

The Campus.

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

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The Campus.

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

The campaign of 1896 is over and well over. The voice of the campaign orator is no longer heard in the land. Financial discussions, for the time being, are relegated to the past, and "that man who used to think he looked like Napoleon, no longer shudders when he realizes he was nominated on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo".

The successful candidate does not "hear in the distance the waves as they beat on the lonely shores of St. Helena".

William McKinley, of Ohio, who, in the early sixties, came to complete his education at Allegheny College, and was prevented from doing so by the breaking out of the Civil War; and Garret A. Hobart, of New Jersey, who also would have undoubtedly attended Allegheny had he not been prevented by the distance between his home and Meadville, have, by an electoral majority of over one hundred votes and a popular one of more than a million, been elected president and vice-president of the United States.

It has been a wonderful campaign; wonderful for the freedom from abuse of the standard-bearers; wonderful for the scenes attending the nominating conventions, and wonderful for the interest displayed by all classes as to its outcome.

There have been few if any campaigns in this country where there has been such intelligent thought, such a desire to obtain light on the issues at stake, and such bitter partisan feeling manifested, as in the one just closed.

Patriotic and thoughtful Americans, after a campaign in which men's feelings and prejudices have been influenced as they never were before; when such vast principles and issues were at stake, can well afford to congratulate themselves and reverently "Thank God and take courage" when they see the country quietly settling into its accustomed peace, and a strong minority good-naturedly acquiescing in the will of the majority.

June 18th was a proud day, indeed, in the history of old Allegheny College, when the electric wires flashed the news that William McKinley had been chosen by the Republicans as their standard-bearer. November 3d was a red letter day, too, in her history when the

voters of the Nation elected him to the highest office in their power. But the best day of all shall be the 4th of next March, when, in the presence of a body of students from his *alma mater*, he shall be inaugurated, and putting into practice the principles learned at Allegheny, he shall enter upon the wisest, the most economical, and the most patriotic administration in the history of American politics.

Literary.

"The World's Fair."

A SERMON BY AUSTIN M. COURTENAY, D. D.

TEXT:—"Is this the City that men call the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth?"—Lamentations 2:15.

Thus the prophet has preserved to us the proverbial phrase by which Jerusalem was described in his day. He quotes the popular estimate of its visible beauty, but he has for it a term more tender and sacred. He calls it "the daughter of Zion"; as though the city were the offspring of that Holy Temple, about which it clustered, and from which, indeed, it derived its history, its deepest and truest meaning. Jerusalem without its Temple, would have been only the insignificant capital of a petty oriental monarchy. Jerusalem with its Temple, and the religion which that embodied; culminating in its Calvary, "without the city walls"; was, and is, what the Hebrews believed, though in a higher sense, the *center* of the whole earth. It is the heart of the world, not as they supposed, geographically and governmentally, but spiritually. Then, as now, most men were absorbed in the material aspect of things, and Jerusalem was simply, beautiful for situation, desirable for residence, a good market for trade, a place of rest after the desert pilgrimage; but for the Prophet it was a "city of solemnities", an altar of sacrifice, a school of the law, a temple of worship, the very heart of Israel.

Thus it, and every city, and all the works of

man, aye, even nature itself, has a two-fold aspect and relation; the visible, the material, the earthly; and the moral, the mystical, the eternal. The former is the incarnation, the outward sign and substance, of the latter, which is its inmost reality, the cause and force of its being. Neither can be apprehended adequately without the other. In the study, therefore, of any work of art or of nature, we must consider both, and their mutual relations.

The "White City" by the Lake; as the World's Columbian Exposition has been happily described, presents, in a striking way, both of these aspects.

1st.—In its outward form it is the "perfection of beauty"—"the joy of the whole earth". Artist and Architect; Artisan and Gardener have united to produce an effect beyond the poesy of dreams. As one gazes from the Peristyle, across the great basin, with its Statue of the Republic and the Columbian Fountain, to the golden dome of the Administration building; or from the Colonnade over the canals and the lagoon, with its sylvan island, to the Art Gallery in the distance; there opens instantly, like the unveiling of a picture, a charming prospect of structures, classic in style, stupendous in size, justly proportioned to each other, and admirably clustered around the inlets and shores of the Lake, which fades away, in the dim distance, with all the mystery and majesty of the ocean. In all the constructions of art, the eye of man never dwelt upon such a scene of loveliness, no! not even when St. Paul gazed from Mar's hill upon many-templed Athens. Of course there are in the old world many separate buildings, as the Abbey at Westminster, the Cathedrals at Salisbury and at Milan, the palaces of Venice, the Alhambra in Spain—the very jewels of architecture, wrought out when men gave long years of time, millions of money, and the labor of multitudes of lives, to the rearing of structures, not for an epoch, but for all the ages—which are unrivaled in beauty. But these are each the consummate flower of a

period in the progress of art. They stand singly, and often in mean surroundings. They are enriched with legends and relics which invest them with the glamour of romance. While here, under our prosaic western skies, have arisen, as by the touch of magic, a vast number of noble edifices, which all together constitute a veritable "apocalypse of the architectural imagination". Nor does it, in the least, detract from their charm, that they are unstable structures of wood and plaster. They *seem* to be carved from the marble of Pentelicus. They appear as solid and massive as St. Peter's at Rome. The illusion is so perfect that only by an effort of reason does one realize that they are recent and transitory. No one can fancy their "perfection of beauty" from descriptions. Nobody could believe it. Vivid pictures of pen, or pencil, alike fall short of the reality. I went prepared by the reading of descriptions to study with calm scrutiny. I thought the accounts were extravagantly overdrawn, as bad specimens of our American brag and bluster. I found they were tamely inadequate. I was overwhelmed with an amazed delight, and whispered—"Can heaven be more beautiful?" No picture of the abodes of the blest, I must add, not even the vision of Patmos, as I conceive it, ever woke in my mind such suggestions of serenity, purity, beauty. It did not seem altogether irreverent when someone said—"This could give 'points' to the writer of Revelations". That is to say St. Peter embodied his vision in forms of beauty familiar and acceptable to the Oriental mind. This appeals to us more strongly than jeweled walls and streets of gold.

I do not think we shall see anything fairer until our eyes open in glad surprise on the ineffable beauty of the New Jerusalem. Nothing was lacking but a background of lofty, forest-crowned mountains, with the foam and swirl of a rapid river, dashing over the cliffs, down the slopes of the foothills, and amid these stately buildings. To approach the Fair either from the dull, dreary marshlands deso-

late as a desert, which surround it; or from the grim and sullen ugliness of Chicago, which it shares in its business quarters, with other great cities, was to enter an order of things above our common world; to catch a glimpse of what the cities of the future may become, when people will no longer be content to herd and huddle in narrow streets and tiny, grimy rooms, but will labor in such a shop as the Machinery Hall, and trade in such an arcade as the building of Liberal Arts, and seek their recreation in such palaces of delight as the Music Hall and the Art Gallery. When this is possible, then will be realized in our American civilization, more than the hopes of Columbus, or the aspirations of the Pilgrim fathers, or the predictions of an Adams and a Jefferson—even the thought of God for his children on earth.

But *what* shall I say of the scene as illuminated on some festal night? When the majestic dome of the central building was a colossal diadem of fire and festoons of flame traced column and freize and architrave, and the electric fountains cast high in air their changeful spray of every hue, and the flash lights, great gems of amethyst and emerald and crystal and topaz, glowed amid the darkness above as if the skies had opened and the light of the Holy City gleamed through its jeweled walls, and the soft, pure, silvery glow of the arc-lights cast a mysterious and unearthly radiance over the waters, over the grassy, flowery banks, over the statues, over the Court of Honor with its multitude of awe-struck spectators—then it was dreamland, the airiest, fairiest vision of happy fancy, such as thrilled the brain of Shakespeare, one Midsummer night long since. I do not wonder that an old Hoosier farmer said to his son—"Jacob, I do not b'lieve it. 'Taint so. I must be asleep". To quote Mr. Stead, "A Platonist might easily imagine that he saw no longer the reality of these buildings, but their archetype as it glowed in the mind of the Eternal".

It was this witchery of grace which cast its spell on all visitors, changed foes into ardent

friends, and silenced all carping criticism. A few months since the world resounded with sneers at the absurdity of roofing in ten—twenty—forty-acre lots with huge ugly sheds which would never be filled; at the barbaric crudeness of plans which contemplated nothing but bigness. Now all is changed to peans of praise, and even New York is crying—"Well done, Chicago".

Thus America has won her greatest triumph precisely where she was deemed weakest—on the esthetic side of life. The Frenchman who said with a sigh of amazement—"Ah! this should be in Paris"—expressed vaguely the idea that America was incapable and unworthy of such an effect. Great in territory and resources and free institutions and general prosperity and a high tone of morals—yes, all this, but not in the arts and elegances and refinements of the highest civilization: this was the verdict of Europeans, tamely accepted by some of our own silly copyists of foreign customs.

2nd. But now what is the utility and moral significance of all this? Practical Americans sum up everything with the question—"What's the use of it"? Well, the Fair was more than a pageant of beauty. It had its serious purpose. It was an enormous advertisement of the trade of nations. It was an object lesson of the world's progress. It was an exhibit of knowledge, skill and culture. It was a sort of huge, embodied encyclopedia of Art and Industry. It was a world's parliament, where men out of every nation, came to the assemblies of the Art, the Science, the Profession, the Religion in which they were masters. It was intended to exhibit the results of civilization in all the forms of human endeavor.

It was to mark the distance and trace the progress from the caravels of Columbus to the latest Atlantic greyhound of the seas; from the ox cart of the Hindoo to the Pullman car; from the hut of the Indian to the palace of Liberal Arts; from the smouldering fire of the savage to the splendors of the electrical display;

from the amazons of Dahomey to the wise and gracious women who erected their superb building at the gateway and filled it with the triumphs of their skill.

Let us scan these statements a little more closely.

Civilization is material, educational, esthetic, moral and spiritual. As we study its products, in this ascending scale, it is increasingly difficult to exhibit or to describe them, for its highest achievements belong to the realm of ethics and philanthropy and religion, which cannot be adequately tabulated in the statistics of results. And the conquest of natural elements and forces, as shown in material products, constitute a basis for better and higher living, while the principles of truth and beauty, derived from a nobler morality, in turn transfuse and inspire all the subordinate work, down to the humblest handicraft. Hence all these elements of progress are closely co-related. He does not reason wisely who criticises the Fair as a mere magazine of material success. The considerate student will discern higher meanings. It will therefore repay us to trace these stages of culture, beginning at the bottom, and climbing upward.

(1) The show was a huge advertisement of the world's work—a sort of universal trade exchange—and must therefore give an appreciable impulse to the commerce of the nations.

(2) It was a salutary disclosure of the fine skill and taste of hand and eye and brain, and, further, of the fact that no people has a monopoly, or even a controlling stock of these things. The weak provincialism which prompts a nation to say—"We are the people, and wisdom lives with us"—was shattered here to fragments. Even Uncle Sam was constrained to admit that he could not "beat all creation" in *all* things.

(3) The educational value of the exhibit was incalculable. Now of course there was little in those miles of show cases, strange to the dwellers of great cities, or to the few who have enjoyed the advantages of travel at home

and abroad. But it must be remembered that the majority of the visitors were for the first time taking, as it were, a tour of the world. Imagine the Nebraska farmer and his family, intelligent folk, but having only the culture of the district school and of the scant home-library, now for the first time looking on noble architecture and the finer triumphs of art and ingenuity. Here are many things of which they have read, and more of which they have never dreamed. For such, the scene affords an enlargement and enlightenment of mind inconceivable. For all their lives they will have a larger idea of humanity, a truer conception of art, and a fund of actual knowledge which will illumine all their future reading. Thus for the multitude it was a splendid object lesson. And in this way it appealed to our American curiosity, love of novelty, and thirst for knowledge, to be gratified as quickly as possible. This is one reason for the immense popularity of the Fair.

To instance only one result in this direction. The great west is now rebuilding itself. The log huts and frame shanties and ugly brick warehouses and common-place churches of the first period of struggle for existence, are giving way to new and lasting structures. Now the beauty of the Fair will go far toward determining the character of the permanent structures of the Republic, and it will be hard for an incompetent builder, or an ignorant City council or State commission to embody their crude ideas in monstrosities of stone. The people know better. They will demand houses, and streets and parks worthy of the culture of the age.

(4) To the believer in God, all this lavish wealth of natural product was an evidence of the beneficence of the Almighty Father, who has bounteously provided for the wants of his children. The growths of all soils, the treasures of distant mountains, the spices of "Araby the blest", the woods and fruits and gums of tropic forests, the wealth of arctic seas all testify how richly earth has been endowed to be a para-

dise—a veritable "garden of the Lord" for man. And the recent discoveries here declare that we have not exhausted our heritage—that we have indeed but begun to uncover its hidden sources of value, of comfort, of health, of well-being for man. It is said that an ancient Hindoo physician sent his pupil out to study the flora of his region with command to bring back every plant of healing virtue which he might find. The scholar returned with this report—"Master, I have found nothing without its value. God has not made anything in vain". So it is, and doubtless the time is coming when man will be wise enough to discern in every wayside flower, and in every pebble at his feet, some purpose of the Divine goodness. And the discoveries of science, with the inventions, devised for their application, here displayed, which date only within the last decade, demonstrate how rapidly man is mastering nature. For every victory is vantage ground for a swifter advance. Every important discovery is the key to other mysteries.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN NO. 4.]

Jacques Damour.

BY EMILE ZOLA, ENGLISHED BY WILLIAM FOSTER APTHORP. (COPELAND & DAY.)

One does not readily think of Emile Zola as the author of short stories. His conceptions are too broad, his technique too minute to be confined within the limits of so small a canvas. The stories published collectively under the title *Jacques Damour* may be described as novels in miniature. They have all the dramatic interest of his longer productions. They are, however, almost totally free from the repulsive features of his realism. Here, as elsewhere, M. Zola is a realist, but he has allowed a little more light to penetrate the darkened chambers of his imagination. One discerns also a certain versatility of method very welcome in the author of the *Rougon-Macquart* series. These men and women are human

beings, all of them, not monsters of lust and cruelty. On the whole, this little book is one of those surprises in literature that make the sunshine of a reviewer's pathway.

The first of these stories, "Jacques Damour", is a kind of Gallic version of "Enoch Arden" with characteristic Gallic variations. The lost husband seems in no great haste to be restored to the beloved wife and daughter whom he pictures as spending the years of his absence in mourning his supposed death. When he does return home and learns that his wife, believing herself a widow, has re-married, his conduct approaches very near to the border of brutality at first; afterward there is a touch of grandeur in his voluntary withdrawal of any claims upon her. But he does not die, like his English prototype. He discovers his daughter, who is leading a life of so-called pleasure, and instead of trying to redeem her, ends his days very contentedly, as a pensioner upon her bounty.

But most of the remaining stories are very different in tone. "Nantas", the most powerful of these, is almost pure romanticism. Its figures have all the picturesqueness of characters from the elder Dumas. Its climax, too, recalls an episode in "Monte Cristo".

The "Attack on the Mill" is a kind of dramatized "Moonlight Sonata" with its idyllic picture of the betrothed lovers, its movement of alarm at the approach of the troops, its brave acceptance of inevitable conditions, and finally the thunder and carnage of battle. The heroes of "Les Misérables" could hardly have surpassed in magnanimity these creatures of M. Zola's imagination. And yet we are told M. Zola is a pessimist.

"The Coqueville Spree" is full of humor and akin to that of Rabelais, and in "How We Die" there is an exhibition of human motives so sordid as to make us wonder whether after all the great naturalist is not at times the most unnatural of artists.—*The Stylus*.

All wickedness is weakness.—MILTON.

Foot Ball.

Second only to the late campaign in interest has been the uncertain status of foot ball at Allegheny. Many thought that the faculty's action of last year precluded all possibility of a team this Fall, but the opening of the term saw a goodly number of candidates on the field.

Practice went on steadily, but a feeling of uncertainty as to the position the authorities would take on the matter pervaded everything. The results of the Oil City game justified this feeling. A dispatch from President Crawford forbidding the game was obeyed in letter, if not in spirit, for the college team disbanded to immediately reorganize as the Meadville Athletic Club, and the game was played.

The next move was the perpetual outlawing of foot ball in Allegheny, by the faculty. This action raised a storm of indignation among the students, who felt that the powers that be were unjust and hasty. A mass meeting of the students was called and a petition drawn up, praying for the repeal of the injunction. A large number of the students signed this; it was presented and the request nominally granted, though the team was so hedged about with restrictions and prohibitions that playing became well-nigh an impossibility.

A physician's certificate as to physical condition, a parental permit, and other requirements of a like nature had to be met. However, these obstacles were successfully overcome, and Allegheny's team has twice this season met the enemy—and become theirs. The defeats were glorious, for adverse circumstances met the team on every hand.

What the future may have in store no man knows, yet the probabilities are that the coming generation of students will know foot ball only as a legendary game once played here, but now long since gone.

Just why foot ball may not flourish here is hard to say. No specific reason can be pointed out, yet one is almost ready to believe some clause in our charter forbids it. If this be so,

it is to be sincerely deplored, for a good foot ball team is a great saving to a college.

No more potent advertisement for a college can exist than a good athletic team of any kind, and fifty dollars expended on a team will bring more and better returns than twice the amount spent in any other way.

Athletics is the order of the day, and although an athletic team may not be the ideal advertisement for a college, yet, from an economic point of view, it is one of the best.

Thiel vs. Allegheny.

It was a gala day for Allegheny. Tuesday, November 10th, within the shadow of the new "gym", two hundred loyal "rooters" witnessed the revival of foot ball in "Old Allegheny". The weather was ideal for the national college game. Colors, canes, chrysanthemums and horns were thrown about in wild profusion, and the enthusiasm, which seldom has a chance to manifest itself, was apparent on all sides.

Thiel showed up on the field in good time and excellent trim. From the start it was evident that Allegheny, to win, would have to put up a game fight against her sturdy opponents, who averaged ten pounds more per man.

Again, the hard luck and disadvantages under which our boys have thus far labored—the misunderstood affair at Oil City, and the stringent measures enforced by the faculty on its account, have been serious hindrances to the team in its early practice. Without a coach, in the face of all discouragements, and deprived of the service of two of the regular men, they allowed Thiel, which has played good games with the representative colleges of Western Pennsylvania, but one touch down.

In the start, Thiel won the toss and chose the western goal. With a brisk wind in her favor, Allegheny kicked off. Thiel got the ball on the thirty-yard line and recovered a little ground. She was not long in advancing the ball to the center of the field, and by success-

ive mass plays broke through the line for good gains until she reached our fifteen-yard line, when Allegheny got the ball on a fumble. By Dillon's gains through the tackle and Allen's and Kimmel's end runs, Allegheny soon had the ball in Thiel's territory, but fumbled and lost it. Thiel, renewing her former style of play, began again to make her weight tell on Allegheny's line, and by repeated bucking had the ball on the three-yard line when time was called for the end of first half. No touch downs.

In the second half, Thiel kicked off. Cole, catching the ball, gained five yards. Allegheny, failing to gain in three downs, punted; Thiel fumbled and Allen got the ball well in Thiel's territory. But the latter shortly recovered the ball on downs, and rapidly pushed it across the field by big gains. With the ball on Allegheny's fifteen-yard line, the right end was run for a touch down. No goal.

Allegheny again kicked off. Thiel rushed the ball dangerously near our goal, but lost it on off-side play, the second half ending with Allegheny's ball on her ten-yard line. Score, 4 to 0 in favor of Thiel.

The Allegheny line-up was as follows:

r. e., Allen, C. B. (act'g capt.)	r. t., Porter, H. A.
r. g., Taylor.	center, McCormick.
l. g., Douds.	l. t., Hockensmith.
l. e., Colter.	r. h., Dillon.
l. h., Kimmel.	q. b., Derickson, Knapp.
f. b., Cole, H. N.; Reno.	

Besides those before mentioned, Porter, Taylor and Derickson tackled well for Allegheny, while the backs of Thiel deserve special mention.

McKinley Demonstration.

The returns being sufficient to justify the announcement of McKinley's election, on Thursday morning at the chapel hour, 10:30, the students of Allegheny College, arrayed in the college colors—old gold and navy blue—gathered in front of Bentley Hall to celebrate this signal victory. From the top of the stone steps, President Crawford said, between volleys

of cheers, "We, as students and faculty of Allegheny College, are gathered here this morning to express our joy in the honor achieved by a former student of this College—William McKinley. Let us lay aside all partisan feelings and rejoice this morning, not because the victor belongs to a certain political party, but because he once was a student of Allegheny College".

After the announcement of the program, amid the gold and the blue, the roar of horns and voices, the students marched to the chapel in Ruter Hall, where fully fifteen minutes elapsed before the din of college and McKinley yells sufficiently abated to admit the rendering of the program.

President Crawford repeated the object of the demonstration, congratulated the Nation on its choice of a leader, and congratulated the students that Major McKinley was once accustomed to frequent these college halls. He referred feelingly to the battle-stained flag which draped the desk before him, as the flag presented by the ladies of Meadville to the college boys, as they were leaving the campus in the sixties for the Southern battle fields, and related how it was by the merest accident of illness that William McKinley was unable to join the boys at that time.

Prof. Elliott, introduced as the only genuine Ohio man on the faculty, in beginning his remarks, said, "A man who has good fortune and good sense is sure to succeed. A few succeed with only the good fortune and a few with only the good sense, but all succeed with both. Major McKinley has both. He has the good fortune of being born in Ohio and shows his good sense in having come to Allegheny College to be educated". The next speaker, Dr. Montgomery, a loyal Pennsylvanian, turned the applause on Prof. Elliott's Ohioism by saying, "If Major McKinley has the good fortune of being born in Ohio, he had the good sense to come into Pennsylvania for his education.

Out of the student body, two dowdy cham-

pions of free silver and two of the gold standard were asked to speak. The two speakers of free coinage belief united in expressing their happiness in the college's victory. One of the chosen gold standard students, having prepared his talk on strong partisan lines, thought best not to give it, so the gold element of the student body was represented by a single speaker. He, however, set on fire by the success of his party, made a brilliant speech, one sentence of which was, "William McKinley is the only man that has championed a political principle and been elected president of the United States".

Prof. Dutton, having been introduced as the only remnant of the Democratic party on the faculty, in closing his talk, said, "I am proud. I am half the Democratic party in this city. There were two votes cast for Palmer and Buckner in this city, and I cast one of them".

After some highly congratulatory words from Dr. Perrin and Dr. Thomas in closing the exercises in the chapel, Dr. Montgomery asked the students to think on this suggestion, "Is it not possible for accommodations to be provided, so that the student body of Allegheny College may witness the inauguration at Washington, in March"?

Under the command of United States officer, Lieut. Koester, and headed by flag, drum and bugle, the students marched to the house in which McKinley boarded while a student here. From the veranda, President Crawford recited the events of the visit of Major McKinley, accompanied by his wife, to his student home, only eighteen months ago, and told of the new significance this house now holds in the minds of the people. The crowd scattered and the proud event consummated in the firing of twenty-one cannon shots.

During the summer, hundreds have visited the college campus and carried away pebbles and pieces of wood as souvenirs of McKinley's college. If, at the end of four or eight years, William McKinley will have so conducted our national affairs that we will admire him even

more than now, our expectations will be made a fact.

Allegheny College enters upon a new career in its history. Still more honors are in view. The president to be elected in 1904 will, in all probability, be a graduate of this institution.

Local.

Hurrah for Allegheny and McKinley!

Smith, E. E., is now known as "Hands".

It is said that two "men" took dinner at the Hall, Sunday.

Messrs. Soult and Douglas have been initiated into the mysteries of Phi Delta Theta.

For information of any old kind concerning English Literature, call on the members of History IV.

The engagement of Womer to a pair of long pants has been announced. The union will take place in the near future. The happy couple will reside in this city.

The Phi Delta Theta fraternity entertained their friends at their rooms on Chestnut Street, Monday evening, November 9th. About forty persons were present and a very delightful evening was spent.

Kappa Alpha Theta was "at home" to Kappa Kappa Gamma and Alpha Chi Omega, from 4 to 6 o'clock, Saturday afternoon, October 31st. The guests unite in declaring it a very enjoyable affair.

Allegheny has played a prominent part in the campaign just closed. The latest coincidence is the synochronous departure of Mumford's moustache and the "Kid Orator" to that "bourne from which no traveler e'er returns".

Terrible signs of moral decay are appearing in the administration of the College. A Sunday newspaper is on file in the reading room!

LATER.—We learn that this dereliction is

due to the absence of Dr. Hamnett, who regularly "cabbages" the Sunday editions for home consumption.

Sing a song of sorrow,
A pig-skin full of air;
Zwei und zwanzig sluggers,
With long and matted hair.

When the game was opened,
Thiel licked us out of sight.
Shades of Allegheny;
What a dreadful sight!

A party of students, during a stroll on a recent afternoon, came upon this unique notice: "No hunting! No shooting! No trespassing! No bumping trees! Reward for conviction". Each individual present is said to have been seized with a laudable desire to hunt, shoot, trespass and *bump*.

A few days ago, a young man passing the Park Avenue end of Hulings Hall was almost struck dead by a rapidly descending apple-core hurled from the hands of a would-be female base ball twirler, seated on a window-sill in the upper story. A reward of fifteen credits in French I is offered for the detection and arrest of the malefactor.

After waiting until tired for the Sophomores to choose their colors, the Freshman class has chosen their colors, and is now flaunting royal purple and Nile green in the faces of the Sophs. Class spirit seems to be entirely wanting among the Sophomores; if, however, they should meet the Freshmen on the foot ball field, it is very evident that in the future *spirit* will be the *one* characteristic of the second year class.

The new gymnasium is being rapidly pushed to completion. The walls are nearly ready to receive the trusses for the roof. The progress of the building is being watched with great interest by the students. The "gym" will be the finest of the college buildings. The front part is built of stone and will contain the armory, gym-director's office and Y. M. C. A. rooms; the rest of the building, the "gym"

proper, is built of brick. When this is completed and equipped, Allegheny College will have one of the finest gymnasiums in Western Pennsylvania.

The members of the Sophomore class indulged in a slight altercation following a recent chapel service. We need make no mention of the causes of dissension; but its results, in this instance, were too impressively effecting to be passed by unnoticed. Curious Seniors and inquisitive Freshmen hastened to the scene of action; and one eager, but timorous Junior, whose longitude proved incommensurate with his present need, was observed balancing himself on a remote chair. The faculty, fearing lest an unpleasant necessity should demand the exercise of their authoritative function, retreated, after a brief, awe-struck contemplation of the scene, to their respective rooms. One of their number, when safe in the remoteness of Wilcox Hall, answered the inquiring glances of the youthful patrons of chemistry with the truthful announcement, "Every 'Soph' is on his feet—all trying to talk at once"

The friends of the college are always interested in any and every improvement made. The latest advance is the change in the manner of heating. Heretofore, the buildings have been heated by gas or coal and much inconvenience and, at times, actual discomfort has been occasioned by smoking stoves, by over-heating and by under-heating. With the new steam heaters all this is changed. There will be no alternate freezing and roasting as we go from class to class. Those who remember their old-time sufferings during the winter chapel hours, will hail this as a marked advance. The chapel, library and all the halls and recitation rooms have been provided with radiators and all the pipes have been laid and all connections made. Indeed, all these have been in their places since the beginning of the college year. The only drawback has been the non-appearance of the boiler. This has at last arrived and in a few days will be in full operation.

Then hurrah for a warm chapel and comfortable rooms and halls.

Everyone who heard Judge Hatch lecture, on Monday evening, on "The Trial of Jesus", was very much delighted. The lecture was not from the standpoint of a theologian but from the standpoint of a lawyer. The speaker rehearsed to some extent the many safeguards of the Jewish law; spoke of the time and place of meeting of the tribunal, which never convened to condemn, but always to clear; of the number of votes necessary to clear and the number necessary to condemn. Every charge must be established by two witnesses who must agree in everything. The witnesses were carefully examined, before testimony was received, as to their character, etc. Judge Hatch claimed that the boasted nineteenth century will search in vain for such humane treatment of prisoners as was practiced by the Jewish tribunals.

The charge against Jesus was blasphemy, because he claimed to be the Son of God. Jesus was not regarded by the Jews as the Messiah, but simply as a citizen, and his claiming to be the Son of God made himself liable to the charge of blasphemy, which was punishable by death, according to the Mosaic law.

The speaker showed how from beginning to end the laws of Moses were violated by the Jewish tribunal. Angered by acts of Jesus, the members of the tribunal had taken counsel together as to how they might put Jesus to death. Knowing that nothing would avail without witnesses, they sent spies after him that they might catch him in his words in order that there might be something to witness against him, but these were unable to find anything in the addresses of the one of whom it was said, "Never man spake like this man", that they might bring as testimony against Jesus.

As a prisoner, Jesus was treated as it was customary to treat no prisoner, struck, spit upon, mocked, etc. When it was found that witnesses failed to agree, Jesus was called upon

to criminate himself, something unprecedented. When brought to Pilate, nothing was said by the Jews as to their trying and condemning him on the charge of blasphemy.

The Jews started on a new tack and charged Jesus with being an enemy of Cæsar. Jesus was tried by Pilate and found to be innocent and therefore should have been released. He was scourged unjustly. Pilate, being afraid of Tiberius, gave up Jesus, the Messiah, the Saviour of all mankind, to the Jews to be crucified.

Alumni Notes.

S. P. Schiek, '96, is in the insurance business in this city.

Miss Winnie Mount, '94, of Oil City, was a recent visitor.

W. H. Stenger, '90, was in town for a few days this week.

Miss Slater, '96, has gone to Florida to spend the winter.

Miss Vena Fenno, '95, is taking a post-graduate course in Cornell.

Miss Mary E. Urick, '94, is teaching in the High School at North East.

Fred J. Trumper, '92, of Cleveland, attended the foot ball game on Tuesday.

David G. Latshaw, '95, is attending the Boston Theological Seminary.

Miss Myrna C. Langley, '96, is teaching in the High School, at Youngstown.

I. L. Ohlman, '96, is attending the medical school at the University of Pennsylvania.

Dr. A. G. Fradenburg, '90, is professor of History in Adelphi College, Brooklyn, N. Y.

During the summer, Miss Anna Coder, '92, was married to Mr. Colborn, a professor in Lincoln University.

John A. Gibson, '91, formerly principal of the Butler High School, is now superintendent of the Butler schools.

Harry L. Barrett, '90, married Miss Jessie Edwards last June. Mr. Barrett is instructor of English and Latin in the High School at Denver, Col.

G. W. Boulger, '96, came up from Greenville and spent a few days at the "Sig" house, this week.

Miss Fromyer, '96, who is teaching in the Union City Schools, spent last Sunday with friends at Hulings Hall.

Henry B. Byers, '91, died in Chicago, Wednesday, Nov. 11th. His death was a surprise to his many friends, who were not aware of his being sick. Since leaving college, he had remarkable success as a vocalist and his life was one of great promise.

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