

The Campus.

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

Vol. XIII., No. 9.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE, MEADVILLE, PA., MARCH 25, 1897.

NEW SERIES.

The Campus.

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

A recent issue of a local paper contained a protest, from a prominent educator, against a most remarkable provision in the Dingley Tariff Bill. The clause in question provides for the imposition of a twenty-five per cent. *ad valorem* duty on all books, maps and other publications imported by colleges and universities of this country.

Legislation, with less excuse for existence, can hardly be imagined. Such trade can in no manner compete with local industries, for the

publications which come under the limits of the act are not now and never have been produced in this country.

It places our institutions of learning within limitations which cannot fail to have a most unfortunate effect upon their equipment, for the increase of cost will necessarily decrease the number of purchases.

Such legislation is akin to censorship of the press. Let every true friend of education send to his representative formal protest against this outrage.

Recent developments in the college world would almost lead one to believe that we were living in the days of ancient Rome instead of the latter end of the Nineteenth century.

Two great universities, to which the American people have been wont to point with pride, have, through the action of students connected with them, had their fair fame sullied by deeds which would more befit the devotees of the old gladiatorial games than people living in this civilized era.

It is difficult to credit the reports of the action of the Yale and Cornell men, who sent their sincere wishes of success and their college flags to the principals of the late Carson City mill.

There is one comforting feature of the affair, however. The action was not that of the student body, in either case, and those who were guilty have, we are glad to note, received well-merited punishment at the hands of their fellow-students.

A sister school in a nearby city is celebrating the one hundred and fifteenth anniversary of its incorporation as an institution of learning,

and the completion of its seventy-fifth year of existence as a university.

It prides itself upon being the first school established west of the Alleghenies and north of the Tennessee. Though we cannot lay claim to such antiquity, we may justly point with satisfaction to our eighty-two years of service in the cause of education and challenge comparison with any college when it comes to the question of noble and high-minded alumni, not only those who have run well their course and have gone to receive their reward, but those who are still in the land of the living.

The CAMPUS, on behalf of Allegheny College, extends its hearty congratulations to the Western University of Pennsylvania.

Literary.

My First Experience in Photography.

The life of the amateur photographer is peculiarly hard. He is beset by pit-falls on every hand. No sooner does he avoid Soylla than Charybdis claims him for her own. What he takes for the dawn of success too often proves to be the sunset of hope. In the pursuit of his avocation he must endure with patience both the extreme heat of summer and the severest cold of winter. The bitter in his cup predominates, and only by draining it to the dregs can he taste the sweet. That this is true I can best prove by citing a chapter from my own tragic and eventful career in the realms of photography, which I entered upon suddenly and without the premeditation due such an important step.

I remember, as distinctly as if it were only a week ago, the Christmas morning that was destined to be so eventful. It was a lovely winter's day. The crystals of frost on the trees sparkled in the sun-light; and the crisp snow crunched under my feet as I stepped briskly forth for an early morning walk. The fresh air and the exercise soon gave me a fine

appetite for breakfast; and I returned to the house. Soon the family, in the full glow of Christmas festivity, were gathered about the breakfast-table, eagerly investigating the packages heaped at every place. What a snapping of string, what a rustling of paper as each gift was disclosed to view! Amid all this you may be sure that I was not slow in examining the presents that had fallen to my share. The first that came to hand was a mysterious oblong box. Hurriedly pulling off the cover I lifted out an innocent-looking camera.

What could exceed the rapturous joy of that moment? Already, I felt a master of the art, and an insatiable desire seized me to sally forth, camera in hand, and conquer the world.

But wait! At the bottom of the box was lying a little book, on whose cover, once yellow, now stained with chemicals and gray with dust, are still decipherable, the mystic words: "You press the button, we do the rest". And below, in smaller type, "Or you can do it yourself". Here was a new world to conquer. Laying one hand on the little book, as if to register a vow, I proudly, though inwardly, exclaimed, "I will do it myself". To this presumptuous ambition I attribute my down-fall. Often, in sack-cloth and ashes, surrounded by the ruins of my hopes, in celluloid film, have I bitterly repented, O, philanthropic manufacturer, that I did not allow you to do the rest.

But to resume. Aided and abetted by the little book, I set about taking my first picture. The little book said that the subject of the photograph should be in a strong light. This is very true, but by an ingenious, though erroneous course of reasoning I arrived at the conclusion that the proper place to get the aforesaid strong light would be between the camera and a window. Therefore I placed an accommodating relative, who was only too anxious to be experimented upon, directly between myself and a window, and, watch in hand, was ready to give the exact exposure indicated by my ever-present friend, the little

book. Click! The shutter is open. A breathless pause. Click! The deed is done and I hurry out doors to get some "shots" while the light is favorable. The ease and rapidity with which the thing is done fascinated me and it was not long before I had exhausted the roll of film, but not my photographic fervor.

And now my friend, the little book, deceived me in a most unkind manner. It assured me upon its honor that the forte of the tyro was in ferrotype paper. And it looked me in the eye and told me that all that was necessary to produce a blue print was to "place the film and paper in the printing frame, expose to sunlight until the shadows begin to bronze and wash for one hour in running water, or in seven or eight changes of cold water". How could I help believing a statement with such fullness of detail? Not a word, mind you, about development, which it implied to be necessary only in the use of the more complicated kinds of paper.

All of this I implicitly believed, and went into my improvised dark-room with joy in my heart and a package of ferrotype paper in my hand. With reverent hands I unscrewed the fastening of the camera's lid, which I removed, and carefully lifted out the roll of film, whose peculiar odor still causes my heart to throb with the memory of that moment. It ungratefully escaped from my trembling fingers to the floor, where I had to grope for it in the dim light that was filtering in through some hitherto unnoticed cracks. After finding it I brought it to the operating table and attempted the next feat prescribed by my coadjutor, the little book, viz: to cut the exposures apart. Accordingly I began to unroll the film, but no sooner had I given it an inch than it took an ell. It curled and writhed about me like a living thing. Laocoon in the toils of the sea-monster would at this moment have recognized in me a fellow-sufferer. Controlling it as well as I could, I grasped a pair of scissors and cut the exposures apart—or at least I intended to do so. The sequel showed that I had cut some

of them in the middle. One of these I placed in the printing-frame, according to directions, the others I put carefully away. I obsequiously followed the directions for printing, removed the paper, and began to wash it. And never was paper so thoroughly washed. Nothing appeared. Thereupon I concluded that I would develop the rest, so back I went to my dark-room. I mixed my developer with scrupulous care, muttering scraps of quotations from the book of directions, as a sort of incantation to keep off evil spirits. Next I set up the "candle-light" included in my outfit. This I hereby stigmatize as one of the most ingenious of the numerous inventions of the devil in the realm of photography. It consists of a candle surrounded by a shield of orange paper, which generally takes fire at the most critical point of development. This misfortune was in my case postponed, I am glad to say, until the second trial.

The little book directed me to leave the films in the developer for a certain number of minutes, and precisely at the end of that time I transferred them to the fixing bath. And when they emerged from this into the light of the day, what a sight met my sorrowing gaze! A veil of fog hid from me the pictures that might have made life sweet to me. But, eureka! one is clear and distinct, and I prostrate myself in adoration. Photography has me for its own!

But this was only the turning point. The goal was in sight, it is true, but it was yet far distant. The picture must be printed. There is no need to enter here the harrowing details of my experience in printing. Let it suffice to say that after having incurred the usual (and some of the unusual) difficulties, I finally succeeded in making a decent print. This I ruined in trimming, and the next I spoiled in mounting. The next attempt was a success, alloyed only by the fact that the paste would gather in lumps, and the print would persist in sticking sideways on the card, which gave it a rakish appearance. This was my first picture.

That the camera is, in its way, as ingenious an instrument of torture as any designed by the managers of the Holy Inquisition, this recital goes far to prove. It also goes to prove that, like many other apparent evils, it is a blessing in disguise. At first it is an exacting tyrant; but master it, and nothing will be more productive of genuine pleasure than the once reviled and abused camera.

'99.

Extract From a Review by Pere Goriot.

BY BALZAC.

Honore de Balzac was born at Tours, May 16, 1799. On leaving school he was placed in a notary's office, but the work here was so distasteful and irksome to him that he soon gave it up, and in spite of his father's opposition, he devoted himself to literature. Though he had no special training in the science of composition, yet by the time he was 22 years of age he had published half a dozen novels and romances. All his early works, given to the public, over various assumed names, bear the stamp of Balzac's genius, though they were so faulty as to plot, incident and style, that he would not allow them to be republished over his own name.

It was in the year 1826 that Balzac and a printer by the name of Barbier undertook a brilliant scheme for publishing, printing and paper making, but through lack of funds to carry out their plans the final outcome of the whole thing was a miserable failure. Like Scott, we find our novelist handicapped at the very outset of his career by a heavy burden of debt. Perhaps we should not say handicapped after all, for it may be that his marvelous fecundity is due to the pressure of his burden. It may be that, had it not been for the impetus given his genius by grim necessity, the world would never have known the Balzac it so delights to honor. Balzac, "the great inquisitor of humanity, who surprises its secrets, laid

bare its feelings, and judged its misery from so vast a height".

In *La Comedie Humane* he attempted to portray every phase of life in French society—probably the most stupendous literary task ever undertaken. It was his purpose to write 144 books, but "God's finger touched him and he slept" when he had finished the 88th. It is in this noble mosaic that we find Pere Goriot. Taken by itself, the book is a masterpiece of literary art, but when viewed in connection with the whole *Comedie*, it is only a page of the mighty work that would not be complete without it.

The story was written in the year 1834, one of the busiest periods of the author's life. At this time he often wrote eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, and hermit like, he withdrew from all social life and enjoyment. The book is rather a drama than a novel, for it was one of Balzac's favorite theories that the stage is the greatest teacher of men. He was a moralist who, instead of doling out his social theories in trite truisms and dreary dogmas, showed forth the truth in living characters. He once said to Katharine Prescott Wormeley, who translates his works so admirably, "You are seeking man as he should be; I take him as he is".

La Comedie Humane has often been condemned as immoral, but this criticism seems eminently unjust. The author's purpose was not to reform society by flattering it and idealizing its members so that they might try to live up to his estimate of them; but by painting society men and women as they really were, and by the natural unfolding of events, he strove to arouse a feeling of repugnance and horror at the popular vices which confronted him at every turn. The Rev. A. H. Tuttle in the *Methodist Review* says that "the character of the man prepares us to believe in the essential purity of his work. He was more than moral, he was religious".

It is a pathetic tale, this story of the sorrows and sufferings of *Piere Goriot*, and of the small

group of struggling human beings that were in touch with his life. As for plot, one might almost say that the book has none, for the whole interest centers about the grouping and development of the characters. The scene is laid in Paris early in the present century and it is at a forlorn, tumble-down old boarding-house in the Latin quarter, where the dreary surroundings form an appropriate setting for the play, that the principal actors first appear before us. It does not take us long to realize that these people have "a share in the drama of life itself, dumb, icy, yet living and acted with throbbing hearts—a drama going on and on without conclusion". All of the characters are admirably portrayed, though perhaps too much in "tints of fate". Piere Goriot himself reminds us of that other "very foolish, fond old man," who said to his daughter, "If you have poison for me, I will drink it". But unlike King Lear, our hero suffered in silence. He gradually changed from a wholesome, jolly-looking vermicelli maker, to a pale, sad-eyed old man, and he died at last of a broken heart. Guileless and simple-minded, his whole nature was exalted and ennobled by his strong, pure love for his children. His utter self-abnegation and the humility with which he endured the taunts and jeers of his fellow-boarders fill the heart with tenderness and pity. His mind and his body may have been weak, but his heart was strong. Balzac says that "human nature is hard on those who suffer humbly". Surely human nature was hard on Piere Goriot.

Eugene de Rastignac, the law student, was a young man with plenty of faith in his own beauty, intellect and general attractiveness. He was enthusiastic and ambitious, and, on the whole, the kind of a youth that deserves success. Under other circumstances, with a different environment, he might have become a great man, but when he had once been caught up in the current of Parisian life, there was nothing for him but to be swept on to destruction. His purposes were not unworthy, his instincts were never mean. He had intended to

live his life so that his rustic parents and sisters might well be proud of him, and that they might never regret the years of toil and privation that they had undergone for him, yet his lofty aspirations and unselfish purposes came to naught, and his life was a failure.

In spite of the faults of Madame de Beausant—which were rather the fault of the society of the time—one cannot but feel that there was something very sweet and noble in her character.

As for Madame de Restawd and Madame de Nucingen, the daughters of Piere Goriot, we involuntarily shrink from them as from polluted creatures. They seem so wholly evil, so utterly estranged from purity and virtue. Had they originated in Balzac's imagination we might well condemn him for their unloveliness, but they were faithful pictures of people he had known. The character of M. Vautrin, as the scoundrel of the story, is remarkably well drawn. In him we see the uncanny mingling of the gay and the horrible, the jovial and the ferocious, the majestic and the degraded. He is the "type of a degenerate race, of a savage people, lawless yet logical, brutal yet pliant." Mr. Poiret and the meddlesome spinster are as real to us as if we had lived in that dilapidated old boarding house with them, and we hate the hard-hearted father and the selfish brother of the fragile Victorine with a righteous hatred.

From a literary and an artistic standpoint, the story seems to have no weak points. The moral blot is its pessimistic tone. But in spite of Balzac's pessimism, he never makes vice alluring, nor fails to make virtue attractive.

The chief merits of the book are its general philosophic tone, the wonderful grouping of characters, the vividness of description and the general literary style.

It ranks among Balzac's most popular novels, the second edition having been sold within six days. It is considered a masterpiece of French literary art, and many critics declare that it is the greatest novel the world has ever

seen. The author's painstaking and care in the formation of his sentences—some of which he remodeled from ten to thirty times—have made him great from the technical standpoint, and his wonderful insight into human character and his genius in portraying it have made him great from the literary and the scientific points of view. HARRIOT HASSLER.

[A handsome edition of Balzac's novels has recently been placed on the shelves of the city library.]

Violie.

A village wag once called Violie an "emergency corps." Her acquirements certainly were of an all-around nature, for she could do anything from assisting at a laying-out, to a day's washing. She was always ready to help out in a crisis, "jest as a personal favor"—for a dollar and a quarter a day.

But the unlimited extent of her talents was by no means her most distinctive characteristic. That was "the body's clatter" as the Scotch have it. Given any known subject under the sun and Violie, and you had the material for a volume, that is, if you were not averse to hearsay information and numerous digressions from the topic.

There was a tradition in the village, that Violie's continuance in single blessedness was due to her conversational prolixity. Years ago one Wesley Baxter, a man of very amorous nature but weak mind, had paid her marked attention. But the one time he ever got a chance to say anything was when Violie had a bealed jaw. Wes failed to take advantage of the opportunity, and shortly afterwards he died without having confessed his love.

Violie was tactful. She never let an uncomfortable sense of difference in position mar the pleasure of her sojourn with you. "Oh, no, she'd jest as lief eat at the first table as not," and if the parlor was in disorder, she didn't mind sitting by the dining room fire and gossiping an hour after dinner.

Her ability as a conversationalist was greatest at meal times, and always rose superior to a decided tendency to obesity, and a well nigh insatiable appetite.

That the public may no longer remain in ignorance of her truly wonderful genius, I append an incomplete report of one meal's conversation:

"Git your apples sold yet, Mr. James? Uncle Jeroboam was jest sayin' yesterday, that he never see a season when it was so hard like to sell 'em, since the first crop they raised, when the apples was so wormy the hogs wouldn't eat 'em, let alone folks. No milk, thank ye, I aint used none at all since we sold our mooley cow, nigh on to three year ago.

"Heerd about Dave Jimly goin' to marry Dory McJunkin? Well, it was surprisin'. Dory was takin' some eggs down to the store last Friday, and when she passed the Jimly place, Dave was a cleanin' out the dreen, longside the road. Then he says to her, says he, 'I'm coming over to take you to League, to-night', says he, just like that. But when evenin' comes they find out there ain't goin' to be no League, and so long 'bout 7 he comes in to spend the evenin' at the house, grinnin' as usual. I declare I never see such a fellow for grinnin' in all my life. Pears like he can't speak to nobody without grinnin', and when he does grin that yeller mustache of his'n makes his mouth look like a hole cows has et in a straw stack. Well, he set an' talked craps with the old man till about 9, when the old folks went to bed. Then he and Dory set there makin' sheep's-eyes at each other till about 12, when Dave spoke up an' says, says he, 'We've knowed each other a long time, havin't we, Dory'? 'Uh huh'. 'Well, let's get morried. Bein' as we've knowed each other so long, there ain't no need of having a pertracted courtship'."

"So, next mornin' Dory says to Mis' Jaynes, says she, 'I can't work for you no more after Tuesday. Dave Jimly an' me's goin' to get

morried the day afore Chris'mus an' I have to go home an' make a dress'. The idee, her goin' round tellin' everybody about it the very next day an' him only askin' her once.

"Jest a little mite more meat, thank you. Noticed how crabbed-like Lem Kelly's gettin' sence his wife died? Last Tuesday week, I was washin' up there an' Lem took me home in his bob. Down the holler road his off hoss got one of his feet all balled-up like, with snow an' Lem got out an' was workin' at it. I spoke up an' says, says I, 'Pears like it fruz like'. He straightened up and says, 'Oh, it 'pears like its fruz like, does it. Did you think it was a scaldin' his foot', he says, awful crabbed-like. Such a pity, he used to be such a clever turned fellow.

"Lawsee, I forgot all about that lard a-renderin' out on the fire an' I do say it smells like it was a-burnin'".

With that she waddled out, leaving me in a state of stupefaction, such as westerners say a cyclone leaves its victims in. B. '97.

Seeking the Light.

A seed was dropped in a sunless place :
Thro' the long, long winter it slept.
Then a little vine shyly crept
Out of the damp and dark cellar-mould.
It grew in that cheerless spot, and cold.

Oh, fragile, slender and colorless
Was the vine that in darkness grew !
Its tiny leaves, ne'er wet by dew,
No green tint held ; but a sunbeam shone
Into the gloom where it lived alone.

Tho' feeble, the vine sent tendrils out.
It eagerly climbed o'er the stone,
To kiss the pure ray there that shone ;
An opening found, and with delight
Emerged in the outer glory bright.

With rapture it bathed in the sunshine.
It drank the warm air and was stirred
By the songs of many a bird.
And in fresh beauty of bud and leaf,
Forgot were its prison gloom and grief.

Oh, heart that the darkness encloses !
There shineth a ray from above—
A fair, golden sunbeam of love.
Take courage, dear one. It gleams more bright.
Put forth thy tendrils—grow toward the light.

Then love shall thy deepest shade lighten
With the sun's joyous warmth and glow ;
Into beauty thy soul shall grow,
Till in the splendor of perfect day
Earth's clouds and sorrows shall pass away.

C. B. L.

A Message.

Only a flutter of purple wings
Against my lattice bar ;
Only a wee sweet-voiced bird, that sings
Its limpid notes afar ;
Only in depths of noon-day blue
A faintly gleaming star.

Only a dark, fragrant pansy, crushed
And lying in my path ;
Only a frail dewy rose-bud, yet
Each a message hath ;
They bring the breath of the summer,
Stilling the winter's wrath.

Only a rift in this storm-cloud, but
A rift where love shines thro' ;
Only a hope to the grief-bowed, but
Refreshing like the dew ;
And the soul's now shadowed landscape
Will bloom and smile anew.

C. B. L.

Lullaby Song.

Dusky is the arbor
With its purple grapes,
See the fireflies flitting
Myriad gleaming shapes.
Soft the dew is falling,
Shine the stars above,
Pleasant is the gloaming,—
Hush thee,
Sleep my love.

Comes the scent of autumn,
Soft the crickets croon,
Drowsy is the twilight,
Slumber cometh soon.

Whip-Poor-Will is calling,
 Wild and weird his strain,
 Calling thee to dream-land,—
 Hush thee,
 Sleep again.

Angel lamp a-hov'ring
 'Neath the plum-tree shade,
 Throw your mild rays o'er her
 In her soft nest laid.
 Show the way to dream-land
 With your dancing light;
 To the mystic dream-realms—
 Hush, with
 Fond good-night.

C. B. L.

Local.

One of Dr. Rice's latest experiments is of falling. Ask him what he has discovered.

Miss Lottie Gunn and Miss Jennie King spent a portion of last week visiting friends at the hall.

Kappa Kappa Gamma on Saturday evening last initiated Miss Greenland into the mysteries of Mrs. James Brown Potterdom.

Dr. C. got stuck for \$6.60 on the last college lecture. Never mind, you will never miss it when you get to be a Bishop.

Strattan, in Bible history, declared that modern critics are now agreed the Ur of the Chaldees is now where it has always been.

Koester (in Geometry)—"Mr. Bankson your lines are pretty crooked aren't they"?

Bankson—"You mean they're not straight"?

Harry Davis (giving principal parts of gero)—Gero, gerere, gess—gessie, gest—gessus sum.

Prof. Holmes—Too much "gessi" about that, Mr. Davis.

Weller—"Examinations ain't fair no how."

Miss M.—"Why, the idea; I don't think you think anything is fair that requires work, Mister Weller.

Travis, after reading the last CAMPUS, "That paper is run on barbarous principles." Notwithstanding this, he immediately indulged in a decent hair cut.

Herbert M. Carnahan, who did not return to school this year, has been meeting with wonderful success in his church at Banksville, Allegheny County, Pa.

Johnny in library, "Is there anyone here would like to have a medal? I will give them one on condition that they won't talk to Porter or let Porter talk to them".

Thirty students who were in attendance at the little Dutch church a few Sunday's ago were treated to a very helpful and practical sermon by the preacher on the subject of "Church Attendance".

Monday night Hart thought that he was seized with an insatiable desire to go to the Hall, but when he spied onions on the supper table he knew that he had been mistaken. "Man delights me not, nor woman neither."

Prof. "Bill" has been filling Prof. Holmes' place in beginning Greek, and has been mowing the "kids" down, right and left. After criticizing several very sharply, he allowed Hess to read quite a few lines. The latter chuckled to himself all the time how swimmingly he was getting along, when he was greeted by the following volley: "Nonsense! Nonsense! Three more words, three more mistakes"!

Drs. Morey, Montgomery and Perrin were overheard by a student the day before the big fight discussing the merits of Corbett and Fitzsimmons, and the probable outcome of the mill. Monty seemed to favor "Lanky Bob.", while Perrin wished to place his county institute wages on "Pompadour Jim"

"For if a 'Prof.' be sporty, on whom we trust, No wonder do the morals of the students rust".

The following officers of the Y. M. C. A. have been elected to serve for the ensuing year. They will be installed at the first regu-

lar meeting of the spring term: President, Paul Weyand; Vice President, Ira W. Davis; Recording Secretary, A. D. Horton; Corresponding Secretary, Roy Kepler; Treasurer, James P. Prindle. President Weyand has announced the appointment of the following committees to serve during his administration:

Membership.—H. A. Dunn, Fred McCullom, J. M. McCreight.

Religious Meetings.—L. L. Swisher, A. D. Horton, N. P. Champlain.

Bible Study.—J. W. Davis, Dr. E. C. Morey, I. W. Davis.

Missionary Sermon.—H. K. Steele, R. L. Swearer, Roy Paul.

Missionary—Johnson Simons, A. H. Travis, Thos. Charlesworth.

Finance.—J. P. Prindle, S. E. Winebrenner, A. W. Mumford, F. L. Mattison.

Music.—J. V. Wright, W. M. Buzza, H. G. Burdge.

Social.—C. A. Richmire, F. G. Moorhead, D. H. Reese.

Reception.—J. D. Brison, W. J. Lowstutter, T. I. Bordwell.

Inter-Collegiate Relations.—F. Roy Kepler, C. C. VanVlack, F. D. Stolzenbach, D. C. Moore.

Hand Book.—J. S. Reitz.

WHAT TO DO.

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Alumni Notes.

William McKinley Osborne, ex-'62, has been appointed Consul General to London.

Col. J. W. H. Reisinger, '56, editor of the *Meadville Tribune-Republican*, has been ap-

pointed newspaper clerk of the House of Representatives.

George G. Coup, '89, died the 10th inst., at his home in Venango, aged 31 years. After graduation he became connected with the Signal Service. He served at various times in the Weather Bureaus at Chattanooga, Kansas City and Santa Fe.

In reply to a letter of congratulations sent by Dr. Crawford to the new Postmaster General, Mr. Gary said: "I am in receipt of your esteemed favor. I sincerely thank you for kind congratulations. I remember with great pleasure the period in which I pursued my studies at Allegheny College. I distinctly remember Dr. Hamnett, who was then greatly respected by the students. I am glad to know that he still with you and hope he is enjoying life and all its blessings".

The College World.

Exchanges.

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

The following rules for students were given in a lecture at Chautauqua last summer. They have been widely quoted and are worth repeating here:

1. Eat. You must eat. Don't eat bad food if you can help it. Be willing to pay for good board now and less for drugs hereafter.
2. Sleep. Sleep as long as you want to. Don't steal from sleep for study, or sleepiness will steal it back from study. Sleep regularly. You may stand irregularity for awhile, but if you persist the fool-killer will find you out at last.
3. Avoid drugs. Maybe the "nerve tonic" you use is good for you. Maybe you're not sure. Maybe you know it isn't and won't quit. Very well, the fool-killer is at work already.
4. "Don't sow wild oats". Wild oats get into the spinal cord and sprout. Presently you will find with horror that you are all grown through.
5. Exercise. Go to the gymnasium, or play tennis, or saw wood.

6. Be cheerful if you can. Don't brood. Take a walk instead. Go do something worth while.

7. Finally, be wise if you can, be rich and famous, win what prizes you can, from knowledge to wealth and power and grace; but *keep well* while you are about it.

From an editorial in the *New York Voice*, we learn that Professor Hilprecht, of the University of Pennsylvania, has discovered, on the site of ancient Babylon, the oldest remains ever yet found of civilized man. On digging below the level of the city discovered by his predecessor, Dr. Petrie, Professor Hilprecht, a depth of thirty feet, unearthed still another and far more ancient city. Among the debris was a keystone arch believed to date back to 5,000 B. C. Over 9,000

cuneiform inscriptions have been taken out of this mound; besides a large number of vases, bricks, tablets, clay sarcophagi, weapons, bronze and iron utensils, gold and silver jewelry, Babylonian seals, bowls and sacrificial instruments have been found in abundance, and a magnificent temple of Belus has been unearthed. A wall seventeen feet high and forty-five thick has been laid bare. This wall extends sixteen feet below the level of the desert, and has had built upon it another wall for a later city. It is believed that from these records a complete history of Babylon can be obtained, back to the time when King Lugolzagassi first conquered Babylon, 4,500 B. C., and a partial record back several thousand years further.—*College Review*.

To choose time is to save time.—*Bacon*.

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