

and old that it seemed as if fifty years, instead of a few rods, separated it from the rest. Here the clattering of wagons, the rumbling of cars, the whirring of machinery and the noises incident to life and activity, filled our ears.

In a few minutes we reached the bridge from which, looking in either direction, we could see other bridges spanning the creek. Crossing over, we trudged along the path which led, now this way, now that, up the steep hillside. Soon we were "far above the busy humming of the city's strife," for now the quiet of the scene was broken only by the creaking of the snow beneath our feet. Here and there a snow-bird, hopping from bough to bough, or the wind, heaving a contented sigh, shook down from some tree a miniature snow storm. The old rail fences along the roadside were robed in holiday gowns of white, "set-off," as Burroughs might say, "with most fantastic ruffles, scalloped and fluted in an unheard of fashion."

We were quite out breath when we reached the top of the hill, but the scene which lay at our feet fully repaid us for the effort we had made. As we looked over the valley below us, we thought of that winter journey by Washington nearly a hundred and fifty years ago. When he passed through this country, broad rich meadows stretched away from the banks of the winding creek, and towering on every side were hills covered with the primeval forest. Now the fertile meadow-land is covered with schools and churches and dwellings; the slopes, then dark with trees, lie bleak and bare, while the boundaries laid down by man have marked them off into odd geometrical figures; the forest itself has retreated almost to the line of the horizon.

We looked around and down the valley—the creek, gliding around the Island and under the bridge below, shone like polished silver in its dainty borders of chased and filigreed ice. Beyond the stream the stretch of gray buildings, with their snow-covered roofs, was broken by the warm dark red of the Round House. Away on the hills in the North and the East stood groups of stately buildings, which, like magnets, seemed to have drawn the dwellings from the valley below, or perhaps, as if the town, unsatisfied with the common place things of life, had been reach-

ing out after the higher intellectual life until at length it had surrounded the Halls of Learning.

Here and there in the valley rose slender tapering spires, which, like silent figures, pointed toward Heaven. The nearest of these was the light and graceful tower of the German Catholic Church; not far from it the roof of the Stone Church made a beautiful bit of color in the sombre landscape; high above all the rest, strong and stern as the doctrines of Calvin, rose the Presbyterian spire; near-by, a modest stone tower held up a shining cross; and in the center of the town could be seen the Baptist steeple with its ball of gold.

"And over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Arose from a hundred hearths, the home of peace and contentment."

Beyond and above the town the white stretch of hillside finally blended into the soft gray of the winter sky, and away in the East, granite and marble shafts marked the City of Sleep—God's Acre, as Longfellow loved to call it. On the other side in clear and bold relief stood Round Top, who for ages has kept his silent and faithful watch over the valley. Along the banks of the creek wound the shining threads that bound this quiet town to the great world beyond the hills.

Gazing from the hilltop we did not wonder that the sun had been trying all afternoon to brush aside the tantalizing clouds that obstructed his view, so that he might look down on the peaceful valley, which

"Lay deep-meadowed, happy, fair,
Where never wind blows loudly."

The whole scene was like a mighty etching done by nature in one of her generous moods, when she is lavish with her shades of gray.

"Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A scene so touching in its majesty."

Just as we were leaving the hill, the sun burst through the veil of mist, and beaming down upon the valley, filled it with glory. In a moment he was gone, but the reflection of his smile rested on the earth like a benediction.

HARRIOT HASSLER.

Let fortune do her worst, whatever she makes us lose, as long as she never makes us lose our honesty and our independence.—*Pope*.

Songing.

In days gone by
Fond mem'ries lie
And sweetly songs are ringing;
Bright scenes now o'er
I see no more;
Except in memory's bringing.

My boyhood's home
From which I roam,
In many a dream I see;
Where life's young day,
'Mid work and play,
Had passed so merrily.

Oh, childhood's day
So far away—
Lost in the mighty Past!
Returns to me
And set me free
From cares around me cast!

C. '96.

Local.

Mr. W. R. Murphy, '94, spent Sunday in Meadville.

McMichael translates:—"The wind bore with great calmness."

The dime social at the Hall, Tuesday evening, March 3, was a great success.

Who was it said that the little boy in the red cap looked quiet and peaceable?

Peterson went to drill the other day and hung up his coat and hat before falling in.

The contract for the publication of the *Kaldron* has been awarded to the Tribune Publishing Co.

The Science Club is booming. There are many more desiring membership than there are vacancies to fill.

George Brown, who left college at the close of the Fall term, is now with the Standard Oil Co., in Pittsburg.

"Pa" Prindle is in a pickle as a result of his social standing in college being in danger. "Pa" must be careful.

Dr. Perrine was unable to meet his classes for several days the first of the month. "Grip" was the cause of his absence.

We hear about fun the boys have at the different clubs, but for pure, unadulterated devilment give us "The Parsonage."

Tuesday evening after the dime social Miss Sherred asked if Mr. Brison was that man who hadn't any hair and parted it in the middle.

Hillard, when asked to distinguish between *essen* and *fressen*, replied that *fressen* was applied to eating meat and *essen* to eating anything else.

Lieut. Koester is an ardent supporter of Quay's candidacy, giving as a reason that, if you want anything, you have to knuckle close to the crowd.

Miss Laffer thinks the past participle of the verb spin should be span, and translated a sentence in French the other day, "Singing while she *span*."

Dr. Thomas says he can understand Mr. Chapin's spoken French, but that it is beyond the power of mortal man to decipher his written English.

Ask Messrs. Wright, Hartung, Pratt and Weatherby, if the rooms they looked at the other day proved satisfactory, and if they engaged them for next term.

Last Monday evening the Y. W. C. A. of the college gave a dime social at Hulings Hall. It was like all similar occasions, an event long to be remembered.

If Walker Whitesides could see Miss Hogate take off Hamlet's ghost, we feel sure that he would lose no time in adding her to his already strong company.

When Prof. Elliott saw in a *CAMPUS*, some time ago, a notice of his visit in Ohio during the Christmas vacation, he hastened to assure those near him that it was none of the *CAMPUS*' business where he was.

It is not generally known that Mr. Burge is studying for the ministry, but one evening last week he took for his text, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," and the masterly manner in which he treated his subject delighted his audience—with the exception of one.

Clakes

VOL. XII, NO. 11.

MARCH 13, 1896.

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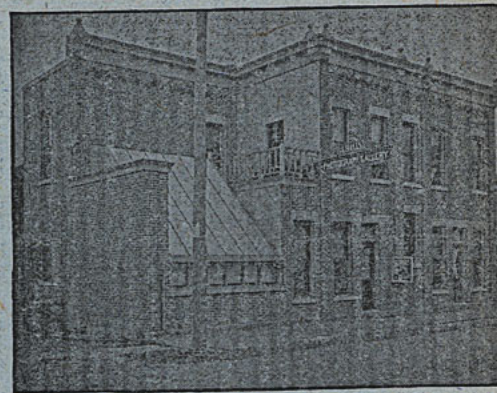
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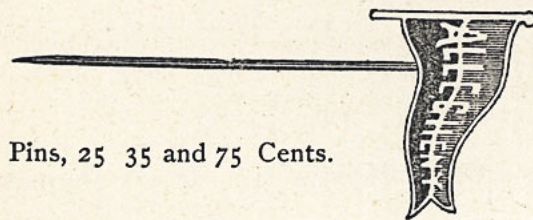
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ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE, MEADVILLE, PA., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

With the approach of spring come rumors as to improvements about the College. The one thing which has long been earnestly desired here is a gymnasium of our own. Every pious student has earnestly prayed for it at night, and, when morning came, has furtively glanced over the campus to see if prayer is answered. For the past four years the campus has had as many tenants, just four. There was a graceful submission to the inevitable when the Science Hall was built, but the splendid results accomplished there have al-

most removed the last rankle of disappointment. But now rumors as to a new gym have become so definite as to give its size and location and, to apply the old saw, "Where there's smoke there's fire," it is safe to say that something is in the wind. But we do not want our hopes to find a disappointing realization in a cheap structure. A building tasty, neat and substantial, is what we earnestly desire, and in addition, one large enough. When one has to keep an eye out continually lest the clubs which he is swinging come into contact with some one else, there is a chance for a great development of patience rather than of muscle. In our ignorance we cannot offer but general suggestions, and these timidly; but it is fair for us to ask that in the designing and construction of such a building the best principles be applied and the widest knowledge and experience be made use of. Another improvement suggested is a steam heating plant to supply all the buildings. A coal stove as a heater in a recitation room is a splendid thing. Only it doesn't always work as it should. A steam radiator is a more splendid thing. The heat is not so fierce, but is more pervading and constant, besides it doesn't smoke or give off gas at unseemly times. Too often in winters past have we been compelled to endure alternate roastings and freezings on account of a coquettish coal stove, and red noses have more than once become lights which marked out the pathway to knowledge. Now, thank Heaven, all this may soon be over and a gently purring radiator will supplant the red-eyed stove.

Just as a little step in the right direction, we beg to suggest that unless the little partition on the second floor at the head of the

stairs is necessary as a support, its room would be more acceptable than its presence. There is a decided discomfort in trying to get through that door three at a time, and the short turns made in getting into the hallway or out of it make the entrance a veritable vortex of turmoil. If the partition were gone there would be a straight way to the head of the stairs, and much of the crush could be avoided.

It seems that many of the young men who at home were accustomed to hang around church doors and to line up along the sidewalks in front, have been unable to rid themselves of the unfortunate habit. So every day at chapel time the landing in front is packed tight with male persons who ogle the young ladies. Without considering the impropriety of such conduct, and not suggesting how like a butcher shop it seems, with the calf heads hanging around, please think how inconvenient it is trying to push through such a mass and get into the chapel. It is just about as hard a job as any blockade runner ever had on his hands in the Civil war. Of course, none of the big boys do it, only the little fellows, who in the exercise of lately acquired freedom, violate every law of decency in freedom. So, little fellows, don't do it any more. Your folks wouldn't like to see you standing there. Besides, haven't you ever been cold out there?

The Cuban revolution, which has been for some time dragging along in a monotonous undertone, has lately developed much interest for us. When the Senate and House passed resolutions calling upon the President to recognize the belligerency of the Cubans, every hidalgo in Spain at once buckled on his great grandfather's armor, and spoke of war. Without considering the justice of these resolutions there is in this present instance but a further illustration of the power of the press. Undoubtedly now, as was the case when the Venezuelan affair was up, much of the war talk, nay, almost all of it, was due to the newspapers

which started it and kept it going. The opportunity then was exceptional, for the country toward which enmity was directed, was England, our hereditary enemy and a first rate power. Everyone took the cue and in a short time the whole land was bulging with patriotism. Now Spain is the object of our aggressiveness and in answer she has ruffled up her feathers like a setting hen, and our newspapers have made fun of her. No paper in this country holds a position analagous to that of the London *Times* or any of the other official organs in the various capitals. The result is that the reports printed by our papers, of governmental action can have no real claim to authenticity and to disentangle the real truth requires a person of considerable ability and extensive information.

Once again European ignorance of our institutions was displayed when the Spanish government called upon our executive to disavow the act of Congress. As if he could. The Spanish students, who composed the backbone of the mobs in the attacks upon the United States consulates in Spain, present a peculiar contrast to American college men. It is to be conceded that when a crowd of young fellows get together, the devil is in the midst but in this country he takes others into his employ in disposing of political matters. The European student seems to be a ringleader in expressions of hostility to things existing. In Russia the universities are regarded as the breeding places of Nihilism and are very closely watched by the police. In Spain the late actions of students have compelled the government to make hasty apology and also to threaten the closing of universities, whose students should be implicated in any further like lawlessness.

It is really mournful to see to what a pass Spain, the mighty, has come. From being the greatest and proudest country in all the world, nothing much is left to it but its pride. Once the owner of the fairest part of America, her possessions have dwindled to a few islands which she can hardly retain. Her army and

navy are comparatively insignificant, although under Charles V. and his son Philip, they were unsurpassed. Her people are poor, proud and so burdened with taxes that their lives are only a ceaseless round of tax paying. Little wonder that it takes the bull fight to satisfy them.

The recent and surprising discoveries in photography are causing a great deal of speculation as to what may yet be discovered. At the rate science is advancing there is little doubt but that soon we will be discovered and that our mental and spiritual systems will no longer be styled "unknown."

Already the brain has been entered and its convolutions photographed. When this is perfected it will form a revolution in our criminal jurisprudence. Brain experts will no longer be subjected to tedious examinations in order to establish the question of temporary insanity, and the criminal himself will be spared a long trial, for the brain of the accused can be photographed and the result will convict or acquit him.

At this rate how long will it be before the very innermost recesses of our mind will be probed, and our most hidden secrets made known to anyone who will turn on the light?

Literary.

Why Should We Care?

Though the tree be not just for the bird to rest in,
She sets the twigs and the nest is there;
Though the world be not just for man to be blest in,
He walks her green ways and breathes her
sweet air.

The rich days open and spill their splendor;
Night shoes with silver the foot on her stair;
Aye, life has all that glory can lend her;
So what it all means, pray, why should we care?
The green lands blossom and the blue skies hover;
The warm winds blow, and the song birds pair;
Under love's window, comes fluting, the lover,
And the loved one leans, with his rose in
her hair.

The sun's plunge over the hill to the water;
The stars are sure; God gives and to spare;
The man-child thrives, and beauty's fair daughter;
So, what's it all for, pray, why should we care.
—John Vance Cheney in *Harper's*.

Journalism and the College Graduate.

In every college class there is a large proportion of men who, being conscious of no special aptitude or inclination, feel themselves at liberty to choose among several callings. To such men the calling of journalism is apt to appeal strongly, and this for several reasons. If they have a taste for adventure, or desire to see life, as they phrase it, journalism—by which I mean newspaper work—opens for them the door of the Senate chamber, the opium den or the green-room. They desire to make money, and journalism pays well at the start. They want a calling that appears to them respectable, and the journalist can keep his clothes clean and his hands white. Further, the college man is drawn towards journalism by the belief that he is peculiarly fitted for such work. He knows that a reporter or an editor ought to be a man of wide information; and, surely, if he has gained nothing else in college, he has what he calls a "general idea" of many subjects. Again, he has studied rhetoric and composition, and considers that his writing is rather superior to ordinary newspaper English.

With high-pitched hopes, then, he turns his steps towards Newspaper Row. I shall not speak of the many discouragements that await a young man who, without influence or experience, seeks a place on a paper. Let us take it for granted that our hero steps at once from the rostrum to a desk in the *Planet* office. The *Planet* is a great city daily, and our reporter begins at a salary of ten or fifteen dollars a week. If he is apt, in six months his salary is increased, in a year it may be doubled. He is getting on well, he thinks, and he looks around to see what his classmates are doing.

Some of them have taken up the law or medicine, and are still studying. Others have gone into business; they are working hard for a smaller salary than he receives. Surely it was a lucky day when he became a reporter. He goes everywhere, sees everything, meets all the famous people, has tickets to the theatre and passes on the railroads. To be sure, he is not saving much; he goes about with other reporters and money freely earned is freely spent. But he works on steadily, gets an occasional advance in salary, and by the time he has been four or five years in the *Planet* office he is earning forty or fifty dollars a week. He is not quite easy in his mind, though, for he has noticed some things which set him thinking. Men older than he, men with half a lifetime's faithful service behind them, have made a slip and have been discharged. And then it seemed somehow that they had to begin all over again, for when they got another place—if they did get another place—it was usually at the foot of the ladder. Yet the reporter keeps on, for it seems foolish to give up a good position. Besides, what would he take up in its place? His training has been long and thorough, but he is fitted for nothing but a newspaper man.

So life goes on. At fifty, if he is still in the harness, he is a notable exception. He has seen many a bright man drop out of the *Planet* office. Some have broken down under the strain, some have yielded to the temptations always before them, others have simply been crowded out by younger and more energetic men. He realizes that he is getting old, very old for a newspaper man, and begins to think of retiring. On what? He is still at his old salary of fifty dollars a week. That was a large sum to the youth; for the married man living in a large city it will little more than pay his expenses. If he has a few thousand dollars laid by, he is fortunate. Yet his career has been more successful than the average journalist's.

He looks once more at his old classmates.

The doctor and the lawyer, if they have worked as faithfully as he, have incomes much larger than his; incomes, too, which are steadily increasing. The business man has gradually risen, perhaps to be a director or partner; his income is large and his duties are growing easier. These men have worked no harder than the reporter. They are rich, respected, independent in their work, able to take life easily; he is still a newspaper man, working for someone else, poor in pocket, forced to work at high pressure, while his social position is not at all that he could wish. Economically considered, was he altogether wise when he became a reporter?

But money is not the only thing a man should work for, nor is it the only thing a man may miss. To return to the student who becomes a reporter, he finds himself in a position of almost complete moral irresponsibility. He may visit saloons and brothels with impunity; the public think his business calls him there, his employers do not care. If he drinks, he only follows the example of most of his fellows. If he does not drink, it is not for lack of opportunity. Most men wish to be on good terms with the press, and the superstition is firmly rooted that while to give a reporter a cigar is to gain his respect, to buy him a drink is to command his eternal gratitude. The reporter, then, is constantly offered liquor, and at times he is almost obliged to accept. Further, his late hours and irregular habits make stimulants doubly welcome, so that all in all, his position is trying in the extreme.

All these considerations—the poor pay, the hard work, the strong temptations—apply to any one who becomes a journalist. As to the college man in particular, he is apt to find that his chances are not as good as he supposed. He speedily learns that his general ideas are too general to be of much value. He has knowledge, but it is of the wrong kind. The knowledge in demand is not knowledge of books, but of men and things. The graduate may be able to write prettily: it is far more

essential to know what to write about. In college he lived a life of co-operation; teachers were there to help him: now he must stand alone. In college by working fairly hard, he could pass the examinations and graduate with his class: now it is not enough to keep even with his fellows, he must keep ahead. The ex-student learns finally that the object of a newspaper is to print news, and the man in demand is not the one that can "write up" an item, but the one who can go out and get it. This instinct for news, unfortunately for him, is not developed in colleges. In many ways, then, his college training has failed to prepare him for his profession. His pride is humbled by seeing men educated on the streets or in the printing office climb up ahead of him in his own profession, and in despair he asks himself the question: Is my college education a help or a hindrance?

We have seen, then, that the calling of journalism is not without its drawback, and that the man who enters it from college is by no means certain of success. The more obvious disadvantages of the calling, such as seeing one's best work perish with the day, writing anonymously and so without hope of reputation, working at unseasonable hours and the uncertainty of tenure—all these points I have not touched upon. But, perhaps enough has been said to show that the college graduate who goes into newspaper work, thinking that he is reasonably sure of success in a desirable profession, is a man who has listened to the pleadings of fancy rather than the statement of fact. One of the most useless pieces of human furniture in this world is the man who chooses a calling for which he is not fitted, and wastes his golden years of opportunity in becoming a successful failure.

B. A. HEYDRICK, '93,
—In *Phi Gamma Delta Quarterly*, for January.

To be a gentleman does not depend upon the tailor or the toilet. Good manners count for more than good clothes.—*Bishop Doane*.

East Summer.

When life and I strayed forth to thee,
Sweet summer!
A pilgrim at thy shrine to be,
Sweet summer!
How glorious were thy forms, framed in
By circling sky and forest dim,
Where groves, with trembling life astir,
Held aisles for thy fond worshiper,
Rare summer!
Thy morn was tinged with rosy gray,
Bright summer!
Like childhood's days, too fair to stay,
Bright summer!
The whispering trees where once I played,
Wooed me at noonday 'neath their shade;
And o'er thy charms at evening pale,
Soft moonbeams spread a bridal veil,
Fair summer!
In thy soft air my castle swung,
Dear summer!
Where memory bells their sweet chimes rung,
Dear summer!
And there I brought on fancy's wings
And banqueted my queens and kings.
Ah, fleeting hours! thy phantom flight
Was mirage pure of past delight,
Loved summer!
And now where waved the garnered sheaves,
Oh, summer!
Snow-flakes are falling on dead leaves;
Oh, summer!
And where the wild flowers bravely bloomed
Thy coming glories lie entombed.
Come back, in thy spirit and mission divine,
Give to life's purpose a beauty like thine?
Blest summer!
"B."

Meadville in Midwinter.

One clear afternoon in January, a friend and I started out for a long walk. After some discussion we decided to go across the creek and to climb one of the steep hills there, from which we could see how the town looked in midwinter.

We walked rapidly down the busy streets, on through a by-way into a part of the city so quaint

Alpha Chi Omega is receiving congratulations for the Misses Carrie Gaston, Adelaide Wilson, and Flora Pendleton.

Zeta chapter of Alpha Chi Omega has recently been established at the New England Conservatory of Music, at Boston.

Recently a game of basket ball was played between the College team and the Olympian club of the M. E. church. The score was 18 to 2 in favor of the College team.

Not long ago when Mr. Wilson was getting his picture taken, he asked to sit with the left side toward the camera. The point to this joke may be a little obscure, but notice Mr. Wilson's mustache closely.

While the young ladies of the Hall were at dinner last Sunday, one of them gave herself away by remarking, "Girls, I'm going to ask Mrs. Laffer if I can't sit at her table Sundays for dinner; I want to get accustomed to eating with a man."

Mrs. Moore, of Parker, who has been at the Hall for the last couple of weeks, returned home Monday. Her daughter, Miss Sara, who is just recovering from a severe illness, accompanied her, but we hope to have her with us again during the spring term.

One of the young ladies at the Hall has been getting into all sorts of scrapes lately, because the girls will persist in wearing her cape. She says she don't object to lending the cape, but that if it don't stop its spooning it will have to stay in nights, and that's all there is about it.

Last Friday morning the Chapel Talk was delivered by Dr. Crawford. His subject was the "Makers of our Modern Civilization." After mentioning the four primary causes of modern civilization he showed that the work of missions was the chief working element at present, and to it the rapid spread of civilization may be almost wholly attributed.

Monday, March 9th, Sigma Alpha Epsilon celebrated the 40th anniversary of her birth. Early in the evening Messrs. Borland and Larabee were initiated into the mysteries of Sigma Alpha Epsilon. After the initiation ceremonies the boys repaired to the dining room of the Central Hotel,

where an elaborate spread had been prepared. Besides feasting, fraternity songs were sung, toasts responded to and other exercises indulged in appropriate to a Founder's Day celebration.

As examinations draw nigh the young ladies in the Hall show an alarming tendency to study on Sunday. Last Sabbath evening a crusade under the efficient leadership of Miss O'Brien was organized for the extermination of this evil. The band, though prompted by worthy motives, bore a striking resemblance to Coxey's army, and met with about the same success.

Alpha Chi Omega gave a five o'clock tea last Monday afternoon, at their rooms, in honor of Mr. Frederic Shailer Evans, who gave a very enjoyable concert at the Academy of Music in the evening. A few invited guests were present and a most delightful social event was enjoyed. Mr. Evans and Mr. Coinstock are warm friends, having been students together for several years at Leipzig.

Love is a study in college,
Which catalogues never explain;
Yet it's so pleasant, all will acknowledge,
That here it must ever remain.

For its recitations no hours are voted,
The profs pass its rich classics by,
But forgotten is Smith—to whom I'm devoted—
When a dainty form catches my eye,
(Now here's a fine simile, not metonymy)
And my spirit spreads its wings like a dove;
My body's at Political Economy,
But my soul's in the class-room of Love.

Y. M. C. A. Notes.

President H. K. Steele has appointed the following committees for the ensuing year:

Membership—A. W. Mumford, E. C. Smith, Ira Davis, and W. J. Lowstuter.

Religious Meetings—Howard Burdge, J. A. Wolstoncroft and W. L. Wilkinson.

Bible Study—L. L. Swisher, J. W. Thomas, Ph. D., and N. P. Champlain.

Neighborhood Work—Grant Norris, Lynn McMichael, W. D. Thompson and George Grant.

Missionary—E. C. Lindsley, J. B. Hilliard and Emerson Jones.

Finance—J. S. Reitz, R. K. Crawford, N. A. Darling and J. P. Prindle, Jr.

Music—Wm. M. Buzza, R. S. Swearer and S. S. Popoff.

Social—F. T. Darrow, Clyde Knapp, Jesse Rodgers, and D. M. Larrabee.

Reception—N. P. Champlain, M. B. Lytle, Paul Weyand and E. C. Smith.

Inter-Collegiate Relations—W. D. Thompson, J. V. Wright and W. P. Beazell.

Hand Book—Grant Norris, F. T. Darrow, G. N. Gage, D. S. Swaney, and N. A. Darling.

Alumni Notes.

Hiram E. Smith, '88, is Republican candidate for Treasurer of Crawford county.

James W. Campbell, '93, sailed February 29th, for a three months' sojourn in the Holy Land.

Wm. C. Pickett, M. D., '92, is now Resident Physician at the Blockley Hospital, Philadelphia.

Frank W. Black, '92, is now Field Correspondent for the Oil City *Derrick*, with headquarters at Lima, O.

Robt. W. Elliott, A. M., '90, has just graduated from Drew Seminary, and is now a member of the Newark conference, New Jersey.

The College World.

Exchanges.

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

There are 143 women's colleges in the United States.—*Ex*.

Be what you are; this is the first step toward being better than you are.—*Hall*.

Girls are loved for what they are. Young men for what they promise to do.—*Ex*.

The class of '99, in Boston University, is composed of 74 women and 24 men.—*Ex*.

Mrs. Elizabeth G. Kelly, of Chicago, promises to erect a chapel for the University of Chicago to cost \$100,000.—*Ex*.

In the present House of Representatives there are 173 college-bred men, against 183 who are not college graduates.—*Ex*.

The Wellesley girls have agreed to go without butter for a month, if the money thus usually expended be devoted to the relief of the suffering Armenians.—*Ex*.

The Tulane *Collegian* is on our table again. The *Collegian* is one of our best exchanges. Its literary and exchange departments are particularly good.

I asked a poet, once, what single word
His soul did prize all other words above.
A far-off look came to his dreamy eyes,
As, with a sigh, he softly answered, "Love."
I put the question to a student gay.
He smiled and said, "In pencil it is writ
Along the margin of some dreary page,
It is the goodly word 'Omit.'"
—*Ex*

AND THE BAND PLAYED ON.
As deftly I guided her twinkling feet
Thro' the midst of the mad, mazy whirl,
I felt that she only could make life complete,
And the band played, "There's only one girl."
Then leaving the ball room we strolled side by side,
On the lawn 'neath the heaven's bright arch;
And I thought, "If I can, I'll make her my bride,"
While the band played, "The Honeymoon March."

So I knelt at her feet and poured forth my tale,
While I smothered with kisses her glove.
And waited her answer all breathless and pale,
While the band played, "Love, dreaming of Love."

A moment she stood there, then, raising her head,
O, Heaven! look down on my sorrow—
"A sister I'll be to you," was all she said,
And the band played, "His funeral's to-morrow."
—*Mercury*.

The college Greek-letter fraternities in the United States have a membership of 100,000, with some 650 active and 350 inactive chapters. They

own seventy houses or halls in various college towns and cities.—*Harvard Crimson*.

The only woman chemist in Paris is a Vassar girl, Miss Ida Welt. She has distinguished herself at the University of Geneva, and the University of Paris. The Academy of Science has just published her "Researches on Dissymmetrical Hydrocarbons."—*N. Y. Times*.

Athletic interest among the girls at Cornell is growing at an alarming rate. They have just been permitted instruction in fencing. They now desire to have a crew and to row in a shell. The authorities are not pleased at this development and suggest the necessity of a safe boat. The girls have their swimming tank, however, and propose to make a shell as safe for them as for the men. They also want Courtney to coach them.—*The U. of P. Courier*.

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GOING NORTH.						GOING SOUTH.					
NO. 10	NO. 14	NO. 12	STATIONS.			NO. 9	NO. 11	NO. 13			
P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	Arrive		Leave	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.			
.....	4 55	2 30		Buffalo.....		5 35	12 20				
.....	3 24	1 00		Dunkirk.....		6 56	1 49				
7 00	1 42	9 48		Erie.....	6 10	8 35	3 35				
6 25	1 09	9 15		Wallace Junction.....	6 47	9 15	4 12				
6 20	1 04	9 11		Girard.....	6 50	9 18	4 15				
6 09	12 54	8 59		Lockport.....	7 00	9 29	4 26				
6 02	12 48	8 51		Cranesville.....	7 08	9 38	4 34				
6 43		10 22	Arrive.....	Conneaut.....	Leave.....	7 40	3 10				
3 10		7 40	Leave.....		Arrive.....	10 22	6 43				
5 57	12 44	8 45	Arrive.....	Albion.....	Leave.....	7 11	9 41	4 37			
5 43	12 33	8 31		Shadeland.....		7 23	9 53	4 51			
5 40	12 30	8 28		Springboro.....		7 27	9 56	4 55			
5 33	12 24	8 20		Conneautville.....		7 34	10 03	5 03			
5 08	12 06	8 00		Meadville Junction.....		8 00	10 25	5 25			
4 52		7 30	Leave.....	Conneaut Lake.....		10 09	4 52				
.....	12 18	8 10	Arrive.....		Arrive.....	8 10	10 50	5 39			
4 25		6 55	Leave.....	Meadville.....	Leave.....	9 42	4 25				
.....	12 45	8 37	Arrive.....		Arrive.....	8 37	11 25	6 10			
No. 2	11 51	7 43		Hartstown.....	No. 1	10 39	5 39				
.....	11 46	7 38		Adamsville.....		10 44	5 44				
.....	11 38	7 28		Osgood.....		10 54	5 53				
6 25	11 30	7 16		Greenville.....	6 30	11 07	6 05				
6 18	11 20	7 06		Shenango.....	6 40	11 20	6 20				
6 00	10 59	6 45		Fredonia.....	7 03	11 44	6 38				
5 44	10 43	6 25		Mercer.....	7 22	12 04	7 00				
5 30	10 29	6 10		Pardoe.....	7 36	12 22	7 14				
5 19	10 20	6 00		Grove City.....	7 47	12 33	7 25				
5 06	10 08	5 48		Harrisville.....	7 58	12 45	7 36				
4 58	10 00	5 40		Branchton.....	8 06	12 54	7 45				
5 00		8 10	Leave.....	Branchton.....	Arrive.....	7 10	12 10				
5 45		8 55	Arrive.....	Hilliard.....	Leave.....	6 25	11 15				
4 53	9 55	5 35	Leave.....	Keisters.....		8 10	12 58	7 49			
4 39	9 42	5 21		Euclid.....		8 22	1 12	8 03			
4 10	9 15	4 50		Butler.....		8 50	1 42	8 32			
2 20	7 20			Allegheny, P & W.....	11 00	3 50					
2 15	A. M.	P. M.		Pittsburgh, B & O.....	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.				

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