

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

ADOPTING a policy pursued by many college journals we shall consider every student of Allegheny College a subscriber to the CAMPUS, unless notice to the contrary be given to the business manager. This is to compel no one to take his own college paper who is wanting in loyalty or means, but is adopted as the best means of reaching every one. As a student, the CAMPUS represents you. It is your organ. Its columns are open to you. By your patronage you assist in making it better; by failing to support it, you can make its success doubtful.

WE suggest a slow race between the Senior and Junior classes to the goal of canes or silk hats. The suggestion that it be *slow* may seem unnecessary, for with the first headed both ways and the second refusing to move at all it would seem exceedingly stupid of any one to expect anything very fast. The fun would begin and end at the word, "Go."

MATERIAL for another lengthy chapter to be added to the already voluminous record of *Wars for Class Honor* is just now very interesting and abundant. It requires no little effort to refrain from producing a few extracts from those pages into which an unusual number of incidents, mainly ridiculous in their nature, have been crowded. Circumstances make it necessary to confine what is said here to a few abstractions concerning affairs bearing no marks which might lead to their being identified with what has recently taken place among us. To make it so plain that even the Seniors may understand, we add that we have written having in mind only a remote "ghost-absolute-tundamental-reality-thing-in-itself."

* * *

FOR once the political maelstrom of college life was given an opportunity to whirl, and, it seems needless to add, it whirled. A wild, giddy, but truly characteristic "young American" whirl. Only such, however, as might be expected to come from souls loving liberty and from minds developed under the influence of free institutions. There may be something bad lurking somewhere in such campaigns, but there is nevertheless a side to them amusing and abounding in much after-good, on account of which he does well who welcomes them as bringing a valuable bit of experience. These seasons have a tendency to bring into healthy activity such powers as make a go-ahead, successful man in that outer world toward which we are all casting anxious glances. The impressions of a calm looker-on during the late struggle would doubtless prove interesting reading; but the tendency toward the vortex was such that if any one stood resolutely upon the brink during the entire time he has since in a fit of self-reproach "taken to the woods."

AFTER college, what? If there could be kept before the mind of both student and instructor the relation of the college to the world, the proximity of the two, there is reason to believe that much energy which seems now to be misapplied would be directed to ends more profitable. The work of colleges is to educate the people for the people. Such at least it seems to be in view of the fact that the majority of those entering college pass without subsequent training into the world. There is knowledge and knowledge. The questions which should be asked in view of that for which the school prepares a man is, what knowledge is of the most worth to him? What are his actual needs? It is necessary that studies followed for mental discipline should precede those pursued for knowledge. It is a serious mistake for one to attempt to run the last end of his race first. He suffers an inestimable loss, for there are things met in the latter part of the way of which a knowledge can be gained only through senses which were acquired at the beginning. There is much mismanagement where students are left to follow their own sweet wills, and a strict compliance with what is known to be the best methods should always be enforced.

* * *

BUT on the otherhand is there not a possibility that too much time be devoted to pure mental gymnastics? Boys are boys much longer on account of school life, and much of the advantage which they have because of superior mental training is offset by their inexperience. Graduation is like a new birth, and a man steps a second time into an untried world. He is not to fight his way in the schools—if so, training must be sought in something more than colleges—but in an extremely practical and exacting world. In view of this fact it may be added that the college instructor is at the disadvantage of not being able to beget his own. In the majority of cases he

trains for quite another thing from that in which he himself is engaged. Those under him are soon to pass from the study of books to men. Should not, therefore, some preparation be given for this new study? Mention made by a professor of "a book that has helped me" sends a dozen boys in eager search for it, and when found it is read with double the interest that it would be under ordinary circumstances. The successful educator must make knowledge attractive. He must be able to make suggestions in such a way as to lead the student into a wider study than that made for the class room. Plainly, it seems best not to plow too deeply on favorite scientific, classical, and mathematical patches of a man's mental possessions to the utter neglect of much outlying ground which should be brought under cultivation. Heaven has parceled out to each a little mental domain which it seems the college renders the most useful service in assisting to survey and fence about.

* * *

IT can be said of no student that he has entered college until he has connected himself with some one of the literary societies. To these societies too much importance cannot be attached. They are a part of the college and afford the student an invaluable drill without which whatever else he may gain will profit him in a practical way very little; a drill which, if taken advantage of now, will spare him many an embarrassment in after years, and which will reduce at once, more than any other means known, unsightly angles such as have been acquired in gorgic pursuits. We had the thunder taken out of a good editorial concerning the literary societies by the flattering report reaching us concerning the good work being done in them. During the last two years there has been a noticable decline in interest in the gentlemen's societies—the most trivial excuses being sufficient for an adjournment on the part of all, or the shirking of performances on the

part of individuals. Now that this seems to have come to an end, let us hope that it will not be revived, but that faithfulness to duty will mark the entire year.

* * *

COMPLAINTS against the library are being constantly heard. Either the grumbler or the library is chargeable, and suspicion, when all the facts are known, rest strongly upon the former. Follow one of these pre-eminently fastidious growlers through a period spent with the fifteen thousand books making up our library. As he enters the door you can not fail to see that he is ravenously hungry for something to read—something modern, don't you know—for he rushes at once to the illustrated papers. Massive as his brain is it fails to find anything entertaining in a lot of "illustrated chestnuts you know"—"chestnuts" because for many days he has gone over the same round that he is now on. He frowns wisely, flings the paper upon the table and turns to something else. He is one of the sort who can tell you all about a book by simply reading its title; so he cranes his neck for some twenty minutes or more looking over, for the one thousandth time, the titles of some books arranged on a particular shelf. He may take one down just to satisfy a curiosity to know how many pages are in it. But he tires of this after a time, and falls to reading the tables of contents printed on the covers of the various reviews and magazines. This is tiresome to a man of a highly developed literary taste, so that he shortly retreats to the corner allotted to ancient bibles and amuses himself by hunting out the one bearing the earliest date. You feel like helping the fellow and venture to ask him what it is he is hunting for. "Something modern!"—uttered with almost tragic disdain—"a late novel, you know. Horrid library, this! Nothing later than fourteen hundred."

The picture is far from overdrawn. To find what such a taste demands would necessitate

a mental analysis by a process which requires that there be little or no inter-cranial ganglia to operate upon—for in this case there is a meager supply. The library, whilst lacking in modern literature, has nevertheless an almost unlimited supply of books containing knowledge. And knowledge is a good object for any seeker among books. There are things worth reading even after the ink with which they are printed has dried, and the student, who visits the library with an honest purpose to better himself, can not be disappointed.

THE EDITOR'S DRAG-NET.

"It is not to be expected that all should be fish which is caught in a drag-net."

A peculiar sea is this over which we have been sailing for the last two weeks, and a strange experience we have had upon it. For days there swarmed about us a school of whales, sharks—in short, everything down to the common cod and sucker. And there was war, red war; the cod devouring the sucker and then in turn falling prey to the shark, and the whale, in the end, getting himself on the outside of all of them.

But that which will distinguish this haul from all others, is the fact of its bringing up a rare specimen of classical literature. There became entangled somehow in the meshes of our net a strange looking, copper cylinder bearing the mark, "A. C., 18—," and within was found an essay entitled, *Thoughts on Scheming*. It reads as follows:

In the *Students' Dictionary*, near the top of the column headed "S," may be found the word, *scheming*, defined as "an honest, *open attempt to secretly undermine* (the italics are our own) the enemies' camp, and by an explosion, or series of explosions, disorder his lines and shatter his plans. Every student, before entering a class election should look up this definition and, after such attenuation as may be necessary, adjust it to his conscience. All students attend class elections except on certain occasions—whereunto hangs many a

good tale, from among which the following is selected.

Here the author of the essay tells a good tale, which circumstances compel us to let go, and hold to abstractions which are more ethical in their nature. He says, "It has doubtless been observed that society, even in college, does not at all times act as a unit. Out of this fact arise conditions, which, to say the least, are unpleasant. For example, when one man stands up over against another man, there is formed what is commonly called an *opposition*. And, barring the exquisite torture suffered by the nonentity upon the fence—and," he adds, parenthetically, "no one need take offense, for the attitude is utterly impossible under the conditions supposed—there is no part of one's existence quite so painful as that brief time passed in the ranks of an opposition.

But passing to matters even more dolorous, there is deserving of first mention the fact that something, lurking in the nature of success, makes it necessary, where two are struggling for the same indivisible thing, that one only shall be successful. This of course is not as it should be. Every man, at sometime or other, has felt that it is a serious mistake in the nature of things, notwithstanding the fact that the most of the evidence collected on the subject favors the theory that the great majority, if not all mistakes are made elsewhere. * *

* * * The successful and the unsuccessful man—abstractly considered of course—have the best of reasons for being on intimate terms. They are inseparable—in thought. The unsuccessful man is necessary to the success of the successful, and the opposite goes without saying. This is a bit of philosophy which has in it much healing for the nations—students included—if everybody could be brought to heroically submit. * * * * * When oppositions arise—and such must needs arise so long as there is human nature in men and things—would it not be better to submit to the inevitable? When there are "three pieces of cake for four of us," let the *other fellow* "thank the Lord there are no more of us," and try some other diet.

Literary.

Midnight Musings.

THERE is a sort of charm about late hours, even when spent in solitude, and, as I sit here with a book in my hand listening to the strokes of the town clock, I realize more fully than ever the truth, and the untruth, of the song which says:

"The best of all ways
To lengthen your days
Is to steal a few hours from the night."

Night has always had a peculiar fascination for me; no hours are so favorable for study as these; none so free from external tumult. And there is a strange sense of isolation which one feels in keeping a solitary vigil, when, to all appearances, the rest of mankind is lost in sleep; a feeling that you share with the moon the privilege of keeping watch over the slumbers of mankind. Then, the night is a fit time for meditation; you can think better knowing that you are the sole representative of thousands. The thought is not constantly intruding itself—as it does in the garish light of day—that you should not be sitting thus idle; you feel that if you are wasting time, yet it is time stolen from the hours of sleep, and you can spend it as you please.

If you wish to read, at no other time can you give your attention so freely to your book or enter so deeply into its spirit as in the quiet hours of the night. At will you can transport yourself to the scenes portrayed in the pages of your book without having your mind diverted by the cares and duties of the day.

There are but few sounds to break the silence, and even they seem more interesting than by day. Who has not listened to the foot-falls of some belated wayfarer in the dead of night? First they are far away; they come closer, you can hear them more plainly; now they are muffled as a crossing is reached; finally they pass your door and die away. Perhaps they were unsteady, and you think of the saloon quitted, and the home to which

he is going. Perhaps a wife, perhaps a daughter is sitting alone anxiously waiting for that foot-step—but no matter, he has gone by and you think of him no more.

The strokes of the clock only make you reflect how short the hours seem—they are “wee sma’” hours in a double sense, these hours after midnight, if spent pleasantly.

How much better it is, you think, to spend them thus than in inglorious sleep, as the beasts do. Man is the only animal that can turn his night into day, and shall he not enjoy his prerogative?

There is another thought which intrudes itself with unpleasant force upon you, and that is, night is the time for crime, the time when human brutes are the most active; the criminal chooses it to cover his deeds with a cloak of darkness. How disagreeable it would be to have one’s reverie interrupted by a rude demand for money, or to find in the morning that while you had been awake, while you and the moon had been “keeping watch over the slumbers of mankind,” that some one had entered the house and taken everything of value. But away with such unpleasant thoughts! Night is the time when fairies dance in their charmed rings and hold their revels about the sacred toadstool; the time, too, when witches sail away upon their traditional steeds (why did they ever choose a broomstick to ride on? a clothes-horse would be more appropriate) to their secret haunt in the Black Forest. Here they meet their master and join with him in hellish revels until the morn begins to break; then away again over the woods, past houses where the dogs howl dismally as they go by, through the mists of the morning they haste to their homes: and who would ever suspect the innocent looking broomstick, standing behind the door so gravely next day, of ever having been to the Forest and taken part in a grand carnival only a few hours before?

Twelve o’clock; now is the time when, according to all accepted traditions, ghosts may take a brief respite from their onerous duties, and, attired in the conventional white shroud, parade through graveyards, terrifying the

superstitious and adding new horrors to a journey in the dark. Now is the time when evil spirits have power over the race of men. They come and disturb your slumbers; you wake up suddenly wondering what is the matter, consult your watch—it is just a few minutes after twelve; you think it was nothing but a dream and try to sleep again, but do not be too sure of that, did you not hear a dog howl in the street just now?

Twelve o’clock; there is an uncanny fear which creeps over us when alone in the darkness, and this is intensified at the witching hour of midnight. We feel a vague dread of the darkness, probably inherited from our cave-dwelling ancestors, who learned by experience that a ramble in the dark was liable to end in a fall over the rocks, or an encounter with wild beasts. The cause for fear is gone now, but the fear itself remains.

Twelve o’clock; midnight is the chosen time for solemn meditations. Our responsibilities and troubles come before us with greater force than by day, and thoughts of departed ones and memories long hidden from sight rush in upon us in the darkness with redoubled intensity, or as Longfellow so beautifully puts it:

“When the hours of the day are numbered
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul that slumbered,
To a holy calm delight,

Then the forms of the departed
Enter through the open door,
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit us once more.”

G. A. H.

At Syracuse University the freshmen raise their hats to the upper classmen.—*Ex.* We are glad to notice special college features which deserve commendation. The above shows a disposition in the part of Syracuse to fall into line with the breadth and poise in American culture. Here we have manners and mathematics tripping hand in hand. The day has gone by when the lower classmen should be entirely dependant on Hill’s Manual for points on etiquette. Freshmen, salute!

Truth, a Factor in Education.

EDUCATION is development. It is the constant unfolding and growth of the qualities of man. It may lead him to the attainment of a fine physique; it may wonderfully expand his mental powers and stir up within him noble and earnest thoughts. Along either of these separate pathways man may be guided and made a physical, mental, or moral giant. But true education is more than this. If he wishes to live he must have health; if he desires to move in society, he must have conversational acquirements; if he wishes to live a pure life, he must know the truth.

This true education purposes to do. It does not aim to make him a gladiator, a scholar, or a religious man, but the proportionate combination of the three; and that one only is worthy to be called educated in whom is a "sound mind in a sound body" and a virtuous heart. This is the origin of true living. Here emanate influences and forces, which, if inculcated in man, would produce principles of right living.

Such broad culture must be based on something other than physical, intellectual or moral development separately. But we would not belittle the agencies employed in the cultivation of the physical man, for we remember that without a physical basis little opportunity exists for the enrichment of man's other faculties. That one is to be pitied who can only boast his strength and the attainments of the material man. And yet, how much less the logic of these than of those intellectual geniuses who stifle the growth of morality? Moral truth is sacrificed for the training of the mind, for which some claim that schools and colleges exist. Mind is to be revered, but not to the subversion of man's higher and purer nature.

The history of the past has fully demonstrated the fact that the brilliant intellectual lights have not been the most exalted. In the most prominent fields, and in all walks of life those, who have been guided by that power which is not of man, shine forth most lustrously in the firmament of pre-eminence.

Scan the pages of history, study the names made famous in literature, science and philosophy, and there find how vast the majority of those who knew the truth. Their mind to them was a kingdom and that animating, controlling and inspiring influence which thrilled the souls of the martyrs and heroes of old, and of those to-day has had full possession of their whole beings. All scientific truths have been originated by believers in the Bible; all scientific discoveries have been made by doers of its will.

Literature would never have attained its remarkable sphere of influence in the enlightenment and civilization of the world, and would never have made itself immortal, had it not been that its masters were believers in the truth and strove to obey its precepts and emulate its divine pattern. True, many names which have reached eminence in this field of labor have been regarded as giants in intellectual culture. But these made the greatest of mistakes, they did not even reach that culture of which they were capable, and were wholly destitute of that "fairness of mind which is only another name for disinterested love of truth." Such were Edgar Allen Poe, and many other eminent and learned writers. Emerson charms us, but when he so magnifies the human and discountenances the super-human, we are forced to refuse him the appellation—truly educated. Byron, Burns, Carlisle and Mill failed to appreciate the fact that deep research and study could not alone produce the noblest characters or the greatest development in thought.

In philosophy many giant thinkers have existed. They have stormed the bulwarks of truth and have desperately striven to overthrow all those principles upon which stand virtue, faith and uprightness. But how futile have been their attempts. "Truth is mighty and will prevail." It is as firm as the adamantine rocks and enduring as the everlasting hills. It has stood the test of centuries. Its ramparts have been attacked and besieged on all sides, but it still stands immutable as the palladium of our true citizens.

This is a practical age. Everything is rushing in this direction with an impetus that is almost wonderful. It may be that those instructors who lay particular stress upon the cultivation of the practical, to the detriment of the moral, are extreme in their views, but so vast is the corruption, so widespread are the traps laid for the youth of the land, and so infested are the social and political realms that it is necessary to inculcate truth and morality.

Complete living is the object of all education, the end for which we are trained. This is obtained only by the development of the whole man, and hence the argument of the advocates of the system of industrial education. Students should be trained not for examinations, but for the purpose of living consistent and upright lives. They should not only be learned in Latin, Greek, Mathematics and in all the sciences, but they should be thoroughly equipped with that practical wisdom which enables them to conquer the forces of nature about them and bring these into subjection to their will.

We bid all hail to the gymnasium ; we honor all the efforts made for the enlightenment of the mind. All speed to the system of industrial education, but let us not mistake and stop short of a full and clear knowledge of the truth, and of that inspiration and animating influence which is more than all else in the perfecting of our characters, and in acquiring that beauty and symmetry which alone can aid us in building stately mansions. W. W. Y.

"Michigan University has now more students than any other American institution of learning."—*Ex.* And right royally did they welcome the Pan-American Congress to Ann Arbor. The whole college, about 2,000 strong, turned out and gave the college yell, a thing which was incomprehensible to the most of them. Nor could we have shown to this congress a better representative college—one which is as marked by its phenomenal growth and prosperity as Chicago is the newest, and yet one of our greatest cities.

The College World.

Exchanges.

The *Hamilton Review* is a new face on our exchange list, and promises to be one of our best. The editorial and literary matter is of high grade.

The Monmouth College *Annex* contains a "first prize oration" on "Our English Language," which shows a great deal of study and care in its make-up.

The *Practical Student*, the weekly publication of Ohio Wesleyan, has good local and alumni notes, but there is too much "patent" stereotype matter to satisfy the critical mind of a student. A college publication should be the work of students.

The October number of the *Swarthmore Phoenix* contains some excellent literary efforts. "Through the mists of time," discussing whether ours has been an age of progress or retrogression, contains real merit. It also contains a well written eulogy on John Bright.

The *Colby Echo*, in an editorial on hazing, writes the following epitaph :

BURIED.

At Colby University,

During the Fall term,

1889.

HAZING.

Old and full of years was he.

Requiescat in pace.

In the majority of our exchanges we find a noticeable lack of literary matter. The local and editorial columns of most of them are good, but purely original literary matter is a scarcity. While not taking the CAMPUS as a criterion, we would modestly suggest that more work might be put into the literary departments. The reputation which a college publication secures abroad must be from the editorials and literary articles, and these departments should receive equal attention with the local columns.

Dr. Joseph Leidy, of the University of Pennsylvania, has received the Cuvier prize for distinguished work. The other presidents who have been honored with this prize are Agassiz and Asa Gray.

We clip the following from the *Northwestern*, in the belief that it will apply to Allegheny students as well:

This week's red paint outrage has already received sufficient comment from the professors, trustees and students, so that further remark in the college paper is nearly uncalled for. The reckless daubers doubtless thought, and possibly still think, that they got a good joke on the university in general, and the Freshman class in particular, when they permanently disfigured the college entrance with blotches of red paint and decrepit class bluffs; but practical jokers are generally the ones who best appreciate their own jokes. For our part, we have been utterly unable to see the point of the joke. If the act had been done in defense of some right or to correct some grievance, there might have been a little more warrant for it; but in this quiet school such things are altogether a nuisance. Class spirit is a very good thing, and we like to see it, but that spirit ceases to be anything but maliciousness when directed against the institution which it is our duty to honor.

William Raymond Baird, of New York, is about to publish a new revised edition of his "American College Fraternities." This deservedly popular work has been of the greatest value and interest to college men, whether fraternity men or not, and the new addition will be generally welcomed.—*Mail and Express*.

The above announcement we are pleased to notice, as it is in the line of a want among college students, not only fraternity, but non-fraternity men. Although alive to the fact before assuming our present duties, we never realized how ignorant the average student is of the great college world outside of the little sphere of his own college. In this day when a collegiate education is almost imperative to a man's success in life, and when the higher education is receiving such an important position in governmental affairs, it behooves us to keep apace with its growth and success. Since the war both colleges and universities have grown

up in the west, and now some of the western state institutions are equal to the old eastern colleges. Harvard has enrolled 380 Freshmen this fall, while De Pauw has enrolled 150, and University of Wisconsin 250. Let us gain a more intimate knowledge of the world in which we spend four of our busiest and happiest years, and welcome a work giving a complete, interesting account of the colleges of our land.

Moral.

Join the batallion.

Patronize the library.

Frew is back with a better half.

Hulings Hall club numbers about sixty.

There are yet unoccupied chairs in chapel.

Mr. Dick, of Erie, visited Harry Espy last week.

M. C. Blystone, an alumnus of Allegheny, is in the city.

We are glad to see our old friend Varner with us again.

The average table board at Hulings Hall for the first week was \$2.25.

Proper, class '89, and Christy, ex-'88, were at the State Convention.

Allegheny society adjourned last Friday night on account of gas. Strange!

Now comes that sad and melancholy part of the year when the student must needs pay his gas bills.

Hulings Hall girls have constituted themselves into a walking club. Saegertown was the destination of several last Monday.

D. W. Howell, '88, was the delegate from Drew Theological Seminary to the American Interseminary Missionary Alliance held at Chicago last week.

Scheme ! Scheme !

What will we do Hollowe'en?

What has become of our Band ?

J. R. Anderson is visiting in the city.

Send the CAMPUS to your home friends.

Miss Helen J. Clark, ex-'92, is at Oberlin.

Rev. C. W. Miner was in the city a few days ago.

Who is going to see "Little Lord Fauntleroy?"

One '93 flag still floats peacefully above Hulings Hall.

Clare spent a day at the Pittsburg Exposition last week.

E. A. Hersperger has gone to Pittsburg to attend the Exposition.

The advanced Surveying class spent a day in Saegertown last week.

Mr. T. M. Morrison is a candidate for County Treasurer of Erie county.

The advanced Surveying class is leveling between this city and Saegertown.

F. M. Dice, ex-'92, visited friends in college last week. He may return to graduate.

Prof. W. A. Elliott and R. W. Elliott spent a few days at home, Gustavus, O., last week.

The Y. M. C. A. are endeavoring to secure the Athenian Hall for a permanent place of meeting.

Dr. L. L. Doan, class '84, has been recently added to the medical staff of the State Asylum at Warren, Pa.

The second lecture of the People's Lecture Course will be on November 13th. The lecturer will be Robert J. Burdett.

Ernest Bell, '88, is among us again. He soon goes back to Boston University, where he is pursuing a course in theology.

Warm weather this.

This term half gone.

What has become of the long talked of reception ?

Tennis is making a feeble struggle to remain "on deck."

J. B. Hawk has started a club at the old Evans House.

McDade spent a few days at his home in Kane, Pa., recently.

F. C. Bray, ex-'90, is at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

There has been a recent unexplainable increase in the Junior class.

Miss Mary Scott, of Corry, Pa., is visiting her Kappa Alpha Theta sisters.

J. L. Porter goes to Franklin next week to give an elocutionary entertainment.

Don't forget to look in your CAMPUS to see who advertises, when you want to make purchases.

Sunday evening prayer-meetings are held by the Y. M. C. A. in Bentley Hall from 6:15 to 7 o'clock.

Dinner is served five minutes later at Hulings Hall to accomodate students who have a sixth bell recitation.

Messrs. Varner and Rigg have returned to complete their course here, and have entered the Senior class.

Class of '91 has levied an assessment of five cents to purchase a "Robert's Rules of Order" for President Jewell.

J. M. Farrell, ex-'90, was in chapel recently. He has been appointed by the Erie conference of the M. E. church to Spartansburg, Pa.

Philo society is to hold a moot Congress in three weeks. The subject under discussion will be, "Shall Canada be annexed?" Everybody is invited.

Arrangements are being made by the C. E.'s for an excursion to Conneaut Lake to spend a few days in triangulating.

Miss Blanche Minor, who has been ill for some time, left for her home in Cleveland, O., last week. She will not return until the winter term.

The work of the old members of the battalion is confined at present to artillery drill. The new men enjoy themselves with the exercises, balance step and other such interesting things.

Some "enterprising" member of '93 recently decorated the steps and walk of the Campus with a liberal supply of red paint. Such demonstrations do not show class spirit, but rather shallowness of mind.

At recent meetings of the Junior class the following officers have been elected: President, Jewell; Vice President, Miss Mount; Ladder Orator, Porter; Poet, Wood; Essayist, Youngson; Historian, Johnson.

The Sophomore class have elected the following officers: President, F. W. Black; Vice President, Eagleson; Secretary, Burgess; Treasurer, Byers; Poet, Gibson; Orator, Brown; Essayist, Echols; Historian, Miss Diffen.

Dr. W——. Now, Heiser, you think the voice of your best girl is like that of no other girl living.

Mr. H——. I never heard it.

Dr. W——. I have the impression that I have.

After the usual amount of puerile wire-pulling the third Preparatory class have elected the following officers: President, F. H. Murphy; Vice President, Higley; Secretary, Miss Grace Trumper; Treasurer, Tuttle; Orator, Shattuc; Essayist, Miss McFate; Poet, Derickson; Historian, Miss McQuiston; Chaplain, Quick; Sergeant-at-Arms, Smith. As the class ran out of offices at this point they adjourned.

The delegates sent to New Castle to attend the State Convention, report a good and profitable time. Nearly 300 delegates were present. About a dozen colleges were represented, and Allegheny's delegation was not one to be ashamed of. All the meetings were full of interest. Mr. Sankey's singing added much to the convention, and the people of New Castle made it pleasant for the delegation in every way possible.

Fraternity.

Kappa Alpha Theta has entered Syracuse University.

Heydrick now wears the lavender and purple of Phi Gamma Delta.

P. L. Hatch has lately donned the badge of the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity.

Messrs. Babcock and Townsend have been initiated into Delta Tau Delta.

On the evening of October 3d the Misses Monett became members of Kappa Kappa Gamma.

Phi Delta Theta is receiving congratulations on Harry Cotton, '93, who was initiated October 12th.

Messrs. Starr, Davis and McClelland were initiated into Sigma Alpha Epsilon last Monday evening.

The General Convention of Kappa Alpha Theta will be held at Bloomington, Ind., about the close of the month.

Phi Kappa Psi entertained their lady friends at their home on Highland avenue, on the evening of the 7th. A very enjoyable evening was spent in dancing, and with various games.

Mr. F. G. Stubbs is attending the biennial convention of Phi Delta Theta, which is in session at Bloomington, Ill. Delegates are present from sixty-six chapters. Mr. Stubbs is representing Pennsylvania Delta chapter.

Clippings.

A FOOLISH TEXT.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself!"

What a foolish preacher!

Thou art dearer than myself,

Neighbor, sweetheart, teacher.

None is equal to thyself,

Thou art far above me;

And I dare not ask myself

"Would she stoop to love me?"

None I love except thyself—

Kneel in awe before thee—

And I only hate myself

That I'm all unworthy.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself!"

Parson's lost his labor,

Fool I'd be to love myself

As I love my neighbor.

—*Philadelphia Press.*

In Cornell's last batch of graduates, ten per cent. only were women, yet they won sixty per cent. of the fellowships.

The University of Michigan has no marking system, class rank, honors or prizes except the diploma of graduation.—*Ex.*

All the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States are college graduates except Justice Miller, who was graduated from a medical school.

The first prize in an oratorical contest at Lombard College, Galesburg, Ill., was awarded to a negro of the sophomore class. The subject of the oration was, "The American Negro."

"You will find my dear boy, that the dearly prized
kiss,

Which with rapture you snatched from the half-willing
miss,

Is sweeter by far than the legalized kisses

You give the same girl when you've made her a Mrs."

—*Ex.*

The reports current as to the financial condition of Johns Hopkins University are being strenuously denied. She has received nearly \$300,000 during the last half year.

At a recent performance in the New Haven opera house, as a number of students left their seats between acts, a good lady was heard to remark, "Ain't it too bad those young fellows have to go home and go to studying."

The seminary *Tattler* is published at The Young Ladies' Seminary, Steubenville, Ohio. Its motto is:

"Whate'er girls do, or say, or think, or dream,

Our motley paper seizes for a theme."

Seventy-five American college libraries were last year augmented to the amount of a hundred thousand volumes. Harvard, Columbia, Cornell, Boston University, Yale and Princeton received the largest additions.

One-third of the students of Europe die prematurely from the effects of bad habits acquired at college; one-third die prematurely from the effects of close confinement at their studies, and the other third govern Europe.

Harvard's orator for the next graduating class is a colored man. He hails from Washington, D. C., where his parents are still living. His name is Clement Garrett Morgan, and he was elected last Thursday night at a meeting of the Senior class on a ticket which was chosen after a long and exciting contest. Mr. Morgan was elected class orator over a white man, and he received a substantial majority, some of his support coming from students born and bred in the south. There was some opposition to Morgan on account of his color, but it amounted to naught against the overshadowing sentiment in his favor. That he is the most finished orator in the class is admitted. He won the Boylston prize for oratory last year, gaining thereby the sum of \$60. The fame won then insured him the election as class orator, an office for the filling of which not only oratory, but literary merit is required. Both of these are possessed by the young col-

ored man. Morgan is about 23 years old, and received his preparatory education in New England, chiefly by his own efforts, but partly at the expense of people who befriended him. In his Freshman year at Harvard he worked in odd hours in a Cambridge barber shop, maintaining at the same time an honorable rank in his class. His high scholarship has won him other benefits of a pecuniary kind since then. Morgan is a handsome young fellow, with a fine head and broad forehead, polished manners and manly bearing. He commands the respect and goodwill of all his classmates, while the Harvard faculty look upon him as one of the university's most promising young men. The fact that he is a colored man has not mitigated against him in his relations with his fellow-students. He says the color line is not drawn at Harvard. The office to which he is elected is the highest honor within the gift of the class.—*Pittsburg Press*.

Few college jokes can lay claim to higher rank than the following: One bright winter morning the students of the Kansas State University decided to have some fun. Several of the shrewdest put their heads together and decided on a plan of action. They forged a telegram to the effect that Senator Ingalls had died, and that the immediate presence of the faculty was desired, signing the name of Mrs. Ingalls. Chancellor Lippencott, upon receipt of the telegram, at once called a meeting of the faculty, and it was decided by the members to go in a body. Prof. Snow, however, could not go, as he was billed for a lecture, but he quickly changed his lecture to an eulogy on Senator Ingalls. Just before the other members started for Senator Ingall's home, the boys sent a telegram to the senator, asking him to meet the faculty at the depot, signing Chancellor Lippencott's name. The faculty went, the senator came to the depot to meet them, Prof. Snow delivered an eloquent eulogy, the *Lawrence Tribune* rushed it into print—and the boys laughed. What became of the instigator we do not know, but in our opinion he ought to have been given free tuition for the rest of his course.—*Iowa Wesleyan*.

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