg College will continue to edit the "Phi Kappa Psi Shield."

"Sigma Phi," one of the oldest of Greek letter societies, has granted no charter since 1858.

—There are now seven ladies' fraternities in the United States. The latest is the "Phi Alpha Psi." Kappa Kappa Gamma is the oldest and largest of these.

—There are sixteen fraternities represented in the University of Virginia—the largest number at any one college in the country.

—In the late election, the contest for the position of States' Attorney was between Luther Laflin Mills a Psi U, and Julius H. Grinnell, a D. K. E. The latter won.

—Perhaps the finest book of the kind in existence is the newly published work, the "Psi Upsilon Epitome." By Albert P. Jacobs, of Detroit. It is a comprehensive history of the Fraternity with interesting statistical tables and articles on Psi U, social life, Bibliography and Hymnology and is profusely illustrated. Mr. Jacobs is now recognized as the highest authority on fraternity matters in the United States. "The Diamond" the official organ of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity will hereafter be issued as a Quarterly magazine.

—The fraternities represented here will hold their annual conventions as follows: Zeta Psi at Philadelphia, Jan. 3rd and 4th, '85. Psi Upsilon, Hartford, Conn. Delta Kappa Epsilon Rochester, Nov. 12, '84. Phi Kappa Psi, Columbus, O., Feb. 22, '85.

—The Zeta Psi fraternity now publishes a quarterly journal instead of a monthly as last year.

—One of the most beautiful things in literature is to see a burly sophomore slide down the banisters blissfully unconscious of the fact that a professor stands meditatively leaning against the newel-post and then, if you can, calculate the amount of heat generated by contact. This is supposed to have been the true cause of our incipient blaze at the foot of the front stairs a few mornings since.

Athenæum is having some fine meetings this term, Friday, November 7, there was a special program on the subject of "Hope." Mr. J. C. Everett gave an address on the "Delusion of Hope." Mr. T. M. Hammond an address on the "Idiosyncrasies of Hope." Miss C. Haigh then beautifully read the selection from Dickens entitled "A Child's Dream of Hope." Mr. F. J. Walsh ended the program with an address on the "Uses of Hope."

## The Volante.

#### EDITORS:

ELIZABETH FAULKNER, '85. THEODORE M. HAMMOND, '85.  
DAVID J. LINGLE, '85  
HENRY S. TIBBITS, '86. THOMAS R. WEDDELL, '86.

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The VOLANTE will be sent to subscribers until a specific order for its discontinuance is received and until all arrearages are paid.

University of Chicago, November, 1884.

## EDITORIAL.

THE gun-wad editor of the *Saturday Evening Herald*, not content with his former disgraceful calumination of the University, has again crawled forth and, in his issue of Nov. 15th, gives vent to his humorously figurative soul, through the medium of the following:

I took occasion several weeks ago, to mention the fact, patent to everybody, that the Chicago University was dead and ought to be decently interred and no longer offend a respectable neighborhood. This week the corpse makes a post mortem statement through the medium of a curious specimen of infant-class journalism, called the "Volante," and, in the intervals of bandying epithets in a fashion that leaves no doubt of its standard of literary attainment, practically admits all that I said of the disgraceful condition of the institution and its surroundings. The corpse, therefore, appears to be honest, if not ornamental, but it isn't proper for it to talk back while the coffin lid is being screwed down. The sole business of a defunct is to be buried as soon as possible.

Now that the *Herald* has sounded the death knell of the University, we suppose the proper thing to do would be to go on with the mortuary picnic and invite the *Herald* to officiate at the obsequies, but, unfortunately, this honest (if not ornamental) corpse persists in talking back while the *Herald* is manipulating an obstinate screw-driver on the lid of its coffin.

Now, let us see whether THE VOLANTE "practically admitted" everything, or whether the *Herald* is dodging the issues. The *Herald* claimed that the University was too poor to pay an assessment. We did not admit this, either practically or otherwise, and until an assessment has been made and this shown to be true, we will not admit it. When we admitted that the University had seen hard lines financially, we referred to the fact that we were in debt

and could not at present pay the indebtedness, but we *can* and *do* attend to the current business of the University, and let our neighbors, who attend to their own business, severely alone.

As to our practically admitting that this was a "moribund institution, without pupils enough to wad a gun, and a positive disgrace to the flourishing neighborhood in which it is located," we refer our readers to the article in our last issue on that subject.

The *Herald* has failed to substantiate its statements which we denied, and thus stands convicted by its own hand.

Now, can the *Herald* name a few citizens to whom it is "patent" that the University "is dead and ought to be decently interred and no longer offend a respectable neighborhood"? Can it tell by what authority it states that we are a talking defunct?

Its bandying epithets concerning THE VOLANTE are amusing. Yes, Mr. *Herald*, we will "practically admit" that we are infant-class journalists. We are the infant-class in the great school of journalism, and by the time we have graduated, as you infer that you have, we sincerely hope we will know enough to run a better paper than you do. Perhaps, when you went to this journalistic school your kindergarten department did not contain, as ours does, instructions to the effect that when it becomes necessary to find fault with something, always choose something on which you are a little posted. We don't believe the editor of the *Herald* ever saw the inside of this building, the president or any of the faculty. We don't believe he has education enough to wad a quill tooth-pick.

Notice the following literary gem in his last issue. Note the nicety and aptitude of metaphor, the Aristotelian logic, the Emersonian profoundness, the Shakesperian sublimity of expression, and the Byronic passionateness therein displayed:

I understand that there is a literary society on the South Side, meeting weekly, that has had Browning under almost continuous discussion for two or three years, interspersed with Lowell in broken doses. If there is anything more qualified than such a course of study to build up one-sided mental structures, I don't know the name of it. The study of all good literature is an excellent thing, and those who wish to gain mental breadth, to say nothing about polish, should browse around freely, and not confine themselves exclusively to the clover patch.

In his former issue he referred to us as "moribund," in this he says "I mentioned the fact that the Chicago University was dead." But it is so long since he was in the infant-class that he must not be expected to know the difference between moribund and dead.

But we ask our readers and the reading public if these specimens, taken almost at random, from this example of post-graduate journalism leave any doubt as to its standard of literary attainment.

Such an editor "ought to be decently interred and no longer offend a respectable neighborhood."



## ALUMNI NOTES.

'72. Jay G. Davidson has gone to Colorado for his health.

'78. Willis S. Black, of Elgin, was married recently.

John B. Camp, formerly of '68, is a horticulturist at Pomona, Cal.

'84. Miss L. Aurea Dexter is spending the fall with relatives in Canada.

'84. Miss Gertie B. Fuller spent some weeks this fall with her Bloomington friends.

'70. Rev. C. C. Smith preached the annual sermon before the Iowa Baptist State convention.

'80. F. W. Hayes is taking quite a prominent part in the Republican politics of the city.

Rev. J. L. Jackson has accepted the pastorate of the First Baptist church of Bloomington, Ill.

'70. C. R. Henderson, D. D., has been elected president of the Michigan Baptist Ministers' Conference.

'83. Rev. L. D. Temple goes from Geneva Lake, Wis., to the pastorate of the Baptist church at Aurora, Ill.

'84. Miss Grace Reed occasionally visits our halls and cheers us with a sight of her face. She will pass the winter quietly recuperating (?)

'74. Prof. G. E. Bailey, Ph. D., Territorial geologist and Mining engineer of Wyoming Territory, tendered his resignation, Sept. 13th, which was accepted by Gov. Hale in a very complimentary letter. The territorial papers speak very highly of Prof. Bailey and his work. We notice from a Dakota paper that the professor is superintendent of the Harney Park Tin M. M. & M. Co., whatever that may mean, and is also proprietor of the "Cow Boy Mine."

'66. Anthony, Kansas, Oct. 27, 1884.

Editors of the VOLANTE, {  
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO: }

"Please find enclosed one dollar, and put my name on your list of subscribers to THE VOLANTE.

Should I say a word more? A panorama of college days of some twenty years ago passes before me now, as bright and fresh as if its scenes had been a reality but yesterday. Can we ever forget those happy days? I trow not. They are stamped into our very being by years of toil, often over the midnight oil, hard spots and bright spots, intermingled with associations and friendships formed, which will never fade from our memories as long as life shall last.

It has been a matter of great interest to me, to learn of the prosperity of the University and the advancement of its students.

I trust that THE VOLANTE will be a success in every way, and that your prophecy in your last issue, "*Morituri te salutamus*," will not be realized. You certainly have the elements of success with you and with the patronage of the friends of the University, the college paper ought to become the means of great good to the institution, and also the means of bringing the students and alumni into closer relationship.

\* \* \* \* \* WM. O. HAMMERS.

We regret that lack of space compels us to omit the remainder of Mr. Hammers' interesting letter.

We also take the following from a letter recently received: "Am living in a log house and developing the first tin mines ever successfully opened in the United States. The ore is here, in and on the dumps in sufficient quantities to warrant one in feeling a little jubilant among his fellow students at the dear old *Alma*. \* \* \* It will be a pleasure to hear from some of the alumni who have not lost all the "boy" that was in them in the good old days of '70-74."

Yours,  
Rapid City, Dak. G. E. BAILEY.

## EXCHANGES.

The *Lehigh Burr* is the first to meet our eyes as we take our seat. The *Burr* is one of our best exchanges.

But what is the matter? Has your girl gone back on you, or does the faculty lock your editors up, after the manner of juries, till they produce the paper, feeding them meanwhile on indigestible or dyspeptic food? Surely men in good physical condition would not have so much to find fault with, or take such pessimistic views of college affairs. The first lament is over the discontinuance of class suppers. Then the cane rush and gymnasium receive a tribute of inky tears. The college cheer can not be decided upon. But above all, the students cannot get the town girls to attend the college hops. Now we understand you. When college boys have so little snap that they fail to interest the town girls, something is radically wrong and it is time for the college paper, not only to complain, but by all the power of its eloquence to arouse, if possible, the slumbering college spirit and infuse new life into all the varied channels of college activity.

*Carletonia*, you are too solid. More lively editorials on matters pertaining to college affairs, less about political and economical questions, would, to our mind, make your paper more attractive. Be a little more like the *Dickinsonian*, which to us is an exceedingly pleasant journal for two reasons. It does not strive

to impress us with the depth of its learning, and again, it is full of news and sensible suggestions on common college topics, all expressed in a pleasing manner.

Yes, *Rambler*, we agree with you in the matter of appointing judges for the Inter-Collegiate contest. It is very unpleasant to hear the insulting whine raised by many defeated colleges after every contest. If anything can be done to secure judges whose decision will be respected, and whom all can trust, Chicago will support it most heartily. The present course is suicidal. For, when men of prominence come to know that the only compensation they can expect for their valuable time and services will be abuse from nearly all the defeated colleges, the time will not be far distant when no sensible man will act. As nothing can be done this year, would it not be a good plan, sometime before the next contest, for all interested to write to the judges appointed, and find out whether they intend to serve, and if they can not, then to look about for men who are capable of filling the place satisfactorily and report such to the committee, so that they will not be compelled to make the selection from a meager and imperfect list?

*Blackburnian*, can you substantiate your statement? "Everybody but Mr. Babcock and the Chicago delegation agree that she (*Our Representative*) did not deserve second place." Read the *Illini* and *Wesleyan Bee*, and we think you will find that some people exist who are not miserable malcontents, who are noble minded and sensible enough to recognize that every person has a perfect right to form his own opinions and that it is but gentlemanly to respect them, however much they may differ from theirs.

To hear you talk one would think you alone and no one else, were capable of making a decision. You say "*Everybody* but Mr. Babcock....agree that she did not deserve second place." This is not so. Again, you say, "True, there are very few ladies who could have done as well as Miss Faulkner." From this and your preceding remarks, we imply that in your estimation no lady is capable of competing with men, because they are mentally inferior.

We are not surprised to hear men from Blackburn making such statements, for we know that modern ideas have not yet reached them, that they are totally ignorant of the fact that in many of our colleges, ladies are not only competing with, but are carrying off honors from men, that it is no longer the exception, but rather the rule, to find them in the lead where ability and work can earn that position. You again display unpardonable greenness and stupidity in saying, "The action of Miss Faulkner's friend, Mr.

Babcock, is particularly disgusting," also, "Imagine for an instant any one who is absolutely perfect in everything pertaining to an oration." You suppose that Mr. Babcock, coming from the same place as Miss Faulkner, must therefore be her friend, whereas they had never seen or heard of each other before. If your minds were capable of receiving and understanding it, we would give you information going to show how such might be the case in a city like Chicago. Then, too, while Miss Faulkner was marked 100 by the judge, if your wit was long enough you would have seen and understood that the mark simply represented her relative position in that judge's estimation, not that she was perfect.

One thing we cannot blame you for saying, "No ladies should be permitted to contest in oratory with boys." That sounds natural and would have been more so had you added, "or any one else who can excel Blackburn."

## LOCALS.

—Oh, that horrid Janitor!

—Athenæum after the gas went out.

—'88 Stoughton has left college for a time.

—'85 G. E. Newcomb is still detained from duties by sickness.

—Do not forget that almighty little dollar which pays for your subscription.

—The class of eighty-seven expects to have its class supper sometime in December.

—The kind ladies of the first Baptist church have invited a great many of the students to eat turkey with them on Thanksgiving.

—The college quartette has been organized and consists of Mr. Provan, 1st Tenor; Mr. Collins, 2nd Tenor; Mr. Templeton, 1st Bass; Mr. Craig, 2nd Bass.

—Dr. Anderson offered to secure passes for any republican students who might be able to vote if they were at home. A few availed themselves of this opportunity.

—No one need be surprised if the Univ. sometimes acquires a questionable reputation, inasmuch as bandits like Jesse James and Kit Carson are admitted to its privileges.

—The venerable Dr. Boise again kindly consented to conduct a class in the Greek Testament. Quite a number of the Greek students are attending the class every Sunday at 3:30 P. M., at the Memorial Baptist church.

—In common with most colleges throughout the land, our Y. M. C. A. held special meetings every day during the week of prayer, Nov. 9—16. A number of prominent clergymen kindly assisted the students in



the meetings among whom were: Dr Wood, Maj. Cole, Dr. Worcester, Dr. Anderson and Dr. Henson. Great interest was manifested in a large attendance throughout the whole week at two meetings per day.

—The preps now devote their spare time and some that is not "spare" to the game of football. Several games have been played between the High School club and the prep club. The first on Saturday, Nov. 1 resulted in a victory for our club, score 4 to 1. On the 8th the High School club won four goals out of five.

—Oct. 28, the athletic association was organized with officers as follows:

President.....	R. G. Hall
V. President.....	E. R. Anderson
Secretary.....	W. C. Malley
Treasurer.....	E. F. Dodge

A committee was appointed to draft a constitution consisting of Messrs. Lingle, Baldwin and Carson. It is hoped that this will amount to more than wind. The association is endeavoring to obtain a suitable room and equip a complete gymnasium.

—The event of the period was the social held under the auspices of both Athenæum and Tri Kappa literary societies.

On Oct. 24 a large number of our students and several members of our faculty assembled in the University parlors and cultivated their social natures for a few hours when they were served with ice-cream, cake and fruit. The new students were out in full force and everyone seemed to enjoy himself. After the refreshments had been "dispensed with," Messrs. Hammond, Burnap, and Walsh rendered their declamation, Music was then the order of the hour and a large number of familiar college songs were sung after which the assembly gradually dispersed with the aid of the janitor's benediction.

#### EVERYTHING.

—Professor in Psychology—"Describe the causes of forgetfulness."

—Distracted Senior—"Election returns."

—C. W. Henson came home from Champaign, election week, to vote. Report saith "He is a mug-wump." Glad to see you, Charlie, we wish that elections came oftener.

—SPECIAL NOTICE: To whom it may concern.—Students are advised to stay out of the Chapel henceforth on Friday mornings, the Senior guns are being loaded and Chapel Orations will soon be spasmodically fired.

—Miss Nellie A. Springer writes from Monticello Seminary, Godfrey, Ill., of her pleasant associations there and of her still great friendship for the University and its students.

—Miss Kitty H. Kelly is at Miss Porter's Seminary, Springfield, Mass., this year.

—Although it is Leap-Year, who would have thought that the girls wanted to "pop" so badly that now a corn-popper is a necessary article of furniture in the Young Ladies' Room.

—From the expressions we heard on the morning after the election the girls were as excited as the boys and the words of praise (?) (showered) on the "St. Johnnies" would have done credit to a professional.

—Do professorial chapel absences count against faculty honors? If so Prof. ——— must stand a poor show.

[Note.—The above blank will be filled in when we have passed our last examination.]

—Several of the boys came into the hall election night very full of enthusiasm and oyster soup (?) and shouted themselves hoarse in yelling for Blaineland Hendrigan, Belva St. Butler and "Reform."

—Mr. Frank J. Walsh attended the 40th annual convention of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity, held with the Chapter at Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 12th, 13th and 14th.

—On Saturday evening, Nov. 15th, the ladies of Tri Kappa presented the following program to a large audience. The T. K. L. Quartette—Misses Springer, Howes, Griffith and Faulkner, sang three selections; a college song, composed for the occasion; "Lovely Night;" and a very laughable rendition of "The Three Old Maids of Lee." Miss Amy Jarrett read a selection, Miss Howes an essay on Joan of Arc, written in a very charming manner, Miss Griffith gave one of her characteristic recitations, and Miss Faulkner gave a review of the life and works of Edmund Spenser. On the whole the meeting was very much enjoyed and was highly appreciated.

'65. We clip the following from a letter from James H. Roe, Riverside, Cal.: "I have been vegetating here in South California for eleven years past. I am an orange orchardist, raisin-maker and druggist. I am pleased to hear of the prosperity of my Alma Mater, and news of the old alumni whom I knew." He also inquires for the address of Joshua Pike, '65. It is Jerseyville, Ill.

At a party the other evening there was a lull in the conversation. With a view to relief, the host asked a mournful looking man if he was married. "No, I am a bachelor," stiffly replied the sombre man. "Ah!" observed the host, warming up to the subject, "how long have you been a bachelor?" There was another lull in the conversation.—*Ex.*

#### ENGLISH;—ITS EXCELLENCES AND DEFECTS.

Each one feels a special pride in his own language, which to him is sweeter, dearer and more expressive than any other he may acquire by years of careful study. There is something wonderfully attractive to him in the very study of the language which first greeted his infant ear, and by which he first expressed his affections and made known his wants; and, naturally, he is loth to acknowledge that his native tongue is inferior to any in its composition and general advantages. So to an English-speaking person, no language seems so perfect as his. It expresses his thoughts and desires in a manner which he thinks has no equal. So, when we try to analyze our language and discover its various excellences and defects, we find ourselves confronted by this almost insurmountable prejudice in its favor. It is only when we forget our nationality, and critically and impartially analyze it, that we discover the reason of its pre-eminence as well as of its imperfections.

English might properly be called a composite language, as it has been derived from so many sources, each of which has contributed to it some of its own peculiar features, and left on it the stamp of its once predominant elements. Composite languages, however, have this great advantage, that the very variety of these existing elements opposes any tendency to sameness and imparts vivacity to what might otherwise seem monotonous and dull. Such languages, moreover, are generally enriched by copious vocabularies, and particularly is this true of English, whose abundance of historical, political, moral and philosophical terms, leaves little to be desired.

Nor are we less amply provided with distinct and peculiar poetical terms. With us, poetry differs from prose, not only in having a certain arrangement of syllables and feet, but in the very words that compose it. In this respect we enjoy a great advantage over many other modern languages, whose poetry if stripped of rhyme would hardly be distinguishable from prose; and in some of which, as a consequence, blank verse is never attempted. For this richness we are indebted to the fact that our language, originally made up of contributions from several others, has borrowed from them all, and even, in some cases has appropriated several different expressions for the same idea, so that the writer is enabled to diversify his style and avoid unpleasant repetitions.

Every language is supposed to take its predominant tone, more or less, from the character of the people who speak it, and, therefore, must necessarily be

in some measure affected by their national characteristics. From the character of those by whom our language was originally formed, and from whom it has received most of its subsequent additions and modifications, we should expect to find it a language of strength and energy. This we ourselves can plainly see, though we may not notice it in so great a degree as do foreigners on becoming familiar with the various forms and constructions of English, and comparing them with the more complex, and therefore more weakening, forms of their own tongue. Our constructions are by no means compact, and our thoughts are diluted by a superabundance of words, yet, since our language is rich in terms adapted to the expression of the strongest emotions, and offers many opportunities of forming compounds, and thus briefly representing complex ideas, its opponents are compelled to acknowledge that it is pre-eminent in the expression of strong and vigorous ideas.

Flexibility, the capability of being adapted or accommodated to different styles and tastes, so that the writer may express the grave or the gay, the stern or the tender, the sublime and imposing, or the humble and simple, as his inclination and the occasion may require, is one of the essential characteristics of a *successful* language. To insure this quality the language must have copiousness, opportunity for changing construction and arrangement, and strength and beauty as regards individual words. The first two, we have already seen, English possesses in a high degree, and in the last it does not seem to be deficient. It may not equal the ancient Greek or Latin in the combination of these two elements, but it still seems capable of being adapted to almost any style.

Imperfect as our own knowledge may be in detecting these differences, we cannot but be impressed with the strength of our language as shown by Milton in his great epic, a chief element of whose strength lies in the force of its *individual* words; and as to beauty, who can fail to detect it in the fitly chosen words of Spenser, Shelley and Tennyson? Surely, in the hands of these masters, our mother tongue does not seem to be deficient in the qualities that make up *flexibility* an essential characteristic of a *successful* language.

The statement has been made by many French and German scholars that the English language is too harsh and abrupt to produce the harmony so easily perceived in their own languages, and in those of Italy and Spain. But if our language were deficient in harmony, could it ever have adapted itself to poetic form without the aid of rhyme?



English possesses an abundance of vowel sounds which please the ear with their variety. It is also replete with words which in their very sound harmonize with the idea they are designed to convey.

But in spite of these manifest excellences, there are many defects quite as conspicuous. The fact that our language is composed of several others is reason enough, in itself, that it should be full of irregularities. We should be surprised to find entire consistency in all its parts, or that uniformity of structure which we might naturally expect to find in simpler tongues, built on one foundation.

Our orthography is possibly the greatest hindrance to mastering English; it is not even based on analogy, and there are so many different ways of pronouncing the same combination of letters, that naturally, the student, trying to master English, feels himself almost defeated at the very outset. If, for example, he attempt to conquer o-u-g-h, he finds that it is pronounced differently at various times, as in *through*, *though*, *cough*, *tough*, *plough*, etc. It is often stated that English is more difficult to acquire than any other modern tongue. The reason for this may be that it is free from intricacies of case, declension, mood and tense; its words are subject to but few terminational changes; its adjectives have only the change of form in comparison; its verbs, also, have but few inflections; and these facts cause that arrangement peculiar to the English sentence, and so difficult of acquirement by foreigners.

Into our language, too, have crept many foreign idioms and modes of construction, so that "our sentences too often look like patchwork, composed of divers pieces, handsome in themselves, but of such different colors and qualities that the eye cannot help being struck with the variety in passing from one to another."

One most prominent defect in the English language—a chief cause, too, of slang and by-words—is the fact that our language, unlike the ancient Greek and modern German, is wanting in particles, which, though themselves without definite meaning, still express the unuttered emotions of the mind, and afford an outlet for the pent-up feelings, which in our language are expressed by the vulgar use of slang and the more vulgar use of by-words. There is nothing perfect in this world, and language is no exception, but if English is far from being perfect, we rejoice at least, that it has so many advantages over others, and also so many fewer defects than they.

—He said her hair was dyed; and when she indignantly replied, "'Tis false!" He said he presumed so.

#### EDMUND SPENSER.

For a hundred and fifty years after Chaucer, England knew no poet of any real worth; true, Surrey and Wyatt sang their sonnets, but they did not touch the English heart; nor had any great literary work appeared since "The Canterbury Tales," until, in 1579, "The Shepherd's Calendar" attracted the attention of the reading public.

Its author, Edmund Spenser, was born in London about 1552, of poor parentage. In his "Prothalamion" he says—

—"from another place I take my name,  
An house of ancient fame,"

thus leading us, naturally, to suppose that his family was an old and honored one. He was educated at the University of Cambridge, but on account of financial troubles was unable to complete his studies there, and left for the north of England, where he engaged himself as a tutor to some distinguished family. Even for the short time he was in Cambridge, he showed great fondness for the poetical fancies of all ages, filling his mind with the legends of Greece and Rome, imbuing his very soul with the philosophies of Plato, Socrates and Aristotle. Through all his works we see the influence of this training, shaping "The Faery Queene," filling all his poems with the peculiar grace of English sweetness and Christian purity, of English characters and scenery, blended with the noble and lofty thoughts of ancient philosophy.

His life in the North was destined to have a peculiar influence over the future of his brilliant career; for while there, living almost in the obscurity of poverty, he fell passionately in love with the beautiful "Rosalind." Well for us, she did not return the poet's strong affection, for disappointed and almost broken-hearted by her coldness, he wrote "The Shepherd's Calendar"—a collection of twelve eclogues, one for each month of the year—which was to establish his literary reputation.

While at Cambridge he had made the acquaintance of Gabriel Harvey, whose learning, literary reputation and criticisms were of great value to the poet. It was he who, at this time, summoned Spenser from his rural life to London, and introduced him to Sir Philip Sidney, whose long and loving friendship with the poet is one of the pleasantest incidents in the latter's life. The "gentle Sidney" received him very courteously, entertained him at his own house, and, knowing the need a poet then had of royal patronage, introduced him to his uncle, Dudley, the Earl of Leicester, who was at that time enjoying the Queen's highest favor.

While Spenser was at Sidney's house, he revised

"The Shepherd's Calendar," and dedicating it to this kind friend, published it under the new title of "The Poet's Year." It was at once the accepted hand-book of court, clergy and men of letters. Everyone was delighted with its freshness, simplicity and grace, and the poet was immediately brought into the favor of the Queen. The next year, 1580, she appointed him Chief-Secretary to Lord Grey, who was sent as Lord Lieutenant to control Ireland. After six years of life with him, Spenser was given a large tract of confiscated land around Kilcoman Castle, and here he lived for several years writing his greatest work, "The Faery Queene." Before he had left for Ireland, he had composed the plan of this poem, and had submitted to his friend Gabriel Harvey the parts which he had written. This critic did not fancy the style of the poem, so that Spenser, seemingly discouraged, wrote but little on it while in London. But when he reached Kilcoman and had nothing to do but to view its lovely scenery, to watch the rippling Mulla and to drink in the inspiration of nature which everything around him furnished, his poet's soul was so touched and so entranced that soon, in his own matchless way, he was writing the lines of "The Faery Queene," and had completed the first three books.

In 1589, Sir Walter Raleigh visited him in his lovely home, and the two friends spent many pleasant days together. During this visit, Spenser read to him parts of "The Faery Queene" which were greatly praised by the poet-traveller, who knew that the melodious beauty of those verses was destined to make famous his friend. At Raleigh's suggestion, Spenser came to London, and published the first three books, which were dedicated to Queen Elizabeth. She returned the poet's favor by bestowing upon him the title of "Poet-laureate," and giving him a pension of fifty pounds a year. He returned to Ireland and at once resumed his writing, finishing the three other books of "The Faery Queene," and writing many shorter poems and stanzas.

He had been more successful in a second love affair, and was married, in 1594, to the beautiful Elizabeth, of whom and for whom he wrote his "Amoretti" or love-sonnets. He celebrated his wedding in the grand "Epithalamion," or bridal hymn, which seems to me the sweetest, most truly poetical and most harmonious of all his poems. In 1595, he again visited London, was received and entertained royally by his friends; the princely Sidney was now dead, but the Earl of Essex and Raleigh were still there to receive him.

We can very naturally suppose that Spenser, during this visit, met Shakespeare and Ben Jonson,

Hooker and Bacon, all of whom were just coming into favor, but who in no respect at that time rivalled his greatness.

Returning again to Ireland, with the appointment of Sheriff of Cork, his life seemed destined to be happy and prosperous; but the rebellious Irish tenants again broke out in insurrections all over the country, burning castles, murdering the nobles and English authorities. Kilcoman Castle was burned, Spenser and his family barely escaping with their lives, while his youngest child, it is said, was left behind in the hurry and flight and perished in the flames. The sensitive nature of the poet, broken and overcome by this dreadful misfortune did not long overcome the shock. He returned to London, and in 1599 broken down and completely overpowered by grief, died in retirement, apart from the glory and pomp of court, which once he had enjoyed. Poets held his bier, it is said, carrying with loving hands and laying in Westminster Abbey, by the side of his great master and predecessor, Geoffrey Chancer, the remains of him who had lent so much of grace and beauty to the English language, and had shaped the course of English poetry. He had written, not alone for the time in which he lived, but for the future, he had gained a station which will ever be his, that of one of the greatest of England's poets, worthy to be enrolled by the side of the names of Chancer, Milton, and Shakespeare. Many critics have placed him above Chancer, and considered him fit to be ranked by the side of Milton, second to Shakespeare alone. But the style of the poets is so unlike, the times in which they lived exercised such different influences over the language, thoughts and conceptions of the two, that they can not easily be compared. There is this which would lead us to place Spenser first—in beauty of language, in brilliant imagery, and in power of expression he has hardly if ever been excelled by non-dramatic poets. But on the other hand, we should feel justified in placing Chancer before him, when we think of the ease, simplicity and naturalness in description, the truth to nature, the correct conception of every phase of life and character, which are the chief elements of his poetry. Spenser seems to be a poet who appeals to the eye and to the intelligent appreciation of all that is beautiful and grand, and of that which is beyond and above us. At times he leads us through realms we can just conceive, dazzled as we are by the brilliancy of his language and his startling imagery. But Chancer appeals to the heart, and to its sensitive sympathies, amusing us at times with his sly, droll humor, painting for us pictures which are brilliant,



grand, and yet which we can readily conceive, and again rousing every feeling of tenderness, when he pathetically tells us some sad, strange story. In reading him we see everything distinctly,—he is absolutely true to nature for his is the language of life. To me, Tennyson seems more like Spenser than any other of our later poets. He also speaks to the understanding and the intellect, delighting with his descriptions and word-painting; raising us above the common every day life to the fanciful realms of beauty and grace. But he is no greater a poet than Longfellow, who speaks to the heart, touching each sympathetic chord and using such beautiful, even-fl wing language that the mind is rested, delighted and turned to better happier, thoughts. In the way that Tennyson and Longfellow compare so do Spenser and Chaucer.

Spenser is above and beyond us—beautiful, simple, oftentimes grand, artistic, but we feel whenever we read his poems that his poetry is the highest conception of *art*, while Chaucer's is the clearest description of *life*. The one seems to have invented a nature for himself; the other to have described nature as he saw her.

Spenser wrote many beautiful poems, spending his life in literary work. The shorter poems give us, perhaps a better idea of his elegance and grace, I doubt if there is anything in all the range of English poetry that can compare with the beautiful hymns of heavenly love and beauty. It is in these that he most strongly touches the human heart, as he gives us the poets conception of the divine life and love. His lament for Sidney, or "Astrophel," is another beautiful poem of peculiar interest, not only on account of its exceeding grace and elegance, but because of the memories it calls up of the pleasant hours Spenser and Sidney spent together. "Minopotmos" or "The Fate of the Butterfly" is so wonderfully brilliant in its description that it seems like a brightly colored picture. Spenser, himself, seems to *believe* that which he writes here:

"What more felicitie can fall to creature,  
Than to enjoy delight with liberty,  
And to be lord of all the works of nature,  
To reign in the air from the earth to highest sky,  
To take whatever thing doth please the eye."

His many short poems and sonnets are all beautiful and would alone have made him famous, but his reputation rests chiefly on his great work, "The Faery Queene." As originally conceived, it was to consist of twelve books, each book containing twelve cantos, the whole forming an allegory, the characters of each book representing some moral virtue, as the "Red Cross Knight"—Holiness; Una—Truth; Sir Guyon—Temperance; Britomart—Chastity; etc. The hero of the

whole work is Arthur, and the exploits, which he and the knights of the Faery Queene's court perform, are the subjects of the poem. In reading it, one loses sight of the allegory and reads on, seeing the beauty of the language, picturing to himself the descriptions, and almost forgetting the story or the instruction which it conveys. Very few people carefully read the "Faery Queene," but even the little we may read seems to us beautiful, vivid, wonderful in its imagery and description. It was written in the stanza called now the Spenserian, consisting of nine lines, formed by adding an Alexandrine verse to the eight-lined stanza which Chaucer used. Spenser's style is wonderfully rich and elegant; his knowledge was so great and varied, his familiarity with writers of all times so perfect, that he possessed every element of strength and ease. His style, at times, may seem a little involved—especially to one, unfamiliar with his writings, who hurriedly attempts to form some correct estimate of his power—but he is generally clear and, though not always simple in the construction of his sentences, can be easily understood. His language is so wonderfully brilliant, glowing with every tone of color and warmth, that it touches every object which he describes and invests them with a splendor almost beyond comprehension. His words may not flow as rhythmically as Chaucer's, still the harmony is beautiful in his descriptions; no color is too bright for another, each is rightly applied, the light to illumine the dark, the sombre to shade the brilliant.

He had a remarkable appreciation of the beautiful—his women are all divinely lovely, and the reverential manner with which he pictures them in the remarkable stanzas in "The Faery Queene," the "Shepherd's Calendar," and, above all, in the "Euphonia," are among the most beautiful parts of his poems. His description of Una in the twelfth canto of the first book is wonderfully beautiful:

"Una,  
Who forth proceeding with sad, sober cheer,  
As bright as does the morning star appear  
Out of the east, with flaming locks bedight  
To tell that dawning day is drawing near,  
And to the world does bring long wished light;  
So fair and fresh that lady showed herself in sight.  
So fair and fresh as freshest flower in May.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
The blazing brightness of her beauty's beam,  
And glorious light of her sunshiny face,  
To tell, were as to strive against the stream;  
My ragged rhymes are all too rude and base  
Her heavenly lineaments for to enchain."

—Teacher—"Why, how stupid you are, to be sure. Can't multiply eighty-eight by twenty-five? I'll wager that Charles can do it in less than no time." *Pupil* "I shouldn't be surprised. They say that fools multiply very rapidly nowadays."

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