

The Campus.

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

Vol. XIII., No. 7.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE, MEADVILLE, PA., FEBRUARY 11, 1897.

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The Campus.

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

The Constitution of the United States, Article II, Section 2, in enumerating the powers of the President declares "he shall have power by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senate present concur." In pursuance of such power, President Cleveland recently transmitted to the Senate for its approval a General Arbitration Treaty between Great Britain and the United States, signed Jan. 11, 1897, by Sir Julian Pauncefote, Her

Majesty's representative in this country, and Richard Olney, Secretary of State.

In transmitting the treaty, the President said that the example set and the lesson furnished by the successful operation of the treaty, are sure to be felt and taken to heart sooner or later by other nations, and will thus mark the beginning of a new epoch in civilization.

In a nutshell, the conditions are these: The parties agree for five years to arbitrate under this treaty all disputes which they fail to adjust among themselves by diplomatic negotiations; all claims under £100,000, not territorial, shall be decided by an arbitration tribunal composed of three persons, each nation nominating one jurist of repute, and the two thus chosen must within two months choose a third, to act as umpire. In case of failure to do so, the umpire shall be appointed by the Supreme Court of the United States and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council of Great Britain. If they cannot agree upon an umpire within three months, then the King of Sweden and Norway shall act, in case neither party objects. If either objects, a substitute may be chosen by the two countries. In any case the third person so selected shall be President of the tribunal. The award of a majority of the members shall be final. All questions involving over £100,000 shall be arbitrated as above, and if unanimous there can be no redress. If not, a review may be demanded at the hands of a new tribunal of five jurists—two selected by each party, and an umpire by the four judges. Their award shall be final. Territorial claims shall be submitted to a board of six judges, three from each country. The award of a majority shall be final unless pro-

tested. In any case, there shall be no recourse to violence of any nature until the mediation of one or more friendly powers shall have been invited by one or the other party.

International lawyers can readily see that the treaty is not perfect by any means, that much could be desired and that it does not insure unlimited and irrevocable arbitration, but all agree that it is an important step in the right direction. We hazard the statement that the year 1897 will be remembered in connection with arbitration by the student of history as one of the landmarks of the English speaking race, along with Magna Charta in 1215, the Petition of Rights in 1628, and the Declaration of Independence, 1776.

It certainly is a magnificent spectacle and one that is attracting the attention of the civilized world—its two most powerful and enlightened nations setting an example to the world of the substitution of calm reason for brute force, the arbitration council for the sword.

The feeling of universal brotherhood and good will which prompts and cements such a treaty, is a thousand times more important, it seems to us, than the precise terms and conditions of the treaty itself.

Little by little, despite the cries of the pessimist, this world is becoming better fitted for man's habitation; slowly, but none the less surely, humane principles are becoming disseminated over the whole world.

America's policy continued through every administration from Washington to Cleveland, aided by that of our kinsmen across the sea, has brought the treaty as the crowning product of christian civilization.

In the approaching completion of the gymnasium, the friends of Allegheny have much cause for congratulation. Not only does it show that the college is keeping abreast of the times, but what is even more flattering, it is evidence that the interest felt in the institution is not influenced by the presence or absence of "hard times."

There are those who hold that a gymnasium should have no place in the equipment of a college; that athletics, in the broad sense of the word, must inevitably follow and that with athletics and its attendant evils, must come the moral decay of the school. To a college man of to-day such reasoning seems monstrous. So to a degree it is, yet there is a measure of logic in it.

Any good thing may by abuse become deleterious in its effect and few will deny that even college athletics have, to some extent at least, been abused. But on that account they should and must not be condemned entirely. This age of hurry and strife demands strong bodies as well as healthy brains; more, a healthy brain demands a strong body, the development of the one must keep pace with the other, else all will be lost. This in itself is argument enough for a gymnasium.

Allegheny has always been conservative. It can never entirely lose this trait, so let no one fear that she will degenerate into a school for gladiators.

Allegheny College is distinctly a christian college. Founded by a christian minister, nourished in its infancy and supported through all the years by the church and its members, it has recruited its thousands from the best homes in the country and sent them forth to battle for truth and the right. When one looks over its alumni and non-graduates, scattered all over the country, filling responsible positions in church and state, at the bar and in the business mart, standing at their posts and representing some mighty principle in life, it seems that its mission has been and is being fulfilled. Does anyone think that any of these men or women undervalue the Christian training and influence of Old Allegheny? As Dr. Payne expressed it "does any one believe that William McKinley will make a poorer president by reason of the influence of this chapel hall?"

A new student not long since gave expres-

sion to a remark well illustrating the feeling concerning the college: "It seems to me that things are so arranged here, and there is such a good influence around a fellow, that it is as easy as possible to do right." And so it is. Students and teachers coming here are amazed at the religious influence of the college.

The Young Mens' and Young Womens' Christian Associations welcome to their religious life, the student on his arrival, before the home influence is worn off; a student body, eighty-six per cent. of whom are professed christians, throws around him good influences; a christian faculty, sympathetic, active workers, set an example for him; the moral and religious safeguards of the town; the opportunity the neighborhood affords for the development of christian workers—all these combined make a condition of affairs exceedingly helpful and healthy for student life.

We hope our *confreres* on the *Kaldron* will pardon us if we take the liberty to suggest that it might be well to start now the fires of composition that our annual may forth-with begin to bubble. College annuals have a field of their own and in it their influence is powerful. They are mirrors in which the outside world sees the social, personal side of student life; in which the student himself sees memories of the "happy days of college life" we sing so vigorously about at Pan-Hellenic and McKinley celebrations. It bears the same relation to the students as a social body, that the catalogue does to the college as an institution. It is almost the sole criterion of a college's relation to its sister institutions.

Since the annual's place in literature is so unique and prominent, it must perforce be characteristic of the student body. It should comprise the best productions from the greatest numbers.

It is not fair to expect the board of editors to do it all and then to take the blame for its chance short-comings beside. To the board of editors we say, "make the *Kaldron* worthy

of Allegheny; make it take its place high up in the list of college annuals." To the students we say, "set your muse to working over time; help the editors; make the *Kaldron's* merit and success a personal matter."

Literary.

Papa's Socks.

A MONOLOGUE.

(From the French.)

(She enters, holding in her hand a work basket filled with socks, which she places upon the table.)

"Ah! I am happy, enraptured! I love and am loved, I am going to be married. I live in a dream, and heaven seems open before me. And the cause of all my good fortune?—isn't it funny—the cause of it all is that (showing the work basket)—papa's socks! Oh, the dear angelic socks! This is the story (taking a pair and raising them to her lips):

"It was yesterday. Mamma calls me and I hasten obediently to her.

"'Margaret, here are some of papa's socks which you are to mark'.

"'Yes, mamma', I reply, and taking the six pairs of socks—(showing the basket)—these very identical socks—I settle myself by the fireside, with a stool under my feet. Opposite me is a mirror, which reflects my image. It is a pretty picture—it is even touching—a little girl marking her papa's socks. Think of it—marking her papa's socks in this age of the world? Country, family, religion, tradition, submission, piety, all are included in that idea.

"It is pretty, there is no denying it, but a little wife marking her husband's socks—ah! that would have been still more pleasing. It is very nice, very sweet, this filial affection, only I imagine that conjugal love—but hush! don't speak of that. I thread my needle and stick it into a sock. Now, to devote one's whole attention to marking is stupid, and I

don't see why my fancy should not rove away on a little excursion to the land of day dreams. It is such a beautiful country, and one arrives there so quickly. And thus, in less than a minute, I picture to myself that I am married and sewing in my own little parlor—a pretty parlor, comfortable, cheerful, and not too large—little rooms are so much more cozy—just the parlor for two people to be alone in and to make love in.

“He has gone out to his office—husbands are always at their offices, and by the way, why do they never receive their wives there?”

“Soon he is going to return. I shall hear the bell vibrate with an impatient pull. I shall hurry to meet him, and then (casting down her eyes) he will embrace me, and then—yes—and then I shall kiss him once, and may be—several times more. And then he will sit down at my feet on this stool. He will look up at me with his beautiful brown eyes (hastily and blushing), I don't know why I say brown, they might just as well be blue—and he will say to me: ‘Well, dear, what have you been doing to-day?’ And I shall answer: ‘I have been marking your socks. Give your little wife a kiss, my love, for the trouble she has taken’ (blushing). What a thing this imagination is! As if I would ever think of saying that to a real man. But a vague personage, with a brown mustache (recollecting herself), or blonde. Of course, its only by chance I said brown. Hush! Somebody is knocking! He enters! What am I thinking of? It is only mamma come to get the socks. Ah, if she had heard me!

“‘Here they are, mamma, the six pairs all marked and folded’. Mamma takes up one, looks at it and exclaims: ‘You unfortunate child, what is this letter?’ ‘Why’, I reply, ‘isn't it well made?’—but what do I see?”

“It is not an M, papa's initial, but a Z, the initial of—never mind—a Z. Nervously, I unfold the six pairs. Another Z and still another; all twelve socks marked with a Z.

Mamma is astonished. ‘Why did you select this letter?’ she asks. ‘I didn't select it, mamma, if I had it would have been an M you may be sure. It just made itself’. Fortunately this explanation seems to satisfy her and she leaves me.

“Scarcely has mamma disappeared through one door when M. Zousae enters by the other. M. Zousae is a gentleman with whom we are (smiling) slightly acquainted.

“I rise blushing and embarrassed to find myself alone with a young man, and I so timid.

“‘I thought I should find your mother here, mademoiselle.’

“‘She was here, monsieur, but has just left’.

“‘So I see. You are busy at work, mademoiselle?’

“‘Yes, monsieur, I was marking papa's socks’.

“‘Ah! how virtuous—fortunate papa!’ He has taken up two of the socks from my basket and now quite unconsciously draws them on his hands.

“‘I long to laugh as I see his hands gloved so ridiculously in the socks, while he, quite oblivious of the fact, continues to talk. ‘Ah! very good socks, well marked too, but—Diable!—there's a letter, permit me to ask, mademoiselle, why you have chosen a Z?’ (Have you ever wished you were a mouse? Poor me! I long to crawl under the table). Because monsieur—because I was thinking of something else, I stammer, red, hot and afraid to raise my eyes for fear of meeting his.

“‘Instantly he bounds up like a jack-in-the-box, crying, ‘Is it possible, mon dieu! is it possible? and throwing himself on his knees says tenderly: ‘Was it of me you were thinking, my darling?’

“It was so romantic, with him on his knees and all the socks smiling at us; and then, you know, I am so timid—and all that disturbed me so—and—and I don't remember very well what did happen. I believe—I would not swear to it though—but I believe that he kissed me. (Hastily). It was very proper—

necessary, even—a kiss of betrothal.

“And there are some people who have to deny that virtue has its own reward! It always has its reward—always—always! You see it was in marking papa’s socks that I found my husband. (After a moment’s reflection). Ah, yes! but it was in marking them wrong. (Aside). It is not necessary to repeat that.”

X.

A Tramp.

John had been away at school during the summer and I had been canvassing. We were very intimate friends and both lived in the same town.

Happening to be at home together during the first week in September and knowing that we were to be parted for some time after a few weeks, we resolved that something out of the ordinary should be done. Scheme after scheme was revolved in our minds, but none seemed more advisable and promising of so much novel pleasure and genuine new experience as a trip on foot to the mountains. Our clothes were to be be raggedest in the rag bag and our motto, “no pay for what we can get for nit”.

The appointed time came and we met according to arrangement. After a series of crossings of fields, we were soon out of sight and on our way to the summit, seventy miles away. There were plenty of orchards and vineyards along our route, of which frequent use was made. Our first supper was eaten at the pleasure of a good Methodist farmer. After eating we walked on farther and by night ; 1 we were highly satisfied with our afternoon’s walk. It was then time to search for a sleeping place and seeing a farm house near-by, we determined to find out what the inmates would do for us. We heard the barking of a dog and pardonable fears of bull-dog propensities kept our hearts thumping as we advanced to the doorway. However, we had no need to fear as the dog was chained and the farmer was so

kindly disposed as to give us a bed, which soon held two sleeping boys.

The next morning the proprietor routed us out bright and early and so getting a good start, we were well on our way ere old Sol was far up in the sky. During the forenoon it rained for two hours or more. It was one of those steady, pelting rains which makes one feel uncomfortable all over, while he is walking through it. We were very glad when the clouds broke and let the sunshine down upon us.

About dinner time we arrived at a small town where we did some canvassing for “the staff of life”. After taking a bag-full of orders, consisting of bread and butter, tomatoes, sugar, salt, a can of milk and a pound of raw beef. We built a fire and in true tramp style, making a tomato can serve for skillet, pot and kettle, using milk as lard, we cooked what was intended for a steak; hardly cooked either, for the stuff was not given time to cook ere we had eaten both it and the rest of the bag-full. That was getting things down pretty coarse and had we not been *tramps*, nothing could have induced us to take such a dose; but we did and laughed too and joked over our success in the culinary art.

After loafing about under an old oak tree for an hour or so, the journey was resumed and by supper time we had walked thirty miles. By that time we were very tired and as we dragged one foot after another, it seemed a great deal more like work than play. Having secured supper it did not take long to find a place to sleep. It was on the floor of an old house, upon which we lay and slept as if on a bed of downiest feathers.

Neither awakened until morning, when we arose, stiff and sore. Not allowing this to be a hindrance, we began the journey up the mountain in earnest. Present necessities generally brought something to satisfy them, if it was a little long in coming. It was long that morning, for we were ascending the roughest part of the mountain, and houses were few.

When we did come to one, the best the inmates would do for us toward a breakfast was a small piece of bread and several large cucumbers. We did not lose courage at this but kept on upward.

We had already gone about twenty miles and were desiring food and rest; naturally enough too, as everything up to that time had been favorable towards making hungry stomachs and tired limbs—a conclusion we come to when we remember our weariness of the night before, the hardness and flatness of our bed on that night, the scantiness of our breakfast, and the steepness we had climbed. It was no wonder then, as we were passing through a town and saw a hotel, that we looked upon it with more than eyes, for the odors wafted from within told us there was something to satisfy the cravings of our appetites, then wrought up to an aggravating pitch of keenness. It was too much for our resolves, and out came the necessary price, and two tramps enjoyed the means of life as only hungry tramps can.

Dinner over, we started on our way rejoicing. The farther we ascended, the wilder and more magnificent grew the scenery. Behind we could look along the valley stretching away into the distant fields below, ahead we could view the goal of our ambition, rising high in its lofty grandeur. Along the way were deep ravines with splashing waters leaping wildly down through them over rocky beds; there were great cliffs of rock standing out from the side of the mountain; there were mighty oaks, giants of the forest, standing guard over the wild undergrowth beneath their spreading branches.

The time did not seem very long until we were standing upon the very top stone of the summit, and then! On our way we had seen some fine sights; we had looked upon the summit we were then standing upon, and thought it grand, but as we stood there enraptured, viewing the mountain lands stretching away, away on either side, all we had seen hitherto seemed as nothing. Nearby we saw in cleared places venerable stone houses, which appeared

as old as the mountain itself. Far off on adjacent peaks we saw against the sky the gray clusters of lifeless trees, putting forth their barren arms as if inviting the dwellers of heaven to their embrace. We feasted on the wonderous sight I know not how long. We were not tired then. How could one feel tired with such scenery about him as stirs the admiration of his soul until it almost bursts with still acclaim?

After a last look, we went reluctantly away and set our faces toward home. The descent was easy and the hours and miles passing rapidly away, we soon found ourselves walking the streets of an old town at the foot of the mountain. Having wandered about until 10 o'clock, and the excitement of our day's sight-seeing having worn off somewhat, allowing our thoughts to dwell on how tired our limbs were and how generally weary we were, it seemed high time to hunt somewhere to sleep. We walked to the outskirts of the town, where we found an old brick kiln, into which we crawled and, uninviting and dirty though it was, sleep did not long stay from our eyes. Several times during the night, however, there were longings for even a soft place to lay our heads.

Early in the morning while the mist was still hanging heavily over the valley, we arose and departed, dirt and all. As we journeyed on nothing came to relieve the monotony, and the road began to seem longer as we walked, walked, walked by farm after farm, over hill after hill. All that day we walked until night, when, worn out and ready to sleep, we arrived at the home of a friend, whose bed and board we made use of with exceeding great pleasure.

However, we did not dare to rest long for we had to be at home the next evening, and so early the next morning we were trudging over the last and longest day's walk of our tramp. On and on and wearily on we went, two weary "bums", the weariest they had ever been. Finally home was within a few miles where we knew there was a soft bed and

we kept calculating just how delightful it would be to roll in and be asleep. Every few rods we would be down on the ground to rest awhile, then up and on again. The expression "too tired to drag one foot after another" was fully realized and no two more weary, weary boys ever wished they were at home. At last the moment came. How glad we were!

Were we sorry we had taken the tramp? Not a bit and we will do it again.

OSCAR B. EMERSON.

The following sketch of the life of Dr. Payne, from the *Cyclopedia of Methodism*, may prove interesting at this time, in view of his recent presence with us :

Charles H. Payne, D. D., L. L. D., who conducted the services on the Day of Prayer, was born in Taunton, Mass., Oct. 24, 1830. At the age of fifteen he was converted and became a member of the M. E. church. After engaging in business for several years, he prepared for college, graduated at the Wesleyan University in 1854, and prosecuted his ministerial studies in the Biblical Institute at Concord, N. H. In 1857 he was admitted into the Providence Conference, when, after filling various appointments for eight years, he was transferred to the New York East Conference, and was stationed at St. John's church, Brooklyn. From thence he was transferred to Philadelphia and later to St. Paul's church, Cincinnati. In 1875 he was elected to the presidency of the Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, O., holding this position for twelve years. During this time the University developed in a remarkable manner. The greatest college revivals probably ever held in any college were brought about under his presidency. Dr. Payne has traveled extensively in Europe and the East, and has written and published numerous volumes of sermons and lectures. Since '87, he has been Secretary of the Board of Education of the M. E. church of the United States, having under his supervision in the

neighborhood of two hundred colleges and seminaries and forty-three thousand students.

Day of Prayer.

Thursday, Jan. 28th, was the Day of Prayer for colleges. This day is being more and more generally observed by the colleges of the land and Allegheny makes it the day of days. For a week before hand both the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A., held special preparatory services and there were indications of deep earnestness on the part of all.

The first service of the day was a sunrise prayer meeting conducted by Miss Lena Latin. Everyone seemed to have come in the right spirit, expecting to receive a blessing and no one went away disappointed, for the Spirit of the Lord was certainly present. The leader voiced the sentiment of all when she said that she believed the time should be devoted entirely to prayer. Everybody was in the spirit of prayer. This meeting was but an earnest of what was to come.

At 10 o'clock Dr. Charles H. Payne addressed a crowded chapel on the subject "The Supernatural Among Men". His text is found in 2d Kings vi, 17. He likened to Elisha's servant many young men of to-day who estimate their resources by what they can count and wear and see; who take into account material forces only and forget the spiritual. Every man has so much ability, physical and mental; so much education, so much wealth—yes, all this plus eternal God as his friend and helper.

The present age has small faith in the supernatural, but almost unbounded faith in the natural. Even the Church of God is given to questioning the supernatural. Disbelief of miracles is common. But they are not as Hume says, "Violations of Natural Law". They are wrought by the intervention of higher laws. Man has overcome the law of gravity, harnessed the wind, electricity and other natural forces to

do his bidding ; why, then, may not God introduce a higher than natural law ?

Every object in nature cries out, "God made me". The tree springs from a seed, the first cause of the seed was in the "Holy of Holies". Everything comes from God. Man, the marvel of marvels, the ruler of the world, and all lower orders of life, points to God as his creator.

The presence and verity of the supernatural is further shown by the Bible. Other books have been inspired, but none as it has. It has withstood the fiery furnace of criticism, the investigations of modern science, the strides of inventions, and stands triumphant over all. Nothing in these things discredits any fundamental doctrine of the book.

Greater than either of these proofs of the supernatural, shines out Jesus Christ—the greatest character of all time, the all conquering force of modern society. His presence and influence cannot be explained along natural lines. A monumental evidence of the presence of the supernatural is converted man. There is no inherent holiness in man. Change of character is the most marvelous transformation in the realm of nature. God's guidance of the affairs of men is but another proof of the supernatural. Revelations of science, discovery of genius, inventions, revolutions in society, all have come in God's own time and by His will.

Last, and most personal of all the proofs, is prayer. Communion with God is the holiest and most sublime act on earth. It bridges the infinite with the finite and brings heaven and earth together.

The afternoon and evening were given over to platform meetings, in which there was every evidence of the presence of the Holy Spirit. Fourteen students decided to live a new life in Christ. This makes 86 per cent. of the student body professing Christians.

"I've often thought supposin' a man would marry a woman and then not love her ; how would he get rid of her ?"—Hess.

Local.

Phi Kappa Psi recently initiated in full Mr. Fred Austin.

All discussions of an architectural nature should be referred to Curtis.

Dr. Thomas broke all records as a sprinter at the pop-corn social, Monday evening.

Miss Vought (at the supper table). "Did you ever eat pears with such a—taste?"

Kappa Alpha Theta wore colors last week for Misses Coral Merchant, Emma Edson and Claribel Wilkins.

Diurnal "tiffs" between Dr. Perrin and Miss Schoenfeld are eagerly looked forward to by the members of the class.

All the tricks known to the legal profession were used by opposing counsel in a recent trial in one of our litetary societies.

Philo and Allegheny have arranged for a joint meeting, to be held in Allegheny Hall, on February 19th. Visitors welcome.

Dr. Perrin is delivering a series of "Health Talks" to Pol. Sci. I. One of his maxims is "A person has no business having grip twice"

At a call for players for the basket ball team on Saturday, about twelve candidates responded. The outlook for a good team is excellent.

Travis—"I believe a fellow needs divine aid to get his lessons".

Hess—"Yes, but he needs brains a good deal more".

Byers accounts for his stiff knee to Monty by saying that while skating at the Casino, he saw his girl about to fall and he fell in her place and she fell in his.

Students of History and Political Science are noticing signs of fickleness in Dr. Perrin. He seems to have given Napoleon the "frost proper" and to have welcomed Benjamin Harrison with the happy finger of the glad hand.

It is reported that Dr. Crawford intends to publish several of the papers from the English Bible test containing many noted and hitherto unknown Bible facts.

Dr. William North Rice, of Wesleyan University, Middleton, Conn., has been selected delegate to the International Congress of Geologists, to be held at St. Petersburg, Russia, by the American Society for the advancement of Science. Dr. Rice is the father of our own Professor Rice.

Dr. J. W. Weddell, pastor of the 10th Baptist church, of Philadelphia, delivered the usual Friday morning chapel talk on the 6th. His remarks were on the influence of the "Day of Prayer", and were very helpful. At the close he sang in a very pleasing manner, the song "The Prince of Peacemakers".

During the cold snap, Thunghurst wandered into the girls side of the library in search of warmth. Being brought forth by Dr. Hamnett and reprimanded, he said: "It seems you try to freeze us out of the library". "Never mind, young man", replied the Doctor, "perhaps some day you will get to a place plenty warm enough."

The Huling's Hall motto is "Care in our coffins drives the nails, no doubt; but mirth with nimble fingers, plucks them out". Acting on this idea the girls at the Hall indulged in the merriest sort of a sleigh ride Monday afternoon, and succeeded in extracting most of the nails accumulated so far during the present term.

Drawn by a pair of fiery steeds, which were guided by a swell Jehu (not a college man) the jolly crowd set forth. On every side the merry-makers were met by warm smiles and chilly snowballs.

The small boys turned out in full force, in fact the whole town almost waked up at the unprecedented sight of Hall girls out sleighing. The only part of the population not represented among the spectators was the mascu-

line contingent of Allegheny students. Doubtless these misguided youths were restrained from witnessing the sight only by a guilty sense of their lack of gallantry in forcing sister students thus to wrest from the hand of Fate a pleasure which they should have bestowed upon them.

Brief calls were made upon various members of the Faculty, who responded to the courtesy with benign smiles and bows, chesterfieldian waves of the hand and in some instances—undrawn curtains. No one volunteered a speech. After two hours of genuine fun, the load of tired, hoarse, but still hilarious damsels were deposited at Hulings, ready to take up the week's work with renewed energy.

Alumni Notes.

F. Leroy Homer, '95, was visiting Meadville friends last week.

H. Boyd Espy, Ph. D., '90, late of Mercer, is studying law in Buffalo.

Clare Kent, '96, is registered as law student with Joshua Douglass, Esq.

Geo. F. Davenport '68, is attending court this week in Clearfield County.

Rev. Welden P. Vamer, '90, of Bolivar, Pa., is first vice president of the C. L. S. C., of '97.

Miss Matilda J. Fromyer, '96, of the Union City High School, was a recent college visitor.

Miss Gertrude Isabel Howe, '96, left last week to pursue post graduate work in Western Reserve University, at Cleveland.

George I. Wright, Ph. D, '74, late superintendent of Crawford County schools is engaged in educational work in Oakland, Cal.

Dr. John Kirker, ex-'57, died Jan. 23, at his home in Allegheny City, aged 62 years. He was a prominent physician and secret order man for many a year.

The engagement of Shirley P. Austin, an old Allegheny man, to Miss Susie Louise Delamater, daughter of Geo. W. Delamater, '69, has been announced. Mr. Austin is editor of the *Commoner and Glassworker*, Pittsburg.

The College World.

Exchanges.

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

Yale has a prize for original poetry,

Vice President Adlai E. Stevenson belongs to the class of '59 of Centre College.

"I sing of arms and of the man", would be a capital line for the summer girl in the hammock with apologies to Virgil.—*Ex*.

The total number of colleges in the United States is 451. At the time of the Revolutionary War there were only nine.—*Ex*.

Harvard is the largest university in the country. 4,960 persons, students and teachers are connected with the institution.

THE HONOR SYSTEM AT YALE.

Scene, Osborne Hall; Time 11:34 a. m.

The Prof.—"Gentlemen, instead of the ordinary recitation this morning, I will substitute a written examination. (Great excitement. Two men near the door cut during the disturbance.) I am a great believer in the honor system, so I will not exercise any supervision over you. However, for convenience, I will have you sit two seats apart. Although I have implicit confidence in your honor, I will divide the class into two sections and give each alternate row a different question. You will please bring your notebooks to my desk and leave them there, lest they get in your way and interfere with your writing. While the examination goes on, I will stroll around the room, not for purpose of supervision, but simply to benefit my liver. The examination will now begin".—*Yale Record*.

'Tis wrong for any girl to be
Abroad at night alone;
A chaperon she needs till she
Can call some chap'er own.—*Ex*.

It is stated that Syracuse University spends \$2,000 per day during the entire college year of two hundred and fifty days, a total of \$500,000.

THE CAUSE.

He loved a girl with auburn hair.
When asked what caused his action,
He said, he guessed the foremost cause
Was capillary attraction. —*Ex*.

Irishman (at the telephone)—"Sind me up three bales of hay and wan bag of oats". Hay Dealer—"All right. Who for?" Irishman—"There, now, don't git gay. For the horse, of coorse".—*Ex*.

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