

*Elliott Duplicate*

VOL X, No. 4.

November 8, 1893.

# THE CAMPUS

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VOL. X., No. 4.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE, MEADVILLE, PA., NOVEMBER 8, 1893.

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

If there is one thing more than another that we have earnestly desired and felt the need of, it is a gymnasium. Hitherto our longings have been in vain, our hopes have been blasted. Our intellectual education has been well provided for, but the physical part has been left to care for itself.

There have been brief periods of activity in athletics, but the spirit has soon died out. Football teams have been organized several times, have run their short course and passed away. Our representatives have contested the field-day events with men of inferior colleges, only to be shamefully defeated. Our

base ball team and athletic association have been able to live on from year to year, but their existence has been precarious. What little enthusiasm has been stirred up at times has soon become inert from want of encouragement, or has been perverted and shown itself in ways not always compatible with the best interests of the college.

Professors have grown grey, while students have come and gone without having a place provided within the reach of all, where systematic exercise, under competent instructors, could be had. A few have made use of the opportunities afforded by private gymnasiums, but the majority have had to content themselves with a hundred-yard dash from their rooms to breakfast, a hop-step-and-jump off the slippery sidewalks on the campus or the necessary gymnastic exercises to prevent the latter event from coming off.

Now all this is past. We belong to a generation favored above others. Our long deferred hopes have been realized. We now have a place to harden our flabby muscles, deepen our chests and strengthen our weak limbs. Surely we ought to be able to contend hereafter with the men of other colleges in manly college sports. No further need for climbing a greased pole on top of old Bentley at midnight, frescoing Hulings Hall cows, or decorating the chapel with inharmonious colors. Our enthusiasm can now be vented in other ways more to our credit and more compatible with the best interests of the college.

A gymnasium has been provided; let it be used. It is true, we ought to have one of our own, right here on the campus, and probably

will have before many years, but we can't expect more favors unless we show some appreciation of those we have already received. Support the president and faculty and they will do the more for us. Don't allow the baseball and foot-ball teams to grow careless or disband. Make yourself such a good candidate for membership that the members of those teams will tremble for their places, and give them up if they do not keep up with the times. Other colleges ought not to carry off all the honors in field-day sports, either. Go in and win some of them. Now is the time to prepare.

If you have a little bit of enthusiasm, don't allow it to evaporate without producing any effect. Go to Prof. Ross and get a ticket; then use it. Ride the dummy bicycle; it's lots of fun. If you don't like that, try some of the other muscle developers. You don't want to have little, thin arms and narrow shoulders, like girls, do you? No. Then go to the Gym. Your boarding house mistress will not object if you do eat more, if you only grow some.

\* \* \*

Among the many conspicuous exhibits at the World's Fair, one which attracted most of the writer's attention was the entire and complete absence of any thing or things, in that whole display of cities, states and nations, which represented Allegheny College. In the educational department a large number of the colleges of the world were represented. Some by grand and extensive displays, others by small though practicable emblems of what they are and what they are doing. True, some if not most of these colleges represented are larger than our own. On the other hand, there are many which rank far below our own. And yet each has an exhibit. Perhaps Allegheny's exhibit had a place assigned on the roof or in

the cellar. We did not visit those parts to see. But with a careful and ever watchful eye we searched in every nook and cranny, and much to our chagrin, nothing could be found emblematical of our college. The first question which arises in our minds is, Why were we not in some measure represented? The next is, Who is to blame for the negligence? At this hour it is too late to mend. Why cry over spilt milk? It is only another example of the pace at which we are traveling. We are frightfully behind the times. On all sides similar institutions have sprung up; are growing, healthy too, while we seem to be creeping along in the same old-fashioned way. And are not the students as much at fault as any one? College spirit can't be manufactured; it must be developed. In the language of the truck driver, Get a move on!

\* \* \*

One dark, damp, chilly night recently, during our rambles in search of news, it was our luck, call it good or bad, to be carried by some hidden power into a deep ravine on one side of which, like a mushroom, was planted a little old log hut. With beating heart and heavy breath we silently approached the window, that we might further investigate this sudden discovery. In the center of the room a large iron vessel hung suspended from a heavy oak cross-bar, this being supported by a standard at each end. Just such an arrangement as our grandmothers used to make soft soap in. Around the vessel stood several individuals. One tall, straight and manly, with sandy moustache. He held a great ladle in one hand and with the other seemed to be examining the composition of the contents of the vessel. To our minds he was chief cook. Near him sat two others, one short, thin and pale, the other a solid, red cheeked lad. These two appeared

## Literary.

## Inaugural Address.

BY PRES. WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD, D.D.

The demonstration of this day has in it much that is worthy of thought. This is no laudation of any man. It is an outburst of popular enthusiasm for an institution—an institution well known, highly respected, and, by many, ardently loved. An institution which has had long and honorable history, whose buildings and grounds are sacred through associations heroic and tender, whose sons and daughters have won the laurels on many a field where the bravest and brawniest have been their competitors. An institution whose present foundations are secure, and whose future promises a development commensurate with the love and loyalty of her many friends. The enthusiasm of this day is for Allegheny College. I congratulate the college that this is true. It is no small thing that the citizens of Meadville and surrounding territory are proud of their college; that they sympathize with her in every adversity, and rejoice in all her prosperity. Nothing, after the loyalty of its alumni, means more for a college, than the sympathy and support of the community in which it is located.

In the kind words and royal welcome of this day, I see much to encourage and inspire, but I see also much to humiliate. I bow in reverence at the thought of the heroic men whose feet have made holy the walks and halls of yonder hill. The succession to which you have called me is an honorable one. The command to enter the labors of these noblemen overwhelms me. To be identified with the administration of a college is a grave responsibility. There is much increase of that responsibility when that college is one of proud ancestry and noble history. It is with a sense of great unworthiness, Mr. Chairman, that I accept the keys and take into sacred keeping the charter which has been committed to my care. I cannot hope to do what others have done, but I

to have it as their duty to replenish the fuel which burned briskly beneath the huge vessel. Others stood round about offering the different elements which made up the compound, to the chief cook. Just then the door opened and the small man hurried out into the night. We took our leave, lest we should be discovered, pondering over what we had seen. The *Kaldron* has begun to simmer.

\* \* \*

In another column of this issue will be found the sentiments of an alumnus of the college in regard to its college publication. Every student in the college, from the youthful prep to the dignified senior, should drink in those thoughts as they appear in black and white; the thoughts of a man who was a college man. Again we urge you as students in this college to look at the shamefully small list of subscribers to your paper. It is with great difficulty and only the keenest of business management that we are enabled to offer you a paper which ranks with any of its kind in the United States. Our efforts are not appreciated by the great majority of the student body. Why is this so? It is not a money making scheme; on the other hand, stockholders have been compelled to meet several bills which could have been paid from different sources than the pockets of those who have risked their capital in the company which publishes the paper. In some colleges dailies are published, in others weeklies, and they are successful, too. Only because the whole student body offer their hearty support. The CAMPUS, while maintaining a high and honorable position among college publications, could be improved upon and would be were the necessary funds available. Read the clipping referred to, ponder over what is said in but a few lines, and the next time the business manager approaches you meet him half way.

promise you all that I can do for the institution you love and cherish.

With thoughts of the past and hopes for the future making the present intense, I am led to ask, *What is the place of the college in our modern society?* I do not need to ask this audience such a question, but through you I send it to thousands beyond you who do not know how to answer it. It is the few who are acquainted with the college. The many do not know it at all. College walls are no more than monastic walls. College life as little understood as the life of the nun who walks behind the iron gate of the *Trinita di monti*. This is in part the fault of the college. College men have sometimes been proud and exclusive, unwilling to give of what they have received, acknowledging no obligation to their less fortunate brothers. Thus there has arisen in certain quarters a college aristocracy of a bad type, which has done much to separate the college from the sympathy of the masses of the people. There is a true college aristocracy with no such spirit. It is broad, tolerant, philanthropic. The fault is not all with the college. The people themselves are guilty. They have been so engrossed with the ideas of money-getting and social life and political struggle that they have had no thought for the higher things of the college. The time has come when the needs of our civilization demand that the college and the people shall get acquainted. We need some chivalric spirit of stalwart brain and heart, who shall rise up and introduce these two parties. After the introduction, our hero ought to see that the college and society hold some conversation together. But his work will not be done until the acquaintance has ripened into permanent friendship. In this friendship the college will do much for society and society will do much for the college.

Perhaps the greatest service the college can render society will be to show what constitutes a liberal education—what such an education is for—how it may be obtained. We are living in an age when a liberal education is in danger of being lost sight of. The great cry of our time is for

what is called a practical education. This sounds like a fair demand. No one surely would plead for an unpractical education—an education which would unfit one for the work and business of life. If this plea for a practical education is really a protest against an unpractical education, we shall agree that it is just. But is this the plea? In some cases, yes. In most cases, no. The real essence of this high-sounding demand of our age for a practical education is a desire for a short cut in education. The old method is too slow. So the quacks send out their handbills, "Latin in Three Months," "French in Six Weeks," "A College Course in a Year and a Half." Many would abolish the idea of a liberal education altogether. The "technical education," they say, "is enough. If the boy is going to be a doctor, send him at once to the medical school, or if a lawyer, to the law school." This is the method of the majority. They go from the farm, shop, store, or high school, and take the technical training for their profession, and the thing is done. Multitudes of untrained and half-trained men are to-day rushing into the various professions. The theory of a liberal education is this, that before the technical training the young man ought to get some general view of the various fields of knowledge. Under competent instructors he is to open the door of science, of language, of art, of history, of political economy, of philosophy. He must get some introduction to all the fields of knowledge before he begins his special studies in the field where he is to spend his life. The aim of a liberal education is symmetrical intellectual manhood. Such education is often found outside the college, but it is the college which is to hold up and defend the ideal.

If the college is true to its history, it will do more than this. The American college is an outgrowth of the Christian church, and as such has always maintained that the highest intellectual manhood was also a Christian manhood. It has aimed at a symmetry of heart as well as a symmetry of brain. It has been one of the mightiest forces in the upbuilding of the state—presenting

right ideas of patriotism, enforcing the obligations of citizenship and pointing out to the statesman the truest path of progress for the commonwealth. It has been for the Christian church her strongest ally. Preparing her ministers, furnishing equipment for her missionaries and supplying her laymen with a strength of mind and heart unmatched by any other school of training. All this the college has done because her aims have not been petty and narrow. Her purpose has been to strive for the largest things in human development. The great thought of the college is the making of a man. Not a one-sided creature with trained mind and untrained morals, but a well-rounded man. There is no higher ideal than this. What is the making of a scientist or mechanical engineer in comparison with the making of a man. There are some, even in this fast hurrying present of ours, who do put emphasis on manhood. The number is increasing of those who demand that he who stands at their bedside to prescribe for them in sickness shall be a man, as well as a physician; that he who pleads their cause at the bar shall have character as well as legal information. All this is in harmony with the college ideal. It is brain and heart trained and disciplined as a basis. Foundation is mental and moral character first. This is what Mr. Gladstone plead for in his Oxford lectures of last year. He protested against the utilitarian ideas which he saw getting a hold on the university teaching of England, and advocated a return to the old ideal of intellectual and moral fibre as a beginning; after that, specialization. We ought not to forget this: that the great aim of the college is not to fit young men and women to get a living. *It is to fit them to live.* If they are fitted to live, the question of getting a living will be a comparatively easy one; but if they are only fitted to get a living, they will occupy a very narrow corner. It is the young man or woman fitted to live who is in demand for the large place of honor and influence.

But the college does more than hold up this high standard of education. It sends forth leaders into all the avocations of life. It is the

men sent out from the college who, as a rule, are the best preachers, the most skilled physicians, and the ablest lawyers. They are the editors of the leading papers and magazines. They write our most enduring books. They are doing their part in invention and discovery. They are among the foremost in the affairs of state. They are at the front in social and moral reform. Who can measure the influence of Harvard and Yale, of Williams and Brown, of Princeton and Wesleyan, in the leadership both of church and state? The place of the college in society is a large one. It stands for intellectual training and moral, for high educational ideas, for noble purposes in citizenship, for righteousness in the state and purity in the church. It stands for all the highest things to which society may aspire.

What, now, are the obligations of society to such an institution? These large things of the college can only be done through the sympathy and support of society. It is money poured out in increasing millions which has made possible this heroic work of the college in our American civilization. Scientific research cannot progress without suitable building and appropriate apparatus. The book of the heavens cannot be read without observatory and telescope! The lore of other ages and other peoples cannot be studied without library purchased at great cost. More important still, and more expensive still, is the living teacher. All this provision for the work of the college must be made by society. The few who come from the many, to secure the advantages of the college, cannot pay the price of an education. Many of them have small means—some are positively poor. They who see the work of the college and know its large place in our national life, are the ones who must perpetuate the college by their sympathy and their gifts. When society shall support the college as it ought to be supported; when not the few, but the many shall be interested in its work and jealous of its success; when it shall be no longer a pauper at the door, but a guest in the fireside circle; when the acquaintance between society and the college

shall have ripened into a true and permanent friendship, then it will be that the college will occupy its true place and accomplish its mission. The future possibilities of the college in whose name we are gathered to-day, can only be measured by the ability and devotion of its instructors, and by the sympathy and support of the people who constitute its patronizing territory. This word I speak through you to the many beyond, who do not know what the college stands for nor what is its worth in our civilization.

### The Conclusion.

We frequently hear the regret expressed that so few men have the ability, or rather the courage, to address any audience on questions of common interest. And there is reason for such a regret. Men who should help to mould the public opinion, often will not take any active part in proceedings carried on for the common good, because to do so they would be obliged to make many speeches, and they invariably shrink from doing this.

There are, however, other men who are ever ready to talk. Some of them are happy in their attempts; others bore their unfortunate hearers. Of this latter class we will mention only those who never know when to conclude their remarks. And our observation has led us to conclude that the number of this class of speakers is legion.

It has been said that "the end crowns the work," so we may add that if "all's well that ends well," a speech that is brought to a happy, natural and graceful close will surely have its intended effect upon the hearers. Of course to have a splendid conclusion, we must necessarily have a well prepared, thoughtful discourse.

But we sometimes hear a speaker who has delivered a fine address spoil its effect by his manner of concluding. It may be that he has become enamored of his own voice, and foolishly imagines that others have also. Perhaps he is so anxious to impress his audience with the importance of what he says that he wishes to utilize every mo-

ment and every word at his command to effect his purpose. Whatever may be his intention in drawing out his conclusion, or in introducing new ideas into it, he must be considered as a failure on the orator's platform, for he has not acquired that knowledge indispensable to a successful public speaker, namely, when to conclude his remarks.

We say that a speaker who does not know when to conclude his remarks is a failure, because we know of nothing more wearisome than to listen to a man as he appears to be about to close his address, and to hear him suddenly begin a new strain of thought or to repeat what he has already said several times. And it is not a rare thing to meet with such speakers. We see them on the political platform, at the bar, in the pulpit. We also see the signs of impatience that their hearers exhibit, and what is most deplorable of all, we feel assured that these speakers will never learn their mistake.

It is not our intention to treat the conclusion of an address merely from a rhetorical point of view. We are just regarding it as people with no knowledge of rhetoric would do, and so when we speak of men not knowing when to conclude their remarks, we also have in mind those who are never satisfied unless they talk for an hour or two. Men of this class certainly have not learned when to conclude, even if they have learned when to speak. We believe, however, that no one has written more to the point on the question of the conclusion of a discourse than has Blair, in the following paragraph, which we quote in full:

"In all discourses, it is a matter of importance to hit the precise time of concluding, so as to bring our discourse just to a point; neither ending abruptly and unexpectedly; nor disappointing the expectations of the hearers, when they look for the close, and continuing to hover round and round the conclusion, till they become heartily tired of us. We should endeavor to go off with a good grace; not to end with a languishing and drawling sentence; but to close with dignity and spirit, that we may leave the minds of the hearers warm, and dismiss them with a favorable impression of the subject, and of the spirit."

### Local.

Hallowe'en.

Winter begins Oct. 28th.

Gage is studying flirtations.

E. W. Robinson was in Erie last week.

Miss Bissell, of Union City, has entered college.

Latshaw preached at Reisinger school house last Sunday.

Gee made a short visit to his home in Kingsville, Ohio.

Prof. C. F. Ross spent Sunday at his home in Mill Village.

Some of the students have decided to use no more red paint.

The A. C. C. B's entertained their lady friends last Friday evening.

Clarence B. Farrar was at his home in Cattaugus, N. Y., last Sunday.

Miss Clara Campbell has gone to her home in Kane, Pa., where she expects to remain three or four weeks.

Miss Lena Lattin is a delegate to the Y. W. C. A. convention that was held at Lancaster, Pa., the 3d, 4th and 5th of November.

Dr. Hamnett, accompanied by E. W. Jaynes, went to Chicago last week. The Library has seemed very lonely during the Doctor's absence.

Three Bible Training classes have been organized by the Y. M. C. A. Two of them meet every Saturday afternoon, the other one Monday afternoon.

The battalion, we are happy to state, is enjoying a steady, healthy growth, and the numbers have already swollen to such a size that three companies have been formed, one more than usual.

Wolf preached at Clarksville last Sunday.

Hodges is now a member of Delta Tau Delta.

Barlett has been initiated by Phi Delta Theta.

Miss Jack, of Hulings Hall, was on the sick list last week.

Allegheny and Ossoli are to have an intersociety this week.

Miss Fenno, who has been sick for some time, is now in Spencer Hospital. Her many friends hope she will soon be able to resume her college work.

Mead township students have a novel yell. The fact that there are so few students eligible to this organization causes them to be envied by all the city students.

If Quarter-back Jagomast would use differential  $x$  and cosine  $y$ , in his foot ball signs, we think they would tend to puzzle the opposing teams, especially if they were from another college.

Through some mistake, no mention was made of Kappa Alpha Theta initiations. The initiates are the Misses Lattin, Hogate, Hayes and Kling-smith. The last two are pledged members.

A number of the students attended the Hallowe'en social at the stone church, and all report a very pleasant time. Pumpkins, pumpkin pie, chestnuts and fortune telling were some of the features of the evening.

"Monty" watches Science Hall like an eagle over its young. It is not safe to walk through the campus after eleven o'clock p. m. or you will be seized by some senior professor or run into a row of tin cans which will surely bring out the "patrol."

One Sunday night recently, several Hulings Hall girls escaped from that institution and proceeded to search for the luscious grape. In the midst of their ravages, cabbages and celery seemed to attract their eyes, and before returning to the stately mansion they had even gone so far as to "pail" Peck's cow. 'Twas ever thus.

Many knees were knocking together when Dr. Crawford began his speech concerning the financial embarrassments of the management of the lecture course.

Dr. Crawford conducted the reopening services of the Tenth Street M. E. Church at Erie, Pa., Sunday morning and evening. In the afternoon he assisted in the services at the Soldiers' Home.

The members of the Junior class were to act as ushers at the Inauguration exercises, but it was found out that there were not enough to furnish each aisle with one, so other measures were resorted to.

Prof. Walton recently received a shipment of chemicals from a wholesale firm. Among the various reagents were a half dozen bottles of Castoria. The question now arises, In what chemical analyses does Prof. Walton use Castoria?

The powers that be ejected the Theta Nu Epsilon donkey from the inaugural Parade because it was too significant to have in line with other students. Prof. Dutton was considerably surprised to find an innocent boy under the mask of the individual on the animal's back.

The College foot ball team played with the Oil City team on October 23, and were defeated by a score of 12 to 0. The boys expected nothing but defeat for the Oil City team is the strongest one in this part of the State. Our team played a good game. Thompson had his collar bone broken during the play.

Dr. Hamnett, at the Fair, runs across twourchins who are having an animated discussion. The Doctor is in his usual congenial mood. He approaches one of the lads and, tickling him under the chin, asks, "Well, Charlie, what are you doing?" Charlie looks at him and says, "None of your blankety, blank, blank business," in English that would scorch a flat-iron. And now as we tarry in the library we can hear strains of "I'll never go there any more" coming from the region of the librarian's desk.

Prof. Fields, who will be remembered by all the older students as professor of mathematics, recently had a thirty-page article in the leading mathematical journal of Europe. The production was well worthy of so prominent a place, and certainly we know of no man who could have handled the subject more skillfully.

R. W. Darragh, last year's business manager of the CAMPUS, has sent word that he will be in the city the latter part of the week, at which time he wishes to settle up his accounts with the Campus Publishing Co. He states that there are still several things for sale, among them a revolver and a \$40 order on a Lovell diamond bicycle. If these articles he has on hand can be disposed of, the funds of the company will be materially increased. He also wishes to have all unpaid subscriptions paid in before offering his final statement.

The following article clipped from the Mt. Olivet (Ky.) *Tribune-Democrat*, is from the ready pen of W. C. Deming, '90, who is at present senior editor of that paper:

"ALAS, HOW SWIFTLY THE YEARS GO BY.

"The first number of the CAMPUS (Fall term '93) the semi-monthly magazine published by the students of Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa., is on our desk. The senior editor of this paper has taken this excellent magazine ever since he left college in June, '90, and doubtless will continue to take it as long as he lives. Each year the familiar names mentioned in its columns and noticed on the editorial staff have grown fewer and fewer, until now the copy before him contains but one name, the possessor of which, he can recall.

"Thrice blessed are you my friends, whose college life is yet an unfinished story, for therein you have joys and freedom from care and responsibility, you will never know again, when the old college shall have numbered you among its Alumni. Any failure on your part to improve the manifold advantages your present fortunate position is offering, in after years will haunt you with all the weight of a reproving conscience. When the re-

## Alumni.

R. Harry Patchin, '93, is teaching in Chardon, Ohio.

J. W. Carey, '93, is preaching at Florence, Penna.

B. A. Heydrick is engaged in newspaper work, New York City.

W. J. Merchant, '93, is in the newspaper business, Denver, Col.

W. W. Case, '84, is engaged in the insurance business, Boston, Mass.

Miss Adelaide K. Robinson, '89, teaches in the High School at Butler, Pa.

Rev. W. J. Wilson, '66, is pastor of the M. E. church at Cuyahoga Falls, O.

Rev. W. H. Haskell, D.D., is the pastor of Hamline M. E. church, Steubenville, O.

Rev. R. B. Mansell, D. D., '71, is preaching at the Fifth Ave. M. E. church, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Ira J. Dunn, M. D., '86, and Miss Addie E. Phillips, both of Meadville, were married Oct. 21, '93.

Rev. E. A. Bell, '88, is one of the missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church. His address is Jubbulpoor, India.

Prof. G. W. Clarke, Ph. D., '51, has been a member of the faculty of Mt. Union College for more than forty years.

John S. Danforth, '93, visited his Phi Gam brothers, last week. "Dannie" is now engaged in real estate business in Buffalo, N. Y.

Rev. D. L. Thoburn, '85, sailed for India on Oct. 25th. He is a nephew of Bishop Thoburn and a graduate of Boston Theological School.

A Chicago paper of recent date announces the marriage of Miss May E. Litzenberg and R. D. Beardsley, western advertising manager of the

alization comes, as it will come, that college duties slighted and shirked, result in a loss not to the professors, but to yourselves, you will discover that even the infallible college student can be mistaken. College boys are dreamers and go forth into the world with inflated ideas as to their ability and deserts, but sooner or later the awakening comes and they settle down to the stern realities of life."

### Allegheny College.

BY S. P. BATES.

Allegheny, the matron, is joyous to-day.

As she gathers her children around the hearth-stone;

Her lot is a happy one, who can but say,

As she blesses the head of each favored son.

In those fresh, early days, when her garments were scant,

When her hours were laborious, her progeny few,

She never lost hope, guarded well the young plant;  
From the Sages of old rare nourishment drew.

But each oncoming year, as it speeds o'er the way,  
Brings a bevy of youth to the fond mother's side,

Still enlarging her garments to shield all that may,  
With a filial intent in her household abide.

At her altars have waited, and ministered round,  
Some rare gifted workmen, as ever drew style,  
Classic Alden, and Rutter, and Barker profound,  
Clark, and Loomis, and Bugbee and Wheeler the while.

And now as we come the rich harvest to reap,  
We give to the place, where the wise men have stood,

And charge him to safe the rich heritage keep,  
Our Crawford, and long may he battle for good.

Miss Ida M. Tarbell, '80, is the author of an article on Madame Roland in the November Scribner's. The article is illustrated and occupies a very prominent part in the magazine.

Chautauquan. The bride is the accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Litzberg, of Oil City. She was a student in the Conservatory of Music a short time ago, and made many friends. The groom needs no introduction to the college world. He was ever engaged in the activities of college life, and all who know him will wish him and his better half a prosperous voyage over what sometimes prove to be tumultuous seas.

## The College World.

### Exchanges.

At Boston University the faculty has voted to permit work on college papers to count an hour's work in the course, allowing seven hours per week to the managing editor and two hours to each of his assistants. The thousands of toil-worn, care-laden collegiate editors would rise up and call their respective faculties blessed were they all to take such philanthropic action.—*Buffalo Blue.*

The strength of a chain lies in its weakest link. The weakest point in one's character determines in great part the strength of that character itself. Many a noble life is undermined by a besetting sin. What importance then must be ascribed to even the little weak points of our nature! The chain of life extends from its beginning to its close, from eternity to eternity, from earth to heaven. Every day is a link. Every day not rightly lived weakens the chain and lessens the strength of the life.—*Advance.*

*The Aegis* contains a lengthy article, by a prominent man, in which he sets forth several exhortations which each and every student should keep continually before his mind's attention. Among them is:

Let others praise your endeavor. Whatever may be your achievements, do not blunder in publishing them to others, as did a Frenchman of some literary distinction. After studying English

a few months, he wrote to an American friend: "In small time I can learn so many English as I think I will come at the America and go on to the scaffold to lecture." When you enter again the presence and company of your loved ones at home, do not overstate your acquirements. Be not as the son of a certain farmer of whom I have read. He had been at college and was at primary Latin. When he came home at vacation he was turning English into Latin. Standing one day with a fork in hand near a heap of manure and a cart, meditating more about Latin than labor, he said to his father, "Father, do you know what fork, cart, and manure would be in Latin?" "No, sir," spoke the father somewhat impatiently. Joseph said we would call them "forkibus, cartibus, et manuribus." The father replied, "Well, now, if you don't take that forkibus pretty quickibus, and pitch that manuribus into that cartibus, I'll thresh your lazy backibus." Joseph saw more comfort in labor than Latin just then.




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A course in journalistic training has been established at the University of Pennsylvania under Prof. J. F. Johnson, an experienced newspaper man. Much practical work will be required in addition to the study of topics of current interest. All former attempts along this line have been failures. Several of the editors of the New York dailies who have been interviewed upon the subject are of the opinion that the best place to learn journalism is in a newspaper office.

The following, clipped from one of our most excellent exchanges, the *Coup d'Etat*, voices the sentiment of many of our own students in regard to our athletic sports:

The first and essential condition of successful college athletics is that the students themselves as a body should prefer to be defeated gentlemen rather than victorious blackguards. Without this condition there could really be no inter-collegiate athletics at all. No one could take any interest in the games. That the students of this university are of this way of thinking is very evident. It was evinced by the small attendance at the first ball game, by the prompt condemnation of the game by both the college papers, and by the free language which was used concerning it, wherever there was conversation upon the subject. I am not sufficiently informed to express an opinion as to what individuals were responsible for the misconduct of the base ball interest. Editorial comment in the *Occident* seems to hint at circumstances concerning which I know nothing. But one thing is evident, there must be some grave defect in athletic organization, when any branch of athletics can be carried on in utter defiance of student opinion.

From the *College Rambler* we clip the following excellent editorial, in regard to the ideal college paper: "(a) A college paper must be alive;

must be a living, potent, active force. *Ideas* are life. One, new, vigorous idea, never so bluntly put, is better warrant for the appearance of a single issue, than any number of the comliest reiterations. True, form is good, so far as it goes. But the temptation, when ideas run out, is to continue the mere forms of expression, devoid of real thought or worth. The result is a pretty but lifeless shell. The tendency toward empty verbosity, polished wordiness is a danger that assails all, from the editors of each department to the contributors themselves. 'Don't be a clam.' Get out of your shell and shell out your ideas! (b) A college journal must be unbiased. It must be ready with encouragement for all laudable college enterprises, as well as fearless in condemning foul play, low, mean measures or unhealthy tendencies. With respect to the college world, it must not only be a 'Vox Populi,' but it must also be a voice in itself, in short, an arena for and an exponent of free thought. The true college journal must *not* be managed in the interests of any particular society, sect, class, or clan. Let strictest justice be the standard. 'In hoc signo vincet.'"

*You are now again in school.*

Here is a question: What is the object of your coming? The young men and women of to-day are to be the future kings and queens of the world. You are here preparing for your coronation. There is a peculiar but impressive form for the crowning of a king in certain parts of Africa. A public meeting is held. The candidate for the royal office, after washing, is dressed in an expensive cloth and shirt. Loaded with corals around his neck, arms and feet, he appears and sits on a large arm-chair, and is exhibited to the people as their king amid loud exclamations and praises. When silence is effected, a chief advances, and on getting near the king gives him

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a crack on the head, saying, "The country will soon be in your hand; mind it well." Another comes and gives him a box on the ears, saying, "Keep your ears open; do justice, and give right judgments." Another comes and gives him a thump on the forehead, saying, "Keep your head clear, and pity the poor." And so on till twelve or fifteen chiefs have duly impressed the king concerning his official duties both by word and thumping. After this the priests appear with their sacrifices, and killing of goats and fowl, to propitiate the gods and the forefathers.

You are now in training for induction into your royal offices which are awaiting you. These professors are going to sound your heads, and, if possible, fill up all the vacant portions with such knowledge as will best qualify you for life's duties. The ancients used to say that Vulcan struck Jupiter on the head and the goddess of Wisdom jumped out. This is an illustration of what these professors are going to do. They will feel and thump your heads until wisdom appears.

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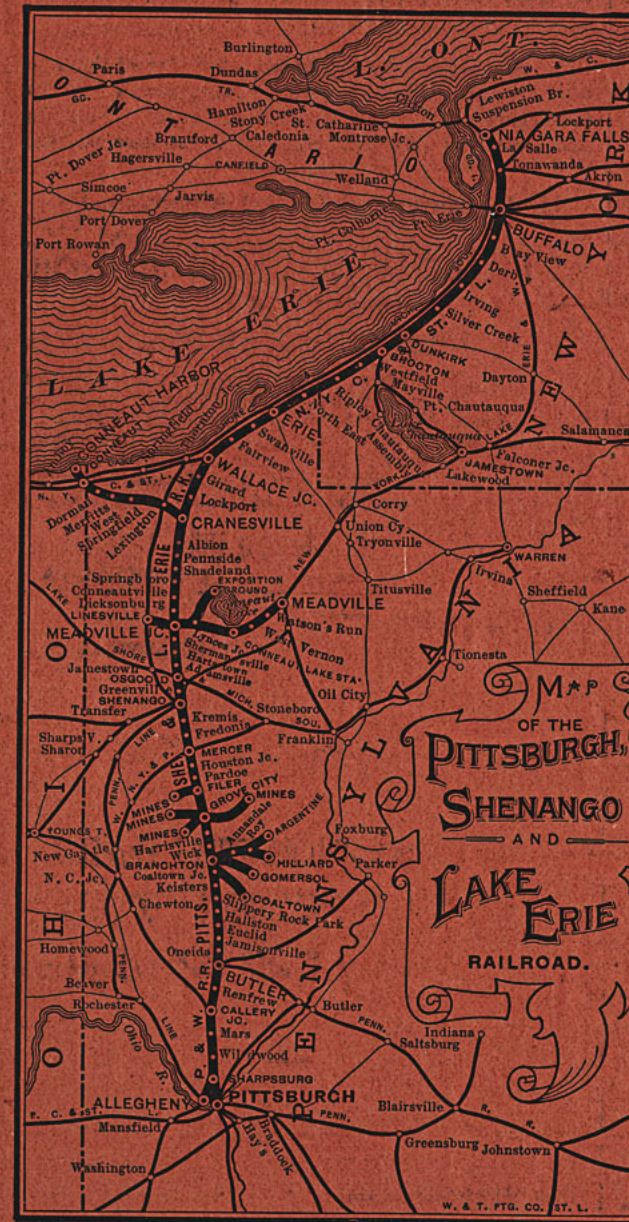
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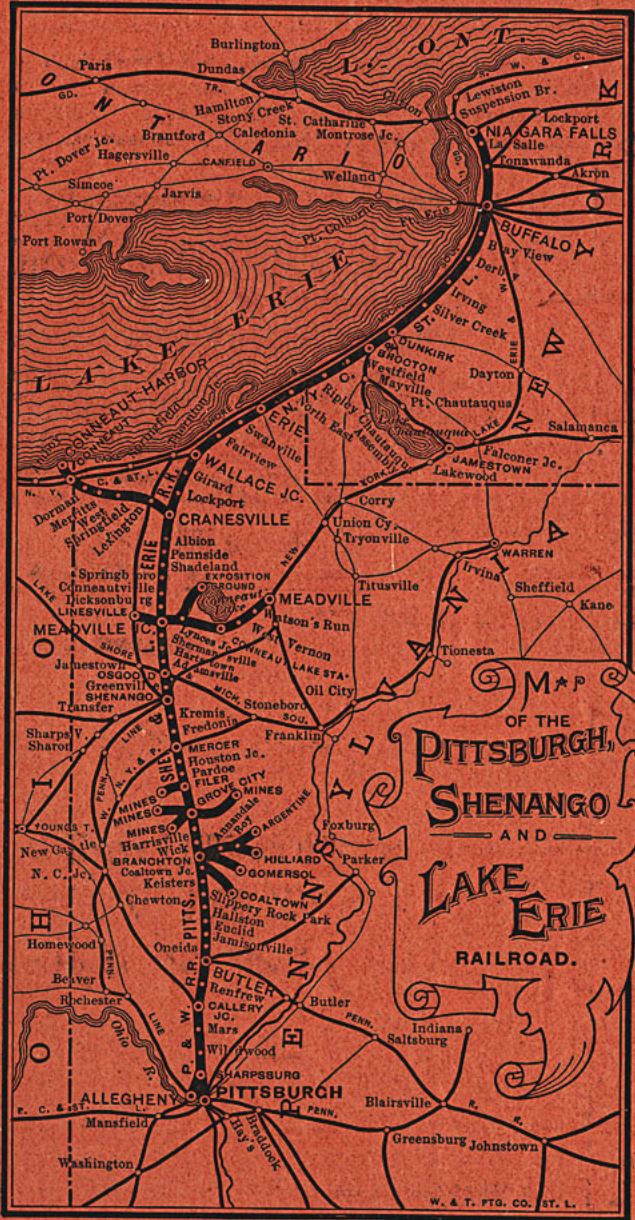
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