

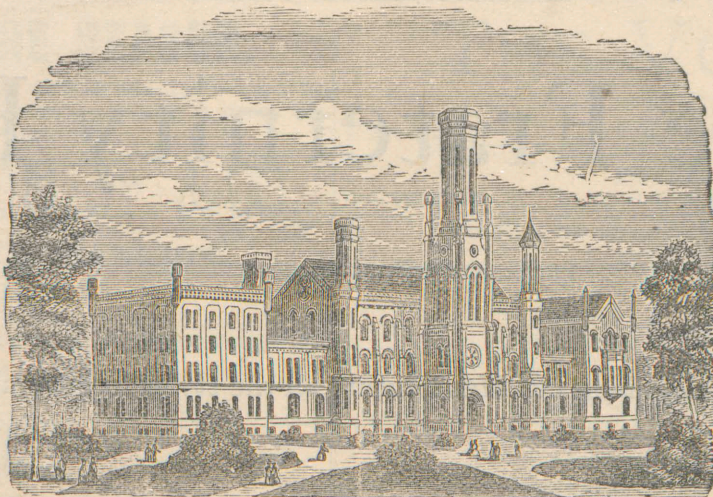
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THE VOLANTE.

VOL. XI.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, DECEMBER, 1881.

No. 4.



UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

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Literary.

AUTUMN FRUITS.

ON RECEIVING A BASKET OF FRUIT.

When Autumn wove its varied wreath
Of russet red and yellow;

When grains lay piled in golden sheath,
And winds were sweet with spicy breath
Of orchards ripe and mellow,

Reminders sweet, 'mid studious gloom,
Came friendship's valued token—

Large velvet plums in purple bloom,
Peaches that crystallized perfume,
Grape clusters, filling all the room

With hints of joy unspoken,
And pears with yellow skins in vain

Their nectar juices hiding.
The teeth invited, yearned with pain,
Till closing o'er the crispy grain.

Each sense regaled, rejoiced again
In nature's rare providing.

Bright Autumn's crimson glow is o'er,
Its last fair tint has faded;

The orchards bend with fruit no more,
And snow-wreaths drift the ground, before
By leafy garlands shaded.

But now the deer of Santa Claus
Their tiny hoofs are beating.

Awhile let care and study pause,
And join the bells in wild applause—
Ring out the Christmas greeting.

What can I send in fond return
For Autumns gifts of pleasure?

For me no tropic splendors burn—
No gardens yield their treasure.

A simple rhyme is all I bring
From my poor empty casket.

If memory from the fruit could fling
Its fragrance, every verse would sing
Thanksgiving for the basket.

But now, instead, one wish I send,
A merry, merry Christmas, friend.

A VACANT PLACE IN THE CURRICULUM.

What is the result of a course of College education? Wherein does the man who has passed four years of his early life delving in college text-books, listening to class room lectures, differ from his former self and from those who have never entered this inner world?

Let not, O most critical and scornful reader, the sight of these worn-out old questions, to the pros. and cons. of which you have doubtless been compelled numberless times to listen, turn you from the perusal of the following remarks. It is not to discuss anew the expediency of a college education—to lead you once more in triumph by arguments incontestable to the old conclusion—that a university course of study is of inconceivable advantage to every man; it is not to tear the laurels from the brow of the last man who won that victory, but simply to consider one of the results and its requirements, of this education.

This result, as important as it is little considered, as undeniable as is its cause, is, that after four years of fairly earnest study and independent mental exercise, a man is fitted to enter the best and most intelligent society. There are a few in every college who find it preferable to glide smoothly over these deep waters upon the shoulders of their friends, and though they often like the rest assume the proud "B.A.," yet to these our remarks do not apply. Happily, however, they form a very small and select company. But the remaining and far greater number of students by their mental training are fitted to enter the intelligent society of the land; and not only are they fitted for it but they will never be happy outside of it. The atmosphere of thought which a student has breathed so long will have become a positive necessity. I imagine a man accustomed to debating the comparative merits of Aristotle and Bacon with intelligence, a man whose interests have centered in the mysteries of science, or in the intricacies of mathematics, a man accustomed to discussing within the walls of his Alma Mater the greatest national and international problems of his day in all the light of principle and history, a man, in fine, who has matured in the keen intellectual air of a college, being content to lapse into the simple farm talk of his earlier days, into sage reflections upon the weather, the markets, the innumerable senseless nothings repeated, a thousand times, or even into the more aspiring but unprofitable controversies to which uncultivated minds are prone. Such would be an intellectual death worthy to be sincerely mourned.

But as a college-bred man is fitted for higher society, as he requires it—so in almost every case will there be an opportunity to enter it. "Knowledge is power," and though the words are infinite in extension, and though

their equality extends to infinity, yet they refer as well to the least things of time; and whether he become a professional man, an enthusiastic student or only a merchant the knowledge he has gained will prove its power by securing him an entrance into refined and cultivated society; that is, there being no positive obstacle. Grave moral defects will and ought to exclude him, and occasionally physical disadvantages will have the same results. But smaller things than these sometimes are as potent to this end. One small insect by marring the beauty of a plant may cause its rejection as effectually as the vicious cut-worm which destroys its life, and what is frequently considered too trivial a thing to notice may become, if not fatal, at least a very serious hindrance.

Such a hindrance will ignorance of the rules of good society prove.

Learned men sometimes affect a lofty disdain for the "absurd formalities of society," and finding they can do it with impunity take pride in disregarding them. But it by no means follows that all may take the same course with success. True, not even the vulgarisms of Samuel Johnson could taboo him; true Robert Burns with his uncouth manners was admitted to the company of the great, but these men were received in recognition of their genius, not in sanction of their faults. Had they been men of ordinary ability far more trivial discrepancies would have excluded them from less illustrious companionship. Without genius and without manners, man or woman has small chance of a cordial reception.

It is not necessary to enter here upon a "Defense of the Arts of Polite Society." Overlooking the fact that if these cries for freedom from such rules were regarded, the result would be, not to free men from a grievous bondage, but to sink them towards the barbarism whence they have struggled, overlooking this, it is enough to say these courtesies are only the formulated and tacit expression of Christian graces. At all events society demands them, and without them, a man is certain to be unhappy. For either, if sensitive he will be self-exiled, or he will be dropped to go back to companionship with which he has no sympathy, or he will be ill at ease, awkward, constantly committing blunders, mortifying himself and his friends, shocking others, incapable of doing himself justice, by his ignorance often causing ill-feeling, misunderstanding, unhappiness.

A favored few have the advantages of an early training in these matters, but probably the majority of students are sons of plain farming people, or humble tradesmen, and to these the rules of etiquette, which polish the natural gentleman and give at least some refinement where there was none, are a greater mystery than Egyp-

tian hieroglyphics. Some of these who have time, means and address, may procure an entrance into some circle of society where, if they have tact and inclination, they may imperfectly supply their defects. But it is only after many blunders and a good deal of embarrassment.

Now the question is how this is to be remedied? The answer usually is: "Let them learn for themselves at schools for the purpose, or from works on etiquette, or by observation. But the college authorities who thus shirk the responsibility, would look with highest disfavor upon the actual spending of the necessary time at a dancing school, and a real student would himself be unwilling thus to expend so much time and attention. Again, a man who seldom mingles socially with others, has no means or method of observation and no occasion therefor; consequently he does not realize his lack and will not seek to apply it by other means. Especially is this likely to be the case, as college students are apt to be a cynical class of beings, continuing such "frivolities" as they do many things in the college curriculum.

Since then, it is not only an agreeable adjunct, but a positive necessity to the enjoyment of this no small benefit of the four years' study, is it not the duty as well as the privilege of college authorities to supply it? They are fitting men to enter the active, cultivated world of thought; they are making that world a necessity, yet they neglect to supply the grace without which places therein are but poorly filled. Is this consistent? Should they leave to hap-hazard this important finish? Should the jeweler refuse to polish the gem he has cut? Surely it would not be difficult or out of place for some professor versed in these matters to impart his knowledge to young men too poor, too busy or too careless to think of them now.

There is another consideration. Every one knows that the temptations of college life are more numerous and dangerous than those of any other period. Is it not the duty of college authorities, the sole guardians of so many youth, to employ every means, however small, to counteract these evils? And should instruction in the rules of polite society and good breeding, as such a means, be disregarded? No one denies their tendency to good. No one can deny it. A man versed in these arts must feel some desire to be worthy of the society to which they belong and from which moral defects exclude him. We, therefore, must conclude that it is not only appropriate but imperative that this branch of higher education be taught in the colleges of our land.

GLARPIN.

Editorial.

"SWEET CHARITY."

There are two ways of looking at every thing. Every subject, according to the manner in which it is approached, has a double nature. There is no object so base, so vile, and so revolting that it may not be found to possess some element of the useful and the beautiful. "All becomes poetry viewed from the centre outward," some one has said. On the other hand, there is nothing so exalted, so pure, so lovely, that some attribute of weakness or imperfection may not be imputed to it. The poet plucks a rose, and sees in it only the incarnation of an infinitely beautiful thought, emanating from an infinitely majestic mind. Love, exultation, peace, aspiration are all written on its glowing petals. The pessimist takes up the same rose, and, as he does so, feels the sharp thorns hidden beneath the soft leaves. "Ah," he mutters in disappointment, "the very works of Nature afford an example for the perfidy of man. The fairest exterior but serves as a bait for the sharpest pangs."

"Always he was looking for the worms, I, for the Gods," says Aurora Leigh; and some people do, indeed, seem to be always looking for the worms in human nature.

We are all prone to be influenced, more or less, by prejudice. We are apt to rate one's actions according to our preconceived estimate of his character, and sometimes even, when we have formed an opinion detrimental to any person, to put the worst possible construction upon all his acts, and refuse to see any good in him. This is absurd and unjust in the extreme. True, such a person may have all the faults, and tenfold more than we attribute to him, but has he not virtues also, which we might recognize and imitate? What necessity or advantage is there in always regarding the imperfections of another? Surely, in this sense, at least, we are not our brother's keeper. The contemplation of the vices of others is never profitable, while the recognition and emulation of their virtues could not be otherwise than beneficial and ennobling. Something might be gained from everyone. There is none whose character, by way of example or suggestion, may not afford us some assistance. Then why not direct our attention to those traits which may elevate and aid us, instead of condemning what we are apt, with too hasty judgment, to pronounce culpable. There are virtues enough in every character to afford almost unlimited suggestions, virtues to which, it is likely, we shall never attain, and as for what remains, it certainly does not come within our jurisdiction.

And closely allied with the habit of forming hasty and uncharitable opinions is the thoughtless and impulsive

expression of those opinions. This evil is, if possible, worse than the first, and is the direct outcome of it. When the feelings are in an excited state on any subject, it is always a relief to give them expression, and one is quite apt to seize the first opportunity to do so. These malicious messengers of thought ought never for an instant to be harbored, but if so be that they do intrude themselves in the chambers of the mind, they should be confined within its inmost recesses, and not even for a moment allowed to escape to spread their pernicious tidings. It is not often we can feel sure that such opinions are not erroneous. It is very seldom that we have sufficient data for forming a correct estimate of another's action; but even if we were certain that our ideas were perfectly accurate, even though we be assured of the truth of our convictions, no possible good can come from the expression of such thoughts. It is mean, it is ungenerous, it is degrading. How often do remarks of this nature descend to mere slander and gossip. These are hard names. There is not one of us would not shrink back in astonishment and alarm upon hearing them applied to our own conversation; but how frequently do our words, especially when uttered in an excited mood, deserve no more flattering epithet!

And when the icy finger of death is laid upon the brow of one whom we have known, when we stand in the presence of the dead and feel that we have wronged him and never can atone for it now, what worlds would we not give, what agonies would we not endure, to be able to recall every careless, thoughtless word!

The adage of the ancients—"Speak no evil of the dead"—which has so long been sneered at as weak and superstitious, has perhaps an underlying element of truth that does not appear upon the surface. Why not as unhesitating a criticism of the dead as of the living? Ah, because any censorious word uttered regarding them is absolutely irrevocable. No matter how erroneous we may discover our judgment to have been, no matter how bitterly one may repent, they will never return to listen to one's penitent words or reach out the hand of forgiveness. It would be well for each one of us could we say, not of the dead alone, but DE VIVIS, DE OMNIBUS—so far as in us lieth—NIL NISI BONUM.

WE are in receipt of an increased number of communications for this issue, most of which we must reserve for want of space. A student is not apt to express his views through a medium in which he has no interest; so, while the absence of communications does not necessarily indicate a lack of pride on the part of the students in their college organ, it may be stated, as a general principle, that the interest of the students in their college

paper is indicated by their contributions to its columns. It is true, also, though some may dispute it, that all wisdom is not absorbed by the editorial fraternity, nor can they be omnipresent. Hence it may come to pass that desirable improvements and reforms, which would not occur to the editors, may suggest themselves to others. Having at heart the improvement of our paper, the welfare of our fellow-students, and the advancement of our *Alma Mater*, we will welcome any communication, from whatever source, which will conduce to any of these ends, at the same time reserving the right to reject that which is not thus profitable.

There are few forms for expressing written thought more attractive than in the guise of a letter—a medium as highly developed among moderns as was the dialogue among the ancients. There is room among us for an Addison or a Steele, charming by graces of style and profiting by a masterly pointing out and correcting of abuses. Let the students make the VOLANTE their *Spectator*.

ON the completion of this term's work in Geology, the Seniors no longer meet with Prof. Bastin as instructor. It is with pleasure that we call to mind our long connection with the Professor. His earnestness in his work has been a constant incentive to more vigorous effort on our part. If the very intensity of his interest has brooked no interruption from extraneous circumstances, we esteem Prof. Bastin the more highly for that; if it has led him to the performance, both as an instructor and as an original investigator, of a vast deal of thorough, hard work, and caused him to expect the same of us also, it has been well for the class, while the example of our leader has not been without effect.

Thoroughness is another characteristic of Prof. Bastin, which is of lasting benefit to the classes in his department, benefit in scholarship, and still greater good in helping us to form habits of thoroughness in all our work. Whenever we became mired in a bottomless slough of "eighteen-inch words," or lost in a labyrinth of chemical or mathematical reasoning, the advice would come to go to the bottom of the subject and thoroughly master it.

To the lower classmen permit us to say—and we would like to underscore every word—that from our own experience, in view of the many excellent qualities of Prof. Bastin, the patience with which he explains troublesome points, the broad yet thorough and critical knowledge which he brings to his work, the apparatus and specimens which he has provided for its illustration, the care and interest with which he prepares experiments in the different studies, and the interest which he arouses in each—considering all this, together with the thoroughness and earnestness of which we have

spoken, you have excellent opportunities for satisfactory work, and if you do not accomplish it no one is responsible for it so much as yourselves.

News.

Extract from a letter from Champaign: "There is considerable dissatisfaction among the Sophs, Juniors and Seniors about a law passed by the Trustees and Faculty concerning secret societies, notwithstanding Prof. Peabody belongs to one of these himself. About a week ago he made an announcement in chapel similar to the following: *Resolved*, That as rioting and bad conduct in colleges generally originated in and was propelled by the secret societies, and also several other resolves, the Trustees and Faculty have decided that on and after the 5th of January, 1882, no student shall receive a class card to enter any of the University classes without pledging himself not to join any secret society during his stay in college, and that no one belonging to one of these societies shall receive a diploma. Those now belonging will receive an honorable dismissal from college and may enter again. The students are getting up a petition for the Faculty to condition these rules. If they do not succeed, I think some of them will leave. You left your University Catalogue here, and some of the boys are studying it very closely. They say the President of the Chicago University is a member of a fraternity represented here. I think there are two or three different chapters, with about eighty members.

[We will heartily welcome any of the Champaign boys who may see fit to come to our institution, but we think they are mistaken about the Doctor's belonging to any fraternity which is represented there.—EDS.]

ONE by one—no, two by two—our friends are leaving us. Once again are we called upon to chronicle the wedding of two whose presence once graced our college halls. On the afternoon of Thursday, Dec. 8, 1881, Miss Julia Hawley, of '80, was united in marriage to Mr. J. J. Coon, of '79. The ceremony was performed by Rev. R. R. Coon, Sr., and witnessed by the families and a few intimate friends of the bride and groom. Afterwards came a pleasant, informal reception at which were seen many faces familiar of old; and then, at half-past four, the happy couple left for a short visit to Belvidere, Ill. Gilman is their future home, where Mr. Coon edits the *Gilman Star*.

Many beautiful and acceptable gifts were received, expressive of good will and kindly thoughts on the part of the donors. The day was bright, and we thought "Happy is the bride the sun shines on," and hoped this old saw might not be susceptible to exceptions.

Locals.

Xmas.

No fire in the University Chapel.

A merry Christmas and a hap-hic-py New Year!

Where there is no Law there is no transgression.

The Doctor met his classes on the 19th. It is needless to say that the boys were glad to see him.

Prep. in miscellaneous debate: "Remember our forefathers, whose bones now fertilize the fields of Bunker Hill." (Rapturous applause.)

Scene.—Senior meditating on geology in room where the Seniors succeed the Juniors. "The reptiles have all gone out and a higher class of mammals is coming in."

The officers of the Freshmen class are: President, A. A. Griffith, Jr.; Vice-President, L. B. Sherman; Secretary, Miss Springer; Treasurer, Miss Faulkner; Orator, T. M. Hammond; Historian, E. R. Anderson.

A Blackstone & Kent young man.

A bow and an arrow young man.

A dollar and a quarter a year for bins in the University rear young man.

In bargains tight he is exceedingly quite.

This otherwise social young man.

Prof. Sanford's classes tender a vote of thanks to the one who stuffed the rag in that broken pane. It serves two purposes—it keeps out the gentle western zephyrs, and keeps in the fragrant coal gas which we all enjoy so much.

Prof. Bastin has not yet convinced the Freshmen that their shoulder blades are embryonic wings just ready to be differentiated. They say that they may be descended from monkeys, but they'll be hanged if they'll play monkey to anybody else.

The nerves of the seniors experienced a severe shock the other day when a policeman walked into the geology class. Each thought of the countless crimes committed, and repented; but as no one was wanted, they will live as they have been living.

The election of officers in the Athenæum for the ensuing term resulted in the choice of the following: President, A. B. Seaman; Vice-President, Miss E. M. Haigh; Critic, C. V. Thompson; Secretary, E. H. Doud; and Treasurer, J. C. Everett.

There is no accounting for taste and it is equally difficult to account for the smell of some students. Some enjoy extract of violet, some musk, while others seem to revel in a perfumery which may be called extracts of jus pedale. The peculiarity of this perfumery is that it is enjoyed by none but the owner of it. We ask those

owners to have mercy upon their fellow students, and would suggest as a remedy the repeated application of a concentrated solution of alkali and hydrogen monoxide.

A west wind blew the following card into our office window. It may be of interest to some of our readers:

ARION QUARTETTE.

C. M. FOSKETT,	C. W. NAYLOR,
First Tenor.	First Bass.
A. E. BARR,	W. H. ALSIP,
Second Tenor.	Second Bass.
Address: A. E. BARR, Law Institute, 67 Court-House.	

During the major part of last month a sad, primordial stove has been standing at the door of the Museum, evidently trying to get in. It knows that it ought to be placed on the shelf along with the other Silurian fossils, and it is truly painful to think that Prof. Bastin's enthusiasm for science is at such a low ebb that he has not ere this classified this strange herald from the Palaeozoic and laid him away in his proper resting place.

The New Year will soon be ushered in, bringing with its multitude of changes, its hopes, its disappointments, its mistakes, but, better than all, its improvements. In view of the latter we might suggest that our Prof. in mathematics, during the coming vacation, exert himself to secure a new list of adjectives. The old ones have served faithfully so long. New ones may be somewhat awkward at first but when the idea of Infinity goes surging through the soul the new adjectives will soon learn their places and promptly fall in line. The result will be a glow of ecstatic joyousness permeating all listeners.

In order that the labor may be lessened, an extract from a lecture recently delivered in this city is here given. The lecturer says: "The pure, imageless, shrineless, formless, spaceless, unpicturable, unadorable, utterly immaterial, perfectly spiritual, divinely prosaic, scientifically exact, infinitely infinite nothing." It is enough to make every student of mechanics weep for joy at the discovery of such a list of new adjectives which will assist in the better comprehension of *Infinity*.

Dr. Anderson not long since gave his experience, when in college, with that excellent beverage known as coffee. It was during his senior year that he was called upon to deliver an oration on education, to a country audience. He started upon his journey which was of such length that he was compelled to travel during the night, in the times when there were no sleeping cars. The Dr. thought as it would be a tiresome journey and he would be unable to sleep he had better take "something" to brace him up. He says he took a cup of strong coffee.

It must have been powerful. He was unused to coffee, the sequel will show. He boarded the train at the proper time and felt very well, very well indeed. He conversed freely on almost any subject was very voluble. In fact, he "talked with everybody." He got off at every station and asked questions in reference to the settlement of the place, the size, the commercial life, and we presume he was anxious to know about any restaurant handy where he could get a drink of coffee. He reached his destination and performed his task satisfactorily, however, but the doctor will not forget for years that cup of coffee. Coffee is only one of many beverages that is liable to increase sociability even with lamp posts.

MARKET REPORTS.

Prices have ruled firm during the past month. The absence of the President caused some falling off in the quotations of the marking system.

Bacon has had a rise. Talbut tried to bull the market after buying up an immense quantity. Complete failure. Bears victorious.

Mules and horses are selling low, but ponies for class riding are bringing fancy prices.

Elocution has been a drug in the market. Law and Malmsten succeeded in unloading an almost unlimited supply.

Chapel Orations are booming. They bring such prices that we have not been able to get one for five weeks. Rumor says Hawley is trying to get up a corner.

Kindling Wood speculations have been marked up in the most reckless manner. At the last cold snap the market opened five per cent. higher than was ever before known for old seats that could be used for kindling. In fact, prices were so outrageously high that the Janitor's boy could not get enough to start a fire in the chapel except by climbing a ladder, which he refused to do.

Coal Bins quoted firm. Twenty-five per cent. advance on the last quotations. Hall's sickness has not caused a panic in these stocks.

Preps. are dull. Market is full. Quality medium. Few fancy lots continue to bring fair bids. The Cook of the Boarding Club is President of the Clearing House for Preps.

University Primer.

This is a Professor. Why does he look so glad? Because it is a Freshmen class he is teaching, and they do not know his jokes by heart yet.

What is this man doing? He is swearing. Is it bad to swear? No, not when the man in the next

room begins to play the flute at three o'clock in the morning.

This is the gymnasium. Is there an inside to it? Well, there was last year, and Barber and Malmsten say there is one still.

What is the matter with this man? He is all doubled up, and looks as if he had the colic. My children, you are mistaken; he is not sick; he is speaking a piece; he is an elocutionist.

This man is sad. He is a Freshman. He did not pass examination. He left his crib at home.

This is Prof. Stuart. Do not be afraid. He will not hurt you. He was never known to eat anybody except a Freshman once in a while. Prof. Bastin would call him a carnivore.

Who is this? It is Brockaway. He is a Freshman. He is only three years old. He will not hurt you either. Barnum will get him soon.

This is the Janitor. When they ring the bell for him, he is always out. Whenever he speaks to you, give attention. It is seldom you will find one who is so unanimously never around.

This is the Boarding Club. It is a great institution. A great many boys gather here at noon. What for? Sometimes they get something to eat. Is it good? Russell says it is.

What a fight these men are having! See how they jump up and howl! Look at the one in the end of the room. They are all howling at him. He does not look excited. He has seen it before. Are the men mad? I should smile. It is a Students' Association.

Who is this? This is my son. Where is my son going? He is going to tell his father what the bad boys are doing.

What is this pretty red and yellow paper? Is it a circus poster? No, my children, it is not a circus poster; it is the programme of a literary society.

A CHRISTMAS STORY FOR THE PREPS.

Once upon a time there lived in the thick forest surrounding the fine city of the West a little Prep.¹ His father's manor² house stood in a quiet place, guarded by a high wall, to keep away book agents,³ and a deep

ditch was around it, across which peddlers could not swim. This little Prep did not love to go with the other boys of the neighborhood and chase the wild indian⁴ and hunt the Buffalo,⁵ but would sit all day by the window with Boise's story-book before him reading all the wonderful things to be found in it.

And now when this little Prep had reached his second year, his good ma⁶ called him to her and said:

"My son, I perceive you have reached the third stage in the formation of the categories,⁷ and it is now time that you should depart to a far off land to seek your education. It grieves me sore to think that you must expose your fair form, flaxen hair, and azure eyes to the ravages of the raging Freshies and fiery Sophs,⁸ and be sat down upon by the cruel giants they call Profs. But you must go; so farewell, my progeny, farewell." Then his pa⁹ took him in his arms and bore him far away, and laid him in his little crib¹⁰ at the feet of the fierce giant of the Prep school.

And now many strange and terrible things befell this little Prep; for the Prep school is a wonderful place. Before he got out of his crib the next morning a lot of fierce men, wearing a strange kind of breastpin, came and demanded a pledge. The little Prep grew pale and fainted away, then these fierce men put a pen in his hand and made it scratch a mark at the bottom of a long paper. Then they hugged him and kissed¹¹ him and called him their baby, and he was so happy. And then another man came and showed him his name printed in pretty red and green letters on a big piece of paper which had three big K's at the top of it, and before he had said his morning prayers a man, who had lost his hair, came and wanted fifty cents (50c.) for "de gymnasium." All these horrible things made him shake so that he could hardly say, "Now I lay me." And then, worst of all, when he came to put on his clothes he found that the other Preps had got out of their cribs and had carried away his bib and his pretty red frock, for Preps are bold, bad things, and love to torture each other. But soon these other Preps grew to love this little Prep, for in the evening, when they were lying in their little cribs, he would tell them all the wonderful stories which he had learned in Boise's new book, and sing to them some verses out of Pinafore. And so he lived happily until his Prof. told him it was time to go home and hang up his sock, and he was so glad when he got home; but, like most other

⁴ Animal Kingdom: Branch, Metazoa; Sub. Kingdom, Vertebrata; Class, Mammalia; Order Primates; Family, Hominidae.

⁵ A kind of cow.

⁶ The Freshmen call her mamma; the Sophs, old woman.

⁷ See Porter, page 426.

⁸ From the Greek, meaning lazy fools.

⁹ See note on ma.

¹⁰ This is sometimes a pony.

¹¹ Inquire of seniors.

¹ To the Freshmen. Contraction for Preparatory student.

² Juniors. See Webster unabridged.

³ Malmsten.

little Preps, he did not know what Christmas was, so we will tell what his ma said to him:

"What is that which the Prof. calls Christmas, ma?"

"It is a generalized notion or conception of, or in regard to, the 25th, or six days from the last of December."

"Yes, ma; but what is that thing which the freshies call Santa Claus, and which, they say, comes down the chimney at night?"

"That, my dearest, is a formation or product of the representative power, consisting of the various attributes of the *ego* disconnected and united by the imagination in novel relations."

"And, ma, shall I hang up my sock to be filled with sugar plums, like one of the Sophies does?"

"Ah, my dumpling, how can that which is purely psychical produce a material entity or being. They are not sugar plums; they are simply correlations of forces about force units.¹² You think they are sugar plums, and they produce the mental image of sugar plums; but as this mental image can in no way resemble the external object,¹³ of course they are not sugar plums."

And now, my dear little Preps, you will understand what Christmas and Santa Claus are; as did this little Prep. And we hope you will all go home and have your faces washed and hair combed, and be real nice and happy on Christmas Day.

THE END.

¹² Consult Talbut.

¹³ See Porter, page 217.

Communications.

To Editor of *The Volante*:

Feeling the necessity of a reading-room in this institution, I will, if there is no objection, take upon myself the labor of collecting the moneys and purchasing the supplies for said reading-room provided I can have the unanimous support of the students. The reading-room to be opened the first Monday of next term. To make this room of any value there will have to be at least fifty students willing to pay dues to the same account as has previously being charged.

As this position is entirely without compensation I with the utmost cheerfulness welcome anyone else that wishes to assume the responsibilities.

Very respectfully, JOHN C. EVERETT.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, Dec. 19, 1881.

Editors of *The Volante*:

In the good old days of the troubadours, it was the wise custom to hold annually the Court of Love.

Here, after brave knights had contended in the tour-

ney, and rival poets had sung their verses, came the more serious business of the Court. With fair and titled ladies for judges, intricate and important questions of love and chivalry were decided with more dignity and solemnity than the masculine judge at Washington exhibits to-day.

If such a court were now in session, methinks the majority of the young men of the University would be arraigned before it for lack of gallantry. I do not advance this grave charge without proofs to sustain it. Not to mention the complete failure of the aforesaid young men to take their fairer classmates to the various entertainments outside of the University, they are lamentably remiss in their duty in this direction regarding college gatherings.

Why is this thus? It is not because our misses have not bright eyes, and soft cheeks, and easy, maidenly grace; nor is it that these have ceased to charm. The explanation is less flattering to the above-mentioned young men.

The cause is two-fold. In the first place, we ascribe this remissness to timidity on the part of the young men. Bashfulness is nothing to be ashamed of, nor should the difficulty of overcoming this diffidence prevent them from thus cultivating their social nature any more than the difficulty of learning to ride on a bicycle should prevent them from thus developing their physical nature, or the trouble of mastering the Greek verb, from enriching their minds by the study of Greek.

The second reason that we would advance is that, when Friday evening comes, for instance, or Saturday evening, the young men prefer to sit at ease in their rooms, studying, perchance, or, with lofty feet, smoking, rather than accompanying some fair friend to Society Hall. If this second reason be valid, nothing can be alleged in extenuation of the offense, and the only hopeful nature of the case is that this difficulty can be banished by the mere exercise of will power.

Let our young men be more gallant, and they will think more of themselves. We will esteem them more highly, and our various gatherings, class meetings, and literary societies especially, will be better supported. If by thus publicly calling attention to this delicate matter, a reform, be it ever so small, shall be effected, we will not have written in vain.

Among other University matters to which we would fain call attention, is the study of Shakspeare. Prudence, however, warns us to reserve a discussion of this topic for a future missive. A more practical subject—for a girl can be practical—and one which demands immediate attention, is the question of *vaccination*. Last year our good President, who takes such a fatherly interest in the health of the students, took the matter in

hand, with very satisfactory results. The need of action is equally urgent this year, considering the prevalence of the disease and the number of new students who were not here to profit by last year's agitation of the subject. By all means, let us provide the "ounce of prevention." In fairness to those who have attended to the matter, let no neglect on the part of a few make us liable to an interruption of our college work. Let some provision in regard to vaccination be at once stringently enforced.

Earnestly,

MARTHA BILLINGS.

Personals.

'84. Milton H. Wolf is a successful Sophomore at "Old Yale."

'83. W. G. Purer will be glad to serve old friends at the Chicago Public Library.

'83. George Woodworth is with the Illinois Central Railroad at Waldon Station, this city.

'81. L. J. West was seen in town lately. It is supposed he is still following music.

'77. James Langland has gone to the national capital as Washington correspondent of the *Chicago Morning News* and *Chicago Daily News*.

'81. J. H. Fitch has opened a law office in Silver City, N. M.

'81. Harry Geohegan is in Silver City, N. M., with Fitch of the same class.

'82. C. M. Beebe is attending Chicago Homœopathic College.

'80. Walker is attending Rush Medical College.

'83. R. S. King, we are glad to say, has recovered from a long illness, and is teaching school at Shellsburg, Iowa. Will return here next spring.

Exchanges.

The *Knox Student* is upon our table. It is usually a spicy sheet but exceedingly monotonous in this issue. The editors seemed to be overcome with their success at Bloomington and to arouse them to enthusiastic demonstration of joy one needs but to say, "Wesleyan" to them. It operates as did the word "Marathon" upon the old Greeks. The oration that took the second prize is printed. It is a fair production but hardly what we would expect from the editorials, squibs, etc., that follow concerning it. You are excited Bro. Eds. You

will get over it no doubt and repent of many of your rash statements. The three gentlemen who were the judges in the oratorical contest do not suffer as much from the ungentlemanly insinuations cast upon them as do the editors in whose paper these calumnies appear. The judges were not fools, my dear friends, it is only a mistake which you have made by judging too hastily. You will no doubt apologize in the December issue. We have heard that the way to a man's heart was through his stomach. That is the only explanation that we have for the conduct of the sixty or seventy hungry students from Knox who attended the late oratorical contest at Bloomington. They were foolish enough to think that an oratorical contest meant that each college was to send one man to speak and sixty more to eat and cheer. They missed the only free meal of the year and who can blame them. None need say, "Why do the heathen rage and the people imagine vain things." You may have been illy treated at Bloomington friends, but it certainly is no credit to you to rail at every one and everybody. As far as the communication goes concerning the fact that Knox established the Oratorical Contest Associations, we would say that the Englishmen established the Derby races but they have not always captured the prize though. We say "Hurrah for Knox," however, and we know the editor will feel better by next issue. Do not do anything rash brethren. Remember the couplet, "Let dogs delight to bark and bite, etc." Excuse us Bros. for not speaking of other articles, but there were no others. Oh, yes, we overlooked a spicy little article about foot balls.

The *Dickensian* comes to us in neat form. We were pleased with the interest they manifest in their paper and in their editorial advocacy of all that is of interest to the college. They express our sentiments on the marking system when they say "The design of such a system as is in force at Dickenson is to boost up a professor who cannot hold the attention of his classes or enthruse them with a love for their work. The professor who relies on the terrors of a marking system to get good recitations from students surely does not know how to teach, and just as surely destroys the students independence of mind."

The *Niagara Index* has a good article on periodical literature of the day and its tendencies. Also one on introductions to essays, orations, etc., that are enjoyed. Their fun is decidedly stale. The exchange edition seems to have a great deal of trouble in establishing clearly to what sex he or she belongs. We have read the article which was written to convince the *University Press* that it (the exchange editors) was decided in its views as to which sex it belonged, but we are at sea yet

on the subject. The description applies to one sex as well as the other. Try again Brother or Sister. Nothing like perseverance.

Fun.

Dig sings:

Consider me, if you can,
A val-edic-to-ri-an;
A calculus optional,
Kind of abortional,
Regular dig young man.—*Yale News.*

We notice an item in one of our exchanges in reference to a very appropriate appellation for the elective method. It was called the "Restaurant plan of education."

The account of the Iowa girl who is said to have been hugged to death by her lover has caused "quite a sensation" among the ladies of Westfield, N. Y., who recently held a meeting to devise ways and means to prevent another case of death from hugging. They unanimously passed the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, It is reported that an Iowa girl died recently in her lover's arms, while being hugged, and

Whereas, Judging from experience, we believe such an event is utterly impossible, therefore

Resolved, That notwithstanding said report, we are still in favor of hugging. We prefer to run all risks of death rather than have the beautiful, lovely, delightful, perfectly elegant custom abolished.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the newspapers for publication.

The Round Table is credited for the following: Blessed are they that pony, for they shall not be flunked.

Professor in Physics: "Have you ever electrified a body by squeezing?" Student sits down speechless.

Sophomore sporting a cane and mustache.—First boy: "What is it Bob?" Second boy: Give it up; gimme a stick till I kill it."

At Mercey Hospital there is a man whose only words are "Next! Next!" The Doctors are in doubt whether he is an old college professor or a barber.—*Ex.*

We learn from an exchange of an error of the printers' foreman by which an article on "Catholic Advances in Africa" was mixed up with a receipt for tomato catsup. The article says that the Catholics are accustomed to begin their work by buying heathen children and educating them. The easiest and best way to prepare them is to wipe them with a clean towel; then place them in dripping pans and bake them till they are tender.

Flunk, Students, without care,
An angular zero for the gay flunkaire;
A zero also for the poor diggaire,
While the Prof. in agony sits in his chair.
And at Monday morning doth mentally swear;
And around the class doth wildly glare,
And sees "flunk" writ in the vacant stare,
That the class throws back at the professaire.—*Ex.*

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In connection with the world-wide demand for a series of short biographical sketches of English authors, there has appeared, especially among Americans, an equally strong demand for the series of "American Men of Letters," now in course of issuance by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston.

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While the work is enlivened by many humorous narratives, it also contains a proportionate amount of the numerous pathetic and romantic incidents with which Irving's life abounded, and unrivaled descriptions of scenery in routes of his extended travels. The first chapter of the book is given up to a concise history of the early development of American literature, in which the author gives us a sketch of Brown, the novelist, of whom Prescott wrote. The last two chapters, which are almost half of the book, deals with "Irving's Characteristic Works," and the "Character of his Literature." The plan and execution of this work is most admirable, and we only fear that, by comparison, the balance of the series will suffer. On the whole, we would like to see every student come into possession of not only this volume, but the series, for it will be impossible to gain an equal amount of knowledge concerning American literature anywhere else with so little expenditure of time and money.

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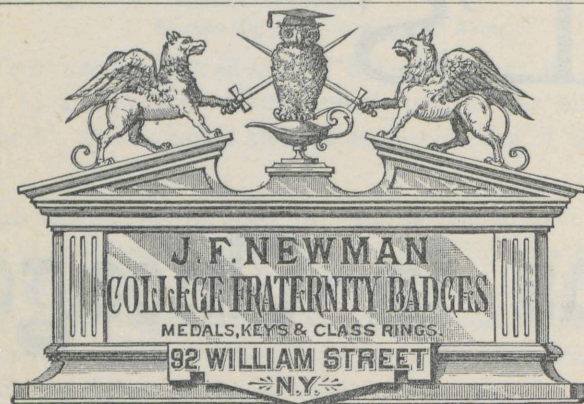
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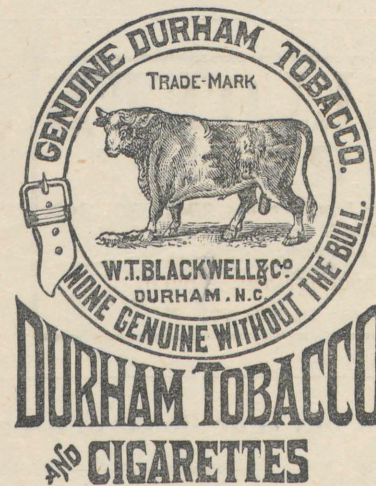
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