THE CAMPUS.

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ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE, MEADVILLE, PA., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THERE are yet remaining but five weeks of this term. It may seem rather premature and even cruel, but we beg to remind you that college invariably closes with examinations. And now, seeing that the cloud is raised, we proceed to ink it a little by expressing it as our humble opinion that you are in bad shape unless you began on the 17th of last September to prepare yourself for the coming tests. There is an indefinable something in the air which makes one feel that things have reached a point where a heroic effort in the home stretch will end in nothing short of a gigantic failure. It is sad to be plucked.

THE protest against co-education made by the students of the University of Pennsylvania was so far successful that the Board of Trustees has decided to establish an "annex" for the girls. This plan will give to the girls class-rooms and study-rooms of their own, although recitations will be made to the University professors. The Trustees depend upon the alumni and friends of the University to help them out in the compromise.
WITH a desire to be led by the most charitable judgments, we have adopted the theory that the class of '90—whose unlimited store of good nature, recognized ability and marked innocency throw her in a peculiar way open to impositions—in a fit of loyalty consented to draw her pen through that which after much deliberation she wrote less than one year ago. In the preface to the *Kaldron* of '90 occurs the following remarkable passage: "Should it transpire next year, there being no Junior class, or, in the event of its existence, being incapable of undertaking the publication of an Annual, that we should be called upon to perform again the sacred duties of that office, we should kindly but firmly decline." ? ? ? We smile, and smiling ask: What has transpired? First, there is a Junior class, and herewith goes the first condition above mentioned. But enough! O Logic, to what ends thou would lead us! Let the doughty Junior follow thee to whatsoever ends thy unbending course may lead, we refuse, and find it not in our hearts to lay any charge to '91 because she acknowledged the talent of '90, and entrusted to her the most important offices in the board of her, '91's, publication; but we do censure her in the face of the above quotation for having caused '90 to sin. We believe that '90 will give us another good *Kaldron*.

"BLESSINGS brighten as they take their flight," sorrowfully remarked a friend, the other evening. We silently awaited an explanation, speaking never a word, for his eyes wandered restlessly as though his mind was reverting with an effort to something dimmed with time. "Memories," he after awhile continued, "of receptions given in bygone years by the ladies of Hulings Hall are on the wing and outward bound. The cable of will, by means of which I have up until now bound them to myself, unless shortly strengthened by some material circumstance, will snap, and thus"—his voice grew husky and the sentence hung unfinished upon his lips. On last Monday evening the "material circumstance" in the order of college providences came to pass, when a reception was given by the ladies of Hulings Hall to Faculty and students. The parlors were beautifully decorated; elegant refreshments were served; music was happily interspersed; the *Zuccarelli Art Exhibition* was something new, and afforded a great deal of enjoyment to the exceptionally large number present. All in all, we place the evening at the head of the list of the enjoyable occasions of this term. * * *

AMERE glance at the pages of some of the volumes entitled *Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections* recently received at the library, convinced us that they are a most valuable addition. In these volumes will be found exhaustive studies in all the branches of Natural History. They form in themselves a library on scientific subjects. Chapters on Conchology and Ornithology are especially valuable, being well illustrated. We are pleased to note the further addition to the reading table of several dailies, also *The Critic, Public Opinion, The Nation*, and last but not least, *Puck* and *Judge*. * * *

SEVERAL papers received from Dr. Stilwell containing marked items of interesting college news show that the Doctor is still interested in college affairs. We still continue to hope that this interest may bring back into educational work one of the most successful, thorough and popular teachers it has been our privilege to know. * * *

IT MAY seem incredible, but it is true, that the *Campus* up to date has not received a single contribution in verse. Let some high-souled bard implore the Muse, take down his lyre, and sustain the enviable reputation won for us by many whose names are now—see Triennial Catalogue.
THE CAMPUS

THE EDITOR'S DRAG-NET.

"It is not to be expected that all should be fish which is caught in a drag-net."

While fishing, who has not seen an unusually fine specimen of the finny tribe rush up from the depths, flash for an instant in the sunlight, and then, with a movement remarkably rapid and graceful, disappear? And who at such a time has not rowed with muffled oar to the spot where his fishship vanished, and baited long and patiently for the fine fellow, who is seldom if ever there, but is taking a second air and sun bath under the excited and covetous gaze of another fisherman some half mile distant?

Thoughts act at times somewhat after the same manner. Rushing up from the depths of being one of these nimble mental creatures will flash for an instant before the eye of consciousness, and then, with never a discernable ripple, will fall back and is gone—who knows where?

Drifting about with no definite aim, one comes now and then into a whole school of these wild, elusive creatures of the brain—a full reverie they would make were they but safely landed upon paper—and so long as he hops they frisk and flash with surprising audacity. But suddenly one of exceptional grace flits into the center of this lively assemblage. The *Me* in one looks covetously out of the corner of his eye. Egad!—he doesn't dare think it—it's a beauty. It must be captured, it and its attending circle. But the yawn of consciousness awakening sends the whole of them pell-mell in all directions, and in an instant the last one has disappeared over the edges of conception. A moment ago the would-be capturer was all thought—now he is all eye. With pen in hand he drags about with the finest mental gossamer in his possession, only to bring up, if any thing at all, a few sluggish creatures, which, unable to escape, had buried themselves figuratively in the mud. With a feeling of disgust such are consigned to the depths again.

One is anxious to apprehend the outlying emotions of which every man has some knowledge—has seen, but always in the act of vanishing. The bringing of one of these home within the circle of common consideration is a praise-worthy act, and one which is not in the power of every man to perform. For it is extremely difficult to arrest one of those emotions, which come and go like shadows on the vague border land of consciousness, or one of those thoughts which lift themselves dimly on the frontier of the soul's advancing life; and, having arrested one of them, there remains the difficult task of suitably robing it. No language-garb is to be found except such as hang grotesquely upon it. One feels that he has committed an outrage in bringing in this poor, wild, beautiful creature of his brain, and sending it out into the world dressed in worn-out phrases and threadbare formulæ. One would much prefer to introduce his heir in full dress to the world, with every word, phrase and clause cut to reveal the fine proportions of his latest born.

But the study of word-garments can not now be taken up. There are patterns as numerous as for the clothes upon your back. You will come upon many an honest thought habited in a beggarly manner, and you will also often be confronted with the rag-tag and rabble of mental creation vested in the latest styles. Many a living thought is wearing the shroud in which some idea was long ago buried, and the mould-covered skeleton goes undetected in a new livery. A giant goes unpretentiously forward, whilst a diminutive, contemptible and ill-shaped brain product is ushered in with a prolonged and deafening flourish. As in actual dress the cheapest shoddy is slashed into the latest patterns, so that the proud poor brain forces the humble rich into a simple inimitable garb.

The United States has four large colleges devoted exclusively to the education of women. They are the Wellesley, with 625 students, Vassar, with 285, Smith, with 400, and Bryn Mawr, with 82.
In the London Magazine for August, 1820, appeared an article entitled Recollections of the South Sea House, and bearing the signature Elia. This signature, as the author afterwards tells us, was the name of an Italian clerk, who had been employed in that institution thirty years before. This was followed by a series of essays, one appearing each month, continuing for nearly two years, and known as the Essays of Elia, written by that most charming of English essayists, Charles Lamb.

He who has not read his delightful dissertation on Roast Pig, laughed over his expose of Popular Fallacies, or been enamored of the faith of Fox by reading his Quaker's Meeting, has a rich treat in store.

The man Charles Lamb had a sorrowful history. The son of a poor London clerk, through the influence of a friend of his father's, he received a presentation to Christ's Hospital school. Here he spent seven years, which was all the education he ever had, as at the age of 15 he was compelled to leave school—where he had won high rank—on account of poverty. He then obtained a post in the South Sea House, but was soon promoted to a clerkship in the office of the East India Company in London and remained with them the rest of his working life. Now we come to the sad part of his history. There was a trait of insanity running through his family, and at the age of twenty he became temporarily insane and spent some time in a private asylum.

This had the effect of breaking off his engagement to a fair-haired girl of Hertfordshire, Alice W——n, as he calls her, and this event, which he frequently alludes to, saddened his whole life. The next year saw a terrible tragedy in Lamb's peaceful home; his sister Mary became insane, seized a knife and stabbed her mother, inflicting a fatal wound, and before Charles could reach her, she struck and wounded her aged and almost imbecile father. With wonderful fortitude Charles Lamb bore up under this heavy stroke. His sister recovered her reason in a short time, and his father dying soon after, they two were left alone, and Charles Lamb, with a devotion and self-sacrif—
fice rarely seen in literary men, gave his whole life to taking care of his unhappy sister, whose fits of insanity were liable to occur at any time. Happily for himself his own weakness never returned, and for thirty-five years the brother and sister lived together, for the most part in seclusion, until his death in 1834.

As will be seen from this account, his whole life was spent in London streets, with the exception of a short trip to Paris and the periodical excursions which he loved to make into Hertfordshire, one of which he describes in the essay Mackery End in Hertfordshire. He was emphatically a lover of the city; its sights, its sounds, even its smoke, all were dear to him. Wordsworth called him the “scorner of the fields,” and Lamb himself says, speaking of a change of residence, “I shall be . . . in the midst of enchanting, more than Mohammedan, paradise, London, whose dirtiest drab-frequented alley and lowest-bowing tradesman I would not exchange for Skiddaw and Hevellyn,” and saying he knew an alchemy that turned even the mud of London streets into pure gold, a mind that loved to be at home in crowds.

Charles Lamb was not one of those writers whose works make an imposing display on the shelves of a library; all that he wrote may be contained in a single volume, but in this we have the very quintessence of his genius; not spread out and weakened to fill many books, but all his wit, all his learning, all his keen criticism condensed into the modest limits of a single octavo; O that modern writers would take a lesson from Charles Lamb! His fame rests mainly upon his essays, but besides these he wrote, in conjunction with his sister, the Tales from Shakespeare; a series of articles on twenty of the Shakesperian plays, giving an account of the plot of the play, telling it in the form of a story. This was originally written for children, but as the publisher stated in the preface to the second edition, it rapidly grew into favor with men of high intellectual attainments, for in these tales Lamb first showed that fine critical instinct, keen analysis of character and motive, and thorough appreciation of the author’s merits that won for him the distinction of being our first true literary critic. He also published Specimens from the Early English Dramatists, being selections from about thirty of the dramatists of the reign of Elizabeth. He did more than anyone else to secure to Shakespeare’s contemporaries a share of the fame which had previously been accorded to Shakespeare alone. As he stated in the preface, more than a third part of the extracts were from plays which were then only to be found in the British Museum and scarce private libraries, while now, thanks to his labors, the plays of Webster, Ford, Dekker, Massinger, Marlowe and others can be obtained from any bookstore. These extracts varied from a dozen lines to several pages in length, and were accompanied by brief critical notices from the pen of Lamb himself. He was a pioneer in the field of Elizabethan dramatic literature, and did more than anyone else in awakening an interest in study.

One of Lamb’s greatest charms is his quiet humor; a humor unlike that of Mark Twain or Artemus Ward type, not consisting of ridiculous exaggeration nor of absurd falsehoods, but a sort of unobtrusive wit which is the more pleasing for being half concealed. It is difficult to give you an idea of his humor; to fully appreciate it you must read a complete essay, get fairly into the charm of his style, and then come upon something like this. In speaking of his aunt’s attending church, he says “she came not for doctrinal points, and never missed them.” Describing his sister, but under an assumed name, a favorite trick of his, he says, “we are generally in harmony, with occasional bickerings—as it should be among near relations.”

His style is peculiar; he has a fondness for quaint words and those taken from the Latin, arride, agnize. He puts his sentences together in a sort of hap-hazard way, putting in a clause here and there parenthetically, and very frequently using the dash, as some new idea occurs to him. His essays also are written in the same rambling fashion; he does not stick to his text, and you are glad he does not.
He had a great liking for the ancient authors, Burton and Sir Thomas Browne he quotes from frequently, and his writings show the effect of reading those authors. Lamb is not a great author, but he does what some great authors fail to do, interests his readers. He is not a voluminous writer, but what he has written is written well. He is not a famous writer, but he is one whom the world will not willingly let die.

Life's True Hero.

Life means action. Upon all the creations of this world is stamped the impress of present or past action. The stars above us, the earth beneath us, and the motes about us, all are ruled in some way by the unchanging law of action.

Throughout nature there is infinite variety; from mote to sun, from hyssop to lofty cedar, from insect to behemoth. Each acts along the line of the operation of the divine law stamped upon it. Each kingdom has its lordly member which stands supreme among its fellows.

Alpine peaks with lofty brows and frosted domes, sublime heroes in kingdom-mineral; majestic trees of California, monarchs of the kingdom, vegetable; African lion, untamed and feared, the king of beasts. Thus in the scale of development the heroic principle of all lies in the physical strength of each. But when we ascend to the realm where man is king, no longer do we find physical force alone the dominant principle. He alone it is who possesses those qualities which make him the companion of God. Endowed with physical, mental, and spiritual capacities, is it any wonder that to him alone we look for the climax of all things heroic?

"Tis not all of life to live," seems ever to be the watchword of their existence. Can we afford to waste our time in pampering this body? Ease and pleasure! Do they constitute the chief aim of this earthly pilgrimage? No! There is something with which man is endowed far nobler than the physical. It is the intellectual, the spiritual. Does not this golden age of advanced thought, this nineteenth century, evidence this fact. The press, the steam-engine, the telegraph, the telephone, have not they done more to develop the mind and give an impetus to progress, than all the captives at Roman's chariot wheels?

With the dawn of the nineteenth century, came also the light of a brighter sun, the rays of a nobler existence. Mere physical force is rapidly giving way and as rapidly is the ideal of living, for principle, justice and right, taken up by the minds of men. True, there have been many who have accomplished much for the advancement of humanity in the years agone; but, they have been a few bright stars in a firmament of sunless superstition.

All ages have had their true heroes, standing like lofty and lonely peaks above the plain; so
highly exalted, that we cannot look back through the vistas of the past without beholding and admiring them; but the masses could not appreciate the mighty principles, which, like volcanic force, have lifted them into such prominence; but a better day is dawning; the masses are learning what constitutes the true hero.

They are beginning to forget the hero of the arena, in beholding the hero whose brain is mightier than his brawn, and whose heart is kind and true. So often has the world discovered that the heretics of one age may be the martyrs of the next, and that the despised of one day may be the honored and monumented of the morrow, that it is beginning to listen to the words of the sages and truest heroes. Luther and Cranmer, Galileo and Wesley, have taught us that the truest heroes while living may be hated and maligned. Slowly the race is learning the lesson that true greatness is tested, not by the shouting plaudits of the rabble but by kind words and noble deeds.

But what is the active principle of such a man's being? What is it that actuates the true hero's life? Filled with the conviction that he is not only his own keeper, but to a very great extent that of his brother, his first and only motive is benefit to self and the good of his fellows. As he meditates upon life with its pleasures and pains, its trials and temptations, he asks. What means all this? Why do I eat? Why do I drink? Is it to supply the demands of nature? Is it that I may be strengthened to carry out my higher purpose in life? Do not the ills of life teach me that there is something beyond? That justice and right which here tremble in the balance must somewhere, somehow, some day, be satisfied?

After thus scanning himself and answering these searching questions aright, he casts his eyes from self to those about him, and it is here that life's true hero asserts himself. It is here the real, visible effectiveness of his life is manifest.

Hence all reformers. Hence all true, large hearted men, who, in their day and generation are despised and reviled by the mass of men; although every principle, every reform movement, has its own peculiar following, yet that following is so small, compared with the mighty horde opposed, that he who champions it, seems, like brave Horatius at the bridge, standing alone and facing a world of ignorance, vice, stubbornness, and intolerance. His life can be no holiday. His world can be no Eden of beauty, wherein the bright plumed birds of pleasure, the babbling fountains of ease, entice; but resolute, grasping the staff of true living, he mounts, step by step, the rugged path before him. The few rays that light his weary way may ever and anon be cut off by a turn in the road; the frowning precipices of adverse opinion may cast their weird unholy shadows before him; but, ever sustained, ever encouraged, he presses on, knowing that truth is mighty and shall prevail.

Never so fully as to-day was the public conscience so nearly right, and the old Latin watchword, *Vox Populi, Vox Dei*, so near the truth.

The great common heart of humanity is growing to beat harmoniously with the great heart of God. Laurels are now placed on the hero's brow when once they decked the tomb. Kind words are now uttered for the living which once were only spoken of the dead. The public conscience is being aroused to a higher appreciation of worth, and a deeper hatred of sham, cruelty and heartless ambition. Brave officers of law may die amidst bursting bombs of Hay Market Squares and Haddocks may give their blood in defence of homes and wives, and worse than orphaned children.

And yet, dreary as this picture of life's struggle is, who will say that any other is worth the living? Who will thoughtfully affirm that the career of the conquering, desolating warrior, whose blade tears down rather than build up; that the devotee of pleasure; the miser by his god of gold; or the licentious monarch on his throne, is worthy a place beside life's true hero? But who will not rather say, better an honest, earnest opposition against error, though unsuccessful, than living carelessly, listlessly, in an atmosphere, which left undisturbed would
choke and destroy the very image of man? Who would not rather be a Gladstone though powerless now? Who would not rather be a Sumner, a Lincoln, than a Caesar, a Napoleon? Who would not rather be one unknown, unthought of by men, if he has lived aright, than one of the mightiest of so-called heroes?

But what shall the harvest be? What shall be the outcome of the endeavors put forth by life's true heroes for the emelioration of society? How shall this warfare, which the conservative and life's true heroes, have been carrying on through the past ages result?

The glad day is coming, for which good men have prayed, of which poets have sung, and for which the pure have ever longed, when wrong will swing from scaffold and right sit on the throne, and when

"Error shall decay and truth grow strong,
And right shall rule supreme o'er vanquished wrong."  
W. W. Yovnicz

The College World.

Exchanges.

We are pleased to see the Chaddock on our table. Its departments are well filled, but its personal appearance could be improved by a neat cover.—Although we are aware that it is not the clothes that make the man.

"A special publication, identified with the general interests of all higher seats of learning, aiming to present an accurate and impartial reflection of all events and questions of the college world." Such claims does the University set forth, and such claims does it live up to. The October number contains full-page cuts of the Hon. Seth Low, President-elect of Columbia, designs of a college inn, and a President's house. Articles on "The Religious Element in American Colleges," by Samuel Marsh, and "Athletics at the University of Pennsylvania," by A. H. P. Leuf, besides general college news and notes. We would like to see an extended circulation of the University among the Campus readers.

The Current continues to prosper, if judged by its improved appearance. The November number contains an essay by an "Alumnus," Prof. W. S. Eversole, on "The Scholar in the World." We are impressed by his loyalty and affection for his "Alma Mater." He says: "* * * Earth has two spots that are not less precious to me than was the field of Marathon to the Greeks: the one is the few acres on which my boyhood's days were spent, loved no less than Horace loved his "Sabine farm;" the other is the campus and halls of the Ohio University, the model from which my mind proceeds to form its ideal of the Greek Academe. Whatever good things have come to me in life, I owe to the training received at this ancient and honored seat of learning—a debt to be acknowledged with pride, though it can never be paid. For the contests of life we marshal our thoughts as a general his battalions, but our cherished sentiments are angelic visitants that sit beside us in our privacy. The head, with all its wit, is over-matched by the heart with its cherished affections."

We always welcome the weekly visits of the Notre Dame Scholastic, for we are never disappointed in finding something solid. The last number contains quite a novelty, i.e., the opinions of the class of criticism—written in class-room in half an hour—on "Whether Dickens was a Greater Master of Pathos than Thackeray." We give one criticism as an example:

There is always a feeling of sadness comes over one at the recital of a death-bed scene. It recalls to the memory the picture of some death-bed one has attended, and its never-to-be-forgotten incidents. Dickens and Thackeray give us two excellent descriptions of such scenes: the former in the death of little Nell, the latter in the last moments of Col. Newcomb.

Dickens has for the main figure in his scene a little girl whom he represents as very beautiful and good. But he does not dwell long upon the girl. He brings to our notice a canary, the especial pet of the little girl, which hops about in its cage in the same room. Also on the coffin ate some holly leaves, the presence of which is explained by adding that little Nell asked that something be placed on her coffin which grew in
the open air. This seems to be a strange request from one so young as little Nell, but, doubtless, to some readers this and the canary add pathos to the description.

In Thackeray we have a subject that is not always written about and talked of. The death of an old man is to my mind a grander and much more pathetic subject than that of a young girl. Especially so is this the case with Col. Newcomb. When we read of his death we think of his past life, and how much happier he might be if he was in his own house and surrounded by his friends. His wanderings of mind and childish talk to little Claude about batting the cricket ball and taking part in the youthful games excite our pity for him. Thackeray has a grand climax at the end, where the Colonel, on hearing the bell in his feebleness of mind, imagines himself a schoolboy again. He raises himself on his bed, cries out adsum, and falls back lifeless. Thackeray introduces no accessories, such as the bird and the holly leaves, but depends upon the situation for pathos, and makes a much more moving scene than if our mind were diverted constantly from the subject to take note of objects about the room.

We have nothing but commendation for the Oberlin Review. Although it is a weekly, it reaches a higher standard than many a college monthly. Among its editorials it touches a subject which in some cases seems pertinent to Allegheny. It says: It certainly seems to us that Oberlin students have too little time for collateral reading in connection with their regular studies. In almost every department to which we are introduced there is a vast range of material that might very profitably occupy the student several hours per day. But for the most part this material rests undisturbed on the library shelves because the student is too hard pressed with text-book work to thumb the ponderous volumes on which a final examination does not await him. The instructors in nearly every department crowd the student to the utmost possible limit without reference either to the work required in other departments by other instructors, or to any outside work that the student may need or wish to do. This may be a very good way to drum up drones and to get work out of the student generally, but it is certainly not the best method to develop that personality of character, originality of investigation, and independence of thought which we think it should be the aim of the college to secure.

The higher institutions of learning in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, as also Italy, have become coeducational. Columbia has established an annex for women, called Barnard College, which gives instruction and a degree equal to Columbia. The Faculty of Pennsylvania has recommended to the Trustees that the University be coeducational. What better proof than all this do we want that civilization is advancing? Let the good work go on.

The Holcad, of Westminster College, always has its pages well filled, yet we wonder if its readers ever take the time to pour through the "litery matter." It certainly gives the writer a chance to have his essay appear in print, but it makes the journal a "litery society on paper." The one extreme of too much "literary" is as bad as too little.

The Monmouth Collegian and the College Courier have combined, and are now published under the name of the Annex. The change is a good one. The last issue is spicy and interesting, and does credit to the editors. They are feeling quite jubilant over Monmouth's victory in the recent Illinois Inter-State oratorial contest, and well they may.

During the past year Lake Forest University leads the list of colleges as having received the largest endowment, $500,000. Syracuse follows next with $365,000, then Yale with $275,000, Cornell $265,000, Vassar $222,000, Pennsylvania $225,000.

The Stanford University of California has ordered from Clark & Sons, Cambridge, Mass., a lens for their new telescope, which is to be forty inches in diameter.
Hood has left college until the spring term.

J. E. Hood spent Sunday at home two weeks ago.

W. L. O'hafeee, ex-'91, visited college friends recently.

James Campbell spent Sunday at his home in Kane, Pa.

McClure was home in Sharon, Sunday, November 3d.

Query—Was it a surveying party or a fishing excursion?

Ask Espy to take off his hat, then consider the coming man.

A remark of a senior: "Draw a horizontal line straight up."

Ask Griffin how many halves there are in two gallons of cider.

Miss Maud Johnson spent Sunday at her home in West Middlesex, Pa.

What student was it who asked about Bulwer Lytton's "Looking Backward?"

Chapel joke: "Unless you are a bird you can't be in two places at the same time."

Will Johnson and Charlie Newkirk went home Saturday to spend Sunday with——.

"Where, oh where, is my little jug gone," is the prevailing query at the Thomson House.

J. D. Deets, ex-'90, now in the senior class at Wooster, visited college friends last week.

Simons, they say, is "making hay," though 'tis scarcely the season; but he has good reasons.

Miss Dunn, the State Secretary of the Y. W. C. A., spent a few days with the association at this place last week.

Philo Literary Society adjourned Friday evening, Nov. 1st, to allow its members to attend Dr. McGlynn's lecture.

The social hop at Literally Hall last Friday night was participated in by a large number of students. They report having had a delightful time.

Dr. McGlynn's lecture, Friday night, was well attended by students. He spoke two hours and thirty-five minutes to an appreciative audience.

If the ladies of Hulings Hall make their coming receptions as thoroughly enjoyable as was the one on last Monday evening, we will want many more.

Prof. J. H. Miller was in town not long since. He has been appointed to a church in Allegheny City, one of the best charges in the Pittsburg conference.

Miss Foster goes Thursday to Berwick, Pa., to attend the state convention of the Y. W. C. A., of Pennsylvania. She is the delegate from the association here.

It is stated on authority that we are to have but one day vacation Thanksgiving week. This is very little advantage to those who would like to spend Thanksgiving at home.

The business board of 90's Kaldron, having a large number of copies on hand, are disposing of them at fifty cents each. Quite a number were sold in chapel recently. Every student, new and old, should have one.

The election of the inter-society contestants of Philo-Franklin Society was held October 25th. The result was as follows: Debater, R. W. Elliott; Orator, M. J. Echols; Essayist, F. L. Bullock; Declaimer, E. E. Miller.

The young ladies of Hulings Hall observed Hallow e'en with becoming festivities. Rumor gives us but a faint idea of the occasion, but it is safe to say that it was a most enjoyable one, under the efficient management of Miss Foster.
Ed. Miller displayed the badge of the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity, on Friday evening, October 25th.

At a meeting of the Junior class on Tuesday last, Mr. C. C. Freeman was elected to the vacant place on the Kaldron.

Messrs. Will Siling, J. S. Gibson and E. L. Mattern represented Pi chapter at the National convention of Phi Gamma Delta, which was held at Lewisburg, Pa., last week. About thirty-five chapters were represented.

In keeping with old-time college spirit, Allegheny boys decided to observe Hallow e'en in an appropriate manner. Having secured a section of the Academy of Music, about forty students attended "Little Lord Fauntleroy." The seats were tastefully decorated with the college colors, cadet blue and old gold, and the party wore Little Lord Fauntleroy sashes. Something novel in the line of refreshments was served between the acts. The ushers brought in large trays of doughnuts which disappeared rapidly before the jolly students. The college yell was given several times without the usual accompanying $3.97.

**Battalion Promotions.**

HEADQUARTERS A. C. C. C.
MEADVILLE, PA., Oct. 31, 1889.

*General Orders No. 9.*

By direction of the Faculty of the college, the following is published for the benefit of all concerned:

I. Hereafter Cadet Captains will be appointed only from the Senior and Junior classes.

II. The following appointments are made in the corps of Cadets. The percentage made is given after each name: To be First Lieutenant, Eagleson, H. A., 86.7; to be Second Lieutenants, Ross 85, Carr, 76.8; to be Sergeant Major, Baldwin, 82.1; to be Sergeant, Slavin, 78.1; to be Corporals, Luce, Ehrenfeld, Couse, Gibson, Brown, Simons, Fox, Seamans, Peffer, Chesbro, Pickett and Bates, A. J.

By order of **MAJOR KREPS.**

H. M. BARRETT, 1st Lieut. A. C. C. C.,
Acting Adjutant.


There are but two chapter houses of ladies fraternities in the United States—one of Alpha Phi, at Syracuse, and one of Kappa Alpha Theta, at the University of Vermont.

Miss May Warner, '91, became a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma on Thursday evening, October 31st. Miss Maggie Donley was initiated into full membership the same evening.

Mr. Benton Long, ex-'86, of Brookville, Pa., visited his Phi Delta Theta brothers in college a few days last week. On Thursday morning, Oct. 31st, a modest banquet was served in his honor.

Miss Ellen Chesbro returned Tuesday night from Bloomington, Ind., where she was attending the national convention of Kappa Alpha Theta. Kappa Alpha Theta was founded in 1870, at DePauw University, and is the oldest ladies' fraternity in existence. It has seventeen chapters.

Greek letter fraternities are among the chief and most interesting features of American college life. The benefits they confer and the associations they inspire are cordially appreciated by their active membership, and are among the most cherished memories of their graduate membership. The issue concerning their propriety and usefulness, which was long an open one and engaged the attention of both students and instructors, seems to be definitely closed in their favor. They are generally esteemed as stimulating intellectual progress, as cultivating the social feelings and graces, and as conforming to the best moral standing. Their influence for good is recognized, and their secret rites and ceremonies, their grips and pass-words, are known to be of the most innocent character. Most of them already have illustrious histories, some being more than fifty years old, and all having attached and distinguished membership.—Ex.
I. W. Noyes, of Chicago, the maker of Dictionary Holders, sends, upon receipt of a two-cent stamp to pay postage, a series of very pretty blotters of most excellent quality. One has a cut of a little drum-major Cupid at the head of two long columns of Dictionary Holders, and this is his speech: “I am a quiet little ‘drummer’ for the Noyes Holder. It is my mission to call attention to the fact that these are the only Holders that have strong springs to hug the book firmly together, thus keeping the dust out of the upturned edges. The possession of Noyes’ Dictionary Holder has made about 125,000 families happy and accurate in the use of words. Buy a Noyes Dictionary Holder from your bookseller, and see how much more frequently you will refer to the dictionary.”

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