I. COLLEGE OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

There are in this college two parallel courses: the classical course, in which both Latin and Greek are required, leading to the degree of B. A., and the scientific course, in which only one of the classical languages, viz., the Latin is required, modern languages and scientific or philosophical studies taking the place of Greek. The degree in this course is B. S.

II. ELECTIVE COURSES.

Those who do not wish to take either of the regular courses of study can select from these courses such studies as they are fitted to pursue, and receive their daily examinations with the classes of the Preparatory or Collegiate Department.

III. LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Young ladies have the option of either of the regular courses of study, which they pursue with the regular classes.

IV. PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

The aim is to give thorough preparation for the University, with general academical studies to other students. The College Professors do most of the teaching in this department. Having a broad and ripe experience in handling classes, their work is of the highest order.

V. UNION COLLEGE OF LAW.

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HEMAN H. SANFORD, M. A., Ph. D., Charles Morley Hall Professor of Rhetoric, English Literature and History.
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HON. HENRY BOOTH, Dean of the Law School, and Professor of the Law of Real Property.
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No. 12 Plain Street, Albany, N. Y.
What is the result of a course of higher education? Whereas does the man who has passed four years of his early life delving in college text-books, listening to clasp room lectures, differ from his former self and from those who have entered this inner world? Let not, O most critical and sorrowful reader, the sight of these worn-out questions, to the pros. and cons. of which you have doubtless been compelled numerously to listen, turn you from the pursuit 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 of 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 it 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 give oneself over these deep waves 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, 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 weighty questions of 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 insensible senseless noises repeated, a thousand times, or even into the more aspiring but unpalatable 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, and to these few in every college 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; to the pretentious, to the overbearing intellect of 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 the college authorities and the men who shrink 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 "trivialities" 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, it is 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 they 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 are two ways of looking at everything. Every subject, according to the manner in which it is approached, has a double nature. There is a rough and coarse bar, 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 perjury of man. The fairest exterior but serves as a bait for the sharpest pang." "Always he was looking for the worms, I, for the Gods," says Aurora Leigh; and some people do, indeed, appear 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 he has not virtues also, which we mistake for faults and impute to him. An advantage is there in always regarding the imperfections of others. Surely, in this sense, at least, we are not ourselves less happy. The character of others is never profitable, while the recognition and emulation of their virtues could not be otherwise than beneficial and emboldening. 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 condoning and magnifying that which 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 decision never to pass a judgment until we have given the subject sufficient time in which to thoroughly examine it. There is no one of which the real value can be known until it has been tried by the test of time. Wherefore it is that an experienced witness is always preferred to a person unacquainted with the business in hand. And it is no less true of the things of the spirit.

GLARINUS.
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 confounded 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 ungentlemanly, 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 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 would not we give, what agonies would we endure, to be able to recall every careless, thoughtless word?

The adage of the ancients—Speak no evil of the dead—by some it is taken at face value, and superstition, has perhaps an underlying element of truth that does not appear upon the surface. Why not unhesitatingly accept a criticism of the dead as of the living? Ah! because any censure 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 think that they will never return to listen to one’s pleasant words or reach out the hand of forgiveness. It would be well for each one of us could say, not of the dead alone, but De vivis, de omnisuis—so far as in us lies.—M. H. NAUMANN.

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 social 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. In consideration 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 tend to carry 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 Addition or a Steele, charming by grace of style and force of thought; by a masterly pointing out and correcting of abuses. Let the students make the VOLANTE their Speculator.

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 work has not been without its drawbacks, we do not think that the spirit of thorough, hard work, and his constant endeavor have the same of us also, it has been well for the class, while the example of the Professor’s earnestness without his leadership has not been without its drawbacks. 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 tired in a bottomless slough of “eight-inch words,” or lost in a labyrinth of chemical or mathematical reasoning, the glance would come to us, to the bottom of the subject and thoroughly master it.

To the lower classes 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 with which he brings to his work, the appreciation and interest in which he has prepared the different studies, and the interest which he arouses us in each—considering 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.

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. 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 resolvers, 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 honorary 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 leave your University years and some of the boys are studying it very closely. They say the President of the Chicago University is a member of a fraternity representative of the fraternity system.”

[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 here.—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 90, was united in matrimony to Mr. J. M. Coon, of 79. The ceremony was performed by Rev. R. K. Coon, Sr., and witnessed by the families and a few intimate friends of the bride and groom. Afterward 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 are 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 in the bride the sun shines on,’ and hoped this old saw might not be susceptible to exceptions.

Xmas.

No fire in the University Chapel.

A merry Christmas and a hap-hap-ye New Year!

Where there is no Law there is no transgression.

The Doctor met his classes on the 9th. 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.”

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

A Bloomer & Kent young man.

A law and an arrow young man.

A dollar and a quarter a year for blond in the University near young man.

Inarguable bite he is exceedingly quiet. This attitude social young man.

Prof. Sanford’s classes tender a vote of thanks to the one who stuffed the rag in that broken pene. It serves two purposes—it keeps out the gentle western zebras, 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 clat to account for the smell of students committed, and repeated; but as one was wanted, they will live as they have been living.

The election of officers in the Athenaeum 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. Dodd; and Treasurer, J. C. Everett.

There is no accounting for taste and it is equally difficult to account for the smell of students. Some enjoy extract of violet, some musk, while others seem to revel in a perfumery which may be called extracts of juniper. 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. Foskey, First Trom.  C. W. Naylor, First Bass.


Address: A. R. Barger, Law Institute, 67 Covert 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 Siliusian 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 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, shirless, formless, spaceless, unpicturable, unavoidable, 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 conceived fairly 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. Talbot tried to bull the market after buying up an immense quantity. Complete failure.

Bears victorious.

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

Election 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 close the market opened five per cent. higher than was ever before known for old seats which could be used for kindling. In fact, prices were so outrageously high that the Janitor's boy could not start a fire in the chapel except by climbing a ladder, which he refused to do.

Coal Bins quoted firm. Twenty-five cent. advance in the last quarter. 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 Cooke of the Boarding Club is President of the Clearing House for Preps.

**University Reimer.**

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, looks as if he had the colic. My friend, 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 bowl! Look at one in the end of the room. They are all bowling at him. He does not look excited. He has seen it before. Are the men mad? I should think. 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 manor 2 stood in a quiet place, guarded by a high wall, to keep away book agents, 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 neighbor-hood and chase the wild Indian, and hunt the Buffalo, 3 but would sit all day by the window with his 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 ma 4 called him to her and said:

"My son, I perceive you have reached the third stage in the formation of the categories, 5 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 raving Freshies and fiery Sophs, 6 and be set down upon by the cruel giants they call Prof. But you must go, so farewell, my progeny, farewell." Then his pa took him in his arms and bore him far away, and laid him in his little crib 'but 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 beards, came and demanded a pledge. The little Prep grew pale and fainted away, then these fierce men put a pen in his hand and forced him to sign a mark on a piece of paper. Then they hugged him and kissed him and called him their boy, 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 a book. 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 crib and had carried away his crib and his pretty red frock, for Preps are bad, 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 Boine's new book, and sing to them verses out of Finnicus. And so he lived happily ever after, until he was grown up. It was time to go home and hang up his sock, and he was so glad when he got home, but, like most other

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1 Alleged Kingfish - Bruin, Metam. 2 Alleged Preparatory student. 3 Indians. 4 Alleged Preparatory student. 5 Alleged Preparatory student. 6 Alleged Freshman.
little Preps, he did not know what Christmas was, so we will tell him what his ma said to him: "What is it that the Prof. calls Christmas, ma?"

"It is a generalization of our 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 freshmen call Santa Claus, and which, they say, comes down the chimney at night?"

"That, my dear, is a formation or product of the representative power, consisting of the various attributes of the god disseminated 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 psychological produce a material entity or being? They are not sugar plums; they are simply correlations of forces about force units. 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, 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.

Communications.

To Editor of The Volante:

Failing 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 been charged.

As this position is entirely without compensation I wish to inform all others who may wish to assume the responsibilities.

Very respectfully,

JOHN C. EVERTT.

University of Chicago, Dec. 15, 1881.

Editors of The Volante:

In the good old days of the troubadours, it was the wont of the courtly and the Class of Love. Here, after brave knights had contended in the tourney, and rival poets had sung their verses, came the more serious business of the Court. With fair and titl'd 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 more disposed to look on for lack of gallantry. I do not advance this grave charge without proofs to sustain it. Not to mention the complete failure of the afore-cited young men to take their fair classmate 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 there have been to charm. The explanation is less flattering to the above-mentioned young men.

The cause is twofold. 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 timidity 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 making 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, perusing, or, with lofty spirits, smoking, rather than accompanying some fair friend to Society Hall. If this assumes a rule, it cannot be false, no evidence can be adduced 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 your young men not be gallant, and they will think more of themselves. We will esteem them more highly, and our various gatherings, class meetings, and literary societies expect to 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 Shakespeare. Prudence, however, warns us to reserve a discussion of this topic for a future minute. 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.

Estrastically,

MARTHA BILLING.

Personal.

84. Milton H. Wolf is a successful Sophomore at "Old Yale."
85. W. G. Purser will be glad to serve old friends at the Chicago Public Library.
86. George Woodworth is with the Illinois Central Railroad at Weldon Station, this city.
87. L. J. West was seen in town lately. It is supposed he is still following music.
88. James Langland has gone to the national capital as Washington correspondent of the Chicago Morning News and Chicago Daily News.
89. J. H. Fitch has opened a law office in Silver City, N. M.
90. Harry Geohegan is in Silver City, N. M., with Fitch of the same class.
91. C. M. Beebe is attending Chicago Homopathic College.
92. Walker is attending Rush Medical College.
93. 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.

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 dem- onstrations. As one needs but to say, "Wesleyans" 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 editors, 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 judges in the oratorical contest do not suffer as much from the ungainliness 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 wits are hard at work on the next number of the News. They are doubtless, and we hope well.

THE VOLANTE.

The Dickensonian 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 is as in force at Dickenson is to boost up a professor who cannot hold the attention of his classes or engage them with a love for their work. The professor who relies on the teachers 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 biographies. Their fun is decidedly stale. The magazine exchange 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
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THE VOLUNTEER.

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

Finn.

Dig sings:

Consider me, if you can,
A mild-looking man;
Could tell a story, too,
With no great care.

We notice an item in one of our exchanges in refer-
ence to a very appropriate appellation for the elective
method. It was called the “Restaurant plan of edu-
cation.”

The account of the Iowa girl who is said to have been
hugged to death by her lover has caused “quite a sensa-
tion” among the ladies of Westfield, N. Y., who recent-
ly 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 payo, 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; I’m
bored.

At Mercy 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 print-
ers’ foreman by which an article on “Catholic Advances
in Africa” was mixed up with a receipt for tomato cat-
sup. The article says that the Catholics are acostomed
to begin their work by buying heathen children and ed-
scating 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 ten-
der.

Flink, Students, without care,
An angel born for the gay Rinkah;
A sort also for the poor figures,
While the Prof. in agony sits in his chair.
And at Monday morning does annually own,
And around the cloch desh valley gles,
And sets “Flink” in the vacant ears,
That the class comes back in the profane——Ex.

WARNER’S WASHINGTON IRVING.

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 Let-
ters,” now in course of issue by Messrs. Houghton,
Millin & Co., of Boston.

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Charles Dudley Warner, who is also the author of the
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easy and natural that, in reading the work, we forget the
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enabled to trace his growth from the man of society to
the man of letters, and from the man of indolence to the
man of labor. It would be strange, indeed, if, in the
history of so eminent a humorist, we were not given
many examples of his wit; hence we have Irving’s de-
scription of what is, at present, a very abundant com-
modity—the Washington City crowd, and from his de-
scription we should judge that the species has not ad-
avanced any since—and other equally amusing produc-
tions.

While the work is enlivened by many humorous nar-
ratives, 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 Bowren, the novelist,
whom Prescott wrote. The last two chapters, which
are almost half of the book, deals with “Irving’s Charac-
teristic Works,” and the “Character of his Literature.”
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and we only fear that, by comparison, the balance of
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