

THE VOLANTE.

VOL. VIII.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, DECEMBER, 1878.

No. 4

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THE VOLANTE.

EDITORS:

E. B. ESHER, '79. H. J. CARR, '79. W. H. ADAMS, '79.
J. C. JOHNSON, '80. A. E. BARR, '80.

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The Holidays are here. Another year with its pleasures and sorrows has come and gone, and now it may not be amiss to cast a retrospective glance over the work of the term just ending. To some such a task will be pleasant, inasmuch as duties faithfully performed, work honestly accomplished, always brings a pleasurable reward. To others it will be disagreeable, since negligence and indolence are, in themselves, productive of bitter fruit. Some have sought progress as the reward of their labors, and have obtained it; have applied themselves diligently and earnestly to the work of the term, and as a result have gained greater proficiency in whatever they have pursued. Some have made passable recitations; others, going a step further and fastening the salient points of the lesson in the memory, have laid them up as garnered grain for the needs of active life. Some have strengthened the memory, invigorated the mind and sharpened the perceptive faculties; others, in doing scarcely enough work to entitle them to a place in their classes, have entirely defeated the aim and purpose of a college course. Doubtless all, on closely scrutinizing the work of the past term, have occasion to regret moments fruitful in nothing except in the thought that they are lost forever. But these things are past. Golden moments, fruitless hours, all are unalterably written in Time's great book, the last leaf is turned, and on this side stand the Holidays. Then spend not the day in thinking of the night just past only that you may profit by its lessons. Dream not idly of the future, but enjoy the vacation the best you can. Throw aside all care of the class-room, and let these college halls echo neither to the sonorous shout of the hopeful "Prep," nor to the uncer-

tain step of the Senior contemplating life's uneven path way. If possible visit your relatives, call on your country cousins and breathe the pure, moral atmosphere of home. That all may have a Merry Christmas, a Happy New Year, and new pledges given, old associations strengthened, may return to open the year with renewed vigor and pleasant surroundings, is the sincere wish of THE VOLANTE.

A singing club has finally been organized, thanks to the energetic efforts of Mr. Cheney, of the Junior class. Judging from the material, and since the valuable aid of Mr. T. C. Roney, of '78, as instructor, has been secured, we are to have a good club, one which we all hope will live and flourish, as it deserves. We understand arrangements are being perfected, so that public exhibitions will soon be given. As all other College enterprises, this one needs strong support from us all, if not financial, at least moral. The names of the students composing the club will be found in another column.

Work, for the time, is over. Examinations, with their hopes and fears, have been successfully or otherwise met. Whether our efforts have been crowned with success or not, one consolation remains—the determination to excel in the future. No one needs to feel discouraged if a "condition" stares him in the face. To all such we extend our sympathy. True it is, indeed, that some have wasted their time in matters foreign to the object of their having been here; but, nevertheless, let these amend their ways, and do better next term. Our faculty is composed of men who are always ready to extend a helping hand, and we are fortunate in having a class of students who display a disposition for charity to all, malice toward none.

Therefore, let us throw aside all melancholy and dubious thoughts, enjoy the holidays, and return ready to store our minds with knowledge, and lay up treasures which thieves cannot steal nor moths corrupt.

Unaccountably the name of Mr. W. H. Carmichael was attached to the "Bone Oration" for Class-day. The mistake was unfortunate, as it might have occasioned considerable misapprehension. It should have been Farewell Oration, W. H. Carmichael. The usual Bone Oration was dropped from the programme.

When a man takes his stand in the world, and, disdaining wrong, firmly adheres to right, whatever the consequences, he wins not only the admiration of his friends, but even of those who may be antagonistic to him.

If this is true of mankind in general, the circumstances of a student preparing himself for life's combat, are peculiarly adapted to discipline and benefit him. Often issues present themselves in College life which demand immediate and decisive action. Then it is that the true mettle of the actor is displayed; then is he assailed by the voice of conscience within, and temptation, clothed in her many allurements, without. The risk may seem immaterial, delay ensues, determination yields, and the first downward step is taken. The ubiquitous flatterer may stifle, for a time, the cognition of the usurpation of his faculties for sinister purposes, freedom may be presented to him under fallacious and ethereal copes, and thus, where formerly the good was seen in its own simplicity, now clothed in a "coat of many colors," the neophyte believes himself to have begun the way of distinction and honor, leading ultimately to the acme of fame. Delusive thought! Having yielded once, the tyrant tightens his grasp on his victim, forces him to surrender ignominiously his individuality, and, as the potter his clay, molds the aberrant apostate at his will, and all this veiled in *secrecy*. If a break for liberty is made and obtained, ostracism and calumny are the penalties, and, where previously smiles and favoritism enchanted the dupe, now frowns and hatred attempt to overthrow and render miserable him who longed once again to breathe the air of freedom, and obey, untrammelled and unassized, the dictates of conscience.

But if, on the other hand, temptations are firmly and steadfastly opposed; if sycophancy is duly recognized and relegated to contempt and scorn; then has progress been made—and if the course thus begun be continued in, brighter will the beacon shine forth, guiding on to true manhood.

Who are they, among us, who have won our respect? Whose advice and example do we most willingly follow? Certainly such as have not allowed their individuality to be warped by selfishness—who possess that trait of character which distinguishes a *man* from a parasite in human form.

The Senior class has had its last fall term. The most important term of the most important year has passed, and it is fitting that we should look back to see whether the work done was all that could have been done, and all influences, both in College duties and those which devolve on us as Seniors, have been for good in building up our characters for life.

In logic, the work, we think, was well done, and the same with Guizot. It was unfortunate that a total change became necessary in the scheme of recitation, at the middle of the term; but it was, and we submitted with the best possible grace. Under Dr. Northrop, we have made

a decided advance in mental and moral philosophy, considering the short time we have had to devote to them this term. Zoology has been a full term study, and, while the interest has not been very perceptible, the work done has been fundamental. Carpenter's Mental Philosophy made the fifth study during the last six weeks. Dr. Dexter should be thanked by every man in the class, for putting such a book in their hands. Besides the interest awakened in its own sphere, it has proved a valuable help to the mental philosophy under Dr. Northrop.

"Story on the Constitution" was taken up on completion of Guizot, and will be continued part of next term under Prof. Freeman.

One striking feature of business men of our western cities is energy. It is manifested in every department of business. Even the clergyman, who is the least likely to exhibit this western characteristic, walks down our avenues at a gait that would do justice to O'Leary, with a plug hat on the back of his head and arm in arm with some real estate dealer or stock exchange man. Perhaps we are given to exaggeration, but even if we are not we surely can not condemn a person called to fill even so important a position as minister of the gospel, simply for aiding to keep the blood of humanity circulating. Civilization has been pushing westward for the past century, driving the native red man from his wigwam and hunting grounds. A few years elapse and the same ground is occupied by towns and cities. Chicago now rears her lofty head where, less than fifty years ago, no semblance of a house or even of a wagon road existed. We have noticed, in our short experience, that cities of rapid growth, after attaining a certain age, begin to relapse into a state of apparent inactivity and decay, or, in other words, become habituated to the slow, plodding movement so manifest in many of our eastern cities. Between Europe and America there is even a greater difference as regards this element of "drive." In America, every sort of public conveyance seems as if it were animated with but one intention—that of reaching its destination in the shortest time possible. There is evidently a great difference in Europe, that is if we can place any credence in the following extract from the *Railway News*, which says:

"Great ceremonies are necessary to get a train off in Germany. When all is ready, a bell rings. Then another bell rings. Then the engine whistles, or rather toot-toot-toots, gently. Then the conductor tells the station-master all is ready. Then the station-master looks placidly around and says, 'So?' Then the conductor shouts, 'Fertig?' interrogatively. Then the station-master replies, 'Fertig!' positively. Then the conductor blows a horn; the engine whistles; the bell rings; the other bell rings; the station-master says, 'So?'—the passengers swear in various tongues, and the train starts. That is unless there is a belated fat man—in which case they do it all over again."

It is a well-known fact that for the last two or more years, the condition of our literary societies has been the subject of considerable discussion. Some have held the opinion that, instead of the societies which draw their support from both College and Preparatory Departments alike, we should have two societies, one belonging exclusively to the college students, the other to the Preparatory Department. There are good reasons for the proposed change, and most of the students who are interested in such affairs are familiar with the arguments, pro and con. The reasoning urged by the exponents of such a change has been emphatically convincing, so much so that, while the college students, who should properly take the initiatory step in all progressive measures, have been in doubt as to the success of such a plan, the preparatory students have organized a new society. The Meleterian (for this is the name of the new society) admits neither ladies nor college students to its membership. It takes its place as a third society, thus virtually compelling the College proper to support two societies, which according to some, is a difficult task. It meets on Tuesday night of each successive week, and has for its object all that is claimed by either Athenæum or Tri-Kappa. It is intended that each succeeding class on entering College shall be considered eligible to the college societies. Thus will this new society be to the college societies what the Preparatory Department is to the College proper.

Meleterian, Meleterian,
In the morning of thy day
May some guardian, faithful guardian
Guide thee safely on thy way.

Students are prone to catch at ideas and hypotheses bordering on atheism and infidelity. It should be the aim of every Christian professor to carefully guard against encouraging false liberalism, especially in those studies which are the more apt to admit of differences of opinion, as, for instance, those pertaining to doctrines of evolution. In the last edition of *THE VOLANTE* a communication signed by "Dana" endeavored to criticize certain remarks, etc., of Dr. Dexter, relating to this same subject in opposition to the Darwinian theory. The Doctor is a man of sufficiently liberal views to calmly argue every question on materialism, whether raised in the class-room, or elsewhere, and leaving out every other consideration, this alone gives weight and force to his instruction and conclusions. But when we consider the great danger to students hinted at above, of embracing atheism, then we can only honor a man who, under a sound conviction of truth, opposes fancies indulged in by a few, to the eternal ruin of many.

Our Professor has won the esteem and admiration of his students, and we can only say, all praise to him who boldly and fearlessly assumes a stand against a prevalent though dangerous supposition.

Once more the question of remaining in the Inter-State Oratorical Association is before us. It has arisen sooner than usual this year from the fact that the Junior Exhibition is to be held a term and a half earlier than hitherto, and it is necessary that the matter be definitely settled before the Juniors orate. We believe that oratory should be fostered in every possible way, yet we are free to maintain and we are confident that students generally will agree with us in saying, that the association as managed at present, and as has been conducted for several years past has not materially benefited the cause of oratory. Some of the best colleges in the State are not represented at all, while there are institutions included which ought not to be. The prizes and decisions have always caused trouble, and students have a very poor return for the money which is consumed in paying the expenses of their representative, since a contest is held at each institution only once in six or seven years. There is very little interest, very little enthusiasm manifested among the students here, many of them not knowing who our late orator really was. We hope that the students will take immediate action upon this matter, and withdraw from an arrangement which is at most a troublesome, expensive and almost worthless luxury.

We also submit to the students a plan of an oratorical contest which we think would excite no small amount of rivalry, and would prove very interesting to all. We have, at present, a base ball league with Evanston and Racine. Now if we could enter into some sort of an association with these colleges and hold an annual oratorical tournament, every student would become interested in the compact, and many would, no doubt, attend the contests. Expenses would be vastly less, the audiences would be greater, as each college is easily accessible from the other two, and prizes could be placed up for competition which would be worth trying for. Three orators with plenty of music would be sufficient to amuse an audience for two hours, and no one would be bored. The plan is worth considering, and we have no doubt but that Evanston and Racine would willingly and gladly enter such a race to test their respective literary merits.

As students, we heartily dislike making suggestions to the faculty in regard to recitations, but as a recent writer on College journalism dignified us by the title of the "Outstanding member of the Faculty," we humbly remark to the remaining members of the same, that it would be a good thing in this cold weather, if classes could be dismissed within two minutes after the ringing of the bell.

It is injurious to the health of students, particularly of young ladies, to stand five minutes in a hall cold as Iceland, waiting for a class to be dismissed. It happens that it often seems necessary to hold a class in order to finish a subject in hand, but if every class were dismissed within two minutes after, nearly five could be gained in the beginning of the next, and with this increase, things might come out even with the hour.

Why are the literary societies declining? Why is it that this institution, after having supported them from its founding, can no longer do so? For the past two terms these questions have been discussed by society papers, by the students, and by THE VOLANTE. Various suggestions have been made and explanations offered, yet it does not seem to us that one of the most important has been noticed.

During three years a marked change has been going on in the students here.

In the school year of '72-'73, the Freshman class numbered twenty-seven men, of whom seven lived at home, most of the remainder, of course, boarding in the building. There were twenty-six Freshmen in '74-'75. Of these, only three lived in the city; so we see that, at one time, most of the College men had only to go down the stairs and they were in Society Hall.

Things have changed since then. Of the Freshman class of '75-'76, one-third resided at their homes. The next Freshman class contained thirty-one members, of whom a half were city folks, and it was the same with that of last year. There are at present about thirty-three Freshmen, and, while we have no figures, we know the city students are in a large majority.

This change has had a great influence on the literary societies. It makes a vast difference whether students are taken from all home ties, and have simply the affairs of their College to take up the time, or whether they remain in the society they have moved in for years and attend the College five days a week.

In the latter case, many have their own literary and social clubs at home, a large circle of acquaintances, and a powerful stay-at-home influence of a pleasant family circle; besides, while students in the building have steps, they have blocks to go in order to attend their society.

Perhaps this ought not to hinder them. Perhaps they should give up the connection with home affairs for one evening a week, and become interested members, but they do not. A good many, while standing among the first in their classes, do nothing in this direction.

It has been said they should join, and attend at least when they are on the programme. This is simply talk; no man will do hard work for a society unless he is interested in it, and no one becomes interested unless he attends regularly.

One society, to exist at all this year, was compelled to change its time of meeting from Saturday to Friday evening, to have any work done in by its city members.

Quite recently, we heard a proposition to consolidate the Athenæum and Tri-Kappa societies. Do not, students, by any means, act thus.

It may be hard work to keep up good programmes with so few active members, but we believe we are in "the winter of our discontent." Next year, the effect of new management will be felt, the Prairie State will send its cus-

tomary quota, and then will the dear old societies renew their pristine excellence.

It is a noticeable fact, and one worthy of most hearty condemnation, that Americans have in the past few years, manifested so decidedly their preference for European fashions and customs. Our ladies anxiously await the advent of the *Bazars*, vainly hoping that they may be the first to adopt a fashion new to Americans, but perhaps worn threadbare by the *elite* of France or elsewhere. Can not some American city be made the grist-mill of fashion corresponding to the "Paris of France?" We leave this point for the ladies to decide.

The shoddy American, as soon as he can beg, borrow or steal a few hundred dollars, climbs to the attic of his tenement house, and from his antiquated collection of trunks, selects four which are liable to stand the most banging, then with his wife and seven small children, departs for Europe. We are almost constrained to say right here, "good riddance," but ere twice twelve months have passed, the evening train brings to our view this abstracter of America's wealth, with a sixty pound valise in each hand and a dirty linen duster on his back. Marks of care are noticeable in his countenance and his name is laden with many a French accent. He may have seen much of interest, and possibly of profit in Europe, but for all that, he returns as ignorant as ever, even of the boundary of his own State. An observing person will be benefitted by travel anywhere, but a fool at home will be a fool abroad.

Since the last issue of THE VOLANTE, the University has been exercised by a mild visitation of what is known as "college politics." It is an epidemic which affects all colleges, and is liable to break out at any moment, particularly if a college contains a class of young men who are ever on the *qui vive* for an opportunity to spread themselves. In the midst of the disturbance, while the whole college was in a ferment, it was announced quite apropos that our worthy President would make a few remarks in chapel, Friday morning the 6th inst., on the subject of "College Politics." In the memory of the "oldest inhabitant" there never had been such a gathering for morning prayers as on that memorable morning. Every nook and cranny was crowded, and, as the President remarked, it made him feel, as he looked upon the full room, as the young man did who was present at a prayer meeting where the question as to whether it was incompatible with the dignity of their pastor to belong to a bowling alley association, was to be discussed. The young man in question observing that the church had turned out *en masse* suggested that the meeting be adjourned one week, as there had never been such a large concourse of members at a prayer meeting since the church was organized. But the President concluded not to adjourn chapel, and for the sake of

recalling a part of his remarks, full of pleasant memories to come, we will repeat the substance of his discourse as far as we are able.

He said: Politics originally meant the science of government, but by the trickery and underhanded work of those who engaged in it, the word had lost its former pure sense, and had acquired a low, debased meaning. Politics was to-day synonymous with corruption. He regretted to say that politics had been introduced into American colleges. It was a sad reflection that such a thing existed in institutions of learning. It might have its origin in a base-ball club or in some clique of athletes, but he believed secret societies to be the main source. What is a college? It is a literary association, a literary body, and its object is to promote literary ends. Nothing should ever enter a college which conflicted in the least with such interests. He had nothing to say in opposition to secret societies. He had no grounds of complaint against them as such. For aught he knew, their object might be good, and furthermore, he was prejudiced in favor of no particular one. Secret societies should remember this: though they might be secret to the outside world, nothing was secret to the eye of God. "All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do."

No secret association had a right to claim recognition in college as such a body. Such societies had a right to exist only so long as they did not interfere with college work. Men can claim recognition on their own merits alone, not because of their connection with some fraternity.

How do these societies interfere? Principally in class and literary society elections which are run by these cliques. Such proceedings as are often indulged in would disgrace a ward politician. They tend to divide a college up into warring factions who look not to the literary ability and merit of the candidates for honor and office. Some politicians wish to meet a "solid South" with a "solid North." Thus a spirit finds a parallel in college politics. It is like the case of two men, one said, "You have a hole in your boot," the other, "And you have a dirty collar." So parties in college pitted "solidly" against each other, make both sides out infamous. Vote for the man best fitted for the place. There is not much manhood in a person who cannot break party ties and vote for a good man, even if he is on the opposite side.

As regards a college paper and the duty and rights of the editors of the same, which he understood was the present "bone of contention," he would say that we have in this country "freedom of the press," which had been abused considerably, as newspapers were apt to make mistakes. The students elect the editors, and they must necessarily allow the editors some freedom and leave something to their discretion and wisdom. Editors were responsible for everything which entered the paper. If they disapproved of communications which they believe it their duty

to publish, they should say so in a foot note. An editor should always be careful how he touched a man's character. Character was man's most sacred possession. He who robs a man of his reputation and character does him a far greater wrong than he could do by stealing his purse. On the other hand, a man should never pay much attention to newspaper talk unless libelous, and though the editors of a college paper should happen to make a single mistake, they ought not to be treated too harshly.

The doctor was frequently cheered as he touched a popular thought or sentiment, and all agreed that he delivered a very fine, sensible address, and we doubt not that this speech tended much to settle our "very small tempest in a very small tea-pot" in the manner that it was. Students like to feel that their Professors have an interest in their literary work and performances outside of the routine college duties, and they almost always try to profit by the advice of their instructors.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The editors of THE VOLANTE disclaim responsibility for opinions vouched in communications.

EDITORS VOLANTE: In the last issue of your worthy paper there appeared a communication from some moderately curious and anonymous individual, concerning the appropriation of certain funds which had been in the hands of a certain treasurer of the Students' Association. The well-known anxiety to render justice to all, will undoubtedly allow me a use of your columns to protest against the insinuation of the gentleman, and afford me an opportunity to invite him to a critical examination of the disbursements and receipts of the former treasurer of our S. A. W. H.

W. H., we think, misconstrues our communicant. No one doubts the integrity of our former treasurer, but the matter of presenting his report should certainly have been attended to when the new officers of the S. A. were elected, and not after the term is over. The entire matter shows how loosely affairs have been run in regard to treasurer's reports &c. The fault lies not with the treasurer alone, but with all the members of the S. A.—[ED.]

The *University Magazine* protests against the lecture system in Colleges and its poor results. Its first reasons are on account of the different ability of students to take notes; some being troubled with deafness while others are stenographers. The number in both these classes is not sufficiently large to make any valid reason against lectures. In regard to the clearness of the lecturer, we see no reason why it should not effect him as much in recitations as in lectures. Its only valid objection is in regard to the amount of time required for writing up the notes and for the necessary contingent reading. The lecture system has been used here in Geology and Chemistry and found very satisfactory.

LITERARY.

THE PROOF.

MRS. ALICE BOISE WOOD.

She held a goblet of wine in her hand;
 Small was the hand, and jeweled, and fair;
 The goblet was golden, the wine was rare,
 She offered it me, and with accents bland
 Said "Take it; for how can she ever know—
 Your mother, safe folded beneath the snow—
 That the promise made in your childhood's day,
 In manhood's freedom is put away?"

Should I take it? My brain grew wild.
 Oh! had it been but a fiery brand,
 Or a two-edged sword, to be clasped by my hand,
 I could have seized it; and only smiled
 As the pain shot through me; but this, this cup—
 Should I take it, and give all up—
 The pledge—the memory—just for that hand
 So loved, so dear; and those accents bland?

She held it nearer, and "Take it," she said,
 "If truly you love me, me alone,
 More than that mother beneath the stone;
 Give joy to the living; they reck not—the dead.
 Of pledges broken, or pledges kept,
 Sweet memories banished, or oft o'erswept;
 Oh, think how slight a thing I demand
 As proof of your love, and as price for my hand!"

She smiled; she trembled; a tear-drop shone
 On her drooping lash; and her quivering lip
 Seemed to repeat it, "Take, take and sip:
 So small a proof—I shall be thine own."
 I seized the goblet, I drew it nigh,
 The liquid crimson sparkled high;
 When—cold struck the rim as a lip of clay!
 And in horror I flung it far away!

'Twas done! The pledge, half-broken, was kept!
 Did I heed a sob? Did I know that my breast
 Was sought by a trembling dove, for rest;
 That the eyes, whose light I could die for, wept?
 Did I hear a whisper, "Mine own, mine own,
 Thou hast kept thy pledge, and I'm thine alone!"
 Lo! A score have I found who would drink the wine;
 But none whose promise was sure as thine!"

ECLECTIVE STUDIES.

It is all important that we should make a sharp distinction between the College and the University. In the former, we ordinarily meet with only a single course of study, the primeval object of which is to impart mental discipline. While this course of study stores the mind with the fundamental principles of language, literature and science, it is arranged so as to impart, in the highest degree, the power to think clearly and consecutively, and to express thought with force and elegance. The University on the contrary has a wider range and contemplates quite a different object. It is intended to fit men by special study and training for special pursuits and professions. In it, each man is at liberty to pursue any chosen line of in-

vestigation, such as law, medicine, theology, or any branch of scientific or linguistic study. But no man is fitted to enter the University and to begin any such special study, until he has received the drill of a complete College course.

In our own country the University begins at last to assert itself. We have at Harvard and Yale the College and University combined; the student, who there has received the discipline of the one, may enter the other for professional study. A University of a higher grade has sprung into existence at Baltimore. We have many other institutions which have the name of University, but the name, at the best, is only prophetic of what they may become in the future. And so long as they are merely Colleges, they should discourage, so far as it is practicable, elective studies. Any one who would attain the highest mental discipline, and the most symmetrical intellectual development ought to take the entire College course of study, which, by the ripest wisdom of the best educators, has been framed for this very object. To see a beardless boy pursuing some study in the Preparatory Department, and, at the same time grappling with some of the tougher studies of the advanced College classes, is, to say the least, both extremely amusing and extremely sad. Such a lad, having put one foot on the lowest round of the ladder, attempts the impossible thing of putting the other foot firmly on the highest round, without any regard to the intermediate spaces. Having mastered, it may be, vulgar fractions, he next attempts conic sections; having obtained a smattering of Latin, he forthwith begins to study the problems of metaphysics as expounded by Sir William Hamilton or Foster. To protest that such a course of study is, to put it mildly, unwise, is a waste of breath; such a youth has more wisdom than all the ancients. He may not have enough knowledge to gain admittance to the Freshman class of any College, but lo! he puts on the airs of one fully fitted for professional study in an European University. When will such folly cease?

CALIFORNIA.

The word California, so familiar and pleasant to our ears, is of doubtful origin. There have been many speculations in regard to it, which cannot be brought to any certain conclusion for want of a firm foundation on which to base the theories advanced. A scholar learned in Greek lore, suggests that California is derived from the Greek Kala-phor-nea, which may mean either a beautiful young woman or a new country, according to the exigencies of the situation. The territory which is now occupied by the State of California, was discovered by Juan Cabrillo, a Portuguese by birth, but then in the service of Spain. The great valley or Central California, is that part of the State inclosed between the Sierra Nevada mountains on the east, and the coast range on the west. It is about five hundred miles in length and has an average width of fifty miles.

Although in configuration a unit, the valley is generally conceded as divided into two, the Sacramento and the San Joaquin valleys. The two mountain ranges which bound the entire valley come together on the north and south. The land thus inclosed is trough-shaped descending from each side toward the centre. The Sacramento and San Joaquin are the two rivers of the State, the one rising in the northern part of the State and the other in the southern extremity of the valley, and each pouring their equally muddy waters into San Francisco bay. Perhaps the pleasantest characteristic of this coast climate is its equability. There is what might be called a sort of correlation of forces, a balance in trade, between the sea-breeze and the heat in the valleys. Whenever the sun shines with unusual power, and heats up the valley to a high temperature, causing the rarefied air to rise and hurry away, the cold air from the sea comes to fill up the vacuum, and makes the greater haste according as the vacuum is greater. This underchange keeps everything in motion, and the winter in San Francisco is a pretty good thermometer for the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys.

It is a misnomer to call the season winter that alternates with the summer in California. It is a long, bright spring, made so by the rains which are expected in November but do not always come until December. After a few showers the hills put on their garments of beauty, greenness spreads rapidly over the brown patched lands, and everything assuming the fresh, inspiring look of Spring. Along the coast it is never hot and never cold. There are not many mornings in the whole year when a little fire does not add to one's comfort, indeed there are few mornings when you can be comfortable without one, yet as soon as the sun is up a little way, its heat is amply sufficient. Farmers plow and sow their fields in the fall and early winter. In fact, the sooner the seed is in after the rains begin, the better. Under the most favorable circumstances, California or that part under cultivation being about one-fourth of the entire State, yields twenty millions of bushels of wheat. Of her mineral wealth we are all more or less informed. Our next will contain a short description of the points of interest in that State.

HORATIO DOBBS' GHOST.

BY WAY OF A PREFACE.

A preface serves many useful purposes. It is nearly always used, and in many instances where it is not, it ought to be. This is particularly the case in ghost stories, when it is necessary to inform the gentle reader of the blood-curdling, capillary-raising nature of the narrative, so as to avoid all unpleasant shocks and surprises. No one likes to meet a ghost unawares, and perhaps, not under any circumstances. Still it is always best to be prepared for what is coming, and in this case a ghost may be confidently expected. It is not the intention here to discuss the exis-

tence, or non-existence of ghostly visitants. This is simply a plain and unvarnished history of what happened to Dobbs one night, about Merry Christmas time. The ghost will speak for itself. According to the best authorities on ghosts, they always do.

BY WAY OF A STORY.

The halls of the University had ceased to re-echo the footsteps of the last belated student returning to his den. The orators in Athenæum and Tri-Kappa, had long ceased to invoke the loud resounding thunders on high Olympus' top and their deeply, impressed auditors after safely weathering the wordy storm, had sought relief in slumber. The lights which had shone so late upon the weary toil of the "dig" or the festive proceedings of his opposite, had one after another been snuffed out until but one remained, and even this was flickering and dim, as if about to expire. The duty of this particular light was to illuminate the pathway of Horatio Dobbs. This individual, it may be remarked, was fast asleep in an easy chair, with his feet upon the table, a position which Dobbs was eminently qualified to fill. Dobbs slept profoundly, and snored more profoundly still. It had been noticed by the occupants of the adjoining rooms, that Dobbs' snore had increased steadily in breadth and comprehensiveness of volume, from the time he was a Freshman until now, when he was well advanced in his Senior year, which appeared to indicate to the thoughtful, that snoring is developed by education. But this has nothing to do with Dobbs' ghost. Dobbs slept peacefully, if not quietly, and if he dreamt, it was probably of the fast approaching Christmas Holidays, and as an uneasy movement now and then indicated, of the term examinations, which preceded them. Perhaps he dreamt that some stern professor was torturing him with a series of extraordinarily involved questions, to which he was making inconceivably absurd answers, and feeling himself all the time extraordinarily forgetful and stupid. Perhaps it was this mental torture, to which the rack and the pulley of the Inquisition were as child's play, which caused the sweat to start from Dobbs' expansive brow, and that personage himself to suddenly awake and open his eyes. He had scarcely done so, however, before he heard a vigorous kick at the bottom of his door. Now Dobbs never troubled himself to go to the door, but simply shouted "come," to his visitors. From force of habit, he did so now while drowsily rubbing his eyes. His back was to the door, and as he heard it open, he felt a cold blast from the icy halls penetrate his frame.

"Don't keep that door open all night," he growled, "it's cold enough to freeze up the stove." His visitor shut the door, but did not reply to Dobbs' surly remarks. This surprised Dobbs, because his visitors were not usually of a silent disposition. It occurred to him just then that he might as well take a look at his strange guest, and so removing his feet from the table, and turning around said,

"Look here,"—but what the stranger was to look for never transpired, for Dobbs suddenly became silent with amazement. A man bare-headed and bare-footed, clad in a robe of scanty dimensions, much the worse for wear, was sitting near the stove with his hands spread before the glowing coals to catch as much of the heat as possible. The most remarkable thing about him, however, was his face, which, pale, and seamed with furrows and lines of thought, impressed Dobbs with the idea that he had seen and been struck with it before.

"I beg your pardon," began Dobbs, politely, "but I think I have met you before." The old man in a husky and quiet voice replied, without looking up, "Very likely you have."

Dobbs reflected a while and then said, "I am sure I have seen you somewhere, but I fail to recall it just now."

"In all probability you have seen me on a bust," gravely remarked the stranger.

"He must be insane," thought Dobbs, "an old white-headed gentleman like that on a 'bust!' It may be so, however, and come to think of it, that accounts for his shabby clothes," and he said aloud, "A man of your age ought to know better than go on a 'bust.' Here it is in the middle of winter, and you without hat and shoes, and yet you spend your last penny on a 'bust.'"

The aged gentleman sighed, and seemed to think deeply for a moment, and then remarked that it was not that kind of a bust.

"Who are you anyway?" asked Dobbs, a little impatiently, "and where do you come from?"

"Socrates from Hades," came the reply from the old man's lips.

"Socrates from Hades," replied Dobbs, now somewhat alarmed, "any relation of the Socrates Plato speaks of?"

"I am he," answered the stranger sententiously.

"I must say," said Dobbs, thoughtfully, "I am inclined to believe you. How is everything down there?"

"Lovely when I left."

"Warm, I suppose."

"Well, it is comfortable. Please don't confound Hades with its modern substitute."

"Beg your pardon. Pretty cold weather to travel bare-foot in, don't you think?"

"Yes, very. But I had to come. I want to find out if my teachings have obtained recognition in this University."

"Now then," he continued, fixing his eyes upon Dobbs, "tell me what is virtue?"

"Well," said Dobbs, "I do not think it is in our curriculum, but if I should venture an opinion, I should say it was what is commonly called the good."

"No; virtue is knowledge, and I perceive by your answer that you have but little of it."

"Now see here Socrates, I do not like that style of argument. It is too personal, and liable to create ill-feeling. I

admire your philosophical method, with its three steps in self-knowledge, your eudaemonism, and your theories of friendship, universal philanthropy, etc., although it has cost me much labor to get at them in your barbarous language. There are some things, however, which, if you please, I would like to have you explain."

"Proceed."

"I have read that you frequently instructed your pupils in the Groves outside the walls of Athens. Why this?"

"It was cheaper and healthier. We had no rents to pay, and no mortgages to meet."

"Were there any cottages in those groves?"

"No. Why do you ask?"

"I didn't know but they were Cottage Groves."

When Socrates recovered from the fainting spell which this unfeeling remark produced, he said in a feeble voice, "Please refrain from anything of the kind. I am ill and feeble, and can stay with you but a short time longer." Dobbs had not expected that he would take it so seriously, and sincerely regretted the remark.

"You must excuse me, Socrates, but I could not help it. There is one thing which it appears to me, you Athenians overlooked."

"Is it possible. Pray what could it have been?"

"The young ladies. It strikes me that your system of teaching was not based upon the co-educational plan, which I assure you is very successful here. How did that happen?"

A shade of pain was perceptible upon the pale face of Socrates, as he replied briefly and curtly, "Xantippe."

"Oh!" exclaimed Dobbs, "through her you became embittered against the entire sex."

"Just so."

Dobbs perceived that had touched upon painful reminiscences, and therefore remained silent.

"Dobbs," said Socrates, at length rising from his chair and standing with his back towards the fire, "Dobbs, you may criticize my system of education, and the poverty of my schools in noble architectural structures, but for all that my system was superior to yours, and my schools grander than yours. Look at the evils which surround you, and the pernicious customs which render your life a burden. I will mention but one or two. Take for instance the college paper. Heavens! what a mass of undigested learning is hurled through it upon suffering humanity! Have not my own immortal theories been refuted, crushed, and annihilated by the ambitious scribbler? But far worse than the paper, are the barbarisms committed upon class-day and commencement. From this at least we were spared. Imagine Plato or Xenophon mounting the platform, and cracking some eternally and universally stale joke about 'my girl,' or delivering an infinitely little oration on an infinitely great subject!"

Socrates at this point wept aloud, while Dobbs began to

feel around in his pockets for a handkerchief, with which

to wipe away the coming tears.

"My friend Dobbs," said Socrates, I must now leave you. I must hasten back to Hades, ere daylight breaks. I should like to stay longer, but I cannot. Good-bye, Dobbs."

"Good-bye, Socrates. Shut the door after you, and lock it on the inside. Call again."

With a low bow, and a dignified step, the apparition vanished.

BY WAY OF A MORAL.

The next morning Dobbs awoke in his chair, with his feet on the table, and the lamp still burning dimly. A missing hatchet and coal-hod convinced him that Socrates was probably located in a materialized form, in one of the adjoining rooms, but before he began his tour of inspection, he privately resolved never to fall asleep in his chair again after taking a late oyster supper. And this resolve is the only moral to the tale of Dobbs, or an attack of acute chronic anachronism.

M. T.

LOCALS.

Vacation.

A Merry Christmas.

And a Happy New Year.

The Gymnasium is out of debt.

Now look out for Junior orations.

Now for a term of good earnest work in the Literary Societies.

Appropriate subject for an oration: "The Student in Politics."

If you like good Oysters served in style, call on Fish, at 161, Twenty-Second Street.

That little "bonanza" from Evanston did not pan out very well. Well, try again.

Our janitor can hit the bull's eye every time. No difference whether the gun is right side up or wrong side out.

Some Freshmen are inquiring if they are to have an "Ex." Yes, an examination,—perhaps they have had it already to their sorrow.

J. J. Coon was compelled to give up school for the rest of the present term on account of sickness contracted the day after Thanksgiving.

A certain class was considerably surprised to hear a Prof. ask, after a particularly wretched attempt at guessing, "If they were not a little off."

One of our wide-awake "Freshies" recently espied "Story on the Constitution" on a Senior's shelf. Quoth he, "Is that story interesting?"

Second year Prep. class, or in other words, the class of '84 boasts of having the two extremes, one man six feet five inches, and another three feet eleven inches.

Twenty-five years ago, "a man could not be a Christian and wear a mustache." As a certain Professor remarked, "what a relapse, even for the Professor of Mathematics."

It is all well enough to trust to a student's honor, to attend the exercises in Chapel, but it is requiring almost too much to ask him to freeze twenty minutes every morning.

The latest returns show that Thanksgiving passed off pleasantly, no one fatally injured in the desperate encounter with the Turks, although it is said it took one of the Editors of this sheet several weeks to recover.

A "Soph" read an essay on the "Woman who Talks," the other evening in Athenæum. Other essays on the "wind that blows," the "sun that shines" and the "Senior who thinks a good deal of himself" will now be in order.

Although the thermometer has taken a great tumble of late we are not surprised to learn that the Juniors still "transpire" freely at the very sight of a Freshman or Prep. Some of them say they would not sell a half interest in a Fresh. for less than a pie and a quart of cider.

The preparatory Students receive lessons in elocution from Prof. Sanford. Perhaps this instruction could be extended to the college classes with beneficial results. Too little attention is paid to literary work outside of the regular societies.

Once more attention is called to the fact that some of the recitation rooms are not properly warmed. Students are compelled almost every cold day, to shiver until the fire has had a chance to burn up, which it usually does when the hour is about finished.

We heard a student asking for the Treasurer of the Athletic Association, the other day, and on learning the cause, we found that he wished to pay his dues. Taking this as a fair index of the feelings of the majority of the members of the Association, would it not be well for the Treasurer to make himself known?

Would it not be a good idea to convert the north-western part of our campus into a skating park? According to the weather prophets, we are to have "an early and severe winter," and a very little trouble on the part, say of the Athletic Association, the students could have a great deal of healthy and innocent amusement this winter.

The gymnasium has been fitted up with a gun and a man to run it. The health-giving exercise of shooting at a mark twenty feet from your nose is participated in by one Senior, ten Juniors and a "Freshie." Our Doctor don't think there is anything wrong in this kind of shooting in the building, as the gun is of the homœopathic sort known as the air-gun.

Rumor has it that the Delta Psi's have started here. Diligent search fails to find any of them, however, and so we rest in peace.

The Glee Club is composed of the following gentlemen: Roney, the leader, Phillips, Cheney, Johnson, Hawley, Sherer, Mitchell, and Tolman.

Racine and Ann Arbor play at foot-ball on Washington's birthday, at the former's grounds. The Chicago Athletic Association, by way of assistance, gave \$200 towards expenses.

Elisha, the Senior, insisted, the other day, in "Story on the Constitution," that the qualifications for a representative were twenty-five years residence and two years of age. Figure it out, Sophs.

Somebody broke in the door of "the dealer in —" recently, and stole just ninety cents worth of tip-top goods. This breaking in of doors is getting to be altogether too monotonous. Let's have a change.

The young lady who, last year, attempted to carry off one of the chapel settees in her pocket, sought to enrich herself by the same maneuver recently. Timely aid succeeded in liberating the half-pocketed prize, and restoring it to its lawful owners. Hallelujah!

The Preps. have finally succeeded in organizing the "Meleterian," a literary society, meeting on Tuesday evenings in the room of the Christian Association. One peculiar feature of it is the monthly election of officers, a characteristic, no doubt, which some of the more emulous in the upper classes would like to see introduced in the College societies.

In the last issue of THE VOLANTE, a mistake was made in regard to the officers of the Junior Class, which is corrected in the appended list: Pres., E. W. Clement; Vice-Pres., Miss Lucy C. Waite; Sec'y, Thos. Phillips; Treas., E. W. Peek; Orator, John Sutherland; Historian, Miss Carrie Ryon; Poet, E. B. Tolman; Prophet, Chas. Wayne; Toast Master, Willis Hawley.

Swett is the "boss" treasurer. He recently went over to the ladies' waiting room, and, without the usual knocking for admittance, rushed into the room and in a business-like way told the ladies that he wanted "fifteen cents from all those who had signed the Constitution of the Students' Association." We think S. deserves thanks from all, and if you don't know who he is, just go and thank the handsomest man in the Freshman class—the one with the heavy mustache, orange hue.

As most of the students are aware, there is now a reading room in the University, tolerably well supplied with papers and periodicals. Moreover, this reading room, though furnished an apartment and fire by the college authorities, is managed and controlled solely by the students who pay

the expenses. The college furnishes none of the reading matter, and students who are not willing to bear their part of the exceedingly small outlay required of each to pay for magazines and other like commodities, are respectfully informed that unless on business, their company can be dispensed with in the reading room.

One by one the boys come back to us, but they have only time to say, "How do you do?" and then are off again. We are always glad to see you, so be sure and call, and do not forget to leave your card.

Evanston is again having her usual trouble with the "Sophs." It seems that several Sophomores succeeded in gaining possession of a rope from the Freshmen, and cutting it into small pieces, wore them as rosettes. Naturally (for N. W. U.) a fight was the consequence and so bitter was the feeling between the two classes, that the Faculty had to take the matter in hand. The latest is that by putting a few of the "Barbs" on probation, order once more reigns.

Several times of late, during the five minutes intermission between hours, some of the students, usually Preps and Freshmen, though sometimes Sophomores also, have created considerable disturbance in the halls, and by shoving, pulling, boxing, and even running races, have obstructed the passage way, and annoyed considerably the more quiet and better disposed of the students. The campus is the place for all rough and boisterous sports, and it should be borne in mind that to the ladies here, such conduct is exceedingly distasteful. There is a time for almost every thing else, except to forget to act like a gentleman.

According to the constitution of the Inter-State Collegiate Association, it is almost time to begin to raise the money in the various Colleges of the State:

Art. X: Sec. 3. Each State Association shall, at least thirty days before the Inter-State Contest, deposit with its Treasurer, the sum of \$25, which shall be subject to an order from the Executive Committee. Any State Association failing to comply with this provision, without sufficient reason being given, shall be denied representation in the next Contest and Convention.

Although Chicago University has no particular interest in the Inter-State Contest this year, it is to be hoped that she will not hesitate to come forward, and pay her share amount of the State assessment promptly.

Racine bemoans the dreadful state of affairs in the dining hall. The Freshmen, it seems, cut up all kinds of capers. Says the *Mercury*, "A slight bray of a donkey or a noise of a calf is frequently recognized which we hope will be soon silenced." How suggestive.

The Freshman class was unusually large, and when they assembled for the first time at prayers, the Doctor opened to the third psalm and read, "Lord! how are they increased that trouble me."—*Colby Echo*.

PERSONALS.

'77. L. G. Bass is at Rush Medical.

'79. Evans too sojourns at the above mentioned sacred place.

'77. W. W. Cole, Jr., is attending the Rush Medical College.

'81. Miss Ellie Colegrave is visiting friends at Wilmington, Ohio.

'76. H. B. Mitchell, is editing the American Miller, Chicago.

'78. Rea is at the Baptist Theological Seminary, Rochester, N. Y.

Prof. Boise, intends to take a trip South for the benefit of his health.

'76. R. L. Olds is at Morgan Park Theological Seminary preparing for the ministry.

'80 E. L. Bowen is engaged in the grain business at Galva, Ills. Success "Ed."

'73. Jake Newman is practicing law here in the city, and is making quite a success of it.

'73. H. W. Booth is occupied in practicing law. He follows in the footsteps of his father.

'77. F. M. Smith is also at Morgan Park preparing to spread the gospel throughout the land.

Thoms, formerly of '78, is attending the Baptist Theological Seminary, at Rochester, N. Y.

Townsend Smith, formerly of '81, is in business with Mandeville Bro's State street, Chicago.

'80, Henry Topping, although not in school, still finds time and inclination to call on the boys occasionally.

'80. Eli Packer is doing a commission business on Cottage Grove avenue, near Thirty-eighth street, Chicago.

'80. L. W. Lansing is still at Rochester. Base ball interests do not flourish there quite to Lew's entire satisfaction.

'81. F. G. Hanchett is teaching school in the southern part of the State. He writes that he has a fine class of young ladies.

'78. We had a pleasant talk with Jones, a short time since, and found him in good spirits and ready for work at Rush Medical.

Fargo, formerly of '78, has been called upon thus early in life to mourn the death of his wife. THE VOLANTE sympathizes with him in this, his great bereavement.

'81. F. Barber tells us that he is having a pleasant and profitable winter at Paw Paw, Ill., where he has been teaching school since he left his class two years ago. With circumstances favoring he will enter college again next September.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Johnny, get out your gun—shoot! bang.

Edinburgh University has 2,560 students.

Harvard's library contains 225,000 volumes.

Racine has four weeks vacation. It pays to be an Episcopalian.

The man who pays in advance *cannot* be trusted. Let this be a warning.

The students at Hobart are having a two weeks vacation on account of diphtheria raging there.

The Rev. Dr. L. Coleman, of Lafayette, and a graduate of Yale, is the oldest college Professor, in actual service, in America. His age is 83 years.

Prof. Watson has left Michigan University, in order to take the chair of Astronomy at the University of Wisconsin.

Fifty young Sioux are being educated to useful labor at the Virginia Agricultural Institute. Their progress is reasonably fast.

The University of California is having trouble with its Nine. There are too many who desire to deny themselves in order to obtain the captaincy.

Just think of it! In Michigan University one hundred and twenty-eight girls claim an equal share of attention with the boys. Its awful, awful.

"We all knows," said a cockney school-committeeman to a new teacher he was examining for her position, "that A B C and D is vowels; but what we wants to know is vy they is so."

A hopeful remarked, the other day, that he bet five dollars he would pass every examination if he could only get it all on his cuff. No one would accept the offer. Too well known.

The Yale Professors and tutors have voluntarily relinquished five per cent. of their salaries, in order to make up for the deficiency in the college income caused by the shrinkage in the value of properties and securities held by that college.

Another great sensation at Oberlin: A Senior was seen by one of the Preps. walking down street with a clean collar on. A meeting of the Faculty has been called and he will be summarily dealt with. They are bound to make an example of him, and nip this new and pernicious evil in the bud.—*Transcript*.

Behold how the Freshmen soliloquize:

As when in tumult rise the ignoble crowd,
Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud,
And words and hands in rattling furies fly,
And all the rust c forms which fury can supply.
Then if some grave and pious party appear,
They hush their noise hastily disappear.

A slice of Limburger cheese worn on the upper lip is a sure cure for a hooked nose.

A cat's eyes are said to be the largest at midnight. We never made an examination, but we are positive that its voice is about seventeen times larger at that hour than at any other period during the twenty-four.

A little girl asked an old gentleman, who hated conundrums: "What is the difference between a potato and a lemon?" "I don't know," snarled the old man. "Don't know!" exclaimed the child; "then I don't want you to buy any lemons for me."

A young lady of a neighboring town awoke from a terrible dream one night last week. She had been dreaming that a young man with a soft beard was pressing his face against hers. When she awoke she found it was only a cat. Then wasn't she mad!

The sneak-thief came down like a wolf on the fold.

While the folks in the basement were dining,
And took from the rack a coat scarce three days old,
Quite resplendant with fine satin lining."

Utterly ignoring the one left over from last year, which Mr. Smiley had brought down, intending to sell it for \$2 to the first old-clothes man that chanced around.

EXCHANGES.

The *Vidette* comes under a new management. If its last issue is a forerunner of the future, it must satisfy its most sanguine friends.

The Sophomores at Ann Arbor, publish an independent paper called "*The Oracle*." Why not organize a similar enterprise here? Guess you had better subscribe for THE VOLANTE.

Among our exchanges, slang finds its strongest advocate in the *College Olio*. This otherwise interesting paper heads its local column with such expressions as "Taffy," "Molasses," "Clubs up," etc.

We are in receipt of the *Syracusan*, a literary venture by the Psi Upsilon, Zeta Psi, and Delta Kappa Epsilon societies of Syracuse University. The first issue looks well, both in material and arrangement. We wish the *Syracusan* success.

The *Tripod* is hereafter to appear every two weeks, and thus is placed on a par with its rival, the *Vidette*. Messrs. Warrington, Lewis, and Spencer are the new corps of publishers. We predict a lively rivalry between the two papers, as the managers are known to be men of energy and active. "Live and let live."

The *Cornell Era* is one of the few weeklies that come into our sanctum. The exchange editor, in the last issue, devotes his attention to the college journals of the

section which he calls the West. Of course, the *Chronicle* from Michigan University takes the lead. He says of our neighbor, "the *Tripod* is an honor to the Northwestern." Of THE VOLANTE he says: "THE VOLANTE stands about on a par with the *Tripod* in general excellence. It is a little less dignified and a little more sprightly."

In reading the *Students' Journal* of the Illinois Wesleyan University, we were particularly struck with the temerity of the editors in placing the editorials so near the last page. The late oratorical contest was a failure, and when a college paper undertakes to prove the contrary by saying "sour grapes," as the *Students' Journal* does to *The Rambler*, it shows it has no better proof against the superlative badness of the late affair at Lebanon. To our mind, the *Journal* is too badly arranged to attract much attention.

The *Ariel* from the University of Minn. is earning for itself an enviable reputation among our exchanges, and we clip the following from an editorial:

The new method of the student keeping a record of his own absences and the excuses of the same is a perfect success. Indeed, every reform which tends to throw responsibility on the students has proven successful here so far as tried. And it is in view of this that we suggest an abolition of the practice of keeping an account of the absences of Seniors and Juniors. There are many arguments which may be offered in support of this suggestion, but which we have not space to advance at this time. Suffice it at present to say that the experiment worked well. And students ought to have an opportunity to go through the last year, at least, without being subjected to humiliating questions, and compelled to prevaricate, for there are times when they must be absent for the very things for which they are not to be excused.

ELECTIONS.

Athenæum.—Officers for next term are: President, S. J. Winegar; Vice-President, J. Calvin Johnson; Secretary, G. W. Hall; Treasurer, W. M. Ege; Critic, Miss Florence M. Holbrook.


Tri Kappa.—Officers for coming term: President, E. B. Meredith; Vice-President, F. W. C. Hayes; Secretary, A. F. Stowe; Treasurer, Swartwout; First Critic, C. F. Morey; Second Critic, W. A. Walker; Editors, C. A. Mead, H. C. Van Schaack, Miss Cox.

Meleterian.—For term ending Nov. 19, '78: President, C. F. Hobbs; Vice-President, Ernest Swift; Secretary, G. A. Marshall; Critic, Jos. H. Nelson.

For term ending Dec. 17, '78: President, Ernest Swift; Vice-President, J. H. Nelson; Secretary, L. Weinschenk; Critic, C. H. Cressey.

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