

The Campus.

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

VOL. XIII., No. 13.

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NEW SERIES.

The Campus.

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

The fact that the college team played no games on Memorial Day has called forth much comment, both favorable and unfavorable. We are glad to see the day on which we honor the memories of the old soldiers kept free from athletic contests and mere jollification.

The patriotism of these men secured to us a continuance of the liberty and union of our nation and we should remember that the educational results of the late war were scarcely less

beneficial to our land than the social and material results.

The irritation and strife which for forty years had distracted our land and turned our thoughts from things intellectual, was allayed and the country turned its thoughts to education more strongly than ever during the regeneration period. Let the colleges of our country be careful that they do not fall in with the popular tendency to pervert the day sacred to our heroes and make it a carnival of sports, but to make it a day of thoughtful reverence.

Literary.

Drunkenness.

There are several varieties of drunkards, all of them more or less absurd and disagreeable. There is the stupid, the pugnacious, the confidential, the weeping, and the gloriously drunk man, besides many other minor varieties.

The man who gets confidential when he becomes drunk is one of the most tiresome of the different varieties of men who look upon the rye when it is flavored with lemon peel. He may be a very taciturn man in his total abstinence moods, but when he gets under the influence of a succession of cocktails, he tries to tell all he knows, and his bursts of confidence are really painful to his friends and acquaintances. He not only tells all that he knows, but much that he does not know familiarly enough to talk about with certainty. When under the influence of rye, he will stretch his imagination until you can hear it crack and ravel at the edges, and he will tell massive and voluminous

lies about the extent of his business, the great influence he has in politics, his intimacy with great men, and such matters. It is not what he says, but the manner in which he says it, that makes his outbursts of confidential deception exasperating. He makes a great show by taking you to one side and unwinding ponderous falsehoods, intended, as he says, especially for your own ear. He puts his hand on your shoulder and whispers down the back of your neck, while you can smell his breath as it tickles the bare place just back of your ear. Then forgetting that the matter has been communicated to you confidentially, he will tell the same thing, in a loud voice, to the barkeeper. He breaks out in winks and nods, and dark hints and allusions regarding something that (owing to some private information he has received, and which he is not at liberty to make known) he is satisfied will be made public and astonish the public in a few days. He gradually becomes rambling and mixes up an account of one of his youthful adventures with something he read in the last number of the *New York Weekly*. It is a good time to leave him then, and if he cannot secure another victim he will sit down in a chair and talk to himself until he goes to sleep.

The weeping drunk man seems to take no pleasure out of his drunk. He never makes a night of it and he is not in the habit of rushing around with his hat on the back of his head, slapping his friends on the back and asking them to come along and take something. He wears his hat drawn down over his eyes, and often drinks by himself. A joyless gloom pervades the atmosphere of the saloon that he frequents. The barkeeper does not need to ask him what he will take, for he always drinks out of the same bottle and sighs as he wipes his chin on his sleeve and puts a piece of lemon peel in his mouth. If you meet him when he has taken, say his fifth glass, he will take you by the hand and tell you that he is sorry that you should see him in this condition; he intimates that he has always considered you his

best friend, and that he knows that he is doing wrong in acting as he does. Then he weeps. When, with the hope of making him take a more cheerful view of things, you suggest that he take something with you, he shakes his head in a despondent way and mutters something about wishing he was dead, but he reaches out for the bottle and takes a drink all the same. He dries his eyes and tells you of his poor wife who died several years ago, what a good woman she was, how happy they lived together, and what a poor, lonely wretch he had been since she was taken from him. At this point he would give vent to his feelings in sobs and tears, if his hiccough and the cheese on the lunch counter did not engage his attention. The weeping drunk man is a bilious and dyspeptic nuisance. There is no pleasant feature about him. When he is sober he may be a very pleasant acquaintance, but under the influence of stimulants he becomes solemn and dejected, telling about the good times that have been, complaining and grieving about the present and prophesying dire calamity in the future. You may do all you can to cheer him up, but it does no good; when you are gone he will stagger around into an alley and sit down on a barrel and weep until he feels that it is time to take another drink.

The man who gets gloriously drunk is the least objectionable of all men who get drunk. He is usually a man of generous impulses, broad and liberal views, sanguine temperament, warm hearted and sociable. The miserly, mean, stingy or small-souled men are seldom seen gloriously drunk. Either because they lack enterprise or because they dread the expense consequent on a glorious drunk, they confine themselves to solitary and economical tipping from a bottle that they keep on the upper shelf in a closet at home. A man who becomes gloriously drunk is usually ripe between 1 and 3 o'clock a. m., when, if he is not harvested by his friends and a hackman, he is liable to be pulled by the police. He takes more enjoyment out of a drunk than any other person.

His views of life broaden out and his contempt for the details and trivial worries of business strengthen as he warms up under the influence of successive glasses of his favorite beverage. If clouds of adversity or trouble have filled the horizon of his every-day life, the clouds disappear altogether before the deceptive influence of the golden liquid as he sucks it through a straw.

As he warms up he is apt to break forth into a song. His favorite selections are of the "drive-dull-care-away" and "won't-go-home-till-morning" class, and he is extremely partial to anything with a "Hip, hip, hurrah!" chorus to it. When he reaches the musical period of his drunk, he usually has his hat on one side of his head and mud on his coat tail.

The man who gets gloriously drunk never does anything by halves. He is sure to get gloriously sick next morning. He is not a habitual drunkard, but merely once in a while, without premeditation, he meets a couple of friends whom he has not seen for some time, the temptation—and also the liquor—is too strong, and the result, next morning, is a headache, brandy and soda, and a determination never to do so anymore.

Some of the Newer Books.

The market at this time is full of a fiction new and interesting and much more healthy in its tone than that of a year or two ago. Any lover of the novel whose time has been too fully occupied during the college year to avail himself of lighter reading will find a rich treat in store for him during the summer months ahead:

First and foremost among the books he will enjoy stands "Sentimental Tommy," by Barrie. This is considered by some the greatest novel written within the last ten years. No one can read this charmingly written and fascinating story of boy's life without being impressed by Mr. Barrie's wonderful insight into the life of a child. Unless some of our most eminent critics

are mistaken in their estimate of this book, it is destined to live as one of the great works of fiction.

In "The Honorable Peter Stirling" we have such a clear comprehensive glimpse of New York politics that one who reads this book by Paul Leister Ford feels not only that he is reading an unusually interesting story but that he is gaining valuable information as well. Many today are inclined to take too gloomy a view of the corruption of American politics and the healthy cheering tone of this book is beneficial in giving us as feel, a correct view we of the political situation in New York at least.

Another little story which deserves mention because of its beautiful style and original plot, is "Amos Judd" by Mitchell, the editor of "Life." There is just a tinge of seriousness running through the story in the theory of fatalism there given. Any one who wishes to spend a couple of thoroughly enjoyable hours will find the material in "Amos Judd."

The serial entitled "Soldiers of Fortune" by Richard Harding Davis is interesting as is almost every story from the pen of this young author. It has been urged that the story is forced and has not the natural grace of some of this author's earlier work. While this criticism may be just yet there is a charm in this story which holds most readers captive. In spite of the cry for realism there are few people who do not enjoy having their fancy delighted by scenes and incidents a little out of the range of usual events.

These are only a few of the books which might be mentioned. Each is pleasing and artistic and one at least will live more than the usual brief space of time allotted to a popular story.

M. C. C.

Up-to-Date Hamlet.

To own or not to own—that is, the sheep-skin. Whether 'tis nobler for the Senioribus to suffer the caps and gowns of outrageous black, or to bark against the presidential veto,

and by kicking lose the skin? To refuse and lose B. A., no more, and by that degree to say we end *αὶ μεγάλοι-κεφαλαί* aches and the thousand natural bubbles that the Seniors are heir to, 'tis a consummation devoutly to be wish'd. To be dignified, to be horrified, to be wretched, perchance to lose diploma; aye, there's the rub. For in that foregoing of the sheep-skin, what nightmares may come when we have shuffled off this college coil (with nothing to show), must give us pause; there's the dignity. As Bacon says, that's born of indignity (and indigestion). For who would bear the whips and scorns of faculty, the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely.

* * *

When he, himself his quietus make with a cap and gown, who would the Alapaco bear, to strut and sweat under the sweeping sleeves?

Y. OSAKI.

Before Sunrise.

[Translated from the German of Helen von Goetzendorff-Grabowski.]

My young betrothed Elizabeth never contradicted me, and exerted herself to carry out all my wishes. She sang me her graceful little parlor songs while I leaned against the piano and looked down upon the delicate, youthful face which needed but one thing to perfect its beauty.

She wore my favorite colors and put on dutifully every flower, every trinket which I gave her.

She sat by me in the theatre, smiling her patient smile at the well-simulated joy and grief of the stage, emptying between whiles the bon-bon box, the filling of which belonged to my self-imposed lover's duties. There was, in truth, never even a shade of disagreement between us.

"That is as it should be", said Elizabeth's mother. "I bethrothed all my daughters before they had passed their seventeenth birthday, which is the only right way to do".

"That is as it should be", said also Auntie Richter, the former nurse of my youthful affianced. Frau Richter lived in the Burggasse, in a little house hidden away in the rear of the street and just peeping forth from its lindens and lilacs like a suburban fairy tale. We visited her there from time to time. My young betrothed was very much attached to the old woman, even more so than to her own parents or her future husband. Yes, I could not conceal this from myself, and mentioned it once to Frau Richter.

"What could be more natural?" responded she. "I understand Elizabeth. The years between fifteen and seventeen are the most important in a girl's life, and a man seldom, if ever, understands her then. But that is of no consequence. Elizabeth is growing older and will develop into a lovely, irreproachable woman like her sisters".

"But I am anxious to see her happy and to win her love—a feeling differing from this even, colorless, dutiful affection which Elizabeth put on like a garment on the day of her betrothal and has worn ever since with unvarying grace and charm". The old woman directed an earnest glance at me over her great horn spectacles.

"Have you ever seen a landscape before sunrise, Herr von Werder? The pleasing quiet, the delicate tints the morning dew, which reflected the roseate clouds—did not all this enthrall your soul with its still, peaceful charm? Did you desire, even for a moment, the power to break away, before its hour was come, the tender, mysterious mist which veiled the sun"? I was about to reply, when Elizabeth entered the room and Auntie Richter laid her finger on her lips. "Another time," said she. "You must return home now with Fraulein Elizabeth. It is growing cool". The allegory of the old woman recurred to me often. I will patiently await the sunrise, said I to myself, but it turned out otherwise. There came a day which overthrew all my good sensible resolutions. What happened? Not much

in truth. We were sauntering along the streets, returning from a visit to the new museum. The weather was magnificent. I can still recall each sound, each color of that day, and fancy I still breathe the fragrance of the lilacs which Elizabeth had plundered from some place along the way, and fastened in her hat. Quite suddenly, and, as it seemed to me, in the vicinity of a large building in which was a large, elegant store, I remarked a conscious disquiet in Elizabeth. I saw a brilliant fire flame up in her eyes of hyacinthine blue, hitherto so quiet, and noticed that in advancing she turned her glance backward more frequently. The warm and wistful expression with which she did this could not but astonish me. "What are you looking at so earnestly, Elizabeth?" said I. She blushed vividly and looked up at me with the expression of a child caught stealthily enjoying forbidden delicacies. "It was nothing in particular, Alex.", she responded. "A show window attracted my attention". This reply pleased me little, but I was too proud and, for the moment, too much out of humor to ask further questions which would, perchance, be answered just as evasively. However, this little episode did not leave my mind.

There is something, then, said I to myself, which is sufficiently powerful to give animation to my Galatea! And why should not this "something" be a captivating young man, who, perhaps, understands better than Alexander von Werder what chords to strike in order to bring forth music from Elizabeth. Fatal thought! It fixed itself more and more firmly in my mind. Racked by the torture of a jealousy, objectless and therefore the more painful, I began to watch my beautiful property with the cunning and persistence of a private detective, naturally without the slightest results. Elizabeth lived a very quiet, open life and I was in the villa of my future parents-in-law almost continuously, with the exception of the hours between dinner and supper. My betrothed often passed the afternoon with Frau Richter; that I knew, and had, up to this time,

thought nothing of it, but now that my mood made what was natural seem unusual and what was of no consequence so full of meaning that I was ready to fasten my suspicion upon anything, my attention was suddenly called to the little house in the Burggasse. Elizabeth remarked once as our conversation by chance turned on this point that her afternoon visits to Auntie Richter were a pleasant custom of long standing, which dated from the day of the old nurse's retirement from service. "I hope you will allow me to keep up this custom as long as I remain at home", she added softly, and with her head drooping gracefully to one side began to play "Monastery Bells", but I noticed that she was troubled. Her lips quivered and she struck the wrong note more frequently.

Elizabeth's mother, who sat near by watching my countenance, laughed in her anxious, conciliatory way and said: "Frau Richter is an old lady with a very sweet tooth. Elizabeth takes her fruits and sweet things and in return allows herself to be filled with old wives' tales, just as when she was ten years old. You must not be annoyed about it, Alex. Our little one has never been away to school, and for that reason she is still a little childish. All this will end with her marriage. Married life is the best of schools". I thought otherwise in regard to this subject, but held my peace, only vowing to myself that I would continue unswervingly to search for that "something", and that when found I would put an end to it, no matter what happened. Yes, at that time I was a veritable Hotspur, and I loved Elizabeth von Stemsdorf beyond all measure. As often as it was possible I followed her secretly to the home of Frau Richter and concealed myself in the shadows of the lindens and lilacs in order to watch the house as long as she remained in it. Usually soon after Elizabeth's arrival a light was struck. I noticed that they then left the room on the first floor where the old woman usually sat and ascended to the garret. The windows of this room under the eaves were almost always open and were screened only by thin curtains. Often

there floated down to me a laugh of silvery clearness, a laugh in which I recognized the fresh, young voice of my betrothed, but which I had never heard elsewhere.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Local.

Botanizing parties are all the rage now.

Lost—Seven Dollars—Please return to Lowry Humes.

Phi Kappa Psi recently pledged Mr. F. H. Ellsworth, '00, of Edinboro.

The Alpha Chis recently initiated Miss Grace Hammond, a "town girl".

Soult, during a fit of temporary sanity, Tuesday, forgot to wear his sweater.

Prof. Bill says that the CAMPUS picture looks like Brison surrounded by his family.

Mr. F. M. Kiefer, of Bellevue, Pa., visited his daughter, Miss Elsie Kiefer, last week.

Upon Wright's answering at roll call, Dr. Thomas asks, "Why were you not late to-day?"

Miss McAllister sets an example of politeness, even asking pardon of books over which she stumbles.

Chapel dismissed five minutes earlier than usual Wednesday. "Eddie" Rice had no announcements to make.

Bashful Wolstoncroft while playing basket ball took the liberty to hug a girl but in his rush got the wrong one.

Did you hear that while O. K. was entertaining another young lady, his girl had to go home with another man?

Burdge, standing alone at one end of the Gym during the basket ball game—"Right over here boys, there's *nobody* here".

Miss Best's recent absence was due to indisposition caused by her attempts to pronounce the new Azhderian's first name.

Miss Confer—"How^a do you make a Maltese cross?"

Monty—"Pull its tail".

Prof. Dutton (in Trig.)—"Now here's something I want you all to get hold of; Miss McCray ——" (Sudden collapse, followed by general convulsion).

Six hungry boys were the guests of Miss Laffer, (*senior*), at the Hall recently. The way the pickles and cheese vanished can only be told by Miss Reed.

Prof. Holmes has been compelled to leave college on account of ill-health. His work has been divided among Prof. Morey, Prof. Elliott, Miss Rose and Mr. Bauer.

Lieut. Koester, in Calculus—"Colter, where is your problem?"

Colter—"I had it all worked but rubbed it off to give Mr. Breed *more room*".

While the Seniors, with the faculty, were enjoying an evening at the beautiful home of our honored president a short time ago, some of the undergraduate "co-eds" were getting ready for the time when they shall be Seniors.

In the gymnasium, on the fourth floor of Hulings hall, the president and his wife received by proxy. The members of the faculty were present and the Seniors in caps and gowns. The costumes, though not elaborate, were in many respects unique, and some of the caps and gowns differed strangely from those usually worn in the colleges. One member of the Senior class who has stoutly opposed these articles of wearing apparel, was represented in a cap which indicated a considerable increase in the size of the cerebral cavity. Everyone was somewhat surprised to learn that he had decided to receive his diploma in the orthodox way instead of from the back door.

After the guests had arrived dancing was enjoyed until a late hour, the president and his wife leading in the grand march. During the evening ice cream and cake were served.

Miss Rich, Sophomore Greek, translating, "And they are without death for the rest of their lives."

Prof. Dutton (with one eye on Porter, who stands at the board in vacant-eyed abstraction; the other on Miss Merchant, who has just made a brilliant recitation)—"Say, Porter, fine goods come in small packages—don't they?"

A classical club of twenty-five members was organized Saturday afternoon. The officers of the club are a secretary and executive committee. J. W. Davis was elected secretary and A. D. Horton chairman of the executive committee. The other members of the committee are Prof. Morey, Prof. Elliott and E. S. Oakes.

Cicero—"Nihil cogitant nisi caedem, nisi incendia, nisi rapinas. Patrimonia sua profuderunt, fortunas suas obligaverunt."

Davis (translating)—"Nothing do they meditate except slaughter, except conflagrations, except robbery. They have *performed their own matrimonies, they have obliged their own fortunes.*"

Miss Mann on "Cramming":—Ray (in French)—"We ought to have known we were going to have that test, in order to prepare for it". Miss Mann—"I don't think so, Mr. Ray; that's like cramming Strasburg geese for market. The peasants give them first all the corn they'll eat, then all the water they'll drink; then all the water they'll drink, and all the corn they'll eat, until each goose is just a bag of feed. That's the way some pupils get their lessons; but it's not the kind of knowledge that sticks."

The annual Chautauquan Prize Oration Contest of the Allegheny Literary Society occurred in the chapel Thursday evening, May 27. The program was as follows:

Piano Solo.....Miss Lizzie M. Douglass.
 "Persevering Will Power an Attribute of Success",.....J. E. McKinney.
 "The Relation of Woman to Temperance Reform",.....W. E. Thompson.
 "Citizenship",.....E. Lowry Humes.

Vocal Solo.....Miss M. Alta Moyer.
 "The Puritan and the Cavalier",....J. O. Wait.
 "A Debt of Honor",.....John H. McCloskey.
 Vocal Solo.....Miss Charlotte Heiner.

The judges, Prof. Morey, Rev. G. S. Richards and Dr. W. D. Hamaker, gave first place to Mr. McKinney.

Alumni Notes.

A. W. Thornton, '96, is on the engineering corps of the B. & O.

A. L. Bates, Esq., '80, is absent from the city on an eastern business trip.

W. W. Tarbell, '81, of Titusville, District Deputy B. P. O. E., was a recent Meadville visitor.

John B. Compton, Esq., '61, is said to be slated for Register of Deeds in the District of Columbia.

1893, John L. Danforth is traveling for the Billings & Taylor Paint and Varnish Company, of Cleveland, O.

Prof. Grant Norris, '96, has been re-elected principal of the Conneautville schools at an increased salary.

Arthur J. Calvin, '94, was a member of this year's graduating class at the United Presbyterian Theological School, Allegheny.

Ex-1894, Gertrude E. Mills was married April 28th, at her home in Geneva, O., to Lieut. Rufus Lane, of the U. S. Navy.

1893, Rev. E. P. Harper, of Butler, has been named to succeed Rev. J. S. Duxberry, as pastor of North End M. E. church, Allegheny, Pa.

W. W. Johnson, '90, of West Middlesex, Pa., has become a prominent factor in Mercer county politics. He recently made a trip to Harrisburg, Philadelphia and Washington. While at the Capitol he held an important conference with Senators Quay and Penrose.

W. A. Reeves, Esq., '69, editor of the Warren, O., *Tribune*, is a candidate for the Republican nomination for Congress in his district.

Ex-'94, J. J. Hill has just graduated from the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, and is on the staff of the Presbyterian Hospital, Pittsburg.

Rev. Chas. E. Locke, D. D., '80, of Portland, Ore., is prominently mentioned for the pastorate of the Central M. E. Church, San Francisco.

S. P. Schiek, '96, has withdrawn from the insurance firm of Gelvin & Schiek and has entered the oil business with headquarters at Marietta, O.

Rev. B. F. Beazell, D. D., '68, Presiding Elder of the Pittsburg District, has been elected to deliver the annual Y. M. C. A. sermon on June 20th.

'92, Frank H. Sisley is travelling for a well known Cleveland paint house, but will resume his medical studies in the fall at Cleveland Medical College.

Ex-'95, Glen G. Bowman graduated in May, 1897, from the Western Reserve Medical College and is now resident surgeon at the Lake View Hospital, Cleveland, O.

Rev. R. T. Randolph, D. D., '68, of New Castle, delivered a course of two lectures before the students of Allegheny on May 27th and 28th. The subjects were "Halcyon Days in Venice", and "Greece".

Judge Nicholas E. Worthington, '54, of Peoria, Ill., has been renominated by the Democratic party for circuit judge. Judge Worthington has had a distinguished career upon the bench and was a member of the commission of investigation appointed by President Cleveland in the matter of the Chicago railroad strike in 1894. He delivered the Alumni Day address here in 1895.

Rev. Thompson W. McKinney, '95, of Philadelphia, who delivered the Memorial Day address at Guy's Mills, was present at the Chautauqua Oration contest last week.

Thicker than arguments, temptations throng.
—*Pope*.

Fame, if not double-faced, is doubled mouthed.—*Milton*.

Good reasons must of force give way to better.—*Shakespeare*.

Choose such pleasures as recreate much and cost little.—*Fuller*.

The smallest act of charity shall stand us in great stead.—*Atterbury*.

Cheerfulness or joyfulness is the atmosphere under which all things thrive.—*Richter*.

When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature.—*Sidney Smith*.

Perfect valor consists in doing without witness all we should be capable of doing before the world.—*Roche foucault*.

The ideal life, the life of full completion haunts us all. We feel the thing we ought to be beating beneath the thing we are.—*Phillips Brooks*.

How mankind defers from day to day the best it can do, and the most beautiful things it can enjoy, without thinking that some day must be the last one, and that lost time is lost eternity.—*Max Muller*.

"He who in college learned to apply himself assiduously to Greek for two hours, then concentrate attention for the same period on Trigonometry, then relax his energies for a time, and then at a given signal become engrossed in Literature or Chemistry, has found the clew to every labyrinth. *This power to fasten thought on any subject at any time is the aim of education*; its origin and development depends on faithful and conscientious submission to the requirements of a college curriculum."