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BECAUSE,

"It is beyond comparison superior to any other parliamentary manual. It has a table covering two pages, which will aid a chairman to decide 200 questions of importance, without turning a leaf."—American Wesleyan, N. Y.

Cyrus Northrup, Prof. Rhetoric and English Literature, Yale College, writes:—"I have been very much pleased in examining 'Robert's Rules of Order' to find it so admirably fitted to meet the wants of the learned and unlearned in Parliamentary Practice alike. It is so clear, so concise, so full, that it must become the favorite companion of the rising debater as of the experienced legislator. I shall certainly call the attention of our students to its merits."

The Chronicle, of the University of Michigan, says:—"We believe 'Robert's Rules of Order' is now generally used among us as authority on all parliamentary matters. Elsewhere the work has been received with similar favor. That a new work on parliamentary law should so suddenly supersede Cushing and Jefferson can only be comprehended when one understands the excellencies found in Major Robert's book, which are wanting in the other manuals. We believe that this work is destined to give our nation a universal mode of procedure for all deliberative assemblies; the case with which it may be understood and used, its completeness, and also the fact that it is based upon the rules adopted in the House of Representatives, tend to make this a standard manual."

"Robert's Rules" will be furnished at special rates to College Societies for first introduction by

The Volante.

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Editors:
E. S. SHEER, '78.
R. J. CAREY, '79.
W. H. ADAMS, '79.

The Volante.

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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
year just ending. To some such a task will be pleasant,
insomuch as duties faithfully performed, work honestly
accomplished, always brings a pleasurable reward. To
others it will be disagreeable, since negligence and indi-

cence 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 grains for the needs
of active life. Some have strengthened the memory, invig-

orated the mind and sharpened the perspectiva faculties;

others, in 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,
are 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 fonder 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 rather to the

sonorous shout of the hopeful "Pep!" nor to the uncer-

tain step of the Senior contemplating life's uneven path.

If possible visit your relatives, call on your country

aunt 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. Cluney, of the Junior class. Judg-

ing 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 per-

fected, 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 "con-
dition" has been visited upon 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 them 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 for-

tunate in having a class of students who display a disposi-
tion for charity to all, malice to 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 mis-
take was unfortunate, as it might have occasioned consid-

erable 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, disdain- 
ing wrong, firmly adheres to right, whatever the conse- 
quences, 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 circumstantial 
case of a student preparing himself for life's combat, is pecu- 
liarily adapted to develop and test his merits. Often instead 
of presenting himself in College life which demand immedi- 
ate and decisive action. Then it is that the true mettle of 
the actor is displayed; then he is assayed by the voice of 
conscience within, and temptation, clothed in her many 
alurements, without. The risk may seem immaterial, de-
lay ensues, determination yields, and the first downward 
step is taken. The ubiquitous flatterer may still, for a 
time, the cognition of the usurpation of his faculties for 
in sinister purposes, freedom may be presented to him un-
falteringly and ethically cope, and thus, when formerly 
good was seen in its own simplicity, now cloaked in a "court 
of many colors," the neophyte believes himself to have 
begun the way of distinction and honor, leading ultimately 
to the arms of death. Delusive thought! Having yielded 
itself, the tyrant tightens his grasp on his victim, forces him 
to surrender ignominiously his individuality, and, as 
patter his clay, molds the abject suppliant at his will, and 
all this hidden in secrecy. If a break for liberty is made 
and obtained, ostracism and exile are the penalties, and, 
where previously smiles and favoritism exchanged the deho-
per and hatred attempts to oust and render 
meritorious him who longed once again to breathe the air of 
freedom, and obey, untrammelled and unshackled, the di-
tates of right. 

But if, on the other hand, temptations are firmly 
and steadfastly opposed; if, hypocrisy is duly recognized 
and rejected to content and accept; then has progress been 
more than once begun in height, 
will the beacon shine forth, guiding on to true manhood. 
Who are they, among us, who have won our respect? 
We do not ask the question with any lingering Philip. 
Certainly such as have not allowed their individuality to 
be warped by selfishness—who possess that trait of character 
which distinguishes a men 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 
its memory will be cherished in our minds to see whether 
work done was all that could have been done, and all 
impetus, both in College duties and those which devolve on 
us as Seniors, have been for good in building up our char-
acters for life. 

In logic, the work, we think, was well done, and 
the same with Guinet. It was unfortunate that a total change 
became necessary in the scheme of recitation, which 
A 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 on the square, 
remains 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 so important a po-

sition as minister of the gospel, simply for aiding to keep 
the blood of humanity from 

The Volante, 52 

THE VOLANTE. 

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 De-
partment students. If this be the proposed change, 
and most of the students who are interested in such affairs 
are familiar with the arguments, pro and con. The reason-
ing urged by the supporters of such a change has been 
emphatically convincing, so much so, that 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 Melceteran (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 such 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.

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

Students are prone to catch at ideas and hypotheses bor-
dering on atheism and finidility. It should be the aim of 
every wise men who have been or are struggling against 
progressing the very root of false liberalism, especially in those studies which are 
more apt to admit of differences of opinion, as, for 
instances, in the law. 

In the last edition of The Volante a communication 
given by "Dana" endeavored to criticize certain remarks, 
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 
not because the one occasion, this above given argument is 
only honor a man who, under a sound conviction of truth, opposes 
many of the 

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 lets 

The 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 suspicion.

Once more the question of remaining in the Inter-State 
Oratorical Association is before us. It has arisen sooner 
then usual this year from the fact that the Junior Exhibi-
tion is to be held a term and a half earlier than usual, 
and it is necessary that the matter be definitely settled 
before the Junior orate. We believe that orate should 
be decided upon without further delay, and that the best 
and most of the students who are interested in such affairs 
are familiar with the arguments, pro and con. The reason-
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are familiar with the arguments, pro and con. The reason-
gen
recalling a part of his remarks, full of pleasant memories to come, we will repeat the substance of his discourse as accurately as possible.

He said: Politics originally meant the science of government, but by the trickery and underhanded work of those who engaged in the work had lost its former pure sense, and had acquired a low, debased meaning. Politics was today synonymous with corruption. He regretted to say that the political history of the United States, from the time of the Revolution, was one of decline. 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 conflicts 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 might he know, 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 anke'n 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 are often indulged in would disgrace a war-police. 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 would even take the step of having 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 and the whole college is afraid of your collar." So parties in college pitied "solidly" against each other, make both sides out infamous. Vote for the man best fitted for the place. There is much manhood in a person cannot vote for a good man, even if he is on the opposite side.

As regards college paper and the duty and rights of the student, he was a paper. No matter how contrived, he would say that in this country "freedom of the press," which had been abused considerably, as newspapers are apt to make mistakes. The student selects the editor, and they must necessarily allow the editors some freedom and leave something to their discretion and wisdom. Editors were responsible for the paper. They were prudent; if they disproved 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 a possession which we own; 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 under false, and though the editors of a college paper should happen to make a single mistake, for the readers to credit it.

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 tempit 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 divide responsibility for opinions voiced in column.

Errors Volante: In the last issue of your worthy paper there appeared a communication from some moderately serious and anonymous individual, concerning the college system of certain funds which have 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 intimations 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 comment. No doubt there is an integrity in the thought. 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 should show the instigation 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. [Ed.]

The University Magazine protests against the lecture system in Colleges and its poor results. First reasons are on account of the different ability of students to take notes; some being troubled with deafness while others are stenographers. Students in both classes is no 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 contiguous reading. The lecture system has been used here in Geology and Chemistry and found very satisfactory.
The Volante.

LITERARY.

THE PROOF.

WILLIE ROCHE WOOD.

She held a goblet of wine in her hand; Small was the hand, and jewel, and fair; The green glass gleamed like a lion's eye, She offered it me, and with a smile beseeched me To drink to her health. So I drank it; You may call it my vice; it is enough— Your mother, so folded beneath the snow— That promise made in your childhood's day, In manhood's freedom is put away?

Should I take it? Is my brain green wild? Oh! had I been but a fiery brand, Or a two-edged sword, to be shaped by my hand, I could have made it; but only smiled As the pain shot through her; but this, this— Should I take it, and give all— The pleasantest and fairest bowl No loved, so dear; and those scarlet beads She held it warmer, and “Take it,” she said, “If truly you love me, nor strive, More than that mother beneath the stone; Give joy to the living; they rock near—the dead, Of pledges broken, or pledges kept, Sweet memories banished, or else swept away? Oh, think how slight a thing I dreamed As proof of your love, an it’s price for my hand?”

She smiled; she trembled; a tear-drop shone On her downly hair; and her quivering lip Seemed to repeat it, “Take, take and sip, Soften it with the long-drawn sigh!”

I mixed the golden; I drew it nigh, The liquid crimson sparkled bright; And in horror I flung it away.

“Two dare: none! The pledge, half broken, was kept!”

Worse knave, worse coward, worse man! Was sought by a trembling hand, for rest; That shock, and look, and tear! Could I say? Did I hear a whisper, “Mine own, mine own!” Then I mixed the pledge, and I’m still alone!”

Again I saw her, I could drink the wine; But none whose promise was rare as thine.

EXEMPLARY STUDIES.

It is all important that we should make a sharp distinction between the College and the Universities. In the former, what we call 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 accuracy. 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. It teaches the theories, 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; and there, 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. As so long as they are merely Colleges, they should discourage, so far as is practicable, exemplar studies. Any one who would attain the higher 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 secure headway by pursuing some study in the Preparatory Department, and, at the same time grappling with some of the uglier studies of the advanced College classes, is, to say the least, both extremely amusing and extremely odious. Such a bad, having put one foot on the lowest rung of the ladder, attempts the impossible thing of putting the other foot safely on the highest round, without any regard to the intermediate steps. Having mastered it, may be, vulgar fashions, he next attempts comic scenes; having obtained a smattering of Latin, he forthwith begins to study the problems of metaphysics and mathematics by Sir William Hamilton or Foster. To protect that such a course of study is, to put it mildly, unsound, is a waste of breath; such a youth has more wisdom in him 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 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 the means by which to base the theories advanced. A scholar learned in Greek lore, suspects that California is derived from the Greek Kala-phas-eein, which may mean both beautiful and magnificent 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, or rather a Spaniard, whose name is unknown. The great valley or Central California, is that part of the State included between the Sierra Nevada mountains on the east, the coast range on the west, the Cascade Mountains in the north, and the San Francisco Bay in the south, which run for 200 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, which bounds 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 pursuing their equally muddy waters into San Francisco Bay. Perhaps the pleasantly characteristic of this coast climate is its equability. There is that might be called a sort of correlation of forces, a balance in trade, between the sea-breezes and the heat in the valleys. Whenever the sun shines with an 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 new word to call the secret winter that alternates with the summer in California. It is a long, bright spring, made so by the mists 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, but 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, just as soon as the sun is up a little way, its heat is simply 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 mild and temperate circumstances, California or that part under cultivation being about one-fourth of the entire State, yields twenty millions of bushels of wheat. Of which Undecked lands there are all more or less informed, our next will contain a short description of the points of interest in that State.

HORATIO DORBS’ GHOST.

BY WAY OF A PERSON.

A preface serves many useful purposes. It is nearly always used, even 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 bloodcurdling, miscellaneous, and miscellaneous of the narrative, as so to avoid all unpleasant shocks and surprises. No one likes to meet a ghost unaware, and perhaps, not under any circumstance. Still it is always best to prepare for what is coming, and in this case a ghost might be correctly expected. It is not the intention here to discuss the existence, or non-existence of ghostly visitants. This is simply a plain and straightforward account of what happened to Horatio Dobs one night, about Merry Christmas time. The ghost will speak for itself. According to the best authorities on ghosts, they always do.

The halls of the University had ceased to re-echo the footsteps of the last belated student returning to his den. The orators in Athenaeum and Tri-Kappa, had long ceased to invoke the loud resounding thumpers on high Olympos and their deep, impressed auditors after safely withstanding the worryst storm, had sought relief in slumber. The lights which had shone so late upon the weary toll 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 Dobs. This individual, it may be remarked, was fast asleep in his easy chair, with his feet upon the table, a position which Dobs was eminently qualified to fill. Dobs slept profoundly, and snored more profoundly still. It had been noticed by the occupants of the adjoining rooms, that Dobs' snore had increased steadily in breadth and comprehensiveness of volume, from the time he was a Freshman until his Senior year, which appeared to indicate to the thoughtful, that morrow was delimited by education. But this has nothing to do with Dobs’ ghost. Dobs slept, and snored, and snored so profoundly that it was probably of the fast approaching Christmas Holidays, and as an uneasy movement now and then indicated, of the torn examinations, which preceded them. No, perhaps it drowsed that some stern professor was torturing him with a series of extraordinarily involved questions, to which he was making no reply, and for which he was probably the 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 his snoring. His mouth was expansive, and that personage himself to suddenly awake and open his eyes. He had scarcely done so, however, before he a very kick at the holy soul that New Year days, and never troubled himself to go to the door, but simply shout ed "come," to his visitors. From force of habit, he did so now while they were all unconscious, and went to the door, and as he heard it opened, he felt a cold blast from the icy portals penetrate his frame. "Don’t keep me waiting all night," groaned he, "it’s cold enough to freeze up the stove." His visitor shut the door, but did not reply to Dobs’ early remarks. This surprised Dobs, 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 ghost, and so moving his feet from the table, and turning around said,
THE VOLANTE.

"Look here,"—but what the stranger was to look for never transpired, for Dobbs suddenly became silent with amaze-ment. 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 smeared with mud and lines of thought, impressed Dobb with the idea that he had been and was still struck with it before.

"I beg your pardon," began Dobbs, politely, "but I think I have met you before." The old man in a hazy 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," I have seen me on a bust," gravely remarked the stranger.

"He must be insane," thought Dobb, "an old white-haired 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 impa-tiently, "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," exclaimed Dobbs, thoughtfully, "I am inclined to believe you. How is everything down there?"

"Lovely when I left."

"War, I suppose."

"War is not good for mankind. Please don't confound Hades with its modern substitute."

"Beg your pardon. Pretty cold weather to travel bare-footed 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 curri-culum, but if I should venture an opinion, I should say that virtue was what was called the good."

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

"No; see here Socrates, I do not like that style of argu-ment. It is too personal, and liable to create ill-feeling. I admire your philosophical method, with its three steps in self-knowledge, your escholium, 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 seats 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 enfeebling 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 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 coeducational 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 curiously, "Xanthippa."

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

"Just so."

Dobbs perceived that he had touched upon painful reminisci-ences, and therefore remained silent.

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

"Lovely when I left."

"Warm, I suppose."

"War is not good for mankind. Please don't confound Hades with its modern substitute."

"Beg your pardon. Pretty cold weather to travel bare-footed 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 curri-culum, but if I should venture an opinion, I should say that virtue was what was called the good."

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

Local.

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-first street.

That little "bonanza" from Evanston did not pay very well, we may add. 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-essor, after a particularly wretched attempt at guessing, "If they were not a little off."

One of our wide-awake "Freshmen" recently copied in "That little '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, and another three feet eleven. Fifty-two 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." What a decided lack of harmony, 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 that it took one of the Editors of this sheet several weeks to recover.

A "Soph" read an essay on the "Woman Who Talks," the only evening in Atheneum. Others on essays on the "sun 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 Janitors still "transpire" freely at the very sight of a Freshman or Prep. Some of them say they would not sell a half inter-est in a Fresh, for less than a pie and a quart of elder.

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 socials.

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 Ath-letic 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," and it will very little trouble on the part of any 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 screen to run it. The health-giving exercise of shooting at a mark twenty feet from your nose is practiced in by one Senior, ten Juniors and a few "Freshman." Our Doctor don't think there is anything of any benefit in this kind of shooting in the building, as the gun is of the homoeopathic sort known as the air-gun.
PERSONALS.

"77. L. G. Rice is at Rush Medical.
79. Evans too soonjar at the above mentioned sacred place.
77. W. W. Cole, Jr., is attending the Rush Medical College.
83. Miss Ellis Colegraves is visiting friends at Wilmington, 
Ohio.
76. H. B. Mitchell, is editing the American Miller, 
Chicago.
76. Rev. is at the Baptist Theological Seminary, Roch-
ester, N. Y.
Prof. Bobs, intends to take a trip South for the benefit 
of his health.
76. R. L. Oils, is at Morgan Park Theological Seminary 
for his health.
80. E. L. Bowen is engaged in the grain business at 
Galena, Ills. Success "Ed."
74. 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 fol-
lows in the footsteps of his father.
77. F. M. Smith is also at Morgan Park preparing 
to spread the gospel throughout the land.
Thams, formerly of '78, is attending the Baptist Theo-
ological Seminary, at Rochester, N. Y.
Towsend 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 Parker is doing a commission business on 
Cottage Lane, near Thirty-eighth street, Chicago.
80. L. W. Lussing is still at Rochester. Base ball in-
terests do not flourish quite to Lew's entire satisfaction.
81. F. G. Hanhett 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.
Perry, formerly of '78, has been called upon thus early 
in life to mourn the death of his wife. The VOLANTE sym-
pathizes with him in this, his great bereavement.
81. F. Barber tells us that he is having a pleasant and 
profitable winter at Paw Paw, Ills., where he has been 
teaching school since he left his class two years ago. With 
circumstances favoring he will enter college again next 
September.
A silhouette of Limburger cheese worn on the upper lip is a sure cure for a hoarded nose.

A cat’s eyes are said to be the largest at midnight. We never make 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 you.”

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, Quietly repudiated with fine satin lining.

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