

The Campus.

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

VOL. XIV., No. 9.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE, MEADVILLE, PA., MAY 5, 1898.

NEW SERIES.

The Campus.

ISSUED SEMI-MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS.
One Year, \$1.50. In Advance \$1.25. Single Copies, 10 Cents.

THE CAMPUS is forwarded to all subscribers until an explicit order is received for its discontinuance, and until all arrearages are paid, according to law.

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

The departure of the ball team, carrying with it the editor-in chief of the CAMPUS, rendered it necessary that arrangements, partially made, be completed by the remaining members of the board. This will account, in some extent, for the shortcomings of the present issue. To those wishing to draw editorial blood we say "Spare the editor-in-chief."

No little sensation was created by the "Statement on Athletics" which was read before the student body at the last chapel session of the winter term and which is elsewhere printed in these columns. The trend of the document was as much of a surprise as it was unexpected. It is gratifying to us that so much interest is shown in the athletic situation from such an important source of control and influence as the faculty. And not until this spirit is still more kindly fostered, will Allegheny hold a better rating in the collegiate world.

The Athletic Board convening regularly, discussing and considering faculty demands side by side with the clamors of the students and then rendering its rulings on all matters of athletic discipline, reflects the position and sentiment of Allegheny in athletics. Its decisions should always be final and determine our ground as a college on all disputed points. For in this board are combined the elements which alone make the college students no less than faculty. And without such final board of arbitrament, intermediary between the two can any disputed question expect to be settled satisfactorily without concessions on one side or the other which are always liable to lead to ruptures between teams and faculty? No professor is more loyal to his institution than an athlete representing it. *Esprit de corps* is only changed into disinterest and finally "disloyalty" by an unsympathetic college failing to sustain its teams, and what is just as injurious to favorable results, an unsympathetic faculty. That our faculty is awakening to a sense of appreciation of our greatest weakness as a college is encouraging to say the least. That the students will respond with still more hearty

measures to any of its encouraging advances is assuredly true. We pride ourselves in the excellence of our courses of study, which is the *sine qua non* of a college which purports to be a high grade institution of learning. But modern science and common sense have shown the necessity of associating with the mass of mental culture a rigid physical training. Not only quiet, unpretending physical training in the gymnasium a few hours per week, but the modern college must parade its physical as well as intellectual prodigies before the public in order to gain favor and a reputation. There are extremes certainly of which we are in no immediate danger. Whether it is justifiable for a college to make a public exhibition of its students as players on athletic teams is not the question. The fact is the times demand it. All that is necessary is to have a winning team one year and it will be self sustaining afterwards. Students athletically inclined go where they can be afforded an opportunity to develop their tendencies and indulge their fancies. If the faculty will show its appreciation by active and personal support, the efforts of the students will be redoubled and more than grow apace with them. Disregarding the fact that we have professors whose ability we will never fail to praise, their genuine hearty support of athletic enterprises is lamentably lacking. We think conditions have come to such a crisis that president and faculty should take the initiative in this matter of improvement in our athletic condition. The students will respond as liberally as elsewhere. Although some indignation was aroused at the faculty's summary of the year's achievements in athletics, it is well to remember that this was but the expression of an opinion not emanating from the Athletic Board but only from its faculty members. Such a pamphlet would not be read where athletics were in a proper state of organization, furthermore it would not be necessary. We trust that the faculty will continue to lend its good offices to advance the interests of the base ball team in which lies the hope of redeeming many of

the bad features of the two terms just gone. Let faculty and students alike throw aside past grievances and unite with a will to help Mr. Sturtevant and his team complete his schedule with honor and credit to the college.

Prof. Dutton is in command of the battalion!

The events which lead up to this culmination form a series which will long live in the memory of the present student body. Amid the excitement of impending war the summoning of Lieut. Miller to take his place in the Army of the United States could come as no surprise, but nevertheless to those who had known him best and had learned to admire his independent spirit, it was the source of genuine regret. To a man accustomed to the life of the regular army, the petty regulations by which he was hedged about here, and which no doubt, were more aggravating than those of any army post, must have been unendurable.

But Lieut. Miller, a dissembler in nothing, cringing to none and hence disliked by a few, passed through it all unchanged and departed at the call of duty bearing the respect which he most assuredly deserved. Having bid farewell to his wife and his student friends he stepped aboard the train and amid the cheers of the assembled people he departed. There was but little speech-making, none worthy of mention, but they who best appreciated the man and the event sought to show this appreciation in a way more acceptable to the Lieutenant. We hope that the close of hostilities may send him back to us.

Permit us to record, without comment, a few facts, old to be sure but nevertheless true. Some time last term Dr. Crawford read from two different Washington papers accounts of a sermon delivered in his presence. One was a true, temperate account of the discourse, the other one was garbled, sensationalized, in short made "yellow." An earnest appeal that the students should lend their influence to the overthrow of this evil followed. The remarks

were met with applause. This is fact number one. Fact number two is as follows: Before the actual beginning of hostilities between our country and Spain, when everyone was agog with excitement and a declaration of war was daily expected, Dr. Crawford stepped forward in his place in chapel and made the announcement,

WAR HAS BEEN DECLARED!

An explanation followed which showed that the war was to be against those parties who mark with their lead-pencils upon the college walls. Talk about your yellow journalism! Ugh!

The many expressions of interest and appreciation which have been current in regard to the boys of Co. B thoroughly echo the sentiments of the Alleghenians. We miss from the student body and especially from the ranks of the battalion those students who have departed upon their patriotic mission. May they set a worthy example for those of us who may follow.

Literary.

One Summer's Day.

Last summer it was my good fortune to make the acquaintance of one of those charming little trout-brooks which abound in the green slopes of the Alleghenies. And I derived equal if not greater pleasure from my acquaintance with John. Perhaps I should have mentioned John first, for it was he who introduced me to the trout stream, and, then, too, trout streams are as common as Johns like mine are rare.

My John was an ideal woodsman. Six feet, two with his boots off, brawny-armed, square-chested, with his thick ruddy beard, he was a fine specimen of the genus Homo. His skill in swinging the ax was famed throughout the region, and none was better versed in the wild

learning of the hills, how to track the red fox to his den and to hunt with torch and dog the sly raccoon. A companion man, too, spicing his forest-lore with tales of men.

The occasion to which I have referred was ushered in by John with a sounding prelude on my chamber door, performed with a heartiness that made the windows rattle, and I needed no further intimation of the fact that it was time to get up. Up I got then, and after laying in a warm breakfast which the chill of the early morning rendered most acceptable we set out.

We walked briskly through a thick fog that had crept up the valley during the night, at a pace which brought us to the summit of a neighboring hill just as the edge of the sun's disc appeared on the horizon.

I paused enchanted at the sight at my feet, a sea of billowy mist, through which appeared now and then the tops of trees, emerging only to disappear again, then reappearing with branches "diamond-decked with dew" flashing in the sunlight.

And beyond the tree-tops was discernable the square yellow-white top of a recently erected derrick, and as we listened there came to our ears the creaking of the walking-beam as the great drill was slowly raised and dropped. While we were gazing the fog suddenly vanished, disclosing a charming valley, into which we descended to engage in the mysteries of the angler's craft.

Luck, the god of fishermen, seems to have his abode in that charming spot, for his presence was continually manifest, though a strict regard for the truth, instilled into me by pious parents, compels me to state that this was oftener on John's side of the brook than on mine. The morning hours sped swiftly onward and the meridian sun found us in the vicinity of the oil-well, whose wheezy little engine we could hear racing away as if for dear life, puffing and groaning in its exertions to hoist the heavy drill.

Turning aside from the brook, John led the

way to a nook, where from a fern-bordered basin a cool spring burst forth, and here we threw ourselves down to eat our lunch and rest.

Our repast finished, John meditatively filled a pipe, and our lips freed from the bond of silence that all good fishermen should respect, we fell to talking of the neighboring "wildcat," as we listened to the rythmical beat of the tool-dresser's hammer.

"They'll find no ile," said John, "nor gas nuther. This kentry was tested along in the early days of ile wells. 'Twan't here-about, eggsactly, but over in th' next township. Folks was all stirred up about it too.

"Did I ever tell you about Unk' Si's ile-well? No? Well, it was this-a-way. Unk' Si Bennet lived on a farm next to father's, and he tuk a notion how he'd got ile on his land, and nothing would but he must have a well. "So he tuk a branch off a peach tree, where there was a couple of twigs forking out, Y shaped, and made him a divining-rod. Then he trapsed about over that old farm of his, holdin' his rod, but it wouldn't turn. The old man was tur-ruble cast down about it for a while, then he brightened up some and said like enough he hadn't the right kind of disposition. "So he got Aunt Eliza, his wife, to try it. She was a big fat woman, weighed more'n sixteen stone; and Lordy, how I did laugh to see her wad-dling about with her eyes turned up till you could see the whites! Well, her disposition for ile seemed to be all right, for the rod turned in a kind of marshy place about three rod from our line.

"Then Unk' Si and his three grown-up sons set to work diggin' a great big hole there 's if it was for a water well. Well, Unk' Si was as proud of his well as Sam Skinner was of his boots.

"Did I ever tell you about Sam Skinner's boots? Well, it was thia-a-way. Sam Skinner was sparkin Melviny Potter, who lived out on the pike road 'bout half a mile beyond the old red mill, and one day he——

"What? Tell about Unk' Si's well fust?

I declare, I forgot about that. Well, Unk' Si came blowing around to father in the north field about how nice 'twould be not to bother makin' tallow dips, when all they'd have to do would be to run down to the well and fetch a pail of ile. And he told how rich they'd be, and give father advice to dig a well too. But father said that he'd got to put his spring crops in fust, and Unk' Si couldn't stand it to be away from his well very long, so he went back to work.

"They worked hard all day, him and his three sons, and by night they had dug down some seven or eight feet.

"It happened that next morning early I was up in our north field plowin', and I was curious to look at the well, and I went over to it and looked in. Es I said, it was in a kind of marshy place, and the well had filled up twelve or eigeteen inches during the night with water.

"I was a reg'lar imp of mischief them days, and when I see how it was I run over to our house and got a bottle of mineral ile that father had for rheumatics. I dropped a few drops onto the water, and they spread out over it so it looked 's if the hole was full of ile.

"I got back to my ploughin' before Unk' Si came down to look at his well. He give one look in, and then set up a yell that brought Aunt Eliza and the three sons swarming out of the house in a hurry. They came on the run, with Aunt Eliza bringing up the rear, and I nearly died to see them caper around that well, though I did feel kind of mean about fooling them so, too.

"Then the whole tribe rushed back to the house after buckets to dip the ile up in, but after they tuk out a few bucketsful they see how they were fooled, but they never laid it to me somehow. Unk' Si used to go down to the well every morning for weeks, but he never found any ile in it again."

"Now the other story," I entreated, as John tapped the ashes from his pipe and arose. But he shook his head, and we resumed our fishing in blessed oblivion of oil wells and golden

streams of wealth gushing up from the ground.

So the day passed, and as the shadows were lengthening along the valley we emerged from the forest and made our way across the fields home, tired, but correspondingly happy.

M. S. S.

Edison and Tesla.

This is pre-eminently a practical age. Men are now as never before, learning to utilize those forces of nature at which they formerly wondered and trembled. Although for many centuries men have made use of the power of the winds and streams and the latent energy of coal, it is only recently they have employed or at all understood the more subtle force of electricity. It is within our lifetime that the telephone, which enables one to hear and recognize the voice of his friend a thousand miles away, was invented by Alexander Graham Bell. Our fathers remember how Cyrus W. Field connected the Old World with the New by an electrical cable, flashing triumphantly under the waves that first famous message, "Glory to God in the highest; peace on earth, good-will to men." Only a few years earlier Professor Morse first used successfully the electric telegraph, which now reaches out its branches to the uttermost parts of the earth. The study of this new and untried science was at first attended with great difficulty and imperfect results. But during the past fifty years, such progress has been made in discoveries concerning its nature and inventions for adapting its energy to the needs of mankind, that this has been rightfully termed the Electrical Age. And the end is not yet. The achievements which have recently been accomplished give promise of still greater things to come. There are, at the present time, many hundreds of men who give their entire time and energy to the study of electricity, men to whom we may look for developments far in advance of any yet known, pre-eminent among these students, workers and

inventors are Thomas Alva Edison and Nikola Tesla. The early experiences of these two men were strikingly similar. Both were compelled to strike out for themselves at an early age, one by the death and the other by the failure of his father. Edison was born at Milan, Ohio, in 1847. After his father's failure, he earned his own living by selling papers on the trains, and spent his leisure moments in reading and experimenting. At one time he saved the life of a station-master's daughter, and the father out of gratitude, offered to give him lessons in telegraphy, which he eagerly accepted. He soon grew proficient and became a tramp operator, going from place to place wherever he could find work. Although he lived simply, he was always poor, spending all he earned for books and materials for experiments. In 1868, Edison went to Boston, where he soon obtained a situation in a Stock Reporting company at a salary of \$300 a month. A few years later he was engaged by the Western Union and Gold Stock companies and placed over an establishment at Newark. He devoted his time to telegraphic inventions and was pledged to concede to these companies the exclusive option on all of them. Since then he has occupied himself with inventing and perfecting his discoveries, first in his laboratory at Menlo park and later in Llewellyn park, where his beautiful home and finely equipped laboratory form a point of attraction for people from all parts of the country.

Nikola Tesla was born in 1857 at a little village in Servia. His father was a clergyman of the French church and sent his son to school early in life. The lad soon became interested in science, and having prevailed upon his father to change the decision that he should be a priest, he began to prepare himself for a teacher of mathematics and physics. His initial impulse toward an electrical career came during his course in the Polytechnic school at Gratz, when, on seeing for the first time, a Gramme motor he was told by his instructor that the commutator and brushes were indis-

pensable. He at once perceived the objection to them and determined that he would make a motor in which they were not necessary. He never lost sight of this object and, at length, after long years of study and experiments he achieved it. After his father's death, in 1878, he persevered in his scientific studies, incidentally mastering a half dozen languages, and finally he obtained a situation in the Government Telegraph works at Buda-Pesth. His salary was small, and, like Edison, he spent most of it in experimenting. He soon became dissatisfied with this life, and went to Paris. There he met an assistant of Mr. Edison and almost before he knew it, he was on his way to America to work in the Edison shops. Here a delightful intimacy sprang up between his employer and himself. The young Servian flung himself into the most tireless tasks with a tireless vigor, matching that of his chief. But soon a proposition was made to him to organize his own company; and, as a result, the Tesla Electric company was formed. Mr. Tesla established his laboratory in New York, where he has carried on his work ever since that time. He has delivered lectures to various bodies of scientists concerning his discoveries, but he dislikes the platform and returns to his work with a sense of duty neglected.

Mr. Edison is without doubt the greatest and most prolific inventor the world has ever seen. He has received from the United States government between eight and nine hundred patents, many of which have been duplicated in Great Britain, Germany and France. His best and most widely known invention is the incandescent lamp. The improvements which he has made in telegraphic and telephone appliances have saved millions of dollars in this country alone. His most wonderful invention is the phonograph, by the agency of which one may hear the voice of a dear friend or the words of some celebrated orator or preacher long after his death. Among the less popular inventions are some which are chiefly of inter-

est to the scientist; among which may be mentioned the microtasimeter for measuring inappreciable degrees of heat and moisture, which is affected by the millionth part of a degree Fahrenheit, or a drop of water held on the end of the finger five inches away; the megaphone for bringing remote sounds nearer, by which the sound of cattle crunching grass six miles away has been distinctly heard; and the aerophone which magnifies the ordinary tones of speech two hundred times and projects them to an indefinite distance.

Mr. Tesla's work has been almost entirely in the line of experimenting with alternating currents of high frequency, the former often mounting to two hundred thousand volts and the latter to a million alterations a second. His motor without commutator and brushes is his only important invention. But in his special branch he has opened up a field of research which gives promise of large results. He has discovered that while currents with a potential of from one to two thousand volts are fatal to life, those of much higher potential are entirely harmless. He has been seen receiving through his hands currents of 200,000 volts without the slightest discomfort. By means of these currents motors and incandescent lamps may be used with only one leading in wire. Mr. Tesla has advanced the opinion and sustained it by experiments of startling beauty and grandeur, that light and heat are produced by electrostatic forces acting between charged molecules or atoms. He expects some day when he can obtain currents vibrating about three million times a second, to envelope himself with a sheet of lambent fire which shall leave him wholly unharmed and which would keep a naked man warm at the North pole.

Both Edison and Tesla are indefatigable workers. The former has for fifteen years worked twenty hours a day, while Tesla shuts himself in his laboratory and applies himself with unremitting energy to his work until he becomes completely exhausted and his over-taxed system demands its needed rest. By

their work in causing this greatest of all forces to be better known, these two men have not only succeeded in making a name and amassing a fortune for themselves, and in achieving much for science, but they have also performed a great service to mankind, and in making it possible by their inventions and discoveries for electricity to be applied in many directions never before thought of, they have accomplished a work which will be remembered through all time.

Pan-Hellenic.

Wednesday evening, April 20, at 9 o'clock the Greeks of the college met in front of Bentley Hall as is their custom on the second Wednesday of each Spring term. All day the rain descended on the just and on the unjust and when the Greeks came together on this eventful evening it was to the sound of the trumpet and of splashing mud. After making the saturated air ring with Pan, Pan, Pan, Hellenic, Pan, for some time around Bentley and Hulings the line moved toward town, and a little German band wasn't in it when it comes to noise and discord. Dr. Perrin favored the boys with some big brotherly advice which everyone treasured in his heart and then the crowd headed for Chestnut street.

At the corners down town all joined hands and swung around at lightning speed until Hart lost his hat in the shuffle and then stomachs, watches, and clocks told that it was time for the banquet. After a sumptuous feed the following toasts were given:

Toastmaster, Chas. H. Miller, $\Sigma A E$

Our New Brothers - - James P. Prindle, $\Phi K \Psi$
Political Reforms - - Paul Sturtevant, $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$

Song—Phi Kappa Psi.

Old Allegheny - - - - C. B. Allen, $\Sigma A E$
The Fair Co-eds - - F. D. Stolzenbach, $\Phi \Delta \Theta$

Song—Phi Gamma Delta.

Free Cuba - - - - Robt. Brown, ΣX
Our Colors - - - - R. W. Holmes, $\Phi K \Psi$

Song—Phi Delta Theta.

Literature and Art in Old Allegheny - - -
- - - - H. B. Haile, $\Sigma A E$
Athletics - - - - F. L. Matterson, $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$
Song—Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

Auf Wiedersehen - - - Paul Weyand, $\Phi \Delta \Theta$

After the toasts a line was formed and all proceeded to the home of the blessed, Hulings Hall. There the girls greeted us with red fire and yells for every organization under heaven except A. C. C. B. After they became as hoarse as the boys were before they started up the hill, we dispersed. Davis struck up "Good Night, Ladies," but got up in the seventh heaven for a starter and had to quit.

Truly the colors, red and black, represented our feelings: the red, our feelings that night the black our feelings the next morning.

Notwithstanding that warty feeling which set in later no one is sorry that he went and that night will long have a prominent place in Greek history.

Statement on Athletics.

The faculty members of the Athletic board beg leave to make the following statement:

First, the faculty of the college always expects that the professors on the Athletic board carry out the faculty rules about athletics, and on the other side, every athletic team always expects that the professors on the Athletic board carry out before the faculty the wishes of the team.

Being in this difficult position, the professors on the Athletic board desire to make this protest: In the Fall term, the foot ball team was given a coach at an expense of nearly \$75, paid mainly by the students and faculty through membership fees in the Athletic Association; the team was further given excuse from all recitations after chapel for several weeks during the latter part of the season for the purpose of practicing foot ball; the faculty members of the Athletic board contributed also during all the season two hours or more of time per week for the affairs of the foot ball team. And

yet, when near the end of the season, an important match game of foot ball was to be played with a team of a neighboring college, three important players of our team refused to play, giving as an excuse in some cases that "the parents would not allow it," and in others that the players desired on that day to visit relatives. We protest that the conduct of these players was disloyal to the team and the college, unmanly and worthy of public rebuke.

Again, during the past term the basket ball team was given a coach for one week, paid for by students' fees, was excused from all classes after chapel during that week, was excused from battalion and gymnasium during nearly all the basket ball practice, was given excellent business management, and was composed of first class ability in most of its players, and yet the team disbanded nearly two weeks before the end of the season, only a few days before the date agreed upon for the decisive game with another team which it had recently beaten; the excuse for disbanding was given in some cases, as the fear of being beaten, and in others as lack of time for practice, though no practicing of any importance was done during the week preceding the disbanding.

We, therefore, protest that the conduct of those members of the basket ball team who insisted on disbanding under such circumstances was disloyal, unmanly and worthy of public rebuke.

EDWARD L. RICE,
J. W. THOMAS,
J. S. MILLER.

Resolutions

ADOPTED BY THE CLASS IN ECONOMICS OF ALLEGHENY COLLEGE, MARCH 23, 1898.

The rapid development of our modern civilization, with its momentous problems in politics and society baffling as yet the most penetrating insight of our enlightened minds, as impressing upon the scholar and citizen alike

the importance of an earnest endeavor to distinguish its intricate maze of unsolved problems.

The study of Political Economy has a place in the curriculum of our colleges and universities as a result of this desire to understand these industrial problems which the nineteenth century has brought with it.

The best scholars of this and other countries are now engaged in investigating the conditions, observing the phenomena, and proposing a means for a better adjustment in the social system.

The members of the department of economics of Allegheny College take this method of expressing their appreciation of the course of lectures recently delivered by Mr. Ned Arden Flood, of this city. Mr. Flood after years of study of the subject of Social Science comes well equipped to intelligently present the workings of its laws and their application.

The numerous examples and illustrations used made perfectly clear the laws and theories of which he treated. His treatment of especially different phases of the subject was thorough and practical. While fair and dispassionate to all sides and to all theories, the lecturer left no doubt in his hearers' minds of his own earnest convictions and strong opinions.

The class and the college owe Mr. Flood a debt of gratitude for this valuable course of lectures on "Present Economic Problems," which it will be difficult to pay.

Local.

Go to Tordella for Candies, Fruit, Ice Cream, etc. 1y*

The Sophomore class are to have a cut in the *Kaldron*.

Miss Mann—"Oh, if only I was a man I would go to war."

Hulings Hall Girl—"Oh, Miss Mann, remember the age limit is 45."

Ralph W. Holmes is in college this term to complete his course.

From German Exam.—“Raphael was a distinguished German poet. Golgotha is a city in Egypt.”

“When I beheld this I sighed and said within myself, ‘Surely mortal man is a broomstick.’”—Mayers.

The influx of new students is smaller than usual for the Spring term. However, few as they are, we are glad to look into their faces.

Leet (after seeing Dr. Thomas’ class book)—“How Tommy adds up four cats and a rail fence and gets sixty-seven is more than I can make out.”

Dr. Perrin (in History I)—“Miss Colter, what can you tell of us of Henry IV?”

Miss Colter (with some hesitation)—“Why, I think he died.”

J. W. Davis wishes us to announce that he was not in Tuesday night’s class rush, did not get his face punched and was not run in by police.

Hunt—“Yes I called at the hall one night till after nine. I don’t know how I happened to stay so late. Think I must have gotten drowsy.”

Dr. Perrin (to Miss Kepler, who has no criticisms to offer upon a report given by Lowstuter)—“Then Mr. Lowstuter is all right, is he?”

Miss Kepler—“Er— well— his report is.”

Where was Toastmaster Weyand, while those Freshmen were watching on street corners and in dark alleys to waylay him? Oh he was in the church parlors awaiting quietly the appointed hour.

A new interpretation, observed in the Sig house—

“Six days shalt thou labor
And hornswoggle thy neighbor,
But on the seventh, shalt thou
Put up a religious bluff.”

Dr. Rose (to Gibson in the Greendale street car)—“Will the dude with the creased trousers and hair parted in the middle stop smoking? If the conductor can’t put him off, I can.”

Stolzenbach (to Miss Confer, who is fooling with his slides in Biology V)—“Look out, you’ll squeeze them.”

Miss Confer—“Well, did you ever squeeze anything?”

NOTE.—The scarcity of these short, spicy locals what lend to the CAMPUS its chief interest is due to a seeming lapse of vigilance on the part of the local editors, Matteson, Austin, Miss Vought, Miss Merchant.—[ED.]

Miss Lorah Crawford, of Cooperstown, Pa., spent a few days of the vacation with Miss Helen Russell at Warren, Ohio. On Saturday evening, the 2d inst., Miss Russell entertained a number of friends in honor of Miss Crawford.

The inter-collegiate debate between representatives of Bucknell University of this state and Allegheny College, held under the auspices of the Baraca Union, took place in the Court House Thursday evening, April 21. The question of debate, “Resolved, That Hawaii Should be annexed to the United States,” was represented on the affirmative by Messrs. E. H. Dutton and R. T. Wiltbank, of Bucknell. The negative was supported by Messrs. Jay Wright and George Cowell, of Allegheny. A large audience was present and manifested interest and enthusiasm. The decision of the judges, which declared Allegheny to be the winner, met with universal approval. The gentlemen from Bucknell put up a good argument but were fairly outclassed by their opponents. Prof. N. P. Gilman, Prof. S. P. Bates and Rev. Ken. C. Hayes acted as judges.

Once again the Freshmen have proven conclusively that their right to exist in a well-regulated college community is based on the most fragile of supports. It happened in this wise: The Seniors and Sophomores decided to banquet together at the Parish house. And the Freshmen following that exalted maxim, so characteristic of their class, “Mind everybody’s business but your own,” laid their infantile plans to spoil the fun.

Realizing from last Fall’s bitter defeat that single handed they were powerless, they first sought allies, and gained a few evil-minded Juniors and a howling mob of irresponsible Preps. And, oh, what a front they presented as they stood full sixty strong before the Parish house. The stoutest heart might have quailed had it not known they were Freshmen.

A terrific onslaught on the kitchen was repulsed by a few ladies armed with a soup-ladle and a glass of water.

Then the Freshies waited the arrival of the Seniors and Sophs. But what a bluff. For when they finally began to arrive by ones and twos and threes, still these invincible Freshman waited. The doubling of a fist on the part of Senior or a Sophomore was the signal for a headlong flight. Shallenberger, Perry and other deathless Freshmen heroes shouted themselves hoarse from a safe distance. Some of the more intrepid did, with unheard of boldness, actually seize a few hats of the banqueters and tramp upon them in their puny rage.

Thus the awful fray went on until the Sophomores and Seniors had arrived and were ready to repair to the banquet hall. Then the police considerably escorted a few of the mighty warriors to a peaceful night's lodging in the "cooler." And the rest of the motley throng, of their own accord, betook themselves to their homes in shame, to apply soothing lotions to the bruised portions of their warped anatomies.

Meanwhile Sophomores and Seniors were enjoying a most excellent banquet and making merry over the enemy's puerile attempts at bravery.

The following is the toast-list:



OUR GRAND OFFER \$1.00

To keep our great factory busy, and introduce early our splendid '98 models we have concluded to make a marvelous offer direct to the rider.

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