

The Campus.

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

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NEW SERIES

A Plea for Xantippe.

The world in some ways is ever the same. We, of the nineteenth century, talk of freedom, equity, man's well being, his amazing advancement in all things humane, yet in reality we differ little from past centuries in kindness, charity, and all such common place characteristics. If history records of a man that he was a wit or of a woman that she was a beauty, to the end of time that man will be known only as a wit, that woman, only as a beauty.

Thus it is scarcely surprising that we, a people proud of our strength of mind and heart, should all unite in the abuse of Socrates' wife, Xantippe. The only fact recorded concerning this woman is that she was noted for her spicy temper. However, we feel certain that she must have been very remarkable in her way, or else how could her name have endured so well the wear and tear of time and much use. But the fame of Xantippe, though lasting, is coveted by no one. Fancy having your name for ages and ages to come mockingly applied to howling infants, snarling dogs and scratching cats! Yet this has been Xantippe's fate. She is constantly made sport of on account of her shrewishness, while her husband is lauded immeasurably for his teachings and admired for his patience. Surely something must have troubled Xantippe's mind or overburdened her nerves that she should have sought relief as she did. Is it fair, then, that we so condemn the much-tried wife and so praise the trying husband? Xantippe was, you know, a woman. No doubt she was much like the women of to-day. She had a woman's heart, her likes and dislikes, her virtues and her failings. Granting this, let us consider for a few moments Xantippe's life as it must have been, and then decide whether or no she had cause for her ill humor.

Nothing is known of the girlhood of this woman. She may have been very amiable. For it is only after Socrates had given up his trade and had

begun the practice of spending the whole day on the streets that we read of her terrible temper. It is a well-known fact that it is not at all pleasant to live with a genius, especially if he be a particularly odd one. And certainly Socrates was such. Neglecting all duties that usually fall upon the head of a house, he spent his time on the street-corners, where he gathered about him the Athenian youths that he might teach them the beautiful truths of life, free of charge. Oh, yes, Socrates was very kind and generous, although perhaps a little oblivious to the fact that "Charity begins at home." How this must have tried Xantippe, thrifty house-wife that we hope she was. And when in the evening he returned home, empty-handed, weary, and probably inclined to be cross, is it any wonder that Xantippe, exhausted with her day's work, felt inclined to speak? And speak she did.

As time went on and Socrates did not change his ways but continued to grow more and more shiftless, Xantippe lost whatever patience she had, rebuked him again and again, until her tongue became very sharp indeed. Then it was that all the people came to look upon her as a scold. This shows us that with her other troubles she must have been lacking in friends and sympathy. For had they known how sorely tried she was, they never could have spoken of her as they did, and have doomed her to such an unhappy fate as has been hers.

Still another drawback to her happiness was their poverty. There never yet has lived a woman who did not have a moderate liking for the conventional. Therefore Xantippe was often greatly embarrassed. No doubt, too, her mother's heart had ambitions for her children which were never satisfied. But the most irritating circumstance of all was the fact that Socrates was generally disliked and even ridiculed. The very people to whom he gave his whole life slandered him and eventually brought him to jail.

Naturally all this would almost drive a woman mad if she were at all sensitive to public opinion. Many would not have stood the burden. Some weaker ones would have sunk down in despair and died under it. Not so Xantippe. She was a new woman in olden times. She had spirit. She met the trouble bravely and defended herself as best she could by the use of the weapon in which she was most skilled, her tongue. Yet in spite of all these manifestations of a stormy temper, we cannot believe that Xantippe lost the tenderness of her heart or the sound sense of her duty. She was always an excellent mother, as Socrates himself said to his son Laniprocles. To the very last she remained fond of her homely husband, visiting him many times in the prison and seemingly very anxious about him.

Now we have found much in Xantippe to admire. Of course she scolded. But she was also true, brave, and loving. Especially was she self-sacrificing. Her ill temper was caused by Socrates' labors for us. Then do we not owe her a debt of gratitude? Would it not be far better when thinking of Xantippe to remember that her life was robbed of its happiness for our sake and thus to sympathize with her rather than to speak of her merely as Socrates' wife Xantippe, "Xantippe the famous Scold?"

'O I.

A Senior.

John Barrows sits alone in his room in the dark, musing. It is the night before Commencement. The festivities of the week are past, the exciting "prize awards," the faculty base ball game, the fraternity teas for the Seniors, the Glee Club concert, and the Class Day, when for next to the last time the Seniors met together as a class, to smoke the pipe of friendship and to hear their futures prophesied. Yes, the Seniors are nearing the end—they have been petted, admired and treated with reverence and awe by the visiting multitudes; their fellow students have done all in their power to show their love for the graduating class, and now—to-morrow will be their Commencement Day. They know beforehand what it will be like, for have they not already been witnesses of three Commencements? They will assemble in the church chapel to don caps and gowns. At ten precisely the President will send

word for them to pass into the church. The short men will lead, the tall ones will follow. Slowly they will move down the central aisle, past the uninvited rabble in the rear, next the friends from town, then the out-of-town guests, the gray-haired fathers, sweet-faced mothers, the brothers and sisters. Then there will be the rows of empty seats with the faculty on one side and the trustees on the other. Finally they will be seated—will be listening for the last time as undergraduates to their dear old "Prexie's" prayer. They will listen to it with a new feeling as they realize it is their own prayer—that every word is full of loving kindness for them, and for them particularly. Now the commencement speaker—a renowned scholar—will be announced. There will follow the usual lengthy address, but the Seniors will pay little attention—they will be living over in their minds the past four years. At last the President will be heard reading in sonorous tones the names of the candidates for degrees. One by one they will receive their sheep skins and walk slowly and solemnly back to their seats, with the reward of four years' hard work tucked under their arms. They will not hear much of the dear familiar college hymn sung in closing. No, they will be trying to realize what it all means—that they are now alumni—that in a few hours they will be parted from the dearest friends they have ever known, perhaps forever. Then acquaintances will crowd around them to congratulate. Finally the guests will leave the church, the newly made alumni following in a maze. They will separate and go to their rooms—and then?

John Barrows looks from his window and sees the moon just peeping over the college chapel. He remembers another time when the moon looked as it does now. It was the night, almost four years ago, when he left his home—he was standing on the dock with his mother and father waiting for the night boat which was to take him to Boston. They were sending away their first-born. Yes, the lad was going to the University, the steamer would be there in a few moments to bear him away. For long years they had been dreaming of that day, and planning and hoping for it. The years had been full of toil for them both. The father had economized in every way and had given up even some of the necessities of life to save money for his boy. The mother had neglected

all her own wants for John's sake. After her tiresome days work she had spent her evenings sewing for the neighbors to earn a little "to send John to college." The whole of the little village was interested in John Barrows. For was he not going to represent them at the great university and wouldn't he bring fame to their town? What a bright lad he was to be sure—he would be a marvel even to the University people. The steamer comes puffing up to the landing. The father grasps John's hand with a "God bless you, my son, and may you be all that we expect you to be." Then he feels his mother's kiss, and hears her tearfully murmuring, "Never forget your mother, John. Remember to read the Good Book and always be true and upright." The parting is over, the steamer goes on its way leaving behind it two bowed figures on the dock.

The Senior's thoughts pass to the day of his arrival at the University. He is taken up the hill to "Old North," and the janitor shows him his room. How lonely it is, and how desolate! How he longs to be at home! He begins to unpack his trunk, everything he touches reminds him of the dear ones at home. The shirts so neatly hemmed by his little sisters, the stockings that grandmother knitted, the cake and pie his mother put in for a "surprise." The tears start to his eyes, when the door flies open and in rushes his allotted roommate with several fellows at his heels. "Hullo!" cries Mr. Tommy Thompson, "and is this to be my room mate? Good Lord! and how did you leave your friends in Podunk, Mr. Country Bumpkin? Bless me, fellows, just look at those!" as he holds up John's best trousers which are of home manufacture. At that the youths burst into a gale of laughter and dash from the room, leaving the new Freshman to his own meditations. John remembers it all vividly to-night. Can he ever forget that first rude awakening to the fact that he is different from the other boys? A rapid review of the four years passes through his mind. How lonely and dreary they have been! At first he had tried to make friends, but no one would meet him half-way. Why was it the fellows didn't like him? He used sometimes to join the students on the campus at the "sings," but he could not sing much and no one paid any attention to the shy, awkward Freshman, so he felt that he was not wanted there and soon ceased attend-

ing them. He thought he would be willing to give ten years of his life to have the fellows come up to him, throw their arms around his neck, as they did with Tommy Thompson, and drag him off down street to enjoy some of their frolics. But that was not for him. He must go to his room alone and unhappy, to seek comfort from his Bible, to ask God to help him bear it, then to study for his mother's sake. Poor John suffers anew to-night as he thinks it over. Yes, he has suffered much in these years, and what has he accomplished? Absolutely nothing, he thinks. He has not been a brilliant student, he has won no prize. He feels as if the years had taught him naught but to suffer. What fond ambitions his parents have for him! He is on the eve of his graduation—he will soon be at home. Will they be disappointed in him? He fears so. Oh the pity of it! He has done his best like a man. Perhaps he has gained something. John's thoughts are bitter now. "Think of all I might have had and have not. Only a fair student, lonely, friendless, unpopular, poor. Where does the compensation come in that Emerson tells us so much about? What compensation can there be?" "Lord, Lord," he prays, "what hast Thou given me as a recompense? What is my reward for having served Thee all my life? I have given all and received nothing." Then "Forgive me, Lord, I know not what I say."

The lights are turned on in the club-house across the street. The students are beginning to come home from the Junior Prom. John, as he kneels by his window, gazes into one of the rooms. It is the star full-back's room. He has been to the Prom. He is in his dress suit, and has flung himself into a big arm chair with his feet on the mantel and a pipe in his mouth. The door opens and in troop a half-dozen fellows. They are all Seniors. This is their last night as "college boys." Are they sad at the thought? They arrange themselves on tables, couches and the floor. The friends are to have their last "blow out" together. They are talking over the Prom.—the music and the girls. How jolly they are and how fond of each other! There is one pulling his chum's curls and thinking he will not have many more chances to tease the dear old fellow. What good-natured tussels they have! How much it means to be "one of the boys!"

The watcher in the opposite window bows his head on his arms. Presently he hears a door bang and some men's voices calling, "Aw, Tommy, come back. It's our last night together you know." Someone crosses the street and enters the opposite house. Can it be? Surely it can't be some one for him. The person mounts the stairs and knocks. John murmurs, "Come in," and hears a cheery voice saying, "How are you, Barrows? I was afraid you'd be in bed. Your room looked so dark. You've been dreaming—thinking it all over, I suppose. It's lucky it's dark, for—well, in fact, Barrows, I'm here to make some confessions. It's well to do it, isn't it, the night before a fellow's turned loose upon the mercy of the world?"

The visitor is Tommy Thompson. He throws himself into a chair and continues, "Well, here's for it, Barrows. You know what sort of a fellow I am. You think I'm the most harum-scarum, worthless, good-for-naught in the universe, and I don't think you're far wrong in your estimate of me. But, I don't suppose you'll believe me, I have tried to be different, and there are many temptations that I've managed to resist. What do you think helped me? It was the thought of John Barrows, yes, of you. I don't know you very well, Barrows, I am sorry to say, and I don't know whether I dare call you a friend of mine or not; but I've always sort of looked up to you, as a cat would to a king, you know, and when I'd stop to consider what a man like you would think of me, it kept me straight many a time. When I'd see you pegging away over your books I'd feel ashamed and go at mine. By Jove, it's mighty hard for me to tell a man I admire him, but I had to to-night for I've come to ask a favor of you. When I was home the last time I was telling the governor about you and what a manly fellow you are. He's in town now, and saw you at Class Day, yesterday. To day he told me I might go abroad this summer—a graduating present, you know—and might take you along to help me enjoy it. So I came to ask you if you'd be willing to go over for three or four months with such a scamp as I? No—don't answer me to-night. Some of us fellows are going for a final tramp to-morrow afternoon before Prexie's reception. Won't you come along? You can tell me then. Good-night, John."

John looks up to the sky and murmurs, "Bless the Lord, Oh my soul, and forget not all His benefits." 'oo.

The Autobiographic Element in Lamb's Essays of Elia.

The clear reflection of the author in his writings is the most striking characteristic of these essays. His boldness in assuming that his readers are, and will be, interested in his personal acquaintances and surroundings is astonishing; for man, in general, is not known to display any great interest or even patience during the recital of stories concerning "my grandmother" or "my cousin's cousin," and the like. But the effect of Lamb's style upon his readers is more surprising even than his daring assumption; for who is there that has really read Lamb but is intensely interested, both in the essays and, thereafter, in all that pertains to Charles Lamb himself? Indeed, to appreciate fully the reading, one ought first to know some of the facts of his life, as the two are so inseparably connected.

The essays purport to have been written by one Elia, a gay young foreigner, who first indulges his fancy for scribbling by giving his impressions of the South Sea House in an essay bearing the name of that famous house of trade. Likewise, the other essays grow out of the experiences and quaint fancies of this same Elia who is, of course, Lamb himself.

The author's father was a poor country boy who became servant to Mr. Salt, a bencher of the Inner Temple. In the essay, "The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple," he portrays Mr. Salt by his true name, whereas Mr. Lovel is Lamb's father.

Charles' family was in poor circumstances and, although he gained admission to Christ's Hospital through Mr. Salt's influence, after seven years' attendance there, he was forced to leave in order to help support the family. It is true that he had a brother John, twelve years his senior, who had a fairly well-paying position in the South Sea House, but he seems not to have troubled himself very much about the condition of the rest of the family. The cousin, James Elia, in "My Relations," is John Lamb. Charles describes him thus: "J. E. then—to the eye of a common observer at least—seemeth made up of contradictory principles. The genuine child of impulse,

the frigid philosopher of prudence—the phlegm of my cousin's doctrine, is invariably at war with his temperament, which is highly sanguine." "It is pleasant to hear him discourse of patience—extolling it as the truest wisdom—and to see him during the last seven minutes that his dinner is getting ready. Nature never ran up in her haste a more restless piece of workmanship than when she moulded this impetuous cousin." "While he lives, J. E. will take his swing. It does me good, as I walk towards the street of my daily avocation, on some fine May morning, to meet him marching in a quite opposite direction, with a jolly handsome presence, and a shining sanguine face, that indicates some purchase in his eye—a Claude or a Hobbima—for much of his enviable leisure is consumed at Christie's and Phillip's—or where not, to pick up pictures and such gauds. On these occasions he mostly stoppeth me to read a short lecture on the advantage a person like me possesses above himself, in having his time occupied with business which he *must* do—assureth me that he often feels it hang heavy on his hands—wishes he had fewer holidays—and goes off—Westward, Ho!—chanting a tune, to Pall Mall—perfectly convinced that he has convinced me, while I proceed in my opposite direction tuneless."

Charles and his sister, Mary, had many tastes in common, and she is the Bridget Elia of "Mackery End in Hertfordshire"—"Bridget Elia has been my housekeeper for many a long year. I have obligations to Bridget, extending beyond the period of memory. We house together, old bachelor and maid, in a sort of double singleness; with such tolerable comfort, upon the whole, that I, for one, find in myself no sort of disposition to go out upon the mountains with the rash king's offspring, to bewail my celibacy. We agree pretty well in our tastes and habits—yet so, as 'with a difference.' We are generally in harmony, with occasional bickerings—as it should be among near relations. Our sympathies are rather understood than expressed; and once, upon my dissembling a tone in my voice more kind than ordinary, my cousin burst into tears and complained that I was altered. We are both great readers in different directions. While I am hanging over (for the thousandth time) some passage in old Burton, or one of his strange contemporaries, she is abstracted in some modern tale or adventure, whereof our

common reading table is daily fed with assiduously fresh supplies. Narrative teases me. I have little concern in the progress of events. She must have a story—well, ill, or indifferently told—so there be life stirring in it, and plenty of good or evil accidents. The fluctuations of fortune in fiction, and almost in real life, have ceased to interest or operate but dully upon me."

Insanity was inherent in the family and Mary, in a sudden attack, stabbed and killed her mother. She was immediately placed in confinement but, upon her partial recovery, Charles secured her release upon promising to take charge of her himself. It was no light task which he had undertaken, for the malady now and again returned. This circumstance prevented his marriage with Alice Winterton, whom he seems to have truly loved. She afterward married a man by the name of Bartram, and is the Alice W—n of "Dream Children," where he pictures himself surrounded by his two children, John and Alice, named for the brother and their mother. They are clamoring for stories of the time when their elders were young, so he tells them of their Grandmother Field's girlhood and relates how he courted their mother, and then says: "When suddenly turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which one of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which without speech strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: 'We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we a children at all. The children of Alice call Bartram father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe, millions of ages before we have existence and a name'—and immediately awakening, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side."

It is often difficult to understand to whom he is referring, for he delights in mystification and exaggeration, and is very liberal with references to actual persons by means of initials and other

devices. Notice for instance this passage from "Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago." "Next follow two, who ought to be now alive, and the friends of Elia —, the junior Le G— and F—; who impelled, the former by a roving temper, the latter by too quick a sense of neglect—ill capable of enduring the slights poor Sizors are sometimes subject to in our seats of learning—exchanged their *alma mater* for the camp; perishing, one by climate and one on the plains of Salamanca." He treats facts and fiction alike as if it were all fact, then ends by declaring it all fiction. He says: "Henceforth let no one receive the narratives of Elia for true records! They are, in truth, but shadows of fact—verisimilitudes, not verities—or sitting but upon the remote edges and outskirts of history."

When we consider the subjects of these essays, we may well ask ourselves what it is that makes their substance so charming; and in the end, I think that each of us must answer, it is the character of the writer himself so plainly revealed which bewitches us. The lovable, pure and noble man enables us to see more that is worthy of our interest in the commonplace persons and occurrences of which he treats, than we would see by ourselves, because he permits us to look at them through his eyes. Without vanity or self-assertion, he colors the matter with his own odd whims, and ways of looking at things. In his quaintly original way he takes us into his confidence and frankly tells us his own and his friends' follies and graces.

The variety of his moods, his wit, his pathos, his keen discrimination of character, his charity, his sympathy with mankind, his capacity for self-sacrifice, his cheerfulness in spite of great sorrow and disappointment—all these hold us captive as we read.

J. A. B.

Our Campus.

As our lives, the poet tells us, take a hue from all eye sees,
And are tuned anew and vibrate with each note in passing breeze,
It is only right and proper, as philosophers, we yield
Honor due to our surroundings which can such great influence wield.

Then here's to our dear CAMPUS, how we love her all year round!

Clad in snow or rainbow fabrics which at autumn's court are found,

But especially in spring-time, subtle magic seems to lure

Our feet to stray, resistless, o'er her beauty new and pure.

There's staid Bentley, grave and stately with the dignity of years,

Mothers first the raw material, turns it out as polished seers;

Wilcox, young and fresh and handsome, fair and innocent outside,

But within lurk countless demons, Physics, Hydrogen sulphide.

And the Gym. so new and ample on whose field our foes all fall,

When they try to show our players where you ought to put the ball;

And Ruter proving all the scales in human nature grand,

First floor monkeys, second students, last bones left on Time's strand.

And then there's dear old Hulings, what a tale her lips could spin

Of spreads, and fun, and laughter, if she only would begin,

To show you just what prodigies her wondrous halls contain,

Even napkins and our silver can walk off and back again.

What's between these? Oh, just board walks, which, some chapel speaker said,

Had been measured by the college motto, width co-ed;

All roads lead to Bentley, yet the Hall path's worn, 'tis plain,

And a certain winding passage which some call Lover's Lane.

And the little hill from chapel, trap for sinners when there's ice,

Every man must have his tumble, Prof. or Freshman, in a trice,

And, Oh! what great amusement it is, when girls descend,

And heroes rush to rescue with a helping hand to lend!

But listen, something surely I've forgotten, dear
old bell,

In how many different accents your one message
you can tell,

Harsh as screeching, shrieking whistles when for
eight o'clock you call,

Soft and sweet as downy thistles you avert the
flunker's fall.

So I think that in the noontide when we faint by
dusty roads,

College joys as dreams long broken by the real-
ness of life's loads.

Though our books may be forgotten, even class-
mates known no more,

There will be one magic sesame to open memory's
door.

For, when visions of our campus come from dis-
tant tropic lands,

Throbbing thoughts they'll bring back, laden with
old treasures in their hands,

And the dust and heat'll vanish, all our weariness
remove,

And again we'll be in college on the spots we used
to love.

There's no moral to this tale, and I'm not paid to
advertise it,

Yet it might be well to add one word—

Take the CAMPUS, all girls advise it. 'OR.

Current Literature.

Current Literature is a subject not usually taken with much seriousness. It is regarded as something too ephemeral to be of great significance. That of the present, however, so vividly pictures the life around us that it well repays a careful consideration. Every phase of the late war has been ably described. New discoveries in science, wonders of invention, histories of conquests in hitherto unexplored lands, are subjects widely discussed in the magazines and new books.

There is scarcely anything agitating the world which is not written up in such fashion as to interest the most transitory reader. The newspaper reporter now accompanies the soldier to war, quite as a necessary adjunct. The result to the world is not only newspaper and magazine accounts, but books which meet with a large sale. These show, it is true, the hasty touch of the

daily reporter, but they also have a freshness and vigor which makes them most interesting reading.

The man who wins a battle or performs any feat of daring describes it not, perhaps, with literary finish but from the inside point of view. The scientist who makes a discovery is interviewed and as a result, we become familiar with the process employed. A corrupt political affair such as the Dreyfus case promptly brings forth a book on the subject, which shows the grossness of the injustice done, if it does not materially aid the victim.

Thus we see that the tendency of the literature of to-day is not so much toward imaginative writing as toward a forcible presentation of events as they occur.

It is largely through this current literature that we are coming to feel more and more the smallness of the world. When Kipling some ten or twelve years ago began to write his stories of India, life in the East was practically unknown—now we have traveled with him over almost the whole world, and many others of the popular writers of the year have placed the scenes of their stories in strange lands. As a result, we are beginning to feel fairly well acquainted with dark-skinned peoples, and lands which formerly have seemed half mystical, wholly unknown, are now becoming familiar territories.

While much of the popular literature has dealt with war and stories of adventure, yet these topics have not entirely monopolized the interest. The sale of books of very different type such as, "David Harum," "Red Rock," and "The Coming of Francois," has been almost unprecedented. This has been due partly to the genuine merit of the books and partly to the successful system of advertising now in vogue. "A popular book," says some one scornfully, "what is that but a book which has been well advertised?" Usually it is more than this but not even the most ardent admirer of the book can deny that the method by which it is brought before the public, has much to do with its success. In general the literary atmosphere at present is wholesome and healthy. There are certain marked exceptions such as "The Gadfly," "The Open Question," and "Life is Life," but morbid overwrought stories have not been common.

Some of the favorable features of present-day literature have been intimated, but there is also

an unfavorable side. Real literary ability is being sacrificed in order that we may have the personal narrative of men pre-eminent in action but not in scholarship. Magazines are so full of articles by men of passing note that purely literary men are crowded out. This tendency is wrong. Notoriety is coming to seem the one road to success. Lower your high ideals, forget that you ever had them, apply yourself to pleasing the public and this suffices. Yet among the many who have undertaken work for which they were fitted neither by nature nor by training, there stands forth two notable exceptions, perhaps the greatest heroes of the times—Admiral Dewey and General Kitchener.

With the increasing number of college men and women in the world, the standard of all things must be improved and the literature of the future will constantly reflect a broader aspect of life as well-trained men and women continue their march to the "uttermost parts of the earth."

M. C. C.

The American Woman in Journalism.

The number of American women who enter newspaper work has been so steadily increasing, of late years, that their presence there has ceased to cause comment, yet comparatively few of them are fitted for the work, and the average woman breaks down under it within five years. Before taking up journalism, a woman should assure herself that she has the brains and education, the health and nerve control, the character and dignity and good manners required, to make her a success. If she thinks she has these and is determined to try, the best place for her to begin is with a newspaper in a small town. At first she may be paid only at space rates, and later she may receive a small salary, but she will be learning the methods of the reporter and the workings of an office, as well as the matter that goes to make up a newspaper. She will learn to take any kind of an assignment and even to do editorial work. She will write up lectures, concerts and social affairs. Possibly she will review the new books or write stories of her own, and she will grow accustomed to "interviewing" celebrities.

When she has had about a year of this training a woman can venture to look for a position in a big city. If she does not at first become a member of any particular staff she will sell her work at

space rates to any paper that will take it; she will be a "free lance." This is more interesting than regular reporting, but the "free lance" is not so sure of her bread and butter as is the reporter.

If she perseveres and has talent, she will eventually obtain a position in some office, and now her real work begins. She must not expect more consideration from her chief than a man in her position would get. She must be always on hand and ready to endure all kinds of weather bravely, and she must get rid of the idea that a woman is not safe on the street after dark without an escort. She will learn to talk to people who do not want to hear her—and make them talk. She will be courteous to people whom she would not tolerate were she not a reporter, and she will reach the point where she can be snubbed without feeling it, knowing that it is her paper and not herself that has received the affront. She will leave no one out of the paper because she dislikes him. The sin and wretchedness that she sees will make her sick at heart.

She will soon find out that she has to give up society, that her health is beginning to suffer from having to take her meals at odd times and in sundry places, or go without them altogether, and that her nerves are feeling the effects of worry and lost sleep. She will strive to better this condition of things, and if she is well adjusted in her work, she may succeed in so doing.

A woman often enters journalism purely from a love of the work, but more often because, if she attains to proficiency, it will give her more jam to eat with her daily bread than most any other profession that she might choose. And the life is not altogether without pleasure. The reporter has an unrivalled opportunity for studying social problems and human nature in all its phases. She daily comes in contact with the raw material which makes up our novels. Her work is always interesting, constantly varied. She is in touch with men and women of brains; she is using her own brains, wielding an influence. She becomes practical, earnest, well-balanced, and self-respecting. She is learning concentration, acquiring the ability to write in any surroundings, and in any amount of noise. She is gaining a working knowledge of the English language that is of inestimable value to her and will never fail her.

'or.

The Campus.

GIRLS' EDITION.

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In presenting a girls' edition of the CAMPUS to its readers, the girls of Allegheny are simply following a worthy example set them, four years ago. The issue, then, was in every way so successful, and was received so kindly by the student body that we were encouraged to accept the editor-in-chief's courteous offer and venture a similar undertaking.

Our motive, however, was that we might thus, in a practical way, show our sister editors of other colleges our hearty approval of, and willing concurrence with, their evident plan to issue annual girls' numbers. Quite a number of the college papers this year have had one or more issues entirely composed and managed by girls. We have noted with interest the results of their efforts, throughout the year, but can only now appreciate their real meaning. Such a movement will be a real benefit and we are glad that the college girls are beginning to realize the importance of literary work, outside of class requirements. Although the regular course of study is the most essential part of college life, yet other departments, especially literary societies and college publications, offer opportunities and advantages which are too often neglected and disregarded. The young

woman, after leaving college, will doubtless be called upon to prepare papers for women's clubs or other organizations, and then the experience gained in college will be useful indeed. And since women are coming more and more to select journalism as a profession, they can find no easier place to gain practice and confidence in writing than in college. In the women's colleges, like Wellesley, Woman's College of Baltimore and others, the girls have, for a long time, shown themselves capable of issuing magazines that are a credit to themselves and to their institutions. The absence of girls' contributions is noticeable more especially in co-educational institutions like our own, where the college men, in the main, conduct the papers. Whatever the cause of this may be, we hope that Allegheny girls will welcome this movement among the colleges, and be zealous for its success. Let this girls' number be followed by another next year and each succeeding year, until the girls' edition will become a recognized and welcomed part of the college paper.

While the praises of college athletics are on every tongue, while the air fairly rings with shouts for foot ball, basket ball and base ball teams, and horns are tooted wildly in a vain endeavor to express the overflowing enthusiasm of every Alleghenian for the glorious record of this year, we cannot refrain from speaking a word for the college songs.

It is very true that the splendid work done by our boys has roused more life in old Allegheny than we ever thought she possessed, and though we would not detract an iota from the honor of athletics, the power of college songs is by no means trivial or unworthy of consideration.

Many of the patrons of our games during the past winter, are known to have said they attended principally to hear and enjoy this feature of the evening, and we have no reason to doubt their word.

There is no method for giving vent to superfluous spirits so satisfactory, on the whole, as a rousing college song. It relieves our feelings, puts us in a good humor, and sends us to our work with added zest. Then, at vacation time, when the trains are full of home-going students, they can duly impress upon their fellow-travelers, in an entertaining way, that there is such a place

as Allegheny College, and that it contains some live and wide-awake people. All honor to the college song, and to those who were the leaders in its introduction here. May it never die out in old Allegheny!

Spring term is already half gone and we are in the midst of its many pleasures. The campus is more beautiful than ever, so much so that it is impossible for the students to stay indoors, and with the added hours of campus, spring work is very heavy. Since the lawn is mowed every day, students out for a lark can no longer escape the eagle eye of the night watchman by hiding in the tall grass, so many pranks have to be given up. There still remains to them, however, the ravine and the deep shadows cast by the buildings. But the greatest trouble is to be found with the janitor, who rises so early that no signs of a nocturnal escapade are ever seen by the student body and the professors. Yet pleasure in the campus is not limited to the dead hours of the night. Many take great delight in roaming over the grounds, especially through Lovers' Lane and along the winding walk leading to Science Hall.

Tennis is one of the new sports of the season. For several years past it was unheard of at Allegheny, but now two courts have been marked out and are constantly used. Many of the Hulings Hall girls have arisen at the early hour of half-past five in order to make sure of finding a court unoccupied. The Tennis Association will undoubtedly be good for the college and will arouse more enthusiasm for athletics.

A most enjoyable sport for this term is the old Erie canal, which is near enough to the college to make boat-riding a pleasure. Parties of students often take lunches and spend the afternoon and evening on the islands in French Creek. The ride on the creek is particularly beautiful, especially on moonlight nights.

David Harum.

"Th's as much human nature in some folks as th' is in others, if not more" (David Harum). Mary E. Wilkins found it in New England, George W. Cable in Louisiana, Thomas Nelson Page and Joel Chandler Harris in Virginia and Georgia, but Mr. Westcott had found a type of human nature in

central New York which is recognized and appreciated by us who live so near.

David Harum is a shrewd Yankee banker in a small country town who finds he needs the services of a man in the bank. He hires John Lenox, a young fellow from New York city, who, after enduring many trials and tests slyly imposed by his new employer, finally wins his respect and love.

An interesting love story runs through the book but we don't mind dropping the lovers at any time to hear David tell how slick he got ahead of the Deacon on that last horse deal, and didn't tell no lies, either; the horse would and did stand without hitching. His new version of the golden rule: "Do unto the other feller the way he'd like to do to you—an' do it fust" is already a favorite quotation.

We find David dry, quaint and somewhat illiterate, but possessing good horse sense not gained from books, and holding fast to the cheerful belief that there is nothing wholly bad or useless in the world, as he says, "A certain amount of fleas is good for a dog—they keep him from broodin' on bein' a dog." It is characteristic of David to have a story for every occasion. In one place he says, "'D ye ever hear of Jim Wheton's calf? Wa'al, Jim brought three or four veals into town one spring to sell. Dick Larrabee used to peddle meat them days. Dick looked 'em over an' says, 'Look here Jim,' he says, 'I guess you've got a 'deaken' in that lot,' he says. 'I dunno what you mean,' says Jim. 'Yes, ye do, gol darn ye,' says Dick. 'Yes ye do, you didn't never kill that calf, an' ye know it. That calf died, that's what that calf done. Come, now, own up,' he says. 'Wa'al, says Jim, 'I didn't kill it, an' it didn't die neither—it jest kind o' gin out.'"

David's story of his visit to a rich friend who had started his career walking on Erie Canal tow-path and was now flourishing his millions among men who had begun life in the same way, is very amusing. We laugh at his perplexity over the French dishes, and his first appearance in a dress suit. We shall look a long time for anything as irresistible as the Christmas dinner with the champagne which Aunt Polly, David's sister, is sure "never cost less 'n a dollar a bottle," and "tastes as if I was a drinkin' cider an' snuffin' horse-radish," and where David shines as a storyteller.

The pathetic part of his life is shown when he takes John to ride, and tells the story of his brief married life and his little boy—and as he tries to tell of the death of the little chap, John feels the reins pushed into his hands and there is silence for a time, then David says, "Th's a good many diff'rent sorts an' kinds o' sorro' that's in some way kind o' kin to each other, but I guess losin' a child 's a specie by itself. Of course, I passed the achin', smartin' point years ago, but its somethin' you can't fergit—that is, you can't help feelin' about it, because it ain't only what the child *was* to you, but what you keep thinkin' he'd 'a' ben growin' more and more to be to you. When I lost my little boy I didn't only lose him as he was, but I've ben a losin' him over an' again all these years. What he'd 'a' ben when he was so old; and what he'd 'a' ben when he'd got to be a big boy; an' what he'd 'a' been when he went mebbe to collidge; an what he'd 'a' ben afterward, an' up to now. While th's some sorro's that the happenin' o' things helps ye to fergit, I guess th's some that the happenin' o' things keeps ye rememberin'; an losin' a child 's one on 'em."

It is said that the genial humor and sunny atmosphere that pervade the book are in striking contrast to the circumstances under which it was written. The story was finished while Mr. Westcott was on his death bed and he was not permitted to see his work in its present form or enjoy David Harum's success. 'or.

Table Talk

If John Kendrick Bangs had been in Hulings Hall he would certainly have found plenty of material for a book which would have surpassed his "Coffee and Repartee."

It was the morning after one of the Hall "functions" otherwise known as "make-me-tireds." This last name seemed, to the inmates of the Hall, at least, peculiarly appropriate. For the faculty

with their usual good nature had said that the guests might remain after eleven o'clock. About one o'clock, however, the girls took matters into their own hands and rang the bell. If any youth interrupted in the midst of a charming tete-a-tete, asked what was the meaning of the bell, his companion probably politely suppressed a yawn and answered, "Why, that must be the retiring bell. I had no idea it was so late."

On the morning in question most of the girls were late to breakfast, and as they straggled in, appeared too sleepy to notice the frown of the preceptress. But then, what mattered it if they had not been present when the blessing was asked, for there was not enough breakfast to justify a very large blessing.

There were perhaps twenty girls in the dining-room when Nelle came in.

"Pardon me, please," she said as she sat down. "No, I don't want any hash. We haven't had anything for a week but hash. I believe I'll go home Saturday and get something to eat, I know I'm getting poor."

"Where's your necktie, Nellie?" said Zella.

"O, dear! I forgot it. I guess if you had been bored as I was last night, you'd have forgotten something too. Will you pass the cream?"

"The what? Didn't you make a mistake? I don't believe there's any here," and Beth looked as if she had never heard the word before.

"Give her the milk, that's what she means. People aren't accountable when they have been up late," and May reached across the table for a gravy-boat, which happened to be doing duty for the cream pitcher.

"I wish the milk-man would shingle his cows before another shower," came from the lower end of the table, but the advice was lost, for already the girls were discussing some of the neckties which had appeared the night before.

"Won't you speak a little louder?" said Blanche. "I talked about fifteen minutes to Mr. — last night, and he had to talk so loud to keep ahead of his necktie that I have been rather deaf since."

"I saw, or, or rather heard, that tie too, and it certainly surpasses the roar of Niagara," began someone, but no one seemed to be paying any attention to what was being said and for a moment silence reigned in the dining-room.

ACTIVE SOLICITORS WANTED EVERYWHERE for "The Story of the Philippines," by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the Government as Official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific with General Merritt, in the hospitals at Honolulu, in Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manila, in the insurgent camps with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey, and in the roar of battle at the fall of Manila. Bonanza for agents. Brimful of original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large book. Low prices. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy unofficial war books. Outfit free. Address, H. L. Barber, Gen. Mgr., 356 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

"There," said Blanche glancing at the clock, "twenty minutes of eight." Whenever there is a silence during meals, it is always twenty minutes after or twenty minutes before the hour.

"Well, I guess I'll go and look over my logic before class," said Zella as she left the table. "Prexy is sure to call on me to-day and I don't know a word of it."

Breakfast was now nearly over, conversation gradually died out and soon the room itself was deserted.

When the girls next assembled in the dining-room nearly all were present. Owing to the quality of the breakfast there was almost total silence for some time, interrupted by the click of spoons in the soup-bowls.

"This is the day of blessings, soup and prayer meeting, but I think mine will be single blessedness, minus the soup," said Blanche pushing back her bowl. "Please pass the celery."

When the next course was brought in, a formidable leg of mutton was placed with the carving knife and fork at the foot of the table.

"Well, I declare, I wish we would get this flock of sheep eaten up. This is the 'steenth time this week I have had to hew up an innocent little lamb," and Edith prepared for an assault upon the much maligned 'leg.' "

"I'll bet this 'little lamb' had horns a yard long," ventured Zella in an aside.

"If any one ought to be an authority on 'horns' I think you are the lady," said May.

After this uncanny pun, no one could think of anything to say. Finally, Nelle, by way of changing the subject, since "mutton," to judge from the fact that she requested a plate without meat, was not especially pleasing to her, began upon a favorite topic.

"Say, we had the most exciting time in Latin this morning. Didn't you nearly die when Connington appeared on the scene?"

"Did anyone mention Connington?" asked Beth. "That name gives me that 'tired feeling.' I used to go to sleep regularly when he was brought out."

Then the conversation turned on experiences of the morning and the dining room buzzed with the chatter, interrupted now and then by peals of laughter, when some one told a funny story. For the motto of Hulings Hall dining room is "Laugh and grow fat," especially on last days.

Hurrah for Allegheny.

When one of our teams three
Wins a glorious victory,
Foot, Base or Basket Ball,
And the foes all vanquished fall,
And above their graves the board
With the points which we have scored,
Then hurrah for Allegheny!

When our students gain great glory
In knowledge, wit, or oratory;
When we hear the names Fame calls
Of those who've left our halls,
Our alumni who have won
Lasting praise for deeds they've done,
Then hurrah for Allegheny!

Yes; whene'er the chance you find,
Which always meets the seeking mind,
Let your college spirit show,
Do not fear, the world will know
That you love your college grand
And for her will always stand,
And hurrah for Allegheny!

Local.

The faculty must surely stop the wicked tennis game,
For from the court the other day a lad and lassie came,
And being asked the score they made, unblushing Belle replied,
Why of course 'tis plain, it's all a love game on my side.

What's the matter with Miss Mercill's logic?

Why does Hatch prefer the "Amen corner" in French I?

Miss McClintock and Miss Heydrick entertained Kappa Kappa Gamma and a few of their friends Monday evening, the twenty-second.

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Thursday—An eventful day.

Mr. Swisher broke his record and called at the Hall.

Have you heard about the murder? If not ask Miss Merchant.

Senior examinations commence June 8 and senior dismissal takes place June 13th.

Dr. Thomas is such an extreme anti-expansionalist that he has taken to studying Spanish.

Prof. Smith (in English history)—“Mr. England, will you give your view of the case?”

It is said that McClure no longer sings “I Wish I Were a ——.” We wonder why.

Mrs. McCray, of Butler, and Mrs. Vought, of Jamestown, visited their daughters at the hall last week.

Miss Jessie Hogate, of Danville, Indiana, who has been pursuing a course of study in Chicago University, returned Saturday, the 20th, to graduate with the class of '99.

I wish I were a senior,
And could have the senior vacation,
But Oh, what should I ever do
If I had to write an oration!

The Senior Orations are now in and the members of the class are wearing the customary calm and contented expressions again.

The bashful young men failed to appear in senior cap and gown would really be improved as to symmetry and grace were they clad in flowing robes like their fellows.

WANTED.

More flies for Comfort to catch.

A new hat pin for Miss Sherred.

A new polish for tan shoes at the Phi Gamma Delta house.

A new supply of patience for the city photographer during the present rush for *Kaldron* cuts.

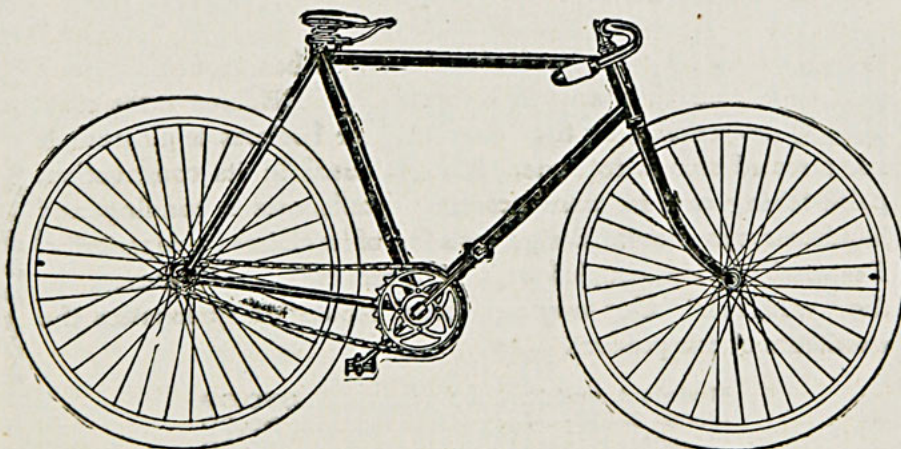
Another man to wear a white hat by Phi Delta Theta.

A longer rope at the Sig house.

To know who will be the Senior twelve.

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WAY NOT RIDE THE BEST.

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If the hay harvest about the tennis court in the rear of Hulings is not soon gathered, the young women will be obliged to imitate Maud Muller.

History I. Prof. Smith—What were some of the results of the Reformation, Mr. C.? Why, it increased agriculture, commerce, etc.

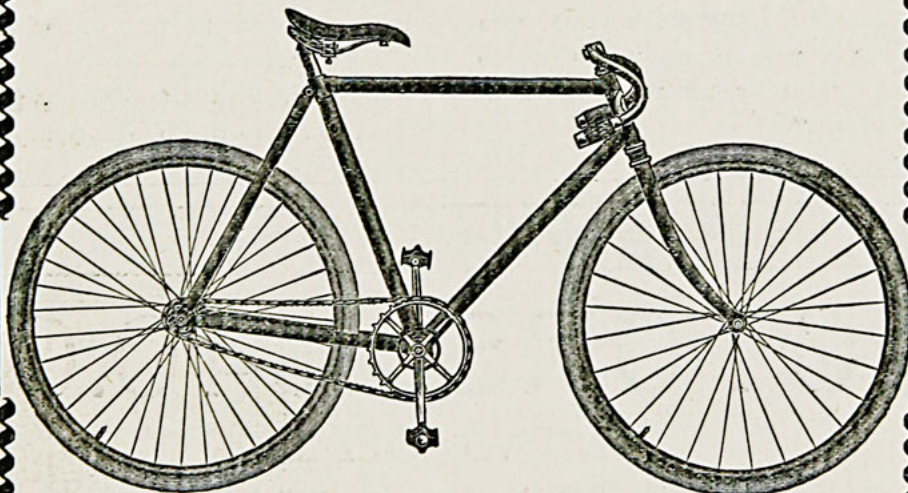
Miss Spalding—Mr. G., your attitude is too apologetic. Do you understand what I mean? Mr. G.—No, I can't say that I do. Miss S.—You act as though you had a string on your sentiments and were going to pull them back at any moment.

Evidently Crawford county roads and the city boulevards differ somewhat when considered from the bicycle point of view. For information address Prof. Pease.

While the paper was being passed around for the recent quiz in Ethics, Miss Sherred was heard murmuring: "Oh God of Nations, be with us yet, lest we forget! Lest we forget!"

The faculty wish to relieve the over-burdened senior and are planing to require less work in the winter and spring term so they can enter all the oratorical and society contests.

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Mr. C.—“Do you like fish balls?” Hulings
Hall Girl—“I’ve never been to any.”

This year the Preps, Freshmen and Juniors set many dates for one of the greatest events of the college course—the Senior-Sophomore banquet—but to their great surprise last Wednesday afternoon the Seniors and Sophomores took train 12 for Saegertown, where they proceeded to waken up the town by a few Allegheny yells, and then took possession of Mineral Springs Hotel and vicinity. After spending the afternoon rowing and bowling, about five o’clock they saw a few tired and travel-stained representatives of the rest of the college (especially Preps.) scattered about the grounds. Just then the banqueters were summoned to the dining-hall, and to their joy a horde of their solicitous friends arrived just in time to see them sit down to the festive board. During the banquet the envious outsiders were allowed frequent glimpses into the forbidden region as the door was held open by a constable, and Forner (Prep.) could be heard singing, “I wish I were a ———.” (We presume it was a Senior or Sophomore.) Many anxious noses were flattened against the windows and Lampe (another Prep.) was seen with imploring eyes and uplifted hands, attempting to touch the heart of a waitress. After doing full justice to all that was set before them the Seniors and Sophomores again surprised the weary watchers by their appearance on the balcony of the ball-room. Train time came all too soon and the merry party left for Meadville, the obliging toastmaster remaining to see that all the Preps. would get home safely and Saegertown be restored to its normal peace and quiet. Now the Senior-Sophomore banquet of ’99 is a thing of the past.

’97. Mr. C. C. Taylor, of Akron, Ohio, was in town one day last week.

’87. Miss Harriot Reitze after an extended visit in Philadelphia, has returned to her home in Meadville, Pa.

’68. Miss Charlotte Illingsworth, who has been employed for the past few months as principal of the Girl’s Mission School in Rangoon, India, is soon to assume the position of teacher of higher mathematics in one of the colleges there.

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your own mind?**

Yes, you will say, I have my opinions about things!

You do know *what* you think; but do you know *how* you think, *why* you think, the *manner* and the *occasion* of your thinking? Do you know your pupils' *mind*, your child's *mind*, in this sense?

Important points, these days! Not to be posted on these questions may be to *just miss* your one great goal as teacher or parent! They are answered in our Gordy's *New Psychology*, \$1.25, postpaid. *Money refunded if not perfectly satisfactory.*

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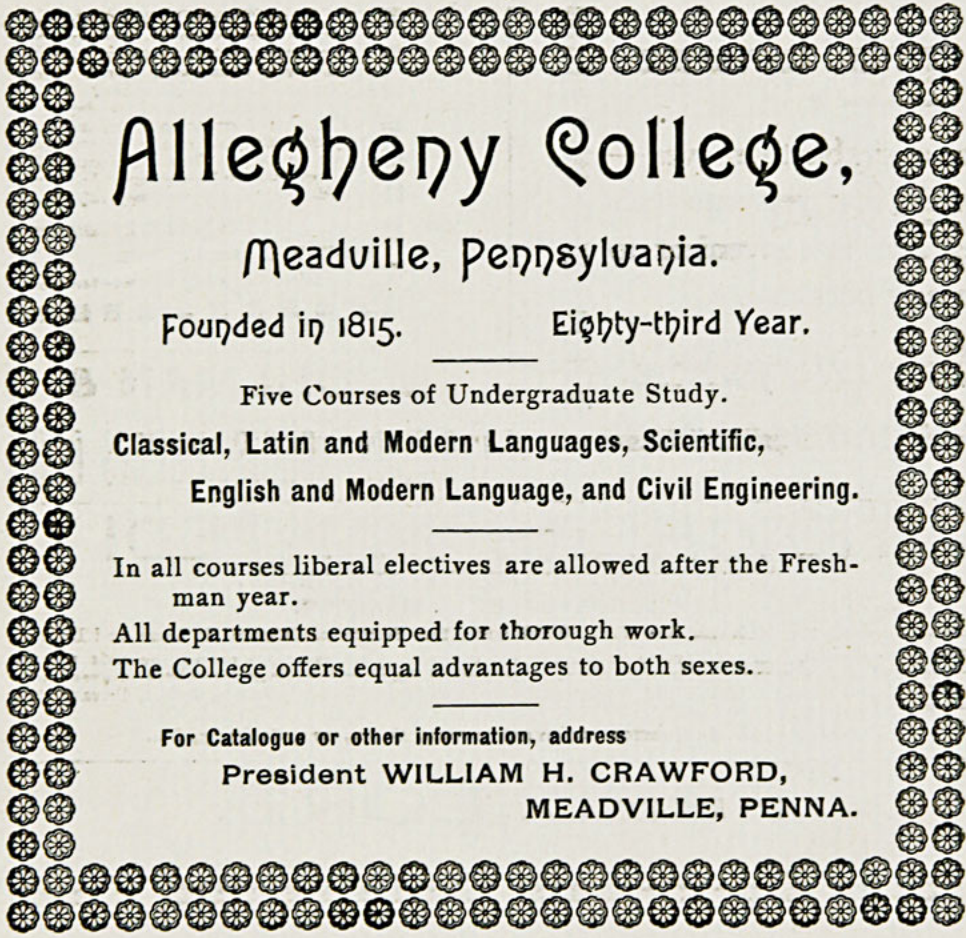
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