

The Campus.

"INTER SILVAS ACADEMI QUÆRIMUS VERUM."

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NEW SERIES.

THE CAMPUS.

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

PROMPTNESS IN everything is one of the lowest rounds on the ladder of success, both to actor and object. The CAMPUS is the present objective. One dollar and twenty-five cents now is worth one dollar and fifty cents next spring. Mr. Ray always smiles when he receives a subscription. Try him, and see for yourselves.

* * *

A MOVEMENT HAS been on foot for two or three years to secure Senator Allison as Society Orator for commencement week. The Senator has been approached as regards the matter. He expressed a desire to comply with our wishes, but stated his inability to do so except during some "off"

year in politics. The "off" year has come. The Senator should also.

The Literary Societies have, we believe, taken some action upon the matter. It should receive prompt and business-like attention. The Senator is one of Allegheny's many esteemed alumni, and his address would form a marked feature of commencement. Several abortive attempts to secure a Society Orator of national reputation have been made. The prospects of success this year are brighter than usual and the proper amount of exertion will not be attended by failure. Literary work in the societies is assuming a somewhat more encouraging appearance. Keep enthusiasm at its present heat, don't let the mercury fall, and close the year with a fine representation commencement week.

* * *

IT HAS always been understood that Allegheny rested upon a broader foundation than the top rail of the political "line fence." We are furnished a reaffirmation of this principle, as well as an example of its practical application, in the open-armed reception extended Mr. McNees and other Grove City College students who suffered studential decapitation in that institution for the heinous crime of attending a political meeting, an offense especially unsavory to the authorities because the meeting participated in was not of the character most palatable to the party affiliation of the "powers that be."

A college should aim to engraft an education upon the sturdy growth of character, which can only be developed by personal, individual responsibility. When any student has entered college, he is at least *supposed* to have passed beyond the necessity of kindergarten methods of instruction and government.

Whether he merits classification as a rational and self-responsible being *may* be an open question, nevertheless the position in its dignity *demand*s so much for him. If the student has not acquired a balance wheel together with his right to a position in a college class, the prospects of ever attaching a regulator are indeed dark and discouraging; and such cases are best disposed of by immediate reference to some insane asylum or other refuge for the demented. What we need is a strong, clear-cut, self-supporting individuality. Mere machines, which must be continually supervised, are not the motive power of progress, but the man adding his little spark of newness, of originality, to the stock of human knowledge, is he whom progress courts. Thank the lucky stars! Allegheny believes in local self-government, local to the very individual, and flourishes under the banner of applied Anglican liberty.

* * *

THE LIBRARY rooms received considerable improvement during the last vacation and the literary feast always served by our worthy librarian, Dr. Hamnett, is spread in a somewhat finer style than heretofore. This should prove an additional inducement for students to take advantage of the opportunities afforded by the college library. The amount of reading that *can* be and *should* be done during a college course is very large, while that *really* accomplished is in too many cases exceedingly limited. This is undoubtedly wrong. Yet some one offers the excuse, "No time." So much can a student do, and no more. We grant the premise, but let us carefully define "so much" before drawing a conclusion. Ability is measured only by trial. "I have not the time for class work, literary society work, for social demands, for newspaper reading, for general library reading, *et cetera*." Haven't you? Did you ever make an experiment of it? How are your Saturday

afternoons, Sundays and Mondays spent? Can you account for a single Saturday afternoon this term? They are usually occupied in loafing on the streets. On Sundays the ordinary student *listens* to one sermon, but principally does nothing. Sunday is not intended for a mental blank. Spend it in doing something. We doubt if any are sufficiently enthused with ethical subjects to devote the whole day to religious reflections. They at least are comparatively few. Then why not devote the day to reading some worthy book. We are by no means cranks upon this subject. Reading may be and often is carried to an extreme. Its effect is a propping one. We may put in one brace after another until our own pedals support nothing. There is no possibility of climbing that way, for just so soon as an independent action is attempted, equilibrium is lost and a general collapse follows. Too many people read a newspaper, lay it aside, and if future existence depended upon the endeavor they could not give a comprehensive summary of a single article read. The same is true of much reading of books. Do not read anything that cannot to some extent be applied, used. A student who properly reads two or three good works in a year, may derive more real benefit than another student who scans a hundred volumes.

* * *

YET THESE opportune times for reading are also those times when the key is turned on the library rooms. Should this be so? Not by any means. No student can do any consecutive reading during chance bells in the morning; the rest of the day he is locked out. Allegheny is back in the "dark ages" on this subject. Other institutions have reading rooms accessible at all times of the day. Why not adopt such a rule here? The rooms should at least be open on Saturdays and Mondays, we would also add Sundays, but perhaps that would not suit somebody, although

how Sunday afternoon spent in the library could be more deteriorating to one's morals than the same time loafed away in a room, whose atmosphere is saturated with tobacco smoke and—well the student will tell what else, seems to us an enigma. Many of the professors are alive on this subject and it only needs the emphatic endorsement of students to set something in motion. If the Faculty is satisfied that the student desires library privileges outside of college hours and will make use of such an opportunity, the boon will undoubtedly be granted. Professor Trueman suggests this feasible plan: Let a number of trustworthy, energetic students agree to take charge of the library rooms successively for a fixed time in the afternoons. The scheme is undoubtedly workable and worthy a trial. As has been said, the Faculty appear to appreciate the situation, yet a gentle reminder in the form of a petition unanimously endorsed by the students would prove a potent lever in prying off some of the antiquated restrictions that now encumber library privileges. If nothing *was* affected, the loss of life and property would be small, and the students' policy would be definitely outlined.

* * *

WITH THIS issue of the CAMPUS a new feature is introduced and expectations run to the effect that *Hulings Happenings* will always form a very readable column. Our reporter promises to present nothing but facts and the doings of this heretofore unrepresented centre of affection will be truthfully laid before the public. Oh, no, timid hearted! The mysteries of the "Little Parlor" will not be molested. Go right ahead in the good work. It is not our intention to interfere with these delicate matters, but to give just consideration to an important division of college life. The CAMPUS represents the college and cannot do so truly without giving the Hall just mention.

And by the way, it is mere justice to make note of the most satisfactory manner in which

the Hall is being supervised. We have frequently heard it repeated, by those competent to judge, that affairs had not moved on more smoothly for years than at present. The position of Preceptress is a most difficult one to exercise without offending someone now and then, and the *someone* invariably has something to say on such an occasion. To apply the kind of soothing syrup that will tickle every palate is an impossibility. Miss Foster's management has brought complaint remarkably near its zero limit and deserves the hearty commendation of all.

* * *

THAT ALLEGHENY has an efficient worker heading the preparatory department is evidenced by the expeditious manner in which things are being conducted. There has at times been more looseness here than propriety would dictate, due mainly to change of officers. The Faculty seems to be getting hold of things systematically. There is full knowledge at headquarters of what Mr. X, Y and Z is doing, or it can be ascertained on short notice. This perfection of organization in details is to be attributed very materially to Prof. Elliott's persistent and faithful work. A compliment is certainly due him.

* * *

THE KALDRON Board of Control for 1891, has taken in hand the finances of our last annual. The deficit to be covered is very small, being somewhat less than fifty dollars. The responsibility for this debt devolves upon the fraternities and an assessment has been levied for its cancellation. Such close figuring on a publication costing in the neighborhood of a thousand dollars is evidence of no mean type of business ability. Mr. Russell and his associates are to be commended for their endeavors.

* * *

IT IS with great pleasure that we are finally permitted to announce the satisfactory organization and efficient officering of the

Kaldron Editorial Board for 1891. With Mr. Black, one of ninety-two's brightest and wit-tiest men at its head, we predict a spicy and entertaining publication. It is certainly with a just feeling of pride that Alleghenians can boast with full regard for truth that no college in the United States of the same standing publishes a finer annual than Allegheny. The new Board enters upon its work with the brightest prospects for success. The early start, early as compared with that of last year, which has been made, together with vigorous effective work immediately, will eliminate the danger coupled with a late publication and place the financial status of the annual in a more satisfactory condition than heretofore has existed. Let not the security gained from an early start cause slowness of action and resulting waste of time. Speedy, systematic work is needed at once. Prosperity to you, gentlemen. Give us a publication one step nearer perfection than any previous *Kaldron*.

Literary.

The P. A. L. S.

We were standing on the dock at Chautauqua the Jamestown was just going out, and Yates and I were idly watching her progress, when he turned to me abruptly and interrupted my reverie with the remark, "I have an idea."

Naturally enough, I inquired what he meant, and he continued: "I have been looking around and find that we are not the only college students who are spending their vacations at the Lake. There are about a dozen others whom I know, and my scheme is to get them together and organize a Literary Society. We will hold a meeting as soon as possible invite everyone we know, and we can have a literary program, talk over college days, and have a genuine good time." He grew quite enthusiastic over his project as it

developed itself in his mind, and as soon as he had finished, rushed away to put his plans into execution. He was more successful than I anticipated, for that evening he told me that it was all arranged, and that the Pan-American Literary Society, or the P. A. L. S., as they called it for short, would hold its first regular meeting at 7 P. M. the next evening. At the appointed time, the hotel parlors were full to overflowing, and as far as attendance was concerned, the meeting was a grand success. Yates had arranged all the details of the affair, and the president, clerk and attorney of the newly-organized society were already in their places. So crowded was the room, indeed, that I almost despaired of finding a seat, until, catching Yates' eye, he beckoned me to a seat beside himself, which he had reserved for me. After the usual preliminaries, the clerk announced that the first on the program was an essay by Miss Mae Eliot; "She's from Smith," Yates whispered to me, as she took her place upon the temporary stage. She bowed gracefully, and then said by way of introduction: "The old German Rhine-legends impressed me so deeply, and so much did I admire them, that I have tried in this essay to write something after the manner of the tales which are heard in every peasant's hut." She then read, in a clear voice, and without effort, the following tale:

In a pleasant valley in the Hartz mountains there lived a family of toy-makers. They had followed the same industry for so long that they were known far and wide as the toy-making family, and every year the merchants came from the cities to buy their toys. They paid a good price for them, too, for these were no common toys, but beautiful little boxes which would play sweet tunes, tiny musical instruments, cunningly carved out of wood, with strings and all complete, and little figures of men and women which would move their hands and feet in a manner quite surprising. The eldest son of the family had always inherited his father's trade, and kept up the manufacture of toys, but the whole family helped to make them, even little Gretchen,

the youngest, could carry the blocks of wood and melt glue for her father. The son who now had charge of the business promised to go beyond anything that his forefathers had done. His toys were so much better that they were sold as fast as he could make them, and they brought such high prices that the family could have wheaten bread every day, and the little Gretchen had a lump of sugar every Sunday. With all this, still the toy-maker was not contented, he determined to do still better, and at last settled down to the task of making a little mill which should run, not by any troublesome clock-work, but by an ingenious device which only needed starting and it would go on of its own accord until stopped.

And now he gave all his time to this one project; scarcely could he stop to eat or sleep, so absorbed was he in perfecting his invention, which, however, do what he would, still lacked something. For days and days he sat alone over his little table, thinking and thinking, working and working, always at last turning away disappointed, but always to begin, to try some new plan, to make more perfect machinery, yet always with the same result.

At last one night he had worked quite late, and falling asleep with his tools still in his hand, he dreamed a dream. He thought he saw a little dwarf appear on the table beside his half-finished model, who laid his hand on the toy and asked, "Is that your work?" "Yes," replied the weary man. "Do you intend to finish it?" "If it takes my life-time!" Then a strange thing happened. The dwarf took up the model, placed it under his arm, beckoned to the man and said, "Come with me."

And together they went out at the door, past the faithful watch dog, who yet made no sign as they went by him, and over the pine-clad hills, where the giant trees stood clearly defined against the moon-lit snow, on past many a little hut, till they saw the lights of a great city shining beneath them. Rapidly they threaded the streets, the dwarf seeming to avoid the more crowded thoroughfares,

until they came to a mighty river. Over this, in three long leaps, a bridge had thrown itself, and standing upon it they marked the current which rushed by them, never stopping, never slacking its speed, but with a mighty roar speeding ever onwards to the darkness beyond. "That," said the Dwarf, "is the Stream of Time." Looking more closely now, the wondering toy-maker perceived that on its surface were multitudes of tiny black dots, all in constant motion. "Take these," said the Dwarf, handing him a pair of spectacles, "only through other's eyes can we see things as they are." Putting on the spectacles, he looked again, and now he saw that the black dots were men and women, all busy with the various duties and employments of life.

Here he saw a man who by his speeches and writings had gathered a multitude of the black dots around him, and who proposed to organize a new brusade, which should bring happiness, wealth, and leisure to all mankind. But even as he gazed, a slight mis-step sent the leader whirling to the bottom; his followers soon dispersed, and all was as before. There he saw a man who was eagerly heaping up wealth. From this one and that he secured money, by one way and another he constantly increased his store, and all his wealth he piled up in the shape of a pyramid. His friends urged him to stop, to think of other things, but he only said, "Wait till I finish this pyramaid; then I will stop and enjoy my wealth." But he had begun to build at the apex, so that every moment his task grew greater, and even while he was working his hardest, a sudden snap was heard, as of a cord breaking, and the man went under.

Then he saw another scene, which made his heart leap, for among the crowd he saw his own little family, just as they were at home. He heard the little Gretchen say, "Oh, mother, I am so hungry; give me some bread!" and the mother sorrowfully answered, "My child, how can I give thee bread when we have none? For thy father ever sits alone at his table, he makes no more toys, and how we are to live I

know not." Then he saw the old grandmother go out to the well, draw up the heavy bucket, and carry it slowly into the house, stooping under the burden, because she feared to ask her son to do it. And then the poor toy-maker became very sad, and said to the Dwarf, "Oh, truly, truly, I see that the only thing in life worth striving for is to make happy the lives of those about us. But let me have one more chance before the Stream of Time shall bury me, too, beneath its bosom!" and stretching out his hands appealingly, he awoke from his dream. The bright sun was streaming in at the window, he heard the joyous song of the birds, but the model lay broken upon the floor. When next the merchant came, he found many toys to sell, but the mechanical mill was not among them.

When she had finished, there was a moment's silence, as the audience felt a little in doubt as to whether they had not been preached to just a little, but remembering the true merits of the production, they burst out into a hearty round of applause.

When this had died away, the clerk announced that we would now be favored with a poem by W. E. Giddings, "He's a Soph. at Yale." Yates whispered to me, "Thinks he can write poetry like Robert Browning, and is much impressed with himself. Hope he won't give us anything too tart now, though."

Mr. Giddings was a tall young man, wore eye-glasses and had his hair parted in the middle, but seemed at a loss to know what to do with his feet when on the platform. He read, in a low voice, making frequent pauses, the following poem:

THE LEGEND AND THE LESSON.

There is a legend of the church, San Carlos,
That says that every year the Padre rises
And from his grave emerging, says the mass
To pious sons of Holy Church, a throng
Who, like their priest, all come from yawning graves.
Perhaps not to each one of us is given
The power to read, the thought to comprehend
The inner meaning of this quaint old story,
So I will try to tell it. Listen all.
In days of old there lived a Father holy,

Who came at last, by monks Franciscan carried,
And in this holy chapel laid him down to die.
The tender care of all the brother monks,
The breathing of the sweet, pure mountain air,
Revived the feeble priest, and in his joy
He vowed a hundred masses to the place,
That on it peace and joy might ever rest.
But man is prone to error. Soon he lay
Upon his death-bed, with the masses still unsaid,
And mid the chants of white-robed choiring boys,
Whose voices clear ascended through the incense
Which on the altar burned, he passed away.
His life was pure and saint-like, and his soul
Admittance sought at Heaven's smiling gate,
But to his asking said the warden Saint,
"No entrance here for those who leave the life below
"With vows yet unfulfilled." With saddened heart
He turned away, and of the angel next
Who holds the keys of metal twain, he entrance asked.
'Twas granted, and in Purgatory must he stay
Until his rash vow shall be quite fulfilled.
So once a year, at midnight's solemn hour
He rises from his lonely grave which stands
Within the chapel's ruined walls, and once again
As erst on earth, he celebrates the mass.
To every duty comes its hour, the chosen time
When it should be performed. Neglect it,
Let but the hour go by, and nevermore
Will it return, for every hour that follows
Has its own duty; no time is there to atone
For that one task undone. The lesson's plain.

The next number on the program was a declamation by Yates himself, and he gave the Chariot Race from Ben-Hur, and was loudly applauded. When he returned to his seat he said, "The next is a volunteer performance. The fellow came to me and asked me to put him down on the program, and I did so. I asked him what college he was from, but I don't think he told me." By this time he was on the platform; a tall, shrewd-looking Yankee with something in his face that made me think he was one of that large class who "live by their wits." Without announcing his subject, he began:

I saw a garden; black were the trees with age;
strange plants were growing in it, and many-colored lizards ran about and sought to

hide beneath the withered herbage. It had been lovely once, yet one could see the marks of careful planning, the winding paths and the half destroyed hedge of boxwood. But now all was desolate; only the agile lizards darted about incessantly. In the middle of the garden stood a summer house, deserted and lonely. Once it had been a pleasant place; there were two rooms within, porches were all about it, and on one side some half-decayed lattice-work showed that vines had shaded the little house.

Driven by some impulse—perhaps curiosity—perhaps because I was sensible of a strong aversion to entering, and wished to overcome it, I walked into the garden and towards the summer house. My approach only strengthened the weird feeling which possessed me, but I forced myself to advance, while on either side I brushed the damp, moldering leaves which overhung my path. As I ascended the steps leading to the porch, although the wood appeared rotten and crumbling away, yet it gave forth a hollow sound, and re-echoed my footsteps, sending a ghostly thrill quite through me. Yet I kept on, and, going to the door, found it locked. I pushed upon it, it gave way and fell down inside, and I saw the hinges were bitten so with rust that they had broken off when I pushed the door. I paused a moment on the threshold, thinking of the many years that had passed since that door had been locked, and how faithfully it had shut out all intruders until now, and how since, at last, the sanctity of the place had been violated, the door had fallen prostrate, as if knowing that it was no longer of any avail to keep its guard, since a stranger had once set foot within.

Inside the house the eerie feeling was still stronger, and twice I turned to go back, when remembering how foolish it would seem to retire for such a reason, I advanced into the smaller room. Here I found a table, with a drawer beneath it, and a couple of chairs, whose stout woodwork seemed to defy decay. I sat down, and idly opened the drawer of the table, when I saw a packet of letters, which

had the appearance of being hastily thrust in there; perhaps for safe keeping—perhaps for concealment. I took it out, and observed as I did so that it was stained and spotted with some dark substance. I examined it more closely; they were drops of blood! Astonished at this discovery, I took the packet to the window to examine it more closely; as my head was bent over the letters I heard the door close with a sudden slam. There was no wind, and I knew that someone must have pushed it shut, so it was not without some fear that I went to the door, and, to my amazement found it locked. I pulled and pushed by turns, but all to no purpose.

Determined to fathom the mystery, I turned to examine the window; it was large enough to give me egress, as I had hoped. I broke out the sash, and climbing out, ran quickly around to the front of the house. No one was there—all was as I had left it, the door still lay prostrate, and no one was within the outer room, but the inner door was bolted upon the outside! Again I looked about for traces of the presence of the unknown intruder, searched the garden carefully, looked up and down the road, but all in vain.

I returned again to the house, and unlocking the inner door, went into the room and took up the packet of letters, determined to have that proof at least of my strange visit.

As I did so, I felt a slight tap on my shoulder, as if to attract my attention. I turned, and saw—

But here the young man stopped abruptly, put his paper in his pocket, and said, speaking rapidly, "Ladies and gentlemen, the continuation of this deeply interesting story is only to be found in number 688 of the *Saturday Night*, which is sold by all news-dealers. As soon as—" but he got no further. Yates, realizing the trick that had been played upon him, seeing that the fellow simply wished to advertise his paper, had rushed forward and before anyone could prevent him, seized the imposter by the collar and dragged him off the platform.

A lively scuffle followed, but as Yates played in our foot-ball team he was used to

that, and punished his man quite severely before they were separated. The rest of the program was dispensed with for that evening, and the second regular meeting of the P. A. L. S. is yet a thing to come.

B. A. HEYDRICK.

The College World.

Exchanges.

PARLIAMENTARY.

We've been holding weekly meetings
At the house of my dear Bess,
And to-night I send her greetings,
For they've been a great success.

Weighty things we've been deciding,
In our little meetings there,
I, of course, have been presiding,
That's to say, I've held the chair.

But last night the season ended
In a very pleasant way,
When the conversation tended
To the power of love to-day.

And to end the great congestion
Of our thoughts, I said "Dear Bess,
Are you ready for the question?"
And she sweetly answered "Yes."

--Brouonian.

It is possibly a little too soon to discuss anything pertaining to "Commencement Day" exercises. But to the Senior class there is nothing of greater interest than this very subject. The order of exercises for commencement day has been a matter of discussion for a long time, among both authorities and students, and the present plan is, we are glad to say, loosing its hold on public opinion. The sentiment is rapidly changing from the old plan of students' dry orations which are uninteresting and worn threadbare, to the new plan of having some famous man give an address on some live subject that will be of interest and profit to students and visitors alike.

During a conversation with one of the faculty of this college, we learned that the plan had been broached several times by former classes, but was not regarded with favor. The only reason given for this stand is that we must cater to custom. It is said the alumni and friends of Allegheny College would feel like "fish out of water" if they were to attend commencement day exercises and not find the students "bemoaning the wickedness of ancient Rome, the sensuality of Greece, and Stygian gloom of Dark Ages," and then we must spend the usual time on "Greatness," "Power," "Character" and "Life" and goodness knows what not. Now, all this seems to us a waste of time, every year comes the same old "speeches." We all know that Rome was not Heaven, that Greece was not Paradise and we also know that the "dark ages" were not noted for their electric lights, so what is the use in telling us this same old story when it has lost its "savor."

We are heartily in favor of "one speaker plan" and are sure that more real benefit would result from coming in contact with, and hearing a great man, than could possibly come from the orations of average students.

For fear our opinion may not be regarded, since a "prophet is not without honor save in his own country," we quote the following from the *Boston Globe*:

"Because a man stands high in mathematics or Greek syntax, it does not follow that he is an orator or can deliver an 'oration' worth hearing. A commencement oration seldom sags with thought or scintillates with originality. The world will lose no masterpieces of eloquence by the abolition of the commencement oration."

The *Kenyon Collegian* speaks also with no uncertain sound:

"The present system of oration on commencement day by the members of the graduating class is, we are very glad to see, being done away with in some of our best colleges. This has resulted in part from the difficulty of election or selection of speakers from classes too large for all to speak. Orations, that under the title of 'Progress,' or something similar, give a cursory glance on the world's history from

Adams to Benj. Harrison, are abominable, and of no interest to the general hearer. In all probability the hearers know more about the subject than the speaker."

The De Pauw *Ads* having tried the "new plan," reports as follows:

"Commencements are always memorable, particularly to those getting sheep skins; but this one is the birthday of a custom which will become more popular. One good speech is worth any number of poor ones. An address by a distinguished writer or speaker counts more than any number of commencement "Speeches" by Seniors. The class of '90 at DePauw may be proud that it has ushered in the new order."

To all whom it may concern:

Chalk in hand stood the college boy,

With the unmarked board before him,

But his face lit up with a smile of joy

As a festive "crib" whizzed by him.

He copied that "crib" on the smooth black-board

With many a dash and flourish.

In the Professor's note book a "ten" was scored.

He had won in the little skirmish.

—*Exchange.*

Of course none of this occurs at Allegheny College. Oh! no.

One of the best orations that we have seen in our exchanges appeared last week in *The Aegis*, entitled, "Charlotte Corday." This name is associated with French history as the name of the slayer of Jean Paul Marat, the supreme demon in the fanatical triumvirate—Danton, Robespierre and Marat." He closes as follows:

If I were to give this sublime liberator of her country, this generous murderess of tyranny a name which would include at once the enthusiasm of our emotions for her and the severity of our judgment on her art, I should create a phrase which would unite the two extremes of admiration and horror, and should call her the Angel of Assassination.

A Princetonite is authority for the statement that to be a Freshman at Princeton is worse than death. There the Sophs compel the Freshies to pass with uncovered heads and also to go through military exercises and read Latin for their tormentors. Recently some belated Freshmen were taken to a cemetery in the

dreary night time and made to repeat these words in unison: "I am a Freshman; I am a green Freshman; I am a very green, mossy Freshman." They were then required to exchange kisses and sympathy.

Loral.

Wings her fuga mystic Fama,
Ex the walls of Hulings Aula,
And declares that, quite delira,
Came there once a strange puella.
Es tu recta, mystic Fama?

Theta Nu Epsilon!

The term is half gone.

Rain! Rain!! Rain!!!

Did you go home to vote?

What's the matter with Campbell?

When does Griffen intend moving?

Delamater buttons are the rage among the students.

Rev. Kummer led chapel exercises one day last week.

The small boys' snow-ball made its first dent last week.

Who sent D—— to the dry goods store to buy a razor?

Shatto's mother spent a few days with him not long ago.

Butler is sending free shaving tickets to the ladies. What next?

Dr. Hamnett's library talks continue to be enjoyed by the students.

An *artrsian well* is a hole in the ground with an iron pipe in it.—*Physics Class.*

Wick Heazelton has been given a charge at DeHaven, in the Pittsburg conference.

Miss Gertrude L. Boslough, of Reno, Pa., spent Sunday, Oct. 19th, at Hulings Hall.

Some of the students are minus collars and cuffs since the recent fire in the Steam Laundry.

Every Saturday, Dr. Wheeler uses the "Quiz" method in his Psychology class, with good effect.

Query of the new students: "What would T. N. E. do with a fellow?" Echo answers, "What?"

Quite a number of students embraced the opportunity given them to go home on election day.

F. G. Wineman spent Sunday with C. R. Holmes, who expects to be in College again next term.

Rumors are abroad to the effect that T. N. E. and A. N. are holding their secret meetings quite frequently of late.

On Thursday evening, Oct. 23d, Major Cree gave a very interesting lecture on "Army Organization," in the chapel.

Hulings Hall will be represented in these columns hereafter. Miss Howard will have charge of the locals from that institution.

Resolved: That the faculty, or rather members of the faculty, should rush for fraternity members. Affirmative, Prof. Montgomery.

Allegheny and Philo-Franklin Literary Societies adjourned for Hallow'een. The boys seem to be as reckless of Society reputation as heretofore.

In the past week Allegheny has received three recruits from Grove City College. We welcome Messrs. McNees, Latshaw and Hensel into our midst.

The Old English Club, organized for the study of the early English literature, meets regularly one night in the week in the old Athenian Hall.

If Major Cree decides to uniform the cadets with those twenty-five-pound stockings, in behalf of the Hall cattle we object to further drilling on the campus.

Chancellor Milton B. Goff, of the Western University at Allegheny, who was a former Professor of Mathematics at Allegheny, was severely injured at Homestead, Pa., recently, by having both bones of one leg broken.

Rev. W. F. Oldham, of Singapore, India, a former student of Allegheny, gave a very instructive as well as entertaining lecture on "Malaysia, Nature's Wonderland," in the Stone Church, Wednesday evening, Oct. 24th.

Chas. Haskins, who completed his junior year here and graduated from Johns Hopkin's, is the youngest man in the United States having in the title of Doctor of Philosophy. Charley is Professor of History in the University of Wisconsin.

Dr. Beach, pastor of the First M. E. Church, of this city, conducted chapel services on the morning of Oct. 18th. We were glad to meet the doctor and especially glad to find him, as he says, "Young, although years have passed since my hair was black."

It is with feelings of deepest concern that we learn of the mysterious disappearance of Robert Ellsmere. One day about three weeks ago, he strayed away during a temporary fit of insanity, or was kidnapped and taken to some secret place. No one is known to have had a grudge against him nor can any other motive be given in explanation of the affair. His friends are very anxious about him and have offered a large reward, but up to the present time no one has appeared to claim the reward, nor has any clue been advanced as to his whereabouts. N. B.—In writing the above, we forgot to mention that "Bob," as he was familiarly called, was a large, gray cat belonging to Dr. Wheeler. Requiescat in pace.

Landlord—"There are some fine springs in the neighborhood of this farmhouse."

City Guest—"Then I wish you would put a few of them in your beds."

Fraternity.

Mr. Plummer has cast his lot with the members of the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity.

Hensel and Latshaw are the latest initiates into the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity.

The Phi Gamma Deltas have initiated two men since the last issue—Messrs. Morris and Martin.

T. A. Douthitt is not a "barb" any more. He wears the sword and shield of Phi Delta Theta fraternity.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon gave its first reception of the year to the ladies of the college on Monday evening, Oct. 27.

Messrs. Howe and Reisinger represented Pi chapter of Phi Gamma Delta at the convention last week at Indianapolis.

Last Saturday evening Miss Margaret Harper was initiated with all due rites and ceremony into the Kappa Kappa Gamma fraternity.

Miss May Warner, '91, represented the Kappa Kappa Gamma fraternity of this college at the national convention held last August, at Bloomington, Ill. The name of this chapter was changed from Rho to Gamma Rho by the convention. The fraternity has entered Ann Arbor.

Monday eve, Oct. 13th, the Phi Kappa Psis opened their social season by giving a reception at their chapter house on Highland Ave.

Miller's orchestra was present and "tripping the light fantastic toe" was indulged in. Refreshments were served by Butler.

Mr. W. W. Case, '84, C. A. Peffer, '92, and C. F. Ross, '91, left Wednesday morning for Cornell University, where they are attending the Alpha province convention of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity. This province is composed of the seventeen chapters of New England, New York and Pennsylvania. They expect to return Saturday night.

Alumni.

Harry M. Barrett, '90, is teaching in the Titusville public schools.

Mr. Geo. S. Miner, '80, of Nebraska, led the chapel and made a few remarks, last Wednesday.

Mr. F. A. Collins, '91, paid College a visit week before last. He was entertained during a short stay by his S. A. E. brothers.

W. G. Warner, '81, is spending a few months in Europe for his health. His wife is visiting the Rev. T. P. Warner, on College Hill.

Mr. F. E. Russell, '90, writes us that he is not in the insurance business, but having passed the preliminary examinations for the Mercer Bar, is a registered student in law.

Mr. Fred McQuiston, '88, was in town a short time last week. Fred has launched upon the matrimonial tide and will settle in Oil City, where he holds a fine position under the Standard Oil Company.

M. C. Harris, D. D., '73, and J. W. Miles, D. D., '74, members of Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity, visited the College week before last. Dr. Harris occupied the pulpit of the Stone Church, Sunday evening, Oct. 26th.

Miss Broas, '81, who taught French and German here two years ago, but resigned to pursue her studies further in Germany, is living in Madrid, Spain. It is stated upon pretty good authority that she will be married soon to a Spaniard.

"That's a very pretty suit you have on, Bobbie," remarked his sister's steady company.

"Not as nice as the one you're going to get, though."

"I don't know of any in particular that I'm going to get."

"Well, I heard our Sue say if you tried any fooling around her you'd have a nice breach-of-promise suit before you knew yourself."

Hulings Happenings.

Miss Minnie Mount spent Sunday at her home in Oil City.

Miss Edwards visited her parents in Orangeville, O., recently.

Mrs. N. C. Henderson, of Dempseytown, Pa., recently spent a week with her daughter.

Miss Maude M. Johnson made a flying visit to Sharon and West Middlesex last week.

Miss Cora Davis was called to Kane to assist in a Harvest Home service, Sunday, Oct. 19th.

Mr. Davis, of Pittsburg, and Mr. Ward, of Franklin, recently visited their sisters, Miss L. E. Davis and Miss Bertha Ward.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Baum, of Franklin, were the guests of their daughter one day last week. Miss Baum accompanied them to Saegertown, where she spent the Sabbath.

Mrs. S. M. I. Henry and daughter were the guests of Miss Foster a few days ago. Mrs. Henry gave an interesting talk to the young ladies of the hall, after which an informal reception was given them.

Dr. Hamnett, accompanied by Rev. Oldham, took tea at the hall one evening last week. After the usual vesper service short addresses were given by each of the guests, after which the young ladies had the pleasure of meeting Rev. Oldham and wife, former students at Allegheny College.

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DR. T. L. FLOOD, Editor and Propr.,
MEADVILLE, PA.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon Reception.

Monday evening, Oct. 27, 1890, was a time long to be remembered by the boys of Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity of Allegheny college. They had been very assiduous in preparation for a reception to the ladies of the college, and that their endeavors were attended by success is evidenced by the very enjoyable time experienced by all present. The inclemency of the weather without was not allowed to detract from merriment within the chapter house. The ladies began arriving at 8 o'clock and before 9 the spacious parlors were filled with the merry conversation of the fraternity boys and some forty girls representing the college in general and the city. The evening passed swiftly away with the customary amusements. Refreshments were served Trowbridge and the small hours of the morning were spinning off their minutes when the last guest departed, declaring that the Sig boys had established a reputation as first class entertainers. The following is a list of the ladies present: Miss Foster, Miss Allen, Miss Anders, Miss Blackmarr, Miss Buss, Camfield, Miss Campbell, Miss Coder, Miss Davis, Miss Dickson, the Misses Donley, the Misses Edson, Miss Edwards, the Misses Frey, Miss Hays, Miss Henderson, Miss Household, Miss Howard, Miss Howells, Miss Miss Johnson, Miss Kepler, Miss Miss Manett, Miss Monroe, Miss Mount, Miss Murphy, Miss Miss Nicholson, the Misses Pierce, Miss Rossiter, Miss Shadle, Miss Shafer, Miss Spofford, Miss Thrasher, Miss Warner, Miss Watson, Miss Whitney.

"UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN,
ANN ARBOR, October 13, 1890.

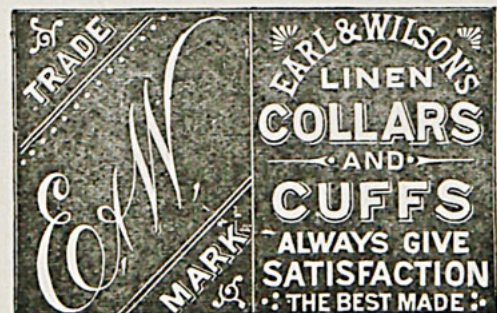
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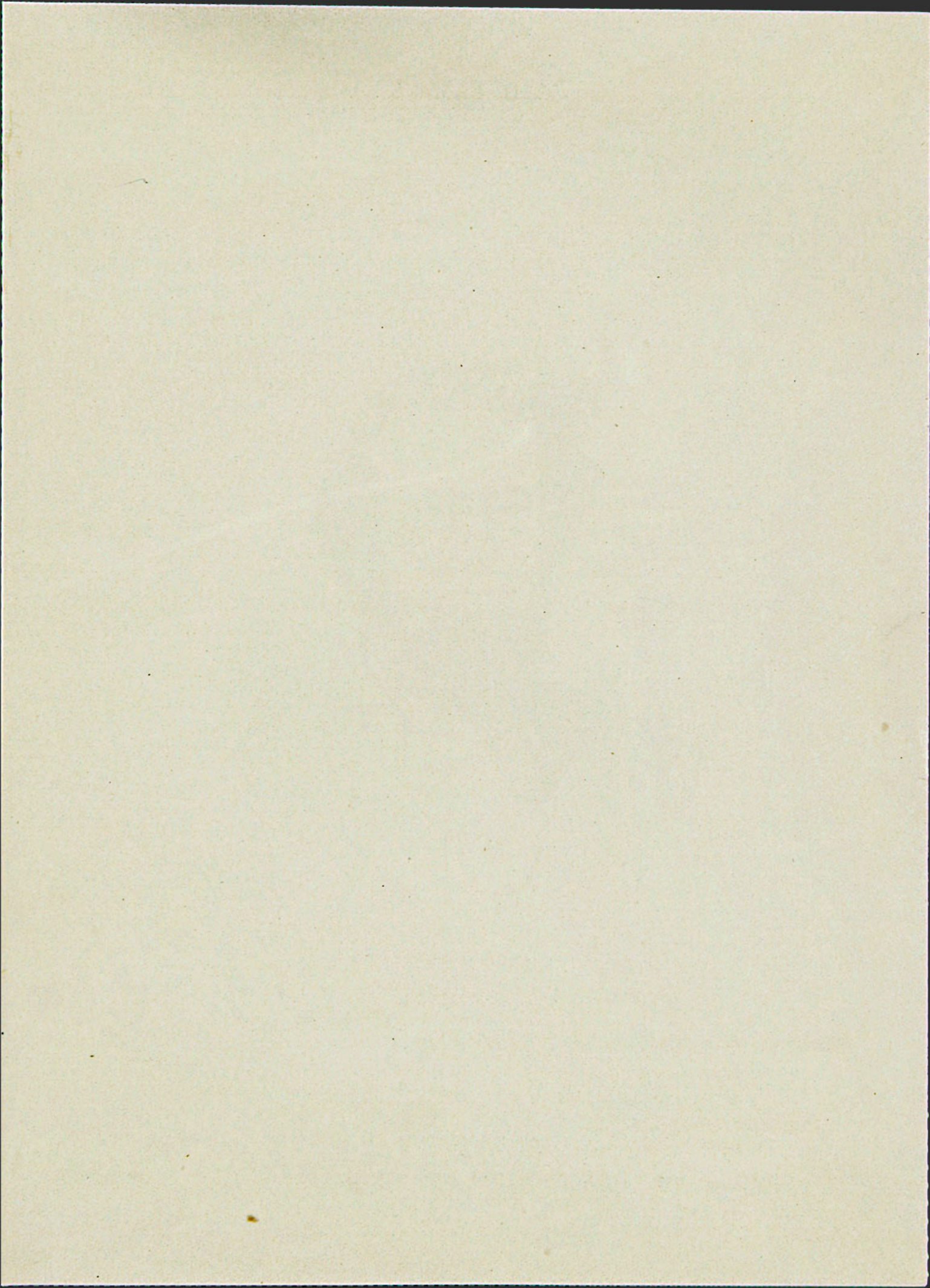
DEAR SIR:

I received the D. K. E. pin to day and can hardly tell you how pleased I am with it and the trouble and pains you have taken to carry out my wishes. I consider it the finest piece of fraternity badge work I have ever seen.

Yours sincerely,

EDWARD HURD SMITH."







FRANCIS H. PIERPONT