The Campus.

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

VOL. XI., No. 6. ALLEGHENY COLLEGE, MEADVILLE, PA., DECEMBER 12, 1894. NEW SERIES.

Wronged.

On an afternoon of a pleasant September day, as two men sat conversing in the shade of some large maples, which stood in front of a little store in a quiet village of western Pennsylvania, an old man was seen approaching them. His progress upon the cement sidewalk was very slow, and he aided his uncertain and tottering steps with a rude stick which served the double purpose of cane and crutch. Presently he joined the two men beneath the trees, and, seating himself upon an old bench near them, he ventured into the conversation which had been interrupted by his arrival.

The old man had come, as was his custom, to get the back numbers of a daily paper which one of the men now seated under the maples kindly saved for him to read.

Excepting the last arrival, let us now pass by the trio before the store. It has been noted that he was old and lame; but he is worthy of closer notice. His figure was bent, his body wasted and his long scant locks were white. His face, although wearing an anxious, careworn expression, still showed clear signs of the sound moral make-up of the man and distinctly disclosed something of intellectuality beyond the common. His conversation was that of a man of culture and refinement. Despite his infirmities, his general bearing and natural dignity truly told something of his past life. The clothes he wore, although they had seen far better days, were neat and clean. His hat, a silk tile, had aged with his other attire and it, too, was neatly brushed and dusted. It seemed a sign of more prosperous days in its wearer's past.

Just a mile east of this village is the poor farm, an institution provided by the county authorities for the care of those of humanity whom misfortune claims as her own. Here are found creatures with feeble minds, permanent insanity, fearful diseases and deformed bodies. Here, too, are men and women whose period of usefulness in life has given way before the advance of a feeble and childish old age, and here are some whom the Goddess of Fortune has forsaken in their declining days.

When the old man had rested from his journey to the village, (for he did not live there) and having obtained his bundle of old papers, he turned and went slowly down the street in the direction from which he had come. Upon leaving the village he proceeded in the direction of the poor farm, and, as he was hobbling along the dusty road, he presently met a young stranger, who, seeing his slow progress and noticing his anxious face, paused and engaged him in conversation. "The day is quite warm and you look very tired," the stranger said kindly. The old man, thus accosted, stopped and, leaning heavily upon his stick, looked wistfully into the face of the speaker, and replied in a sorrowful tone: "Yes, stranger, the day is warm and the way dusty; but I havn't far to go." Then slowly raising his hand he pointed to the group of buildings on the poor farm, near by and continued: "Just over yonder across the fields is where I live. I'll soon be there, then I can rest. I have lived there now for four years and how much longer I shall live there, God only knows."

The stranger grew interested at once in the old man and asked him to sit down and rest in the shade of a tree standing near them by the roadside.

When they were seated the stranger pursued: "You say that you have lived for four

years at the poor farm ; then tell me something of your life before that time."

"Many years ago," began the poor man, "after having obtained an education, I started into business in a city not many miles from here and by strict adherence to the rules of honesty and economy I, in the course of time, amassed a comfortable fortune. When I became old I felt that I was in need of rest and quiet and so I retired from business, leaving my money in the hands of a prominent banker of my city, a man in whom I, and in fact everyone, had the most implicit confidence. I intended that my income should provide for me while I lived, for I was practically alone in the world ; my wife had died several years before my retirement, and my only child, a daughter, had married."

"Now it happened that my banker aspired to high political honors in his state, and ere long he became his party's candidate for governor. You know that a candidate for a prominent public office must put a great deal of money into the campaign in order to more readily attain his end. This my politician banker did, and unwisely used the money entrusted to his care. When the election had passed, it was found that he was sadly defeated. His exertions for honor were in vain and with his defeat came the failure of the bank. He had squandered many thousands of his creditors' money and many were made financially helpless. I was one of that number. All that I had depended upon for support in my declining years had gone with the crash, and was hopelessly lost. What should I do? What can any one do in his old age when such misfortune comes? Henceforth I must be dependent upon some one else. At their request, I went to live with my daughter and her husband, but I soon found that their home was far different from what my own had been. It was plain that I was not wanted there ; although they never told me so, I saw by their actions which, for me, had meaning far deeper than words. So one day I was asked to go out riding with my son-in-law. I accompanied him but I did not return with him. He took me to the poor house and left me there, saying coldly, as he departed, 'It's the best we can do for you.'" Here the old man's voice trembled, and he wiped away unbidden tears with his red cotton kerchief, as he continued, "Just think how I felt ; my heart was broken, and I sat down on the poor house steps and wept for a long time, not so much at my other misfortune, but more because of the base ingratitude of my only daughter. May God forgive her for her wrong."

"Yes, my present home is at the poor house. The superintendent and his family are kind to me, and I am grateful to God that there are at least a few who have compassion on me in my unfortunate old age. Since I have lived at the poor farm I have become, as you see, crippled from rheumatism. It seems as if God were trying me by sending afflictions upon me so late in life. But it won't be long until I shall be called away to the other world and I know that I shall better enjoy its rest and peace for having toiled and suffered here. God shall reward me then, for I have never lost my trust in Him." The old man's face lighted up as he said these words. Then he grew serious and gazed into space as if thinking.

The two men soon afterward parted, the stranger went his way and the old man hobbled slowly back to the poor house, and as they went, both were thoughtful.

There at the poor farm may be seen this old man, whiling away his few remaining days in a way of which he, as a young man, had never dreamed. He is there because he was cruelly wronged by a wealthy and influential scoundrel and because he is the victim of the unnatural ingratitude of his only child.

CAIUS HORATIUS.

People seldom improve when they have no other model than themselves to copy after.—*Goldsmith.*

Practical Zoology.

When the wise teachers decided that the pupils were spending too much time on books, and were learning too little from nature, it was decreed that Zoology should be studied in a practical way—by actual observation of specimens by the members of the class: and that is the way the trouble began.

First, the boys and girls were told to get each a large, live grasshopper before the next day or forfeit twenty per cent. of the recitation. Then the people of the town wondered at seeing all the vacant fields filled with bent figures gliding along with a feline tread, then pouncing like real cats upon their victims, and finally, either groaning in disappointment or triumphantly transferring their captured booty into a small box. Although it seemed rather humiliating to have one's standing in a study depend on whether, or not, one was quicker than a grasshopper. At this time a quiet citizen, walking down the street, saw one of these bowed figures sneaking along beside the walk, and as he came up to it thought what a pity it was that one so young should be so criminal as to show, even in his walk, his thieving propensities, when the subject of his thoughts straightened up, glared at him, scowled darkly, then turned and ran—after a flying grasshopper. The stranger had unwittingly frightened away the boy's recitation. No wonder the boy frowned!

After that came other insects, some easy to get, others, like the dragon-fly, which it was almost impossible to catch. There were days when the youthful scientists ran wildly after gaily colored butter-flies with equally gaily colored nets, leaping over fences, tramping through gardens, regardless of pursuing dogs, in their grim determination to catch the flitting specimen.

But even more tragic times followed, dark dismal days, when the rain poured down in torrents, the wind howled and it was cold—almost as cold as winter. Then the poor Zoologists were told to find bumble-bees and failing in this were threatened with suspension papers. At this the reckless ones contemplated a vacation and the nervous ones wept at the hopelessness of getting bees when the bees would not venture forth. But it cannot always rain; in time the sky cleared and at least one of the luckless Zoologists, a nervous one, saw a great lumbering bee in her flower bed and joyfully captured it in a tin box. Alas! She had been too human in cutting air holes. With a great buzzing and squirming the cunning fellow squeezed out of an opening which looked about half its size while the brave searcher after knowledge, screaming, held the box at arms length and let the precious bee escape. Of course after it was gone she wondered why she did it.

There were other thrilling experiences, such as the agony of some over the claws of crab-fish and the dissection of snakes, which are too painful to speak of. But there is some question as to whether Zoology does more good as a maker of naturalists than harm as a destroyer of nervous systems. Would it not be better to let the young naturalist discover his talent for himself? And if he doesn't I suppose the world ought to expect to contain "some mute, inglorious" Zoologists.

Character.

One who stands looking back upon the four years of his College course, through which he has struggled in obtaining an education, cannot help noticing that among the hundreds of students who make up the sum of his acquaintance, a few stand out prominently, towering, like Saul, head and shoulders above the others. The remembrance of them is helpful, for wherever, in the dark journey of life, they have come into contact with him, they brought a ray of sunshine. We all have, somewhere, in memory, pictures of beautiful sunsets or of happy,

glorious days; like these are they who, as wanderers traveling a hard and doubtful way, meet us for a moment and by their strength and courage, gave us new hope and new life, and cares grew less and burdens lighter. If we have ever troubled ourselves to study the lives of these companions that we might find out why they have thus influenced us, we have noted one thing, the primary cause; the possession of a noble character. Among the elements that should enter into the make-up of a man, character is the greatest of all—character in its truest meaning. Where character is not found, evil has entered in. Character has been the distinguishing feature of our great men; the lack of character, of our most notoriously wicked men. Judas Iscariot is but one name for treason, Benedict Arnold another. Nero is the name for shameless cruelty. The old Grecian philosopher, Diogones, in searching for a *man*, sought *character*. Now character is not reputation. We distinguish between character and reputation by saying that character, in its broadest sense, is the possession of certain inherent qualities; reputation is the presentation or appearance of the same to others. Character is fact; reputation, supposed fact. Thus, we see, reputation may be and often is the sheep's clothing hiding the wolf; or the radiant garments of an angel, concealing a Satan. On the other hand character may be the brightest diamond hidden by the rough coat of a false and unjust reputation. We must note in these comparisons the dependence of these upon the other. Indeed, reputation is one of the most potent of factors in the developing of character. That character is not an inborn, inherited property is proven by the fact that many children of bad and dissipated parents have developed beautiful characters; and righteous parents have been cursed with evilly disposed children.

Of course, by nature's law, there are implanted in every man those characteristics which will confine his life to a certain channel. Everybody cannot attain to the gentleness of a Shakespeare or the spirituality of a Milton. But it is the growth or development of these possibilities in each life that makes its character. This growth of character is imperceptible. At times it gets marked impulses; but these have not the power that the steady, continued and sustained surroundings have upon it. According to the surroundings of a tree will be its character. In the luxurious swamp the tree is soft and spongy; on the hill-side it grows hard and grand. The forests of Spitsbergen are breast-high; the California pine waves its branches a hundred feet above its knotted roots. The sunshine and storm; the winter winds and summer zephyrs; the pruning fork or the wanton neglect, mark life everywhere. We see their results in the crooked, knotty branch or the smooth one; in the upright, graceful trunk, or the shattered stump; in the burdensome fruit or the bare branches. Every leaf has left its imprint; every sunbeam and every raindrop has added life and strength. So it is in human affairs. "The influences around us are self registering." Does the storm of public opinion unjustly condemn and stigmatize us? Then it must needs lower our hope, lessen our ambition, weaken our courage. One who has suffered from suspicion, opposition, oppression all his life is weak and cowardly. The Jesuits of Catholicism held their victims by the strongest requirements of obedience and the most cruel oppression; they required that their followers have no will but that of their masters; accordingly the servants were weak and treacherous. No one will say that they had not the possibilities for noble characters that all possess at first, but the influences that surrounded them moulded their characters otherwise.

Thus the influence of others is great. Yet to a very large extent, self is the great moulder of character. Unlike the tree, submissive to every force, man may take his development into his own hands and may even create the

surrounding influences that shall mould his character. But to do this he must study self and his possible surroundings in life as well. He must study the currents that shall carry him on through life. He must study self to know to meet successfully the storms that are coming.

"Each hand can steer a ship becalmed;
But he that will govern and carry her to her ends,
Must know his tides, his currents"

And, again, the true, noble, upright character is the one that is best fitted to meet every emergency of life. One of the poets tells us how to obtain this character: "Practice thy spirit to great thoughts and things."

But above surrounding circumstances; above self; above everything, there is a power that will mould for us, if willing, the grandest character; it is the eternal source of all good.

Let us in the moulding of our characters, make our surroundings as favorable as possible for a noble character; do all in our power to develop the same; and at length, imperfect, incomplete, let us turn to the great Master of Perfection and place ourself in His hands for the higher life. And when, from our various paths of life, we assemble beyond the dreaded river, may we clasp hands, and looking into each others eyes, read there the perfection of a true character.

W. C. SWEARER.

Story of a Commonplace Life.

BY HANNAH HENSON.

When done getting wood and provisions laid in for winter, 'Line found she had a good deal of leisure time. However, she occupied a fair portion of it in carrying water from the spring, which was one-fourth of a mile distant. She took two buckets at a time, and, be as economical in using the sparkling liquid as she could, she often had to make four trips in a day.

As the Autumn progressed, she noticed her father was failing in health and her mother seemed dispirited. She was surprised at her *own* lack of energy and contentment at having so little employment.

Her father declined rapidly and was soon confined to his bed, being attacked by chills and fever alternately. 'Line and her mother applied such simple home remedies as they had, but he did not improve. Mrs. Ackerman was attacked by the same disease, but in a milder form.

Then 'Line herself fell a victim to the prosaic but dreadful malady—ague—which invariably attacks new residents in certain kinds of climates. Her father grew steadily worse and was delirious part of the time. 'Line got a neighbor boy to go for the doctor and to tell Jim.

Trips to the spring which, at first, was but pleasant exercise to strong, healthful 'Line, now became a burden to her, in her weak and suffering condition. She was compelled frequently to stop by the roadside, on the way to and from the spring, when attacked by the "shakes" (as she termed it) until recovered. One day she was on her way home with her filled pails, when she had to stop, until over a fit of shaking. Being weak from illness, and tired from watching at her father's bedside, the exhausted woman fell asleep. Some hogs running wild, came along and upset the water. Their grunts aroused her and she had to return to the spring, refill the pails, and drag wearily up the hill a second time.

The doctor said her father had serious ailments, which the fever and ague had aggravated and there was but very little hope of his recovery. 'Line did all she could to restore her father to health, but he gradually grew worse, until she lost all hope of his recovery.

One day when she returned from town, where she had been to get nourishing food and medicines, her mother met her at the door with agony in her face, and said, "O, Caroline, your father is worse and I fear is dying." On entering the room, she saw her mother's fears were not with-

out cause. They hastily sent for Jim, who was met on his way out to see his father.

Shortly after his arrival, just as the sun was sinking, the soul of John Ackerman passed into the great beyond. Had his life been worth living? Eternity alone will answer that question.

Some neighbors came in and stayed until the simple burial service was over. A preacher from town conducted the services, and all that was mortal of John Ackerman was laid to rest in the soil from which he had expected to reap such rich harvests.

The first few weeks after the funeral, one of Jim's children stayed with 'Line and her mother. After that they lived alone. They had plenty to eat and wear and after they had somewhat recovered from their illness they got along nicely, but were very lonely. Mrs. Ackerman did not recover her former strength and 'Line felt very anxious. She feared she would never get well there, as she seemed to have taken a dislike to the country; and home-sickness for her old home, added to her despondency. 'Line resolved to take her back to Pennsylvania as soon as Spring came.

Among the neighbors who had been kind to them during the sickness of Mr. Ackerman was a bachelor named Mort Stephens, who now frequently called in the evening. His chatty calls were very welcome to the two lonely women. By the time winter was over, he and 'Line were firm friends. When she told him of her decision to return to Pennsylvania, he tried to dissuade her saying that she would like that country better when Summer came, but she and her mother were both too heart-sick of it all. She sold the farm and their old horse for a comparatively small sum.

The night before their departure they stayed at Jim's. In the morning they bade their friends good-bye and boarded a train for the east. Mort Stephens was the last to shake 'Line's hand; as he did so, he looked into her eyes and said, "'Line you don't know how I'll miss you. You'll write to me when you get through, won't you?" She felt a thrill of happiness at his words and replied, "Yes I'll write ye, Mort, and I'll never forget how good you've bin to us."

"Mebbe I'll come out and see you sometime," said Mort.

"I wish you would," said Mrs. Ackerman, cordially.

Two days and two nights 'Line and her mother spent whizzing over prairies, through forests, and across turbulent streams—swollen by the recent Spring rains—drawn by the powerful iron horse, so different from the poor, miserable steeds that had wearily pulled them overland the Summer before.

Nature was again donning her Spring apparel. 'Line viewed the majestic mountains and the beautiful valleys from the car window until her eyes ached. O, how good it was to see the beautiful green again; how good it was to be going from what now seemed a horrible dream back home to dear old Pennsylvania.

Toward the end of their journey 'Line's eyes filled with happy tears, as the conductor called out the familiar names.

They had written Della of their coming home and Dick met them at the depot and took them to his home.

The day after their arrival, while playing in the yard, I saw a familiar figure approaching. On recognizing 'Line, I ran to meet her and excitedly clasped her hand. Turning, I swiftly ran in advance to proclaim the wonderful news to mother, exclaiming: "'Line's come home! Here she is!" The faithful creature seemed overjoyed to see us all. She was soon installed in her old place at grandfathers, while her mother stayed at Della's.

A year passed when Dick and Della must try their fortunes in the west. The warning from 'Line's and Mrs. Ackerman's sad experience, and all their oppositions and protests were of no avail—go west they would. They speedily prepared for departure. They did not intend travelling the wearisome route overland

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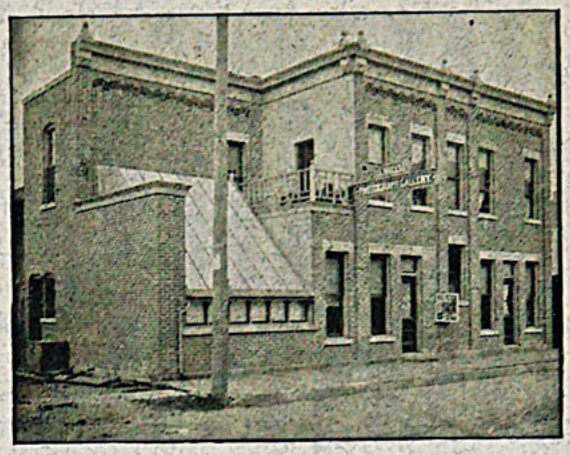

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Fraternity.

Irvin, Harper and Foster, Delta Tau Delta, have purchased new fraternity pins.

Σ. A. E. fraternity entertained a few of their friends Thanksgiving day at their Chapter House on North Main street. An excellent dinner was served which was enjoyed by all.

Judging from the preparations which are being made by the Deltas, their convention, which is to be held the 22nd and the 23rd of February, promises to be the event of the College year.

One of the pleasant events of Thanksgiving day was the fraternity dinner served at the Phi Gam House. Full justice was done to the good things, and then followed toasts by the members of the chapter.

Φ. Γ. Δ. entertained their lady friends at the chapter house, on Thanksgiving eve. The rooms were very tastefully decorated with fraternity colors, and all present entered into the full spirit of a "Fiji" time.

On Thanksgiving eve., the *Φ. Δ. Θ.* boys entertained their young lady friends at their parlors, on Water street. The occasion was a very enjoyable one. The menu and the manner in which the refreshments were served were very unique.

Mr. C. G. Lindsey, '87, after several weeks of travel through Ireland and Scotland, is in London. The remainder of the winter will be spent in France, Germany and Italy. Mr. Lindsey acted as toastmaster at the *Σ. A. E.* banquet last Spring.

The annual convention of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity will be held in Washington, D. C., during the holiday season. F. Fritz has been elected delegate by Pennsylvania Omega, and will be accompanied by Messrs. Stratton, McFarland and Brison.

The active members, together with a large number of the alumni of the Delta Tau Delta fraternity, gave on last Saturday evening, a 6 o'clock dinner in honor of the new Latin professor, Dr. Lease, a member of Mu Chapter of Delta Tau Delta fraternity at Ohio-Wesleyan. The dinner was served by the ladies of the Episcopal church, in the Parish house, in a gorgeous manner, which not only did great credit to themselves, but also to the young men for whom it was given. Mr. Ned Arden Flood, occupying the chair of toastmaster, welcomed Dr. Lease in a few well chosen words and called upon him for a few remarks, which were given in his naturally easy manner and were received with much well-deserved applause. Toasts were then called for and responded to by different members present.

The College World.

Exchanges.

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

In the Freshman's class he entered,
Looking green as oft they do;
But he all his powers centered
On the thought of getting through.

Here he studied late and early,
In his classes led them all,
In the gym he was the leader,
Best debater in the hall.

Then the Sophomore to Junior,
Took all the prizes as they came,
Graduated with the Seniors,
Well upon the road to fame.

Ten years pass—where is our hero?
Sure he was for Congress born—
Is he there? No; he's in Texas
With a blind mule plowing corn.—*Ex.*

Foot-ball cost Yale $260 a day last year.—*Ex.*

The *Washington and Jeffersonian* will issue a special Christmas number.

The first number of the *College Republican*, the official organ of the American Republican League, has appeared. The journal is edited by a board, selected from the different colleges in the land.

Vassar students are proud to say that not one of their graduates has ever been divorced. —*Ex.*

Six thousand dollars was paid for the use of Manhattan Field for the Yale-Princeton football game.

A bright article appeared in the last issue of the *Otterbein Aegis* under the unique title, "Myself + Time = X."

In a recent editorial the *Washington and Jeffersonian* advocates College ownership of caps and gowns, and thus answers the strongest argument against their use—expense.

We learn through the columns of our exchanges that it is the custom in several colleges to make Thanksgiving a "book day," and by the contributions (money or books) thus secured, build up their libraries. The announcement that some generous friends of Allegheny had donated $500 for her library, shows that her friends wait but an opportunity to give. A few "book days" would make ours the largest College library in Western Pennsylvania.

The *Tuftonian* notes some good arguments in favor of small colleges, in the following:

It is interesting to note the various questions that are now agitating many of our institutions. At Cambridge there is a growing feeling in favor of the division of Harvard into several smaller colleges. If the plans of the overseers of this university are carried into effect, the superiority of a college of five hundred members over one of several thousand will be clearly proved, as the men who will render the verdict are in every way capable of deciding. According to the Harvard publications, the prevailing opinion is in favor of such a division. The advantages of the college having about five hundred men are plainly marked. In such an institution there is a more friendly and sympathetic feeling prevalent among the students than a large university can ever hope to have This contact of student with student is an important factor in the development of character, and in a college of five hundred men there are very few who are not pretty thoroughly known by the majority of their fellow-students before the time of graduation. Not merely does the student profit from the close associations with his fellows; the comparatively small college affords greater freedom than the university in the recitation room and gives greater opportunities for close relations between the professors and students, and these relations are often of the utmost benefit to college men.

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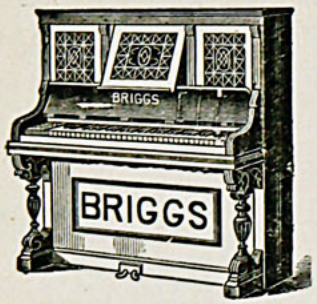

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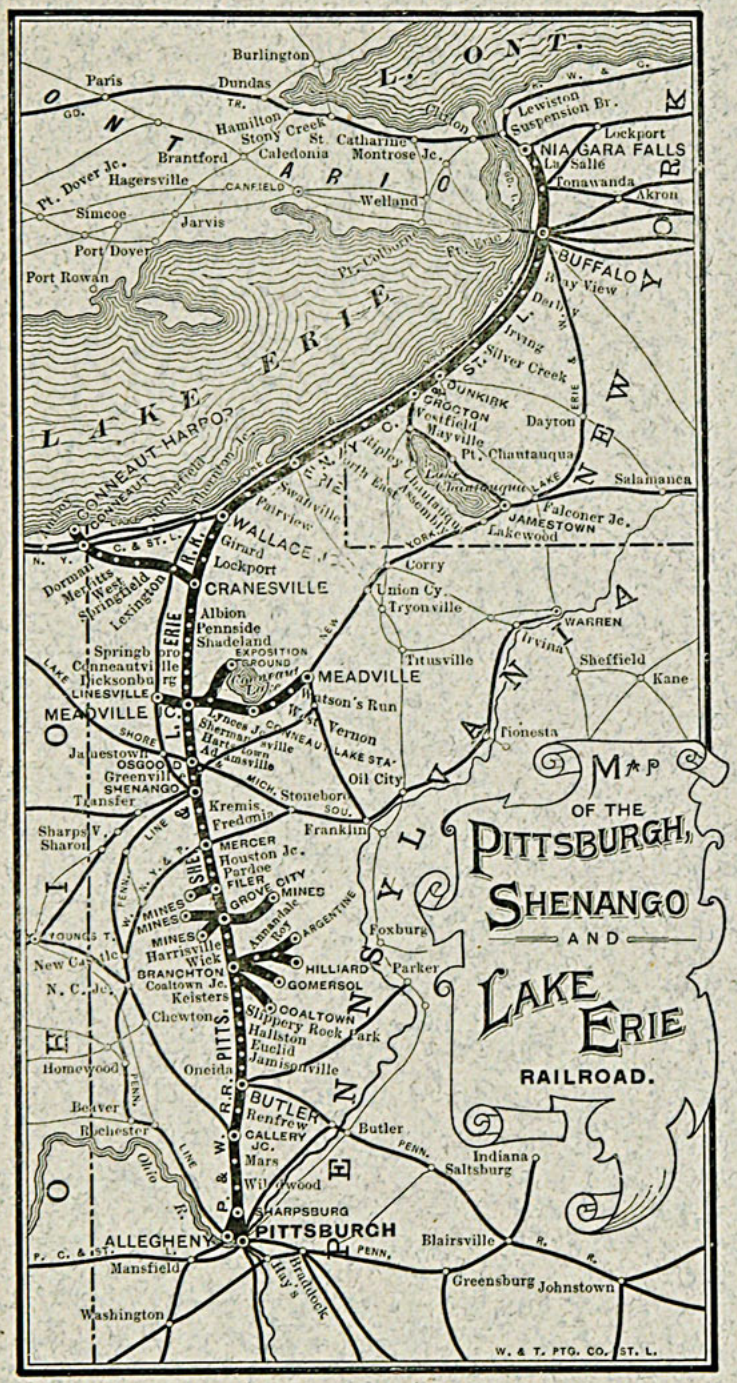

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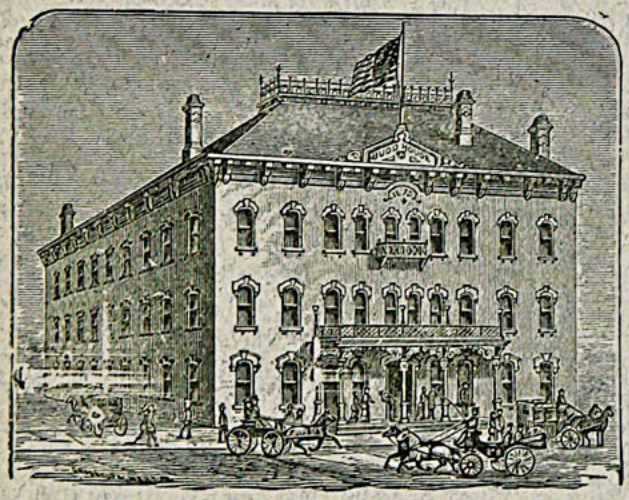

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as Dick had a nice sum of money saved and they could afford going by rail. They, with their three children, bade 'Line and her mother a tearful adieu and took an early train.

Mrs. Ackerman had recovered from her western illness but she was not strong.

'Line did not want to give up her position, as she was anxious to earn money enough to buy a small piece of land where they could have a permanent home.

Owing to the mother's delicate health, she could not be left alone. This necessitated 'Line's going home every evening after her day's work was done. In spite of the mile and a half to her home, she would be at grandma's bright and early. She never missed a day, in all kinds of weather, excepting when her mother was sick ; and on one occasion she took a holiday to go to the town, ten miles distant, where she purchased a rocking chair for her mother. A neighbor kindly hauled it to her grandfather's, where 'Line shouldered the heavy, awkward burden and carried it home through the woods. The road through the woods was an old abandoned road, which was moss grown and picturesque indeed.

It was a great treat to us children to be allowed to go to 'Line's home. One Thanksgiving day, my friend and seat-mate at school, Leila, my sisters, Sally and Helen, and I surprised Mrs. Ackerman with a visit and a good dinner of chicken, jelly, cakes and other delicicies. It was a cold, snowy day but we enjoyed the walk immensely and had a pleasant dinner and a merry afternoon. 'Line and her mother both were pleased. 'Line showed us her keepsakes and pictures. Among the latter we were interested in Mort Stephens' picture, as 'Line had told us of him. In the evening we started home facing a ferocious snow storm from the west. What a time we had ! At times we could scarcely keep our footing. We finally reached home, rosy cheeked, tired, but happy children.

Since her return 'Line had heard frequently from Mort. His letters became gradually warmer in tone until at last one came, in which he said : " 'Line I've missed you ever since you left. I've got my land paid for and a comfortable house built. I feel that it's time I was getting a home of my own. Of all the women I know, you are one I care most for. Say when I may come for you. Tell your mother she is welcome to a home with us. Your devoted, Mort." 'Line was gladdened and saddened by this epistle. She was glad Mort cared for her, but she felt her mother would not go back to that country. She told her of Mort's letter but she said : O, Caroline! I never can go back there, I should die if I did. Stay with me now ; I ain't likely to live long and you can get married after I'm gone." If 'Line had a faint hope of her mother's consent she now gave it up. She replied to Mort in these words : " I like ye well enuff to marry ye, Mort, and I know ye'd be good to me. I can't leave mother and I can't coax her to go back if I was to try till doomsday. Good bye, 'Line."

Poor soul ! What self-sacrifice there was in that letter. Mort was disappointed but in a few months married a girl in the neighborhood who was twenty years his junior.

'Line missed his letters and her life seemed gray and lonely. She spurred her life to renewed energy in earning money to buy the home.

One day she received a letter from Della, saying Dick had been sick for three months and the doctor thought he could not recover. A week later she received work that Dick was dead. The expense of his sickness had been so great as to use all the money he had saved. This left the family in destitute circumstances.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Learning maketh young men temperate, is the comfort of old age, standing for wealth with poverty, and serving as an ornament to riches.—*Cicero.*

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

Again we come to the close of the Fall session. The past term has been one of unusual activity and success. Our attendance has been larger than in previous years and nothing has occurred to mar the harmony which is characteristic of the institution.

A few of our members have been compelled to give up college work for a time on account of disease. We extend our heart-felt sympathy to them in their disappointment.

The new schedule, for the most part, has been entirely satisfactory to the students. The disadvantages are, that the afternoon bells trespass on the time for study and that the work is somewhat irregular. The hour periods are a decided improvement; they give the professor an opportunity to conduct the recitation with the best possible results. The chapel hour, coming as it does, at the close of the forenoon's work, seems to be conducive to the proper ends. Chapel exercises should mean worship and not merely an assembling of the students, for the purpose of making announcements. While no arrangement could be made that would fill the minds of the students with religious thoughts; yet the present one at least removes the necessity of *studying* during the services.

In consideration of the past term it may be truly said that, thus far, the present term has been one of the most successful in the history of the college.

The Thanksgiving holiday has again passed, leaving behind it many pleasant memories. On Thanksgiving eve., several of the different fraternities, together with their lady friends, spent an evening in social enjoyment, and "all went merry as a marriage bell." On Thursday most of the students, conforming to the old custom, celebrated the day by eating turkey.

The custom of observing Thanksgiving day has been handed down to us by our forefathers. It was first instituted in 1789 by order of Congress. Being set apart by "the Father of Our Country," it is as old as the Republic. At first it was considered a relic of barbarism and was the source of some dissension. Not so to-day. It is now almost universally observed as a day of thanksgiving and recognition of the favors of God.

The return of the examinations, brings with it about the usual order of results. The student who has improved his time, doing his work well, can have little fear for the result of a fair examination on the work passed over. While one who spends the greater part of his time on the street or loafing elsewhere, without giving proper attention to his school work, is simply digging a pit in which it only needs the return of examination day to engulf him. If students might realize the importance to be attached to the years spent in college, not

merely as a period for acquiring a knowledge of facts, but for the formation of correct habits of study as well, their work in college would be vastly more satisfactory to all concerned and the end of their college course would find them much better equipped for participation in the active duties of life.

A young man's interest and duty indicate that he should make himself indispensable to his employers. He should be so industrious, prompt, and careful that the accident of his temporary absence should be noticed by his being missed. A young man should make his employer his friend, by doing faithfully and minutely all that is intrusted to him. It is a great mistake to be over-nice and fastidious about work. Pitch in readily, and your willingness will be appreciated. It is said that George Washington helped to roll a log that one of his corporals would not handle, and the greatest emperor of Russia worked with a shipwright in England—to learn the business.

Be energetic, look and act with alacrity. Work as though the business was your own. Take pleasure in work; do not go about in a listless, formal manner, but with cheerfulness, remembering that while you are working thus for others, you are laying the foundation of your own success in business life.

Local.

"Mollis abuti
Has an acuti;
No lasso finis
Molli divinis."

Examinations.

A merry Xmas and a happy New Year.

Wise saying.—"What fools we mortals be."—Wagner.

A new society has been formed in college called the G. A. C. Its origin, purpose, meaning and members are unknown.

Have you seen Wilson's new sweater? The white one?

The foot ball team had its picture taken on last Friday.

A. C. C. B. pins may be purchased from Pratt and Chamberlain.

Goodrich has left college to take an M. E. ministerial charge near Warren, Pa.

Billings says that M. B. Walker interferes with his movements in military drill.

They say that Armstrong, one evening recently, had "lady" callers at his room.

Professor in Zoology—"What is the highest form of animal life?" Knapp—"The giraffe."

Ask Wagner and Armstrong about the G. A. C's., and who shaved the back of their heads.

Prof. Thomas to Brison in French class: "De quels animaux avons-nous du lait?" Brison—"L-l-le b-b-boeuf——"

A reception was tendered to the faculty and students by the young ladies of Hulings Hall, Thursday evening. It was a very enjoyable affair.

Rumor says that before the glad New Year is with us, another well-known member of the class of '93 will have departed from the ranks of single blessedness.

CLIPPINGS.

He was shot in the suburbs.—*Chicago News.*

She whipped him upon his return.—*Hawk-eye.*

He kissed her back.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

She fainted upon his departure.—*Lynn Union.*

Mr. Jones walked in upon her invitation.—*Electric Light.*

He was injured in the fracas.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

He clung to her weeping.—*Lawrence American.*

Paul Sturtevant will spend the Christmas holidays at Columbus, O.

Miss Ella Cane, of New Castle, spent Thanksgiving with her friend, Miss Gleisner.

Miss Mabel Simmons, of Oil City, was the guest of Mabel Confer over Thanksgiving.

M. to O. "Who is that new student over there?"

O.—"It's Johnson with his hair cut!"

Now is the time when some students (?) of the College will begin to study. "Never do anything until you have to" is their motto.

The telephone at Hulings Hall makes it very convenient for a certain young man, who is not able to walk up to the hall, when he wants to talk to a young lady.

At last we have some specimens for Monty's museum. Wilson and Townley were labeled in Civil Liberty class not long ago with the placard: "Visitors are requested not to touch these specimens."

Dr. M.—"Having all the means necessary, Miss A., what city of the world would you prefer to visit for a month?" Miss A.—"Why, Doctor, I hardly know." Dr. M.—"Wilson, what would be your choice?" Wilson—"Paris, I think." Miss A.—"Oh, Doctor, I think I would rather go to Paris, too."

President W. H. Crawford and Dr. J. H. Montgomery returned Monday evening of last week from Baltimore, where they attended the annual educational meeting of the College Association of the Middle States and Maryland. The meeting was held in Johns Hopkins University. The meeting next year will probably be held in Pittsburg.

McLaughlin, after an absence of two weeks—"Miss Young, have I any absent marks?" She—"Have you been present?" He—"I don't know, just thought I would ask."

We suggest that a committee be appointed to investigate the affair and discover whether Allegheny College is to become immortal as the home of a second Rip Van Winkle or not.

Alumni Notes.

Miss Josette Linn, 'ex-97, has accepted a responsible position in the Painesville, O., public schools.

Miss Grace Henderson, '91, of Pittsburg, Pa., has been pursuing the study of law in the office of her father, and will soon be admitted to practice at the bar.

Mrs. John Gibson, *nee* Eva Dickson, '94, of Butler, Pa., spent Thanksgiving with friends in the city.

Miss Josephine Henderson, '84, is teaching in the Normal School, at Oshkosh, Wis.

Miss Elva Bascom, '94, is enjoying a few days vacation with friends in Ohio.

Y. M. C. A. Notes.

The Bible classes are now thoroughly organized, and the study of the scriptures is diligently carried on.

"Christ Among Men," by McConaughy, is used as a guide book by the teachers and students of the Bible classes.

Although many students have joined the various Bible classes, yet more should go and do likewise.

The three Sunday Schools of the Y. M. C. A.—Pierson, Reisinger and Vallonia—are in a prosperous condition. Each school shows a decided increase, both in numbers and interest, over last year. At Reisinger, preaching services are held every two weeks. For almost a year, gospel meetings have been in progress at Pierson each Sunday. The spirituality and the helpful Christian influence of these services has steadily increased. God has been glorified, Christians helped, and sinners saved. The lump is leavening. One of the pastors of this city, said that more good is being done in this way by the students at this place, than at any one church in Meadville.