

The Campus.

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

VOL. IX., No. 13.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE, MEADVILLE, PA., MAY 16, 1893.

NEW SERIES.

THE CAMPUS.

ISSUED SEMI-MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS.

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

We are credibly informed that a fair per cent. of our students, unmoved by the blandishments of the blackboard or the prospect of becoming University Extension lecturers, are preparing themselves to enter the ministry. Further—asking pardon for mentioning it in the same paragraph—there are certain others who aspire to take up journalism. That is what they call it now, when they get out of college they will say newspaper work. One who has made many a keen comment upon American life recently gave expression to a few thoughts which have an interest for both the classes just mentioned. Speaking of the

large sale of the Sunday newspaper, he says:

"I am not sure that this is an advantage, but in the undeniable decay of interest in the local preaching, some sort of mental relish for the only day of leisure is necessary."

It is worth while to cast about a little for the cause of this "decay of interest in the local preaching." Have people changed somewhat in a century and a half, so that the preaching of Wesley's day is not exactly what they want? May it be that, with the general advance in intelligence, people are learning to think for themselves and have grown suspicious of dogmatic assertions and conclusions without premises? Is it possible that people have discovered that enthusiasm may be counterfeited and that sanctimoniousness does not mean the same as sanctity? Have we come to a pass where respect for religion and even a good, honest week-day faith are not strong enough to make their possessor sit for an hour observing the attenuation of a single idea? Are we growing to think that outside the pulpit a minister is but a common man, and must be judged by common standards? Do we estimate his piety more by his deeds than his doctrines?

If these things are true—and from time to time there are hints that they are—they may help us guess the reason for the lack of interest in local preaching, and give us a clue to the strange spectacle of a nation calling itself a Christian nation, whose people chiefly live Christian lives, yet only one in ten is a church member.

In every city there are hundreds of people living sober, upright lives who do not go near

a church from one year's end to another. For a long time we have been wrestling with this problem, trying to find out what was the matter with such people. Would it be irreverent if some one should ask, What is the matter with the churches?

* * *

But we promised to say something about those embryo journalists too. Turn back to the paragraph quoted, read it again, and then add this sentence to it: "It is not so much a pity that they read the Sunday papers as that the Sunday papers are so bad." There you have it in plain English. The people go to the papers for a mental relish, and they are given a mayonnaise of spoiled eggs and acid vinegar. One of the best-known New York editors recently defined news as, "any heretofore unprinted occurrence which involves the fracture of any one of the ten commandments." There is no need to expand on this topic: our newspapers are admittedly one of the most potent forces of evil that we have to contend with. "Do you think there is any good in University Extension?" an educator was asked the other day.

"Yes: there's good in anything that will take the people away from the newspapers," was the reply.

If any of our students do intend going into this work, let them think three or four times about it. Consider the character of much that goes into the papers, and then ask yourself whether a college graduate is not fit for anything better than handling a muck-rake.

But now we expect some one to rise "at this puncture" and say he intends going into journalism to elevate it, asking why we don't advise people to stay out of the ministry too, since there are features in it which might be improved. The cases are different. The

pastor makes his church what he will, but the reporter doesn't usually modify the policy of a paper. The only way to run a paper to suit yourself is to buy it—and then watch it die.

* * *

During the past term, two new class societies have appeared among us. In the case of the latest comer, its birth was attended with the usual disturbances and a profuse flow of red paint. Mischief is epidemic at this season of the year, and the college has always been a sufferer from hemorrhages, but the need of the new societies is not at once evident.

In days which already seem distant, there existed an organization yclept the Olde Englyshe Club. Its aims were praiseworthy, its membership well chosen, its career brilliant, its collapse complete. One day after its dissolution two students, members of different fraternities, met after a short absence and one gave the other a grip in friendly fashion. The recipient looked slightly mystified, but being reminded that they were fellow members of the O. E. C., said: "Oh yes, I forgot that. It's a poor kind of a man that you can't give some kind of a grip to." When but two or three fraternities existed at Allegheny, membership in them was an honor to be sought after. There was no unseemly scramble to secure men; only the best were chosen, and it was not every man, nor one in twenty, to whom you could give a grip.

With the advent of every new society, class or otherwise, the standard has been lowered. Organization has followed organization until it is no longer a question of how to get into some society, but how to keep out. We are organized to death; not a single matter can be brought before the students but they split up into factions and amid petty jealousies often defeat their own object. We have seem-

ingly adopted an unlimited coinage of fraternities, and then we wonder why college spirit has been driven out of circulation.

But the class society, as it exists here, falls under a double condemnation. Not only is an additional society an additional nuisance, but the class society is a peculiarly objectionable nuisance. Not content with lowering the fraternity standard in general, it tends to break up the unity of the regular fraternities. Its members are a circle within a circle, alienated in part from their brothers; cliques are formed, often bitter rivalry is engendered between members of the same fraternity. Are college students exempt from ordinary rules, that they can serve two masters with impunity? Further, the class society tends to cheapen the regular fraternities. Some cruel man once averred that a woman who had been engaged four or five times had been pretty well kissed up: by the time a man has joined several fraternities, it does not mean as much to him as it did once.

To us this multiplication of societies seems an evil; if others disagree, the columns of the Campus are open for the presentation of their side of the question.

The Kaldron is out. The board is certainly to be congratulated, for who can say that it is not one of the most successful in the history of college annuals? It is all paid for and the business managers have some little left for their trouble. Now that it is established on a firm basis, let us have an annual every year, and one that will, like this one, do credit to the board of editors and the college.

For sale at a bargain, a No. 11 Lovell Pneumatic Bicycle. Price, \$115. Will sell at a bargain if sold quickly. Inquire of the business manager.

Literary.

[Selected.]

Bubbles.

I.

I stood on the brink in childhood,
And watched the bubbles go
From the rock-fretted, sunny ripple
To the smoother tide below;

And over the white creek-bottom,
Under them every one,
Went golden stars in the water,
All luminous with the sun.

But the bubbles broke on the surface,
And under, the stars of gold
Broke, and the hurrying water
Flowed onward, swift and cold.

II.

I stood on the brink in manhood
And it came to my weary brain
And my heart, so dull and heavy
After the years of pain,—

That every hollowest bubble
Which over my life had passed
Still into its deeper current
Some heavenly gleam had cast;

That, however I mocked it gayly,
And guessed at its hollowness,
Still shone, with each bursting bubble,
One star in my soul the less.

—W. D. HOWELLS.

A Consummation Devoutly to be Wished.

To over-tired, much-enduring and long-suffering humanity is heralded the good news of a remedy. No tale is to be unfolded of a perpetual fount of youth; neither will you be called upon to quaff of an elixir of life; but to taste of a remedy so simple that its very simplicity will surprise you, one that can be taken twenty-four hours in every day, and every minute of those hours; and, best of all, each one has it within himself,—the power to make those mountainous things in life mole

hills, and the mole-hills utterly vanish. We can do the petty, worrying things—in fact perform every task, with so much ease that although *perfect* health may not be the outcome, yet a faithful exercise of it must tend to promote conditions favorable to health, comfort and happiness in life.

Engaged in the common pursuit of living, eager to gain all that life holds for us—knowing that we cannot pass this way again—we too often lose sight of the fact that nature's giant law, opposition, must be obeyed. Daily journals and magazines fill columns with admonitions—"less expenditure in every department of life"; and still these warnings remain unheeded, as our nerve hospitals and insane asylums fully attest. When will the average American, man or woman, learn that to lift a book from the table does not require force sufficient to move the entire body? When one set of muscles is working, it is not unusual to find a sympathetic rigidity in others. So soon does this "automatic tension" seize upon us that we rarely find, outside the circle of children, persons who can use one arm and allow the other to rest, absolutely and completely. Perhaps the little finger is filled with an earnest desire to assist, or the left thumb appears much abused if it cannot know what the right one is doing. Nature intends some to work, while others rest, but there is no place in her plan for drones. Each muscle, like each individual, has a work to perform. At a glance we can see that the surrendering of a muscle to perfect inactivity is quite as necessary as its stimulation into action. It is an easy matter to urge a muscle into action; but to bring it to perfect inactivity becomes more and more difficult the longer the surrender is postponed. The citadel of contracted muscles and tense nerves must be stormed, and why not begin the siege at once?

There is nothing to be more desired in this world than rest, and yet comparatively few know how to gain it. Men have amassed fortunes who would gladly have emptied their golden coffers upon this altar for just a few hours of that treas-

ure which comes unbought, unsought, if only the conditions are made for it. It is the abuse of muscles and nerves that renders them, seemingly, uncontrollable. The slightest motion deposits with the nerves a tendency to reflect it. If the muscles were tense, the next time when the motion is made the same stiffness must result, only it is increased abundantly. As it requires more effort to use stiff muscles, there is, in daily living, a larger demand made on the nervous force; and as there is not sufficient time allowed for the replenishing of the "nerve stock," the supply soon fails to equal the demand, and finally some nervous disease has fastened upon you and you scorn pitiless nature. Pitiless nature, indeed! Her warning voice has spoken. How deaf your heedless ear!

To be sure, sleep keeps at bay this monster "nervousness"; but ultimately sleep is taken in the same way as the waking hours. While sleeping you are often aroused by a little jump; failing to understand that nature has been saying, "Let go of this tension," you seize it again, and proceed to carry your burdens of the day on through the night, worrying along, dreaming away, and awaken to find yourself as tired as when you went to bed. Tired? Of course you are tired! The precious nerve force has been retained on duty all night, instead of being allowed to seek its reservoir of rest. In looking over our daily occupations, it is difficult to find one that is not attended with wasted energy: and, indeed, even those things taken as a means of recreation, are frequently accompanied in this way. It has long been a mirth-provoking saying that woman carries her love of art to such an extent that she marks the "changing curve," as she walks, by tracing a zig-zag line on the pavement. With arms swinging, or worse, cramped at her sides, she returns from her pilgrimage tired and exhausted. There is but one explanation, nearly every muscle has been used, instead of just those necessary to the action.

It is so easy to talk; yet without doubt enough energy is wasted daily, in this occupation, to prolong life for years.

VOL. IX, No. 13.

May 16, 1893.

THE CAMPUS

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE,
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THE CAMPUS

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T. A. Douthitt spent Sunday at his home in Beaver Falls.

Saturday, May 6th, the ball season opened for Allegheny with a close and exciting game between the first and second nines. The features of the game were good playing and rank errors. Score, 8-6, in favor of first nine.

The Senior class is going to have the invitations out this year before the day preceding commencement. The class met last week one morning after chapel and decided on the style in less than fifteen minutes. Wonderful!

Y. W. C. A. Entertainment.

Monday evening, May 1, the Y. W. C. A. gave a benefit entertainment. Despite the bad weather a fair-sized crowd turned out and they were in no way ill-paid. The program was interesting and well carried out. It was as follows:

Selection.....Mandolin Club
 Recitation.....Miss Temple
 Piano solo.....Miss Chapman
 Vocal solo.....Miss Virginia Porter
 Farce—"Christian Anthems"—Aunt Penelope,
 Miss Temple; Miss Ryecroff, Miss Lattin;
 Miss Kittie Ryecroff, Miss Bentley; Harry Dale,
 Mr. Dunn; Rev. Frank Worden, Mr. Darragh.
 Vocal solo.....Miss Bright
 Duet.....Hogg and Jaynes, C. E.
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I SUFFERED with CATARRH for years, and tried all kinds of medicines. None of them did me any good. At last I was induced to try Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. I have used one package and am now entirely cured.—PHILIP LANCREY, Fieldon, Illinois, June 22, 1892.

Alumni.

Miss May Warner, '91, is teaching physical culture in Cincinnati, Ohio.

F. J. Bullock, '90, is now in the insurance business in Cleveland, Ohio.

F. J. Thomas, '85, is mentioned for nomination for district attorney, dem., of this county.

M. J. Sweeney, '90, recently received the degree of M. D., and is practicing in Kane, Pa.

D. H. Eagleson, ex-'93, is back from the University of Pennsylvania for the summer vacation.

Geo. Ray, '90, is spending his vacation at his home, in the city, after a prosperous year at U. of Pa.

Miss Anna Coder, '92, is professor of Latin and French in Missouri Wesleyan College, Cameron, Mo.

W. H. Stenger, '90, who is managing the Heywood celebrities, is meeting with great success on the Pacific coast.

F. W. Babcock, ex-'94, who has met with so much success with his banjo while at U. of P., is greeting old friends here now.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of T. C. Blaisdell, ex-'88, and Miss Kate Christy, ex-'90, for the 18th of this month.

Commencement is only six weeks ahead, yet scarcely half of our subscribers have settled for their paper. Please remember that a new business manager will have been elected by that time, and you will cause considerable trouble by putting off sending your \$1.50 till then. It is past due now and we are anxious to hear from you, and doubly so if you are in arrears for two years.

The College World.

Exchanges.

Harvard now gives A. M. in a four year's course.

Oberlin College has over four acres of ground laid out in tennis courts.

The Senior class of Williams will wear the cap and gown to chapel and morning recitations, from May 15th until commencement.

The first college paper published in the United States was issued at Dartmouth in 1800. Its editor-in-chief was no one else than Daniel Webster.

We welcome the *Free Lance* of Pennsylvania State College to our desk. Its general appearance is very fine, while the contents do credit to the institution which it represents.

Bates College, in Maine, is about to erect a memorial library to the late James G. Blaine, who was one of its directors. The library will cost in the neighborhood of \$150,000.

Eight states were represented in the Interstate Oratorical Contest, which was held at Columbus, O., May 4th. The contest was exceedingly close and interesting, resulting in a victory for A. H. Hopkins, of Luke Forest, Ill. The contestants were as follows:

Ohio—M. J. Jones, Wooster University; "The Greatness of Personality."

Indiana—H. H. Hadley; "The Alien and the Republic."

Illinois—A. H. Hopkins, Lake Forest; "Cavour."

Kansas—W. C. Coleman, State Normal; "Philosophy of Reform."

Iowa—F. A. Heizer, Parson's College; "Webster and the Constitution."

Wisconsin—J. H. Kimball, Beloit; "The Judgments of History."

Colorado—F. W. Woods, Colorado College; "The Poet's Mission."

Nebraska—T. E. Wing, University of Nebraska; Patriotism and Brotherhood."



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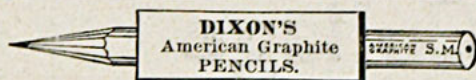


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TIME TABLE.

In effect Monday, Oct. 31, 1892.

Standard Central time, (90th Meridian.)

GOING NORTH.				GOING SOUTH.			
No 10	No 6	No 8	STATIONS.	No 9	No 7	No 3	
	p.m.		Arr				a.m.
	5 45		Buffalo.....				12 00
	p.m.						p.m.
	4 10		Dunkirk....				1 37
	p.m.						a.m.
	5 50		Chautauqua..				9 45
p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	
7 05	2 20	9 45	 Erie.....	6 15	8 20	3 30	
6 32	1 47	9 13	Wallace Junc..	6 47	8 52	4 02	
6 29	1 43	9 10	Girard.....	6 50	8 55	4 05	
6 17	1 31	8 57	Lockport....	7 02	9 12	4 18	
7 00		10 00	ar Conneaut, Oliv		8 00	3 3	
6 11	1 24	8 50	Conneaut Junc	7 07	9 19	4 25	
6 09	1 23	8 48	Cranesville..	7 10	9 21	4 28	
6 05	1 19	8 45	Albion.....	7 13	9 25	4 32	
6 00	1 14	8 40	Keepville....	7 18	9 30	4 37	
5 56	1 12	8 36	Pennside....	7 21	9 33	4 40	
5 51	1 08	8 31	Shadeland....	7 26	9 38	4 46	
5 48	1 05	8 28	Springboro..	7 29	9 41	4 50	
5 41	12 58	8 21	Conneautville..	7 36	9 48	4 57	
5 31	12 48	8 12	Dicksonburg..	7 44	9 57	5 05	
5 24	12 41	8 05	Harmonsburg	7 52	10 03	5 14	
5 19	12 37	8 00	lv Mea'v'le J. ar	8 00	10 08	5 19	
4 35	9 20	6 45	lv Meadville. lv	a.m.	9 20	4 3	
p.m.	1 18	8 42	ar Meadville. ar	8 42	11 20	6 0	
No 2				No 1			
p.m.				a.m.			
12 37	8 00	ar Mea'v'le J. lv		10 08			
12 32	7 54	Shermansville..		10 12	5		
12 20	7 43	Hartstown....		10 24	5 35		
12 14	7 38	Adamsville....		10 30	5 42		
12 03	7 28	Osgood.....		10 40	5 52		
6 25	11 54	7 15	Greenville....	6 45	10 52	6 03	
6 18	11 45	7 05	Shenango.....	6 53	10 57	6 10	
6 07	11 25	6 39	Kremis.....	7 03	11 25	6 35	
5 58	11 17	6 28	Fredonia....	7 11	11 33	6 44	
5 43	11 03	6 12	Mercer Junc..	7 26	11 50	7 00	
5 39	11 00	6 08	Mercer.....	7 31	11 54	7 06	
5 34	10 55	6 01	Houston Junc.	7 37	11 59	7 11	
5 25	10 47	5 52	Pardoe.....	7 46	12 08	7 20	
5 20	10 43	5 47	Filer.....	7 50	12 12	7 25	
5 13	10 37	5 41	Grove City....	7 57	12 18	7 32	
5 00	10 25	5 28	Harrisville....	8 09	12 31	7 42	
4 56	10 22	5 24	Wick.....	8 13	12 35	7 47	
4 52	10 18	5 20	lv Branch'on. ar	8 17	12 39	7 54	
5 30		8 50	ar Anandale. lv	6 42	11 35		
5 45		9 05	Hilliard.....	6 25	11 15		
4 46	10 13	5 15	Keisters.....	8 21	12 43	7 56	
4 40	10 07	5 09	Hallston.....	8 27	12 49	8 02	
4 32	9 59	5 01	Euclid.....	8 36	12 58	8 10	
4 23	9 50	4 52	Jamisonville..	8 44	1 07	1 15	
4 16	9 44	4 45	Oneida.....	8 50	1 13	1 24	
4 00	9 30	4 30	lv Butler. ar	9 05	1 30	8 40	
2 00	7 10		lv Allegheny. ar	11 30	3 50		
p.m.	a.m.	a.m.	Via P. & W.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	

Meadville & Limesville Branch.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	a.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.
	46	44		42	48
Limesville ... dp	12 15			9 35	4 55
Shermansville..	12 25			9 45	5 05
Meadville Jct..	8 05	12 40		10 20	5 20
Conneaut Lake	8 15	12 51		10 40	5 31
West Vernon...	8 26	12 56		10 47	5 37
Watson's Run...	8 26	1 01		10 56	5 46
Meadville ... ar	8 42	1 18		11 20	6 07
	a.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

	a.m.	p.m.		a.m.	p.m.
	43	45		41	47
Meadville....dp	9 20	4 35		6 45	2 30
Watson's Run...	9 38	4 53		7 03	2 50
West Vernon...	9 45	4 58		7 10	2 56
Conneaut Lake	9 50	5 04		7 30	3 10
Meadville Junc.	10 10	5 13		8 05	3 26
Shermansville..	10 15			8 15	3 32
Limesville....ar	10 23			8 25	3 45
	a.m.	p.m.		a.m.	p.m.

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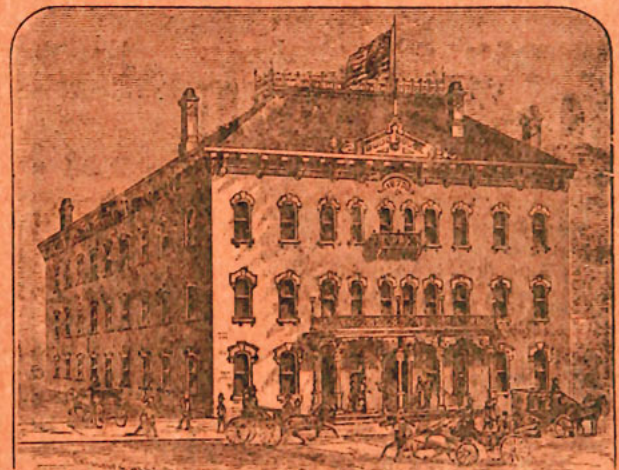
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Scan the list of your acquaintances, and find how many really use the voice alone. The majority call to its assistance a foot or a hand, the watch chain is twisted, and the scissors twirled. The more eager the conversation the tighter the twisting, the faster the twirling, as if to mark the rhythmic beats of the tongue. With all this energy centered in the voice, the Seven Sleepers must surely awake! And in the brain,—we would stand appalled before the sublimity of the thoughts which might arise. There seems to be no end of employments in which good nerve strength is driven out through compressed lips and set teeth; but, perhaps, the harmful results are nowhere more apparent than in the popular way of sitting. So much time is spent in this attitude that, as naturally follows, many of our habits are then formed. Therefore, the urgent necessity of sitting well. You wonder how you can be wasting energy when you are sitting still, and yet you are. It is not rest, to perform the acrobatic feat of twisting muscles and joints out of shape. When you come to sit erect, you find it hard work: if you could only believe in the ability of the chair to hold you. In keeping your chest up, you would soon discover that the world contains more for you than you had ever imagined. Not half the energy is required in sitting correctly as is wasted in sitting badly. You can save so much! The college course could be finished in less time, for you could take more into your heads; the brain would receive better nourishment, as lungs and heart act best when they are properly adjusted in their relative positions. Physiologically, you see, you gain health.

Make sitting a recreation, do not hold your muscles, but let each hold itself. You will be surprised to find how much rest comes to you from a source you have trained yourself to think is weariness. "Is not the very evidence of ease on the very front of all the greatest works in existence? Do they not plainly say to us, not that there has been a great effort here, but there has been a great power?"

Power in any line does not come with exertion;

that is most powerful in which we can discern the least effort. The human organism has been likened unto a perfect musical instrument, each fibre bringing forth a music of its own; but those who would play skillfully, must remember that loud pounding will not bring forth music. It comes with the strength and delicacy of the touch of a master-hand.

If you find these "nerve knots" tied, or in a process of tying, do not settle down to the belief that nature intended it so. She is not the hard task-mistress we would make her. She stands ever ready to help us.

To gain the best control of our muscles we must follow those delicate structures—the nerves—to their home and there discover, that the first essential is a calm and quiet mind. To the brain, tormented by conflicting thoughts, this quiet may come by surrendering the head to gravitation; thinking it heavy and allowing the sensation of weight to spread gradually through the other members of the body, when relaxation—or rest—results. After this comes the process of adjusting one muscle to another, and supplying each member with just enough force to make the movement easy and healthful.

When the one great principle of motion, "All members not necessary to the action must be free and unconstrained," dawns clearly upon our intelligence, the frictions and pressures thus removed from center to circumference, from base to summit, we will have obtained that "consummation devoutly to be wished," the equilibrium of our nervous systems and entire bodies. M.

When I Came to College.

The second day after my arrival I went forth to purchase books. "A Physics, please," was my request of the ever-handsome Fiske. Several students were standing by, and one who wore a straw hat with a parti-colored ribbon around the crown asked me if I had taken Trigonometry yet.

"No."

"Then you can't take that. That's a Junior study," and he turned away. Afterward I learned

that I had been spoken to by the mighty Heyser, a Southerner who terrified Goose Heaven youth by carrying a knife in his boot. But I was too young at the time to appreciate the honor.

My first recitation was a memorable event. It came at the first bell. The class-room was crowded, and I was obliged to hold my four books and my hat in my lap. Suddenly my name was called. Accustomed to rural methods, I solemnly arose, placed books and hat on the seat behind me, repeated the question and answered it as best I could. Perhaps the class laughed, perhaps they didn't; I can only remember the grave face of the professor as he gave me a kindly word of approval, and from that time I felt at home in the college.

Hallowe'en night used to be religiously observed. Knowing this, the janitors were detailed to watch at various points, and the task of guarding the cannon fell to Corey. It was nearly midnight when a crowd came up through the campus bearing a sack of powder, and old newspapers, bricks and sod enough to wad the guns to the muzzle. Corey stood his ground and the invaders halted at a short distance and parleyed with him. Meantime others were creeping around to seize him from behind. He heard a noise, and turning saw Heyser beside the cannon. He jumped toward him with club upraised, but stopped short when he saw the glitter of a pistol barrel. For a moment the crowd waited anxiously, while the two men stood facing each other, both clear grit and ready to fight. Then cooler ones stepped in, and the cannon were not fired that night.

Literary society was a great reality then. My maiden effort was a declamation, and I spent much time upon it. One day a friend said: "Barrett learns a declamation after supper and gives it that evening." I listened and marveled. Other tales were told of Barrett, of his wit, his singing, his talents. At last there came a time when I was obliged to speak to him. A Moot Congress had been planned, and he was to assign the speakers to the various states according to their political beliefs. "What's your persuasion?" he said to me. "Democratic," I replied, wondering at my

boldness. After that I dared speak to anyone.

We had a camp that year. There were four companies in the battalion, with about ten officers and as many privates in each. But our company was unfortunate, as nearly half our men didn't go to camp, and when we had furnished our quota for guard duty there were only three privates left in the ranks. The captain got disgusted and went back to town, so we were formed on the next company and drilled with them. The music was a great feature. Barrows and Espy had a band of ten pieces. The bass drum bore the inscription TUNDE ET DAMNARE, which, being translated, means "Pound and be ——!" Camp Ayer was the name of our encampment. No one of the boys who were there will ever forget that. The second day at noon we marched into the mess hall, took seats at command, and were just beginning a general attack when the command came: "Attention!" We dropped knives and forks and sat bolt upright. Then Adjutant Gibson arose and began to read a sketch of Captain Ira C. Ayer, for whom the camp was named. He was an Allegheny student who organized a company composed chiefly of students, and led it all through the war. They gained the soubriquet of "The College Company" and were widely known for their bravery in many an action. It was all interesting enough—or would have been at any other time—but as we sat there and watched the potatoes take on a clammy stare, the gravy congeal, and the meat grow cold and haughty while the story spun out, not one of us but wished that Mr. Ayer had taken to making sarsaparilla instead of history.

Of course it ended with a fire. The outbuildings were burned about midnight the last night we were in camp. Half an hour later the drums beat furiously and on all sides were heard the orders, "Fall in!" "Fall in just as you are!" "Don't wait for your coats and things!" And we didn't. We formed line in picturesque costumes, marched up to the major's tent, each one solemnly swore he knew nothing of the fire, and then went back to bed.

A SENIOR.

In the Library.

The Child of the Parish. A Novel. By Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach. Translated by Mary A. Robinson. New York: Robert Bonner's Sons.

Told in a somewhat matter-of-fact German fashion, and with its faults accentuated by a too literal translation, this tale of a waif has yet some claims upon the attention of its readers. The scene is a Moravian village, whose inhabitants presumably built their houses of turf, for they seem to have put all the wood into their heads. Stupidity triumphs everywhere, and no one knows it but a doctor and an ignorant boy. Save one girl, there is not a normal, healthy, live person among all the chief characters of the book. A flighty schoolmaster, a whimsical old lady, a morbid child and a set of stupid, drunken peasants form the *dramatis personæ*, who play out the old tragedy of life and love as it has been played from the beginning.

Either the translator or the printer is responsible for quite a number of incomplete or awkward sentences. On page 27 we read: "Full of increasing confidence, he went on, straight forward all the time, and he would reach the castle."

On page 107 occurs this stumbling sentence: "The pure metallic tone of her voice was as gratifying to the ear, as the sight of her noble features was pleasing to the eye."

The gem of the collection, though, is a paragraph on page 283: "'Master,' said Pavel, trying to attract his attention, when the second bell sounded; but, from under the corner of the handkerchief, which had become loosened from the hat-brim, and, moved by the wind, fluttered round Habrecht's face, the latter looked at him affectionately, and continued:—"

For want of breath, we are not able to continue with him.

The few attempts at sensationalism are crude. When a peasant and his wife have a little poisoning affair in hand, cold chills ran down the man's back, and "his wife's eyes gleamed in the darkness with a strange, pale, whitish light." After

this it is not surprising to hear that "around her thin lips, which were tightly stretched over her projecting, well-preserved teeth, there hovered a greenish shadow."

The brief glimpses of convent life will grate upon many readers. The sly insinuations of mock-religion and selfish lives of nuns, while but hints, are plain enough. The hand of the satirist should not be laid on sacred things. There are shams in churches as well as outside; hypocrites who mask beneath holy shows and who deserve the lash of satire. But the satire should be directed against the individuals and not the religious rites which they abuse.

Yet, as was said in the beginning, the book has its merits. The interest is well sustained, and one is forced to admire the author's power in showing the weaker sides of her characters, the sides that make them seem truly human and akin to us. In this sense it is realistic, but the writer comes short in point of artistic finish. The book deserves a more adequate rendering.

The King of Honey Island. A Novel. By Maurice Thompson. New York: Robert Bonner's Sons.

Mr. Maurice Thompson's friends really ought to do something for him. When a man who possesses genuine literary ability descends to such hack-work as this, writing a ridiculous melodrama which reminds one of a wild west show, it is only a question of time when he will be unfit for anything better. The only good thing about it is the title, and that sounds very much as if it were stolen from Miss Jewett.

The Siberian Exiles. A Novel. By Col. Thos. W. Knox. New York: Robert Bonner's Sons.

Another pot-boiler like Maurice Thompson's. When a man follows an art as a profession, he forfeits all claim to critical consideration. Mr. Knox and a score like him turn out books with the regularity, technique and originality of a maker of plaster-of-paris images, and their work is equally valuable. This latest casting is made by pouring the conventional plot into a Siberian mould borrowed from Mr. Kennan.

Local.

Paint!

Red Paint.

Black Paint.

Green Paint.

The ball club will probably take a trip into Ohio next week.

Creal was back to Cochranon again last week. Be careful "Dad."

Who is it that writes "Allegheny College Corpse of Cadets"?

Stilson in calculus: "I can explain the geometrical geometry of the problem."

Thursday, May 4th, was a great day for the batallion. Schiek received no demerits.

Beware, young man, lest some dark night when no one watcheth, the faculty jump on to thee.

The poor Sophomores feel awfully down in the mouth because they are so badly roasted in the Kaldron.

Probably the question that is uppermost in the minds of all students is, who will be our next president?

During the two weeks absence of R. J. White, president of Sugar Grove Seminary, W. E. Stilson is teaching.

Prof. D. in surveying: "Tobias, where are you?" Tobias: "I am in the center of the Celestial sphere."

Now is the time to see that you have credit for all the studies you have taken, unless you wish to be classified below your seating.

Dan Darragh, who was with us last year, has entered Geneva College and is keeping up his reputation as a pitcher for the club there.

C. A. Porter, Instructor of Surveying Class.

The A. C. C. B's took Fowler's photographic gallery by storm last Friday.

Chamberlain carried off the honors in Philo Franklin's Alumni essay contest.

W. S. Douds spends his Sundays at home this term. His girl is not in the city this spring.

Prof. Montgomery attended the Epworth League Convention, at Cochranon, last Tuesday.

Millhoft and Weatherby have gotten themselves two monstrous straw hats. They surprised the natives the other eve by wearing them on the street.

Misses Anna Ray and Sarah Evans have returned from New York, where they have been pupils of the celebrated voice teacher, Mme. Murio Celli.

A number of the students attended the Epworth League Convention, at Cochranon, last week. Creal, Garnell and Howe say they had a glorious time.

Last Saturday Wood was out in the ravine botanizing. He reports a good time and strange sights. Flowers grew in abundance, and he found a fine specimen of a compressed (two) lip.

Pierce and Rich were out at McGuffintown one day last week, after flowers. They returned with more cultivated flowers than wild ones. Cause: Grangers of the feminine persuasion.

The last number of the Campus contained a gentle hint for property owners on Park Avenue to repair their sidewalks. The Campus was handed to the subscribers on the morning of May 3d, and before night work had commenced on the walks. Now that we have succeeded in having them repaired, let us remind the trustees that we need a gymnasium.