

The Campus.

WE AIM NOT TO MOULD PUBLIC OPINION BUT TO SCRAPE THE MOULD OFF OF IT.

Vol. XIII., No. 6.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE, MEADVILLE, PA., JANUARY 27, 1897.

NEW SERIES.

The Campus.

ISSUED SEMI-MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS.

One Year, \$1.50. In Advance \$1.25. Single Copies, 10 Cents.

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

In the midst of cabinet conjectures, tariff hearings, senatorial caucuses, war news and prize fight rumors with which the daily press has been littered for weeks past, appeared last week the startling news of the death of Gen. Francis A. Walker.

To the thinking world at large this came with painful force. Francis A. Walker's name was an honored one as soldier, publicist, educator, and economist. But over and above all he was a humanitarian. His sympathy with human life and struggle was deep and sincere.

His first great work, "The Wages System" was deemed iconoclastic by the orthodox students of "the dismal science." But his theory of economy has withstood all attacks, and with his "Populistic," so-called, treatise on "money," bids fair to obtain universal acceptance.

His career along other lines was as notable. He became a Brigadier General at twenty-five, the reorganizer of the Census Bureau at thirty, and gave to our census a pre-eminence unquestioned by the nations of the world. As an educator, he raised the Massachusetts Institute of Technology from a narrow technical school to the greatest scientific university in the United States, and gave it an honored place among those of all the world. Among contemporary economists he was easily first, yet through all he was conservative, and the elements were so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to all the world "this was a man."

B.

In another column appears a report of Dr. Flood's recent chapel talk. It is not our purpose to make any comment upon it, for it speaks for itself more forcibly than we could ever hope to do. But we beg leave to add a few words to what he said.

If you desire to become a skilful writer why not make use of your college paper? Better training could not be found. You will be surprised to see how changed your work appears when set up. Bad diction, poor arrangement, too much stress on this incident, too little on that, everything appears to you in a way you never thought of before. But above everything else don't lose heart because the imper-

fections stare you in the face. Note carefully where you have fallen short of perfection and then don't do it again.

It is not expected of you that your work should have the elegance of a Thackeray. You are in college to learn, why shouldn't you learn to write readably?

One thing more, don't devote too much time to essays. Nine out of ten of the people who see your articles are already bored to death with essays and never read them. Try a character sketch or a short story. They are harder to write, but when they are written you will have the satisfaction that they will be read.

"Keeping everlastingly at it, brings success." Be earnest and conscientious in your work and you will see your crude, first attempts blossom into an easy, graceful, admirable style.

B.

Literary.

My Violin.

A winter storm! the night wind blows,
Fierce howls the gale, fast drift the snows.
Without, 'tis bitter, biting cold.

O'er walnut carving, crimson fold,
The fire-flames dance and play within,
And o'er me and my violin.

My violin! My violin!
Ah me! What has thy story been?
Perhaps in distant foreign land
The fingers of a master's hand,
Have strayed with loving touch and light,
Where my rude fingers stray to-night.

Perhaps thou'st sung before a prince!
Perhaps—but 'tis no matter, since
Thou'st kept thy sweetest tones for me;
Thy purest, richest melody.
For, like rare wine or wisdom sage,
Thy voice doth mellow grow with age.

Thou art my friend, companion true,
None other, have I, dear as you!

The human heart would not, nor could
Respond unto my very mood;
But sympathy I find within
My violin, my violin.

Oft times when joyous is my vein,
Oh, then 'twill sing a merry strain;
So widely rollicking and free,
The world seems full of jubilee.
A madcap sprite is shut within!
My violin, my violin.

Oft times so sadly sweet its tones,
Its sobs and wails, its plaintive moans,
So human seem, so very real,
That you would fancy—nay would feel
A mourning soul was prisoned in
My violin, my violin.

My violin! My violin!
Ah well! we long have comrades been.
We oft have spoken heart to heart,
And now through life we ne'er must part.
Shut out the world; but shut within,
Warmth, me and my violin.

CARROLL B. LOUP.

How We Got Our Bible.

Much has been said of late by the atheistic school of Germany concerning the alleged incongruities of the Bible. The onslaught has been conducted with the flourish of scholastic trumpets, and the "high-sounding cymbals" of philosophic phraseology. Under the resonant title of "Higher Criticism" the sacred writings have each, in turn, been viewed in the light of their "harmonies", "entities" and "integrities" until their authors would seem to have lost their "identities." The movement has, perhaps, been beneficial in inducing a more careful study of the internal evidences of sacred authorship, and a better appreciation of the part of human agency in God's gift of Revelation. But, whatever theory may be deduced respecting the authorship and inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, the fact of their presence and divine origin remains; and the means by which their blessed influence has

been extended to the English speaking race is to us a subject of primal interest. Of this we shall speak.

Toward the close of the Fourteenth century, Wycliffe, the "Morning Star of the Reformation," burning with a desire to emancipate his countryman from the sway of spiritual ignorance and papal tyranny, undertook for them the first complete translation of the Scriptures into the English tongue. The version, completed in 1380, was a translation of the Latin Vulgate; and its masterly style made Latin the chief source of our theological vocabulary. The English tongue, at this time, was in the formative period of its development, and by the beginning of the sixteenth century the language had so changed that Wycliffe's version was scarcely intelligible. Meanwhile the art of printing had been introduced into England, and there was a great demand for a printed Bible, in the current tongue. The people desired to read the Scriptures for themselves. The country was in a state of religious agitation. The gloom of the Middle Ages was breaking. The reformation was at hand. William Tyndale, eager that the Word of God should be in the hands of all his countrymen, gave himself to the translation of the New Testament from the Greek. In the face of difficulties and discouragements he succeeded, and the first edition was printed at Cologne and Worms in 1525. The people hailed it with joy and eagerly read its sacred truths. The King of England expressed his disapproval. The church pronounced her anathemas upon those who should buy or sell the Book. But still the people bought and read. Tyndale, knowing that persecution and death awaited him in his own country, remained on the continent, directing his energies to a translation of the Old Testament. He completed "The Five Books of Moses" and "An English Version of the Book of Job," when he was treacherously betrayed into the hands of his enemies, was imprisoned, tried for heresy, strangled and burned at the stake. Like the

martyred Stephen, his last words were a prayer for his enemy: "O Lord, open the King of England's eyes!" Tyndale's work is accorded universal praise. His style is simple, plain and forceful. All later translators of the Bible have closely imitated his diction.

Popular sentiment soon became so strong that King Henry VIII was compelled to name an authorized version of the Scriptures. It was published in 1537, and is known as the "Matthews Version," though the true translator was John Rogers, who had been a co-worker with Tyndale.

Next appeared "The Great Bible" in 1539. This was published the following year with a preface by Archbishop Cranmer, and became the authorized Scriptures of the English church, under the title of "Cranmer's Bible", until the publication of the "Bishops' Bible" in the reign of Elizabeth.

Our present authorized version, known as the "King's Bible," was completed in 1611. This is, chiefly, a revision of the Bishops' Bible, and is the work of forty-seven translators during nearly three years. The character of this time-honored version is well set forth in the following statement of the revisers of 1880: "We have had to study this great version carefully and minutely, line by line; and the longer we have been engaged upon it the more we have learned to admire its simplicity, its dignity, its power, its happy turns of expression, its general accuracy, and we must not fail to add, the music of its cadences, and the felicities of its rythm."

The Revised Version of the Bible, completed in 1880, is the product of still greater painstaking and more diligent research. To it were devoted, during a period of ten and one-half years, the consecrated efforts of numerous scholars, both English and American.

Such is the history of the English Bible, the more than compensating price of persecution, of martyrdom, and of centuries of faithful revision.

J. W. DAVIS, '99.

Lady Meg.

I had often noticed her as I went about the city and her appearance made a singular impression on me. She seemed nearly eighty years of age; her hair was white, and her form bent, but she walked with a nervous energy that more befitted a younger woman.

Her costume was always the same—a faded calico wrapper, a well-worn jacket, edged with fur; a turban of salmon-colored velvet, covered with bead-work, and slippers tied on her feet with rags, served her winter and summer.

One hand was always in the pocket of her coat; in the other, she carried a stick with which she waged constant warfare on dogs and bits of paper that lay around the streets.

One day I saw her in an alley, surrounded by jeering newsies, feebly attempting a minuet. Stopping to watch this curious scene, I was joined by one of the city's detectives, who, by way of opening a conversation, said, "Lady Meg's at her old tricks again." In response to a question, he told me the following story:

"Sixty years ago, Lady Meg lived in the finest house in Pittsburg. Her father was a wealthy widower, whose whole life was given up to her. In her sixteenth year, she was sent to France to complete her education. After an absence of five years she returned a veritable queen among women. Society eagerly paid homage to this new leader, and the most brilliant social functions the city had ever seen were given in her honor. Toasts without number were drunk to her by the young bloods and even the women watched her triumphs without jealousy.

But another came to share her glory, in the person of the youngest son of an English earl. With them it was love at first sight, and within a month their engagement was announced. Preparations for a magnificent wedding were made and all went well till the day of the marriage, when my lord disappeared with a rival of Lady Meg's, who, unlike her companions,

had seen her own splendor eclipsed with ill-concealed envy.

Lady Meg received the news of the faithlessness of her betrothed with great fortitude, but the next day she too disappeared. Ten days later she returned, wan and travel-stained and looking a dozen years older. Almost immediately after, news came from New York that Lord Baxter had been found dead in his bed with a dagger in his heart. To the knife was tied a card on which was written a single word "Rache," written in a woman's hand.

His death was a ten days' wonder, for no trace of his assassin could be found. His companion, for he had not married her, had been crazed by the awful deed, and died a raving maniac three days later.

For fifteen years none saw Lady Meg save her family. Then her father died, the house and all the property was sold, and Lady Meg left the city.

Years afterward she returned to take up the life she now leads. Her home is a wretched garret in the Point district. No, she was never held to answer for Lord Baxter's death for it could not be proved that she was even near New York at the time. My lord proved to be a fugitive from justice, and no more a lord than you or I."

Three months ago I saw by the daily papers that Lady Meg had been found dead in her room. In the lining of her coat were found certificates of deposit for twenty-five thousand dollars, which, in a pathetic little note, she begged might be used to found a "home for broken-hearted women." B., '97.

Book Reviews.

Margaret Sherwood, in her two bright, racy little stories, recently published by "The Mac-Millan Company", has succeeded in her purpose. This has given us interesting pictures from the life of to-day, presented with such force that we feel their truth in every point.

Miss Sherwood was for a time teacher of literature at Wellesley college, and her books gain an added interest to those knowing something of her life. Thus in "A Puritan Bohemia", we follow the history of Mrs. Kent with an interest much keener, when we realize that her sorrow and struggles are perhaps a picture of Miss Sherwood's own. The grief which urges Mrs. Kent to leave home and friends and go away alone, to cherish her sorrow and the softening and losing of self, which result from her philanthropic work among the poor, each takes a new meaning when we know that Miss Sherwood, too, had a grief to soften before she could fulfill her mission in the world. But it is not only to those who know the history of the author that the books are of interest. Her style is simple, yet brilliant. Her healthy moral tone and breadth of culture are intensely refreshing. Both of her stories are full of terse, quotable sayings, so natural we wonder constantly we have not thought of them ourselves.

"A Puritan Bohemia" gives us a glimpse of Bohemian life in one of our New England cities, which is almost as alluring as that in the Latin quarters itself. No one can put down the little volume without something of a longing for the life in which there is plenty of hard work and discouragement, but which is so varied and interesting that monotony never finds a place there. From the artist lovers we catch such clever suggestions of the realistic and impressionist schools of art, that even one little informed may gain some idea of their different meanings. In the artists themselves we find widely different types. The young man who strives to make his art a means of social reform; the girl whose soul is so bound up in her own art that she styles herself a deliberate egotist; the pretty dilettante who wants to do some good in the world, and looks upon doing her work among the poor, and sharing her art with them, as her only means.

The love story, mingling itself with all their efforts, is very pretty and very interesting.

There is possibly a slight attempt at cleverness running through this story, but it is not so obtrusive as to make its presence disagreeably felt.

"An Experiment in Altruism" is a different picture, but even more interesting. It is a story relating to social problems and some of the many reforms. The Altruist himself, the subject of the sketch, is a reformer, earnest and self-sacrificing, but as a natural result, a fanatic. Yet his enthusiasm and eagerness and unmistakable ability rouse one's keenest sympathy, and in spite of his mistake we cannot escape being impressed by his heart-whole devotion to the improvement of humanity. We have here an opportunity of glancing into the college settlement work and learning how it is succeeding and where it is failing. Independent workers among the poor also are seen in their unfinished work. The anarchist at his best, the wealthy lady given to charity, and the ardent but methodless young reformer all play their part in the story. The love story here is not lacking, but adds charm and piquancy to the whole. Indeed it is in this fascinating story of love and life that Miss Sherwood shows her power and brilliancy to their best advantage. Comparatively few books afford the same opportunity for character study and are withal, so inspiring in their effect.

MARY C. COLTER

Missionary Notes.

Mr. Charles Studd, leader of the famous Cambridge Band, who is making a tour of American colleges on his way back to China, is to be with us in March.

The declaration, the signing of which makes one a member of the Student Volunteer Movement, reads: "It is my purpose, if God permits, to become a foreign missionary." On the back of the cards now used is an explanation in part as follows: "This declaration is not to be interpreted as a 'pledge,' for it in no

sense withdraws one from subsequent guidance of the Holy Spirit. It is however more than an expression of mere willingness or desire. It is the statement of a definite life purpose formed under the guidance of God. While it is the duty of every Christian to face this question, no one should decide it without careful thought and earnest prayer. Having confronted this question, no one should leave it until a decision pleasing to God has been reached. *Understand what the will of the Lord is.*"

Our Band is growing, Messrs. Travis, Woodford, Charlesworth and Symonds having joined this year.

In connection with the chapel exercises Tuesday morning Dr. Montgomery spoke of the thousands who were dying of starvation in India, because their superstition made them refuse food from the English. This is one of many facts, showing the need of the heathen world for the gospel which has done so much where it has been fully preached to overcome such superstitions.

The Missionary Class of the Y. M. C. A.-Y. W. C. A. is just completing a helpful course in missionary biography. In a couple of weeks the study of medieval missionary history will be taken up. All interested are invited to join this class.

Mr. Sherman Douds, '94, has recently applied to the Presbyterian Board to be sent to the foreign field.

Local.

The "flunker" calls it study,
When he gets it easy 'nough ;
But when it comes a little hard,
He always calls it "stuff."

Miss Belle Bartholomew spent several days at the Hall recently.

Miss Maud Maxwell spent last Sunday at her home in Oil City.

It is rumored that a couch from Miss Mann's room took *three flights*.

Ralph W. Holmes, '98, has been compelled to leave school on account of sickness.

The Alpha Chis wore colors last week for Miss J. Elyne McMaster, of Adamsville.

Phi Delta Theta wore colors last week for Phillips and Moorhead, both members of the century class.

Bezell—In History IV, speaking of Charles II—Well, Doctor, I guess I've got him married to the wrong woman."

Now is the winter of our discontent made doubly bleak,
By calls for gym subscriptions every week.

There is one new girl at the Hall this term, Miss Wilkins, of Warren, Pa. Another is expected for the next term in the Conservatory.

Dr. Montgomery's assay of specimen ore from the Salamanca, N. Y., gold fields, effectually allayed the excitement over the discovery.

A new student was overheard remark, after an encounter with Prof. Elliott, that "that testy old registrar ought to get married and mellow down."

Dr. C. H. Payne, secretary of the Educational Society of the M. E. church, will conduct the services on the Day of Prayer for Colleges, the 28th, inst.

The publication of his German poem so frightened Major C. E. Bordwell that he has taken up the study of law with Hon. C. C. Thompson, of Warren, Pa.

Dr. Pernin was instructor during the holidays at the Teacher's Institute of Warren and Crawford counties. He is also University Extension lecturer of the Butler Center.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen—Two Freshmen answering to the names of "Buhgde" and "Low-ull" respectively. Any information concerning their whereabouts will be thankfully received by the Dutton "half of the Palmer and Buckner Democracy."

Tutor Swaney (in Ancient History)—“Who was the first King of Israel?”

Thomas (quickly)—“Abraham.”

The boys are getting very anxious for the opening of the new gym. The basket ball team is already long delayed in its practice.

We welcome Capt. Jones of '96 ball team back. John is all base-ball as ever, and predicts for '97 the best team that Allegheny has seen for several years.

Miss Charlotte Illingworth, who was here last year, has returned, and Miss Elizabeth McAllister, who was forced to leave college during the Fall term on account of her eyes, is back again.

Philo-Franklin term election last week resulted as follows: President, Beazell; Vice President, Weyand; Secretary, Osaki; Treasurer, Horton; Reviewers, Mixsell, Horton and Kincaid; Seargant-at-arms, Lindsay.

Dr. Crawrord (before the English Bible class, after discussing the historical events of the 11th chapter of Genesis)—“Mr. Lindsey, what follows the eleventh chapter of Genesis?”

Mr. Lindsey (confidently)—“The twelfth.”

The following officers of Allegheny Society were installed last week. President, Henretta; Vice-President, Humes; Treasurer, Douds; Librarian, Tobias; Seargant-at-Arms, E. E. Smith; Critics, Cowell, Mumford and Tobias.

The Academy “pit” is rapidly acquiring a reputation as a college annex. One of the battallion captains recently had a fierce and sanguinary encounter with a “vulgah” minion of the law while attempting to effect an entrance.

The entrance to the chapel was blocked the other day by a surging, enthusiastic mass of students. The rumor was rife that McKinley was paying a visit to his *alma mater*, but the discovery that the ever popular John Jones had returned to college, only tended to increase the curiosity of the new student.

The CAMPUS of Dec. 17 (No. 5), was mailed to all subscribers. If any did not receive theirs, it will be gladly furnished them on application to the business manager. If you did not receive your CAMPUS it was possibly on account of change of address, and the mistake was entirely unintentional on our part.

On December 29, 30 and 31, the Thirty-ninth National Convention of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity convened in the parlors of the Southern Hotel at St. Louis, Mo. Forty-nine chapters were represented, including delegates from both California *A*, at Leland Stanford Jr., and California *B*, at University of California.

Much important business was transacted, including the election of general officers for the fraternity. The convivial side of the occasion was carefully looked after by the boys who interspersed the festivities of the banquet table and the scenes of the theatre, in such a way as to make the St. Louis convention a delight to all. The delegate from Pa. Omega speaks of the event in the highest terms.

Dr. T. L. Flood, of the *Chautaquan*, delivered the regular Friday morning chapel talk on the 22d. His subject, “How to Write”, was intensely practical and was listened to with great interest by the students. Many of the latter could be seen busily engaged in jotting down the Doctor's best points. This is an age of the writer. The public speaker has to take a back seat. It is no easy task to write well. Many persons can make an ordinary speech, but let them sit down and try to put their speech in black and white and the trial will be a failure. To write well one must have a good knowledge of grammar, spelling and logic. These to a certain extent can be learned in the class room, but the best school is the school of practice. Learn to write by writing. Keep a diary—jot down daily any new thought developed, any unusual circumstance, anything of interest. It gives you practice, and some day the data may be useful. The diaries of

the Grants, Shermans and Logans make admirable history. Next, be careful of your correspondence. Select those correspondents whose letters will help you, both from a moral and a literary standpoint. Be exact, exercise the same care you would in writing an essay. Write nothing but the truth. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War under Lincoln, once said that he would rather travel five hundred miles to see a man on some important matter, and five hundred back again, than to entrust it to a letter.

Dr. Flood, in the course of his remarks, paid high tribute to the work done in English in Allegheny College. In the last sixteen years there have been just sixteen graduates of this college on the staff of the *Chautauquan*.

In closing the Doctor urged upon all students the benefits of joining and taking part in the literary societies of the college. The outburst of applause at the close of the talk showed in no uncertain manner the appreciation of the students.

Alumni Notes.

R. R. Ross, '83, was in town recently.

Herman S. Chamberlin, '96, is in town for a few days.

Dr. E. H. Pond, '83, has been appointed physician to the county jail.

Prof. J. L. Jones, '92, has been chosen principal of Brownsville Public Schools.

Arthur L. Bates, '80, has been elected chairman of the Republican City Committee, of Meadville.

A remarkably clever piece of pen and ink work, by U. G. Ketner, '96, adorns the wall of the new office.

Joseph A. Vance, '83, has accepted a call to one of the prominent Episcopal churches of Brooklyn, N. Y.

I. L. Ohlman, '96, who is studying medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, spent the holidays in Meadville.

Robt. W. Darraugh, '93, has resigned the professorship of Mathematics at Beaver College, to resume the study of law.

C. M. Coburn, '76, pastor of Trinity Church, Denver, opened the present session of the Colorado legislature with prayer.

Henry V. Hotchkiss, '84, superintendent of the Meadville Public Schools, delivered an able address recently before the students of the Meadville Commercial College.

The dedication of Lincoln Avenue M. E. Church, Pittsburg, occurred Dec. 27. Rev. S. P. Long, '84, is pastor. Rev. Jonathan Hamnett, '39, and Rev. B. F. Beazell, '68, assisted.

The current number of the *Methodist Review* contains an able character sketch of the late Sandford Hunt, '47. Dr. W. F. Oldham, an old student of Allegheny, has an article in the same periodical.

The marriage of Miss Grace Greenwood Holmes to Jacob Henry Fredericks, was solemnized at Beaver, Pa., Dec. 23d. The bride is the daughter of Rev. Dr. H. N. Holmes, '70, President of Beaver College.

An exhaustive review of "Taxation and Taxes in the United States," by Frederic C. Howe, Ph. D., '89, appears in the current number of "The Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science."

Breezy news letters from two great cities of the world have appeared in recent issues of the Meadville papers, from the pens of Allegheny men. One from Paris by Walter L. Bates, and one from Pittsburg, by Edwin P. Couse, '89.

Bruce Gamble, M. D., '93, connected with the City Hospital of Rochester, N. Y., had a narrow escape from injury recently, while answering an ambulance call. The ambulance was struck and totally wrecked, but the occupants escaped uninjured.

Supt. Grant Norris, '96, of the Conneautville Schools read a paper on "Examinations" before the Crawford County Round Table, of superintendents and principals, at Meadville, Jan. 23. Mr. Norris has also been elected President of the Conneautville Reading Club.

The College World.

Exchanges.

"The ever wakeful echo here doth dwell."—*Fay.*

One of our most valuable exchanges is the *United Presbyterian*.

Over one-fourth of the 8,000 students enrolled in Berlin are Americans.—*Ex.*

Li Hung Chang, the Viceroy of China, graduated at the head of a class of 15,000.—*Ex.*

About \$230,000 is expended annually in the United States for badges and jewels, by members of fraternities.

The requirements of Johns Hopkins University have been so high that but 784 of 2,976 students have obtained degrees.—*Ex.*

Teacher—"Johnny, what figure of speech is 'I love my teacher?'"

Johny—"Sarcasm."—*Ex.*

"Politeness," said Dr. Prather, "is like a pneumatic tire; there isn't much in it, but it eases many a jolt in the journey of life.

One of the requirements of one seeking college honors at Amherst, is that his college expenses during the previous year shall not have exceeded \$500.—*Ex.*

The teacher asked: "And what is space?"

The trembling student said:

"I can't think of it at present,

But I have it in my head." —*Ex.*

A National University under government control is to be established in China. The faculty will consist of foreigners and the first president will be a former tutor of Li Hung Chang.

George Washington knew how to make
A name to brag about;
And with his axe it didn't take,
Him long to hatchet out. —*Ex.*

The final score in the Inter-Collegiate Chess Tournament stood as follows, each college having twelve games: Harvard, 10 games won; Princeton, 6½; Columbia, 4½; Yale, 4.—*Ex.*

"The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine," the ugly young lady recited,
And the wicked old drunkards in the back of the hall, clapped their hands and looked muchly delighted.

Princeton has made application for the right to establish a chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society there, and the request will probably be granted. Hitherto, Princeton has had no Greek-letter society.

Prof. (to hesitating Soph.)—"Sir, you seem to be evolving that translation from your inner conscience."

Soph.—"No, professor; last night I read that by faith Enoch was translated, and I thought I would try it on Plato."

Prof.—"Faith without works is dead."—*Ex.*

A FEW RULES IN GOOD RECITATIONS.

In the first place lie low, when you don't know a thing,

And give some one else the first chance in the ring;

If he misses, you know, and it's passed on to you,
To guess, then, the other, is easy to do.

If you do know a thing when the question comes round

In great inattention be suddenly found.

Gaze out of the window with far away look,

And mind everything but your lesson and book,

And then, when the teacher is caught by your wile,

Spout forth what you know with an innocent smile.

Find the teacher's pet hobby and work upon that
And get all the long definitions down pat,

Don't expand things too much. Now and then
make a guess,

And remember that nothing succeeds like success.

—Wilson College *Olio*.

A man that hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others.—Bacon.

What appear to be calamities are often the source of fortune.—Beaconsfield.

To succeed one must sometimes be very bold, and sometimes very prudent.—Napoleon.

The train was about to leave the station, and a young man leaned over the rear, shook hands with the middle-aged gentlemen, and said :

“ Good-bye, professor ”.

A man with wide stripes in his shirt bosom looked at him narrowly, and after the train started, said :

“ Kin you do any tricks with cards ”?

“ No, I never touched a card ”.

“ Mebbe ye play the pianny ”.

“ I know nothing of music excepting as a mathematical science ”.

“ Well, ye ain't no boxer. I kin see by yer build. Mebbe ye play pool ”?

“ No ”.

“ Er shuffleboard ”?

“ I never heard of the game before ”.

“ Well, say, I've guessed ye this time. It's funny I didn't think of it before. You're a mesmerist ”.

“ I'm nothing of the kind ”.

“ I know yer in the biz, 'cause I heerd that young feller call ye 'professer' ”.

“ I am an instructor in Greek, rhetoric and ancient history ”.

“ An yer can't do no tricks ner play music ner hypnotize ”?

“ Of course not ”.

The man turned and gazed out of the window on the opposite side of the car.

“ And he calls hisself professer ”, he said to himself. “ Don't know how to do anything but talk Greek, an' things, an' calls hisself professer. Talk about nerve ”.—*Ex.*

SOME LITERARY QUESTIONS.

Is Thomas Hardy nowadays?

Is Rider Haggard pale?

Is Minot Savage? Oscar Wilde?

And Edward Everett Hale?

Was Laurence Sterne? Was Hermann Grimm?

Was Edward Young? John Gay?

Jonathan Swift? and old John Bright?

And why was Thomas Gray?

Was John Brown? and was J. R. Green?

Chief Justice Taney quite?

Is William Black? R. D. Blackmore?

Mark Lemon? H. K. White?

Was Francis Bacon lean in streaks?

John Suckling really? Pray,

Was Hogg much given to the pen?

And Lamb's tales sold to-day?

Did Mary Mapes Dodge just in time?

Did C. D. Warner? How?

And what did Andrew Marvell so?

Does Edward Whymper now?

What goodies did Rose Terry Cooke?

Or Richard Boyle beside?

What gave the wicked Thomas Paine?

And made Mark Akenside?

Was Thomas Tickell-ish at all?

Did Richard Steele, I ask?

Tell me, has Gerorge A. Sala, suit?

Did William Ware a mask?

Does Henry Cabot Lodge at home?

John Horn Took what and when?

Is Gordon Cuming? Has G. W.

Cabled his friends again?

—*Ex.*



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