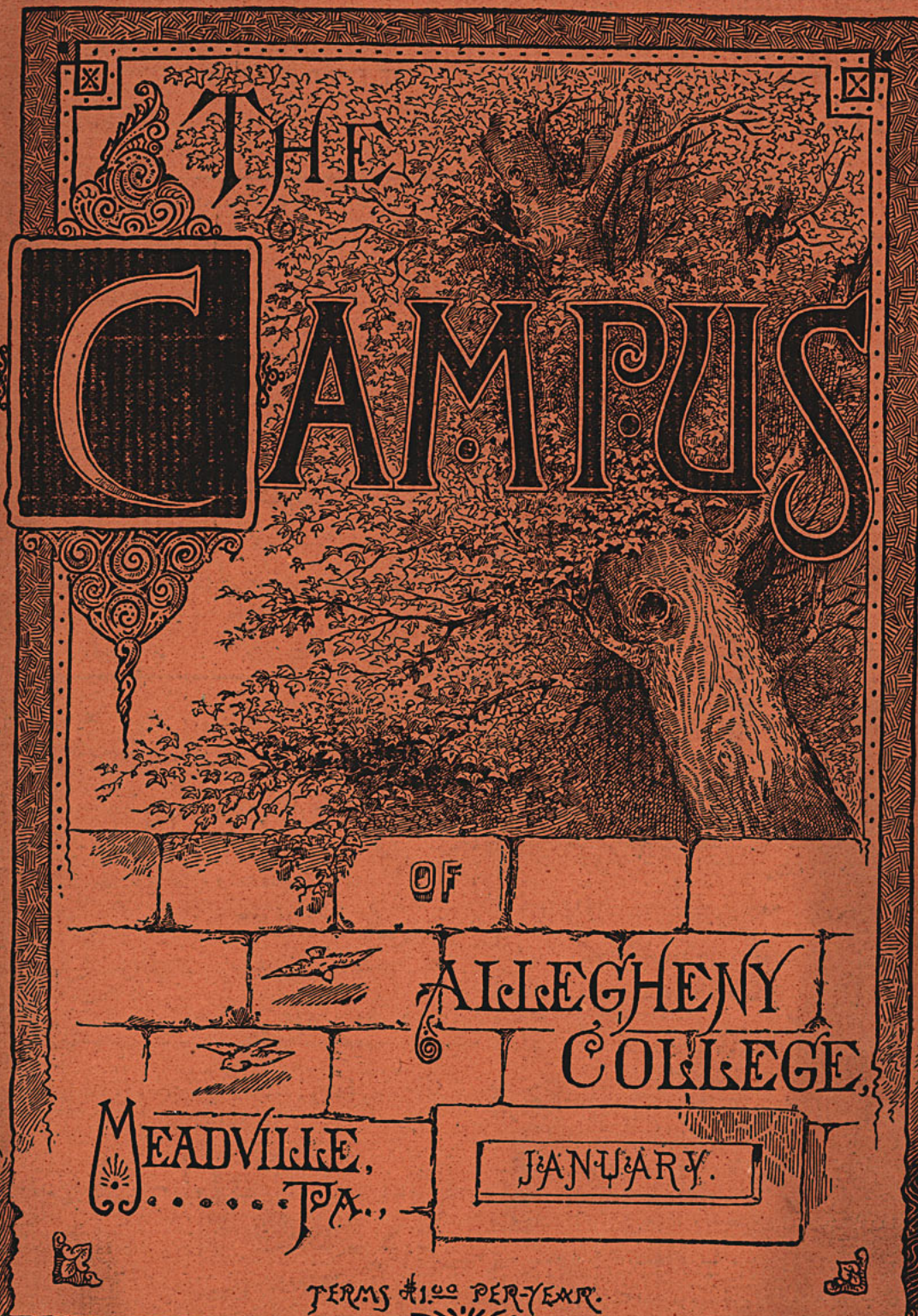


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"INTER SILVAS ACADEMI QUÆRIMUS VERUM."

VOL. VIII, No. 5.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE, MEADVILLE, PA., JANUARY, 1884.

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Go, 'tis your Lord's command,  
O'er all the world to roam,  
From wandering in far lands,  
Bring thou thy brother home.

How beautiful indeed  
The feet of those who bring  
Salvation, tidings sweet  
Of pardon from the King.

The Father loved us so!  
Tell how he gave His Son;  
And whosoever will  
May hear His gracious "Come."

'Tis yours the news to tell,  
To go from east to west,  
Seeking earth's heavy hearts,  
Bringing them peace and rest.

Persuade, uplift, befriend;  
Give heed to sorrow's tears.  
The erring give thy hand,  
Wrestle with God in prayer.

Gird every power, be strong,  
Fired be thy tongue with love,  
In hours of need words shall be given,  
Princes and Kings thou'lt move.

Thus did thy Master do,  
Does thy heart fail thee? Lo!  
Always I am with thee,  
Hold to the end, be true.

ANCIENT IRELAND.

BY C.

THERE are no literary records of the history of Ireland extant, bearing an earlier date than the writings of the early Christians; and these are so mingled with legendary and mythical accounts, that the history of the Ancient inhabitants is involved in obscurity. The very uncertainty, however, which surrounds all that occurred prior to the introduction of Christianity, imparts to this misty morning of the nation's existence a romantic interest, especially in the eyes of Irishmen. To the gigantic Formorians, and to the sorceries of the Neme-

dians and Firbolgs are ascribed deeds as wonderful as those credited to the mythological characters of Greece. Although there is so much that is doubtful, yet the antiquarian gleans a regular history from the writings of ancient poets, and from transcripts by Christian writers of records which were supposed to have been made in pagan times. This tells us that, about five centuries before the Christian era, a colony of Scythians from Spain settled in Ireland, bringing with them the Phœnician language and letters; and that, although there may have been earlier inhabitants from Gaul or Britain, the sons of Milesius gave to the Irish a race of kings, who were from their times distinguished by the name of Gadelians or Scuits. The ancient Irish became early divided into clans or tribes, and faction and feud commenced almost as soon as the history itself commenced. One petty war followed another, and almost complete anarchy reigned for many years, until the monarch, known as Ollam Fodla, established a regular government. He instituted a triennial convention at Tara, in Meath, for the purpose of establishing laws and regulating the government; and, in addition to this, he founded a seminary of learning for the education of the people.

However advantageous these institutions may have been, they did long survive the turbulence of the times; though Meath came to be recognized as the centre of government, and other features of the old condition of affairs were afterward revived. The chief of each tribe paid a loose homage to the monarch, and received in return a certain kind of protection. The laws were administered by bards through the greater part of the early history, and they became very powerful: so much so that they began to be unjust and corrupt, and the people at one time rose against them and compelled them to adopt reforms in their methods of administering justice. For centuries there was a constant repetition of feud, faction and war, ended by a treacherous peace. Among the most renowned of all the pagan monarchs was Cormac O'Conn, grandson of Conn of the hundred battles. The annalists speak with rapture of his beautiful daughters, his warlike sons, the endowments of institutions of learning, and the revision of the laws.

The conversion of the Irish did not materially change their customs, though it moderated their vices. The ecclesiastics took the place in power, and in the veneration of the people, that was formerly held by the bards. The seminaries of learning passed into their hands, and grew in power and influence, so, that in the seventh century, seven thousand students are said to have studied at Armagh. Even Anglo Saxon nobles retired from their own country to Ireland for instruction, for stricter discipline, and missionaries were sent to other lands to convert the pagans to Christianity.

The customs that were found in Ireland by the Christians were disturbed as little as possible; hospitality was enjoined upon the people, and the duty of supporting the church was strongly emphasized. The system of educating the youth by removing them to grow up in other families, and there receive

instruction, was in vogue among the Irish as well as among the English. Crime was lightly punished; the penalty for the most outrageous offences being merely an *eric*, or fine. There was no such thing as national patriotism; no one cared except for his own safety and the prosperity of his family and clan; treachery and falsehood were used without scruple when circumstances seemed to require them. With such a condition of affairs, it is not surprising that the times were rude and unsettled. The Irish were occasionally united against the Danes, but when a partial victory rendered them safe for a time, the old strife would soon be stirred up again. It was this lack of union and integrity of character that exposed them to conquest by the English, and that has occasioned much of their suffering and degradation through all the centuries of English rule.

Even students know little of the first conquest of Ireland, save that it occurred during the reign of Henry II., and about the year 1172; but there is, as in all history, a philosophy behind the mere event. In the midst of the factional strife between the different chiefs, a hostility was engendered between O'Ruarc, prince of Breffney, and Dermot, a Leinster chieftain. O'Ruarc had been driven from his own territory by a combination of the princes of Leinster and Connaught; and Dermot, taking advantage of his distress, seized Dervorghal, his gay and beautiful wife, and carried her to his own province. From this time the enmity between them was most bitter. O'Ruarc appealed to Torlogh, who was then monarch, and by his assistance Dervorghal was retaken and carried back to her friends; if not to be reconciled to her husband, to atone for her inconstancy by magnificent donations to the church. Torlogh soon died, and Dermot hastened to pay homage to O'Lochlan, his successor, who received him favorably and enabled him to triumph over his enemy. His triumph was short, however, for O'Lochlan was soon after killed in battle and Roderric came into power. Dermot dreaded the wrath of his enemy, and also of the monarch, whose rival he had supported; he hastened to destroy that which would be of the most service to the enemy and then fled from his dominions. His fears were not unfounded, for with a powerful force his enemies overran his province, spreading death and desolation in every part. It was then that Dermot saw the result of the severity and injustice of his former reign; his old allies deserted him; even his subjects forgot their allegiance in the hour of extreme peril, and alone he fled to England to seek aid to recover his dominions. If men are not thoughtful of the rights and happiness of others from a sense of duty, let them be so from policy; for reward will as certainly follow such a course, as punishment follows the neglect of it. Dermot but illustrated a truth which has been disregarded by men of every age, and they, like him, have learned; when the knowledge was of little value, what the experience of others should have taught them.

To the incident of the capture of the not unreluctant Dervorghal, Giraldus assigns the importance of being the cause of the invasion of Ireland; to make the fate of this country like that of Troy, depend upon the beauty and fickleness of a woman, would certainly be a romantic way of considering the affair, but would scarcely do justice to the fact, or to the character of woman; for it was as the partisan of O'Lochlan, not as the captor of Dervorghal, that Dermot was driven from his native land to seek English help, and to inspire

English hearts with the hope of conquest. His character was not so well known in England, and he was there received as a king driven from his realm by an unjust conspiracy; the clergy showed him especial favor, and assisted him in obtaining a hearing from the king, then in Aquitain. Henry was too closely occupied with his trouble with Robert in Normandy, and his difficulty with Becket in England, to undertake an invasion of Ireland; so he gave Dermot a letter granting the royal license and favor to any of his subjects who should be disposed to aid the king of Leinster in the recovery of his dominion. Armed with this he returned to England and applied to several powerful nobles, holding out to some of them the extra inducement of a marriage to his daughter, but he was coldly received by all except Robert Fitz-Stephen. This gentleman being an adventurous character and desiring to clear himself from certain difficulties which surrounded him at home, finally promised to raise a body of his Welsh countrymen and assist Dermot in his enterprise, stipulating for a liberal reward to be paid in conquered lands and cities. The courage and discipline of the Welsh soldiery triumphed over the numbers of the fickle minded natives, and the English soon held two of the principal seaports, and a considerable portion of territory. The history of this band of adventurers among a foreign and hostile people, and in an unknown country, is full of strange vicissitudes. At one time victory crowned their efforts, and they reveled in peace and plenty; at another, defeat reduced them to destitution, and utter annihilation seemed to be in store for them. At length, Henry, fearing lest his subjects should attempt to establish themselves in power, and having settled, in a measure, his difficulties at home, came at the head of a large force to take possession of the conquests already made, and to receive homage from other chieftains awed by his pomp and glory. Ireland has never since been free; and the immediate cause of the invasion, which was so great in event, was the passion and cupidity of an odious fugitive. It is possible that this was simply the method in the hands of a divine Being of reclaiming a people, and of saving them from their own folly by the bitter experience of subjugation; but we can only know what has been and the apparent causes.

#### A FEW HINTS TO READERS.

BY H., CLASS OF '77.

BY actual calculation a reader may know how many pages he can plod through in one year. The number, based on the work of a diligent student, amounts to about eighty thousand and octavo pages. This, if he reads eight hours per day, can be accomplished. The number of volumes represented is two hundred, with 400 pages each. A very rough estimate will satisfy any student that he can not read the books in a library in a lifetime. The task would be appalling. Again, if any attempt is made to master the work, studied or read, the time required for reading must be doubled. The task of plodding through a large library, is not likely to be offered to any one, nor will it even become a self-imposed duty. The question that concerns readers is not how much they shall read, but what they shall read.

Education does not consist in having a mass of facts and

theories stored away in the mind; but in knowing where and what to look for when facts or theories are needed, a reader, with this idea in view, is able to locate much material that will be of use to him, at some future time. We need not read a book to know that it contains valuable information on some topic, about which he is not now interested, but may be at some other time. The advantage for examining and reading books offered to a student while he attends college, will seldom come again. If he becomes a teacher, and is fortunate enough to obtain a situation in an institution where a large library exists, the opportunity comes; or if a professional man located in a city where books accumulate. But the majority of students do not realize such dreams, and are situated far from large collections of books. The four or five years during which one attends college, becomes the most important part of a lifetime. The map of the whole future life is looked over, vantage-ground is noted, and preparation made for the skirmishes of life. The actual cost of four years thrown away, can not be estimated. That a student has little time left for reading after he has learned lessons, is not denied; but, the use made of this little time is the questionable point. If reading eight hours per day is impossible, perhaps an hour might be devoted to what, will shortly become, a very pleasant and profitable recreation. By reading one hour per day, twenty-five volumes are mastered. Indeed, reading may be so directed as to help studies, and shorten the time required to master lessons. Thus, a student is reading a Latin or Greek author, he finds little, in perhaps a page, to interest him; and looks on it all as a task to be performed like any other task. Suppose he branches out, learns all he can, by reading, about this author and his times, becomes interested and soon reads his daily lesson with delight. One can readily acquire the habit of reading, and it, like all other habits, is hard to break. Again, large libraries contain rare books and valuable manuscripts. Fortunes would not buy some of them, and however successful a man may be in business he cannot obtain the curious volumes that he might examine while at college. The library of Allegheny College contains a large number of very valuable books, many useful works of reference, some quaint old volumes for curiosity seekers, a large number of entertaining and instructive books on subjects of the day, and a fair showing of poetry and fiction. The management gives the best possible opportunities to students who wish to use the library. We can safely say that few libraries allow the books to be handled or taken from the shelves by readers, while the length of time during which it is open is much greater than that usually given by libraries of this class. The reading room is also of great advantage to students; newspapers and magazines are supplied in quantity sufficient for all the purposes of general readers.

To make the most of an opportunity of this kind does not consist in taking down one book after another from the shelves and rapidly turning over their leaves, or in reading whatever book falls into our hands. Indeed this is a most pernicious habit, and is an indication of lack of method and observation. Any one who wishes to improve continually, should have a subject before him, on which he studies at all convenient times, now let him bend all his reading in this direction, and he will soon have a fixed amount of knowledge on that subject. Taking up another, in the same way, he soon has all the material

in sight that refers to it, and is ready at any time to build up and complete the work he has marked out by his reading.

Many times, a question asked the librarian will save hours of search for a desired book, but one should be sure he knows what he wants before he attempts to ask for it. The standard should be advanced each day, or the reader has lost ground.

In short, read all you can. Read good literature. Read to understand. Read to purpose. Re-read worthy books, for a book that is worth reading will bear study. Think over what you read. Write about your reading, and never flag in your devotion to your chosen subject. Laziness spoils so many well laid and excellent plans. See that it does not effect your resolution.

'83 AND '84.

BY L.

AS the hull of '83 sinks slowly into the bosom of the sea of years, and the top mast of '84 hoves in sight, it is natural for us to take a retrospect of the year with its joys, its victories, its defeats. Some, no doubt, are well-nigh discouraged, as they, looking back, see a long line of white—along which, at intervals, are set those significant marks of deeply buried hopes, cherished at the outset.

Some, less sensitive of occasional defeat along the line, begin the work of the new year with their wanted hope of final success. Others, whose star of hope seems to have been darkened by vice, still *exist*, but do not *live*, for "A life spent worthily should be measured," by a nobler line—by deeds, not years. None are satisfied with '83, nor will we be with '84, although it is before, to be just what we make it.

A certain writer says, "No wise man ever wished himself a day younger," and if we had it in our power to live over again '83, we would not be one step nearer our ideal than now. Let us have an ideal, but let our lives approach near it, only as the ideal approaches that goal of human ambition—perfection. Although we shall not realize our ideal, we can rise as it rises, we can advance as it advances, we can approach, though never attain it. Because the reward is appreciated in accordance with the effort we make, the more nearly the ideal approaches the perfect, the more symmetrical will be our characters for the effort made.

We often come across those chronic fossils who decry our having ideals; who denominate our castle building as nonsense, folly. Drive all such to the rear. Let us build our castles, even if, just as they seem the embodiment of grace and beauty, they fall in ruins before our admiring gaze.

In our imagination, we will go on exploring broader fields for future usefulness, although upon entering them, they may not yield as delicious fruits or as fragrant flowers as we had seen in the prospective, and our reward may be more in anticipation than in realization. Our pet purposes may be defeated, but defeat, unless it be a crushing one, has ever had the effect of causing renewed effort. Would that there were more Bull Run contests on the battle field of our own existence, such as would teach us our own weakness and the strength of the enemy of our success. '84 ought to be, *can* be a good year, yes the *best* year, in which more can be done for ourselves, for our fellow students, for our God.

LETTER FROM Mr. W. F. OLDHAM, ex-'83.

EDMORE, MICH., December 22, 1883.

MY DEAR EDITOR:

Let me congratulate the CAMPUS on its marked improvement without and within. The November number lies before me, and I do not know whether to admire more the tasteful cover or the newsy and well edited contents. You are greatly to be congratulated on having secured so enterprising a Business Manager as Duff Merrick. The CAMPUS, I think, will now rank with the Amherst *Student*, the Rutgers' *Targum*, or any other college sheet with which I am acquainted. By the way, don't you wish that young fellow would escape from Andersonville, marry Maggie and then — go West? or locate in a professorship at Allegheny?

I do not think the exceptions to the Amherst Bowdoin disciplinary arrangement well taken, for just as the article I refer to remarks the cases coming before this senate, will be mainly college pranks, and a body of representative students acting under the eye of the President, will probably come nearer just decisions (and certainly decisions that will more readily be assented to by the body of students) than could be reached any other way. I was at Amherst when this plan was being discussed, and it met with universal approval. I believe its introduction heralds the incoming of greater harmony among the component parts of American colleges.

I am pleased to know that the *Alleghenian* will probably change hands and tone. The last issue made it evident to us ex-students that it could not live much longer, as it was and ought to be "brained" if it did try to prolong its feeble existence.

Pardon me if I keep on gossiping about the things concerning you, for writing for the CAMPUS stirs in one the memory of other days. You wished me to tell you something of my present surroundings. I am in Central Michigan. Years ago when in the Chemistry class I heard Professor Tingley say something about the ozone in the pine woods of Michigan, a desire arose within me to visit this vast peninsular state of which the motto is "Si Queris Peninsulam Amœnam, Circumspice." I did "query" such a "peninsulam." I am now "circumspecting." For brevity sake let me add

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE *Bread-winners* is receiving a great deal of attention from the public, and has been copyrighted in Europe. The verdict of the press has been favorable, yet a few individuals protest against the treatment of the labor question. These objections are offered by persons who make no pretension to literary criticism, but who believe that the position of the laboring classes has been misrepresented, and the labor question unfairly treated. That the work has literary merit is generally admitted. The characters are well and clearly drawn; even those who appear but for a moment are individualized by the few pen-strokes bestowed upon them. The style is entertaining, and one is led along so easily that he is never conscious of roughness or unpleasantness. The author is, evidently, better acquainted with "high life," so called, than with the class of people which he has chosen to represent by Offit, Sleeney and the Matchins.

It is certainly a misrepresentation of the real condition of society, to produce the above mentioned characters as representa-

tive of the laboring classes. Certain laborers may have some of the characteristics ascribed to these men, but the mechanics of our own country are men of far more intelligence and higher morals than he would have the world believe. Alice Belding is the ideal character which, it is thought, must be introduced into novel writing to make it popular; and who would suggest an improvement? Society life is lightly touched, but an impression is left, which certainly has well defined suggestions of the reality. The incapacity and corruption of city officials is thoroughly exposed, and let us be patriotic enough to believe that the sketch is overdrawn. More time should have been taken in unravelling the complications resulting from the labor troubles and the double murder. The murder of Offit leaves a feeling of horror in the mind, that is not entirely removed by the change to the closing scene. There is one advantage in the light touches given to many of the scenes and characters; much is left to the imagination to complete, and the suggestions leave a deeper impression than a more extended treatment would have done. Yes, it is a social study to be pursued in harmony with the author, so far as it relates to Algonquin Avenues, but when the less pretentious parts of the city are reached, a more intimate knowledge of the people and their lives will be necessary; the reader must dwell there longer than the author has done, if he would understand the social problems he has undertaken to study.

AMONG the names of literary men who have died recently, stands that of the French historian, Henri Martin. He was born in 1810 at Saint Quentin, where his father was judge in the civil tribunal. He had access, from early youth, to a fine library which was left to him by his grand-father, and a taste for reading led him to historical studies. In 1830 he entered upon a literary career, and, as it was an age of romance, works of this nature were his first productions. After he had published *Wolfthurm*, he wrote some historical romances, the subject of which was the epoch of the Fronde. He united his labors to those of M. Paul Lacroix, and others, to write and publish a *History of France by the principal historians*, but, deserted by his co-laborers, he attempted alone his *History of France*. This was his chief work, and volumes X and XI (Religious Wars) received the Gobert first prize, and to volumes XIV and XV (Age of Louis XIV.) was awarded the second prize.

M. Martin entered political life after the Revolution of 1870, and was elected to the National Assembly in 1871 from the province of Aisne. In the Assembly he was president of the republican left. He was afterward a senator, and was elected as a member of the Academy in 1878 to fill the place of M. Thiers.

His merits are those of industry, care and fairness, rather than genius or attractive style. He is not to be compared with some of the historians of France, either in true historical spirit, or in agreeableness of his method of writing, yet his labor has won him a high place in the literature of France.

All who would study with advantage, in any art whatsoever, ought to betake themselves to the reading of some sure and certain books oftentimes over; for to read many books produceth confusion, rather than learning, like as those who everywhere are not anywhere at home.—*Luther*.

## THE CAMPUS.

PUBLISHED THE 1st OF EACH MONTH, AUG. AND SEPT. EXCEPTED.  
ENTIRELY CONTROLLED BY STUDENTS.

MEADVILLE, PA., JANUARY, 1884.

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QUID faciendum est? soliloquizes the dejected Sophomore as he gazes on the ruins of the opera block.

A NEW year. Everybody makes new resolutions, and founds airy castles on the ruins of last year's. THE CAMPUS board have done their share, but will refrain from stating them lest they meet the fate of their predecessors. However, we hope our readers will be able to guess what they are by the improvement we are contemplating.

THE Sophomores should enter, at once, into negotiations with the business men of Meadville for the purpose of forming a joint-stock company to build a new opera house. Their performance is by far the liveliest occurrence of commencement week and will be greatly missed by the college community, especially by the Seniors.

FROM present indications it would seem that *The Alleghenian* will not be published this year. Of course its loss will be deeply felt by the humor-loving public, but then "Peck's Bad Boy and his Pa" has been quite widely circulated, and "Bill Nye's Forty Liars" can be had at reduced prices and will supply its place to some extent. Since Peck has received a royalty of more than half a million dollars from his "Bad Boy" and Bill Nye is growing rich from his "Forty Liars," and since *The Alleghenian* has never proved a national bank to its authors perhaps it is just as well to allow the aforesaid gentlemen to monopolize that style of literature which is no particular credit to an institution like ours.

IF YOU want to experience the sensation felt in all the climates of the different zones, visit the several recitation rooms.

We know of no place where so great a variety in climate can be had for so little time and trouble. The temperature is suitable for all kinds of animal and vegetable life—from oranges and bananas to birch and lichens and from ostriches and oranges to Esquimaux and polar bear. Yet we would not censure our professors. The fault is not with them. The fact is, it is impossible to keep up a uniform heat with soft coal stoves. Can't we have our recitation rooms supplied with hard-coal burners? It would save the professors much trouble and would certainly be conducive to the health of both them and their pupils.

WITH the kindest of feeling toward the performers at the recent contest and, in fact, at all declamation contests which it has been our pleasure to attend at Allegheny College, we beg leave to offer one almost universal criticism, not on the performers but on the choice of pieces. It has come to be the prevailing custom to make selections of a solemn, sad and tragic nature.—Terrible descriptions of scenes of bloody carnage; horrible deaths; hair-breadth escapes make up the soul-harrowing program. The contestants seem to imagine that the one who succeeds best in holding the attention of the audience, and in making them appear most like an assembly of undertakers, has the best chance of success. This is not necessarily true. The audience may be entranced by the plot of the little tragedy and not by the performer. They may be interested out of sympathy for some of the characters and not by the rendition of the selection. The attention which the audience gives a speaker is a good indication, but it will not always serve as a criterion by which to judge the declamatory attainments of a contestant. The interest inherent in the production itself should go to the credit of the author and not to the declaimer who is merely an imitator. It is supposed too that our judges are competent critics, and will take into consideration, not so much the effect upon the audience, as the control of the voice, the expression and the gesticulation of the performer. These can be shown equally as well by pieces of a milder nature than those which characterize our declamation contests.

BEFORE kerosene oil, gas and electric light were as common as they are now, tallow candles were used for illuminating purposes, and were usually made by a process called dipping. The wick was cut the proper length and then dipped into melted tallow, some of the tallow adhered to the wick, after cooling it was dipped again. This slow and tedious process was continued until the candle attained the proper size. Of necessity those which received the greatest number of dips were the largest. Even one dip, although perhaps not noticeable, made a difference. Thanks to the improvements of a more enlightened age; Tallow candles are fast becoming a matter of history, but in this process of candle making there is a lesson for every student, and especially for those who are in the habit of practicing that demoralizing custom known as "skipping." We do not become scholars in one day nor in one month, but by years of continued, persistent labor. We learn a little to-day, a little

more to-morrow. We pick up some bit of information here, another there, and after we have finished our college course and gained whatever of reputation we possess, it is impossible to look back over our college days and say "the labors of this or that day made us what we are." Yet every day, each recitation was a factor, and the knowledge gained in each lesson went to make up the final sum. There seems to be a foolish idea prevalent among many of our students that if they can skip without the knowledge of their teachers, or without incurring their displeasure, all will be well. To all such we would like to say in italics: The sooner you get rid of such delusive nonsense the better for you and the happier you will be in the end. The duty to your teacher is great, (you will think so if you are ever called to teach,) but you have still a greater, in this instance, duty to yourself. If you miss one recitation you, not your teacher, are the loser. Each recitation makes a difference and, other things being equal, the student who attends every recitation will be the best scholar. It is best to attend even if you are not prepared, you will absorb something and have that satisfaction which alone comes from a consciousness of having done your duty.

THE conflicts which occur between the different classes are enough to try the patience of a Job-like faculty and are no end of trouble to the students. The difficulty arises from the fact that most of our students are changeable as New-England weather and irregular as a chill. A certain class of students enter college. The first year they do not know whether they want to take a full college course or not, and so select their studies from Senior down to second Preparatory. The next year they conclude to take (we will say) a Latin and Modern Language course,—before they finish they again tack about and in their Junior or Senior years take second Preparatory Greek. Still another class comes to us from normal schools or academies who are prepared for Freshman or Sophomore Mathematics, but have "little Latin and less Greek." They, too, select studies from the upper classes and commence Preparatory languages. The result is that scarcely a student in college can be said to belong regularly to any particular class, and the evils of making up and skipping a year, and of doing what is known among us as "dividing the bell," are by far too common. That something must be done is very evident. Our faculty can not afford to spend the first two or three weeks of each term in trying to adjust almost inadjustable difficulties, neither can our Professors afford to get up at night to hear a chemistry class recite, because there are not hours enough in the day to accommodate it. We do not say whether it would be a wise or an unwise plan to separate the Preparatory department from the college, but if it were done it would undoubtedly right this wrong to some extent. It would then be impossible for a student to spread himself over more than four years at once. We would not advocate a Procrustean system of education. On the contrary we are in complete sympathy with the liberal methods

of Allegheny college, but it is impossible to furnish a recitation hour for every member of college, and since our course is laid down with reference to the greatest mental development the students ought to be compelled to take it as it comes. There is no sense in allowing a second or third Preparatory student to take Junior or Senior studies just because he happens to be well up in Mathematics and behind in Latin and Greek. It is not impossible to double up those studies in which he is behind and thereby make his course regular. If the student is too young to carry two recitations in the same language at the same time it will do no harm to hold him back till he brings up his delinquent studies. The class of students, however, who are most irregular in their work are older and more mature. They can not afford to spend a longer time in college than is absolutely necessary and must be allowed to do all they can. The greater part of these are perfectly competent to take two Latins or two Greeks and do good work. There is not such a degree of difference between the second and third; the third and the fourth years of Greek or Latin, as to hinder a student who is mature from taking two years at once and he will acquire as much, if not more Latin or Greek than if he took them separately. Of course the entanglement which the present existing method has brought about can not be straightened out in one year nor even in three, but if all who enter were compelled to conform themselves to the course as laid down in the catalogue, instead of trying to conform the course to themselves, a better state of things would eventually come about and the faculty would hail the day almost as a millenium.

NOBODY cares for the applause of the habitual applauder. Whole volumes of eulogy from one who eulogizes at all times and under all circumstances are worthless. It is the one who applauds only occasionally whose applause should be and is prized. If you want to applaud with effect be very seldom about it. If you want the man you applaud to feel that your approval is sincere, that he has pleased you, that your appreciation comes from the heart, don't applaud everybody. And above all things don't be ungentlemanly. It never pays. Actions which might be perfectly appropriate at a caucus are apt to be very inappropriate at chapel. The round of applause which greets an invitation to a camping expedition is scarcely a fitting response to a polite invitation to a reception by the ladies. The demonstrations at the announcement of a political speech are decidedly out of place at the announcement of a prayer-meeting. Use discretion. If there is one thing that will be of use to you more than another it is discretion. You may forget your Greek and Latin, German and French may glide away and be remembered no more, Physics and Philosophy may never yield one per cent. on investment, but good, sound, commonsense judgment will always be above par. You say, "Everybody does foolish things." Grant it; "but if you are going to be fools just because other men are fools what hopeless fools you will be."

## Among the Colleges.

"There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,  
And a new face at the door, my friend,  
A new face at the door." —Tennyson.

### EXCHANGE CHAT.

There is in the Washington Public Library a corner known as the 'Insanity Corner.' It is composed of works written to disprove Newton's Law of Motion.—*Varsity*.

There is a story told of the late Prof. Henry Smith that when explaining some new discovery in the theory of numbers to his Oxford pupils, he added the remark: "And the great beauty of the thing is that it cannot possibly be of the slightest use to anybody."

Prince Albert Victor, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, joined the Cambridge University last week. He has rooms in Trinity College, and will be treated as an ordinary undergraduate, but will be allowed to keep his hat on when people sing "God save" his grandmother.—*Ex*.

Four years ago the legislature of Utah voted \$50,000 to erect a building to be used as an academy and normal school. Salt Lake City gave ten acres of land as a site, and the building was begun. Gov. Murray, however, vetoed the appropriation bill because the corporation was strictly Mormon. The money has been borrowed and a fine building is now being erected.—*Ex*.

INTERESTING TO STUDENTS.—Rev. W. Wyatt Gill wrote to the *Leisure Hour* from Rarotonga as follows: "I am interested in the discussion going on at home about fish as food for the brain. Now for many years past there have been resident in this institution from fifty to seventy natives of the various islands of the South Pacific. The most quick witted students come from low coral islands, and have grown to manhood on a diet of fish and cocoa nuts. In muscular strength, however, and in the power of endurance, they are decidedly inferior to the inhabitants of volcanic islands, who used a mixed diet."

Even Mark Twain told a young man who asked his advice about the quantity needed, that he thought a good-sized whale would improve his intellect.—*Wooster Collegian*.

A new and interesting scheme of higher education has been recently organized which is well worthy general attention. For some years there has been a very successful association in Boston for the direction of private reading. Persons in every part of the country who wish to follow at home a general or special course of reading are advised by letter as to the books to take up and the methods to pursue. It is obvious that this plan is susceptible of wider application, which has been experimentally tested. A college professor has conducted, by correspondence the mathematical studies of advanced pupils, and with such satisfactory results that thirty-two professors in various colleges, from Harvard University in the East to the Johns Hopkins University at the South and the University of Wisconsin at the West, have united to form what is called for convenience the Correspondence University for the purpose of instruction by correspondence. The word university applies to the range of

studies, which embraces a great number of branches, rather than to the organization, which is not chartered, and has no authority to confer degrees.—*Harper's Weekly*.

We are indebted to the *Pennsylvania College Monthly* for the following amusing and instructive sketch of student manners in England on state occasions. We found the article so entertaining that we copy it entire:

#### A COMMEMORATION DAY AT OXFORD (1882).

I went down to Oxford Wednesday morning, June 14, for the special purpose of seeing what an English university commencement was like. It was so very unlike any performance at home that I was very glad I did go. I found my way just after eleven to Prof. Price's house (dating from 1400, and the oldest house in Oxford), where I obtained the promised card of admission at the hands of the daughter, who played one of the violins at the commemoration concert on Monday. The ticket was particularly labeled "not good for undergraduates"—the reason for which will presently appear.

I reached the Sheldonian Theatre about half an hour before the exercises, which were to begin at noon, but even then found only the last seat in the house at the top of the upper-gallery alongside the organ. However, the seat was near the window, so that, by and by, I could see the procession of the Dons as it came through the quadrangle as well as afterward when it entered the hall.

The "Theatre" is an oval building of considerable size, the floor without seats, but surrounded on all sides by two great galleries. Now that the building was filled there seemed one bank of faces and clothes. The floor space was occupied exclusively by M. A's, in their black gowns, standing; the chair of the Vice-chancellor and the seats reserved on either side of him for the heads of colleges and the distinguished people of the day, were almost the only places vacant.

Years ago the university authorities attempted to quell the annual riots for which this gathering is the occasion, by banishing the students first from one part of the house to the other, and finally by giving away most of the seats to ladies and outsiders—which accounted for the prohibition on my ticket. The two or three hundred undergraduates who still found places were enough, however, to make a din which, one would think, could hardly have been surpassed under the old regime, for any idiosyncrasy of dress or anything else in the audience was in turn made the object of their kind attentions. A man who had the misfortune to wear a yellow tie was the point of attack through most of the preliminary half hour. "Take off that tie, Sir!" called out an expostulatory voice from the top gallery—"It isn't pretty," mildly observed another—"The ladies don't like it, Sir"—"It's not a nice color, Sir," etc., and so on until the organist drowned the din for a while with Gounod's Wedding March. But this was no sooner finished than they began again: "You haven't taken that yellow tie off yet, Sir,"—and again and again until the obstinacy of the unfortunate individual with the yellow tie quite tired them out.

Then they sought other objects for attack. "I see another white waistcoat," announced one observant gentleman. "Where?" shouted the whole crowd. "The man in the organ-loft," said the voice. "Take it off, Sir," chorused the crowd—but as this was rather impossible the advice was changed to "Turn it inside

out," and this not being done, he was asked how much it cost, and when he got it out of pawn, and other more personal questions. A gentleman with a yellow overcoat surrendered instantly at the first attack.

The ladies then came in for their share, and three cheers were given successively for the "ladies in pink," for the "lady with the yellow fan" (which was rather more individual), and finally for the "natives" as three ladies entered in Hindoo costume, and were shown seats of distinction. I found reason to be grateful to the polite undergraduate near me who had touched me on the shoulder as I came in, and kindly suggested that if I did not take off my hat at once it might "cause attention."

I quite thought that the riot would end as the Dons appeared, but when the Vice-chancellor in his academic robes, the Masters of Colleges in their doctor's robes of red, the Proctors with white hoods, and the rest of the procession came in, filing through the quadrangle, and by a little lane which was opened through the standing M. A's, the unnecessary deafening applause was hushed only to allow of still more insinuating remarks as the Vice-chancellor got fairly started in his long harangue in Latin. "Now translate," called out one undergraduate, who thought the Vice had been given as much time as he gave other people. When he said "Universitate," "Tatem, sir, tatem," cried out another; and then at every pause to take breath came a general shout of the catch word that some of them had picked up, "*honoris causa*."

The next martyr was the Professor of Poetry, Shairp, who ascended one of the two pulpits at the sides to deliver the Latin address in commemoration of the founders. "Don't look inside your hat, sir," was the first admonition addressed to him. "Oh! that won't do at all," and, "Really, Sir, we *can't* pass you," were also bits of revenge now that the mouse had the cat in play. "How many pages more, Sir?" and "Oh! turn over two leaves, Sir," were further bits of kindly meant advice,—but his persecution was interrupted by the startling discovery, announced in a loud voice, "Dr. Robinson's asleep!" "Wake up!" came a stentorian cry from all over the house,—and he *did* wake up, and evidently felt very queer.

Then came the recitation of the prize essays, etc., from the undergraduates, whose pride had constant falls in the unsympathizing remarks of their less fortunate fellows. There was a good deal of Greek and Latin, in the course of which the orators were well baited. Then came some English: "What language is that?" cried one voice. "Why, it's English!" answered a second in mock surprise. "No, it isn't," remonstrated the other. The orator then happened to advert to an event of some centuries back, which caused the interpolation of, "How do you know that, Sir?" and finally one poor fellow was so badgered that his hand began to tremble suspiciously. "Your hand is shaking, Sir," called out a too acute observer, "Bad sign, Sir, this time in the morning." Another followed up the cue and suggested, "Better take some brandy and soda, Sir. Presently, however there came an exception, for when the Newdigate Prize Poem was read, the men became interested, and were absolutely quiet,—the only lull in the entire performance.

The great excitement of the day, however, was during the conferring the honorary degrees upon the half dozen distinguished men, who appeared in *propria persona*, introduced by Prof. Bryce in brief Latin speeches, lauding the achievements

of each individual as he was presented. Browning was evidently the man in whom interest concentrated, and accordingly the most particular attentions were given him. As he appeared, an enormous cartoon caricaturing himself and his poetry, was let down from the gallery right in front of him, and as the address of eulogy was concluded, an enormous red cotton nightcap, suggested by his title of "The Red Cotton Nightcap Country," appeared at the top of the building over his head, gradually came down, was suspended over him like a halo as the Vice-chancellor shook hands and congratulated him, and thence wavered over him, passing from hand to hand above, as he passed along part of the semicircle to take his doctor's seat. As he seated himself, down it came, aimed most accurately. Browning, much amused, put up his hand to make a grab at it, but the fellow above was too sharp, and up it went again to the top. The Proctors, meanwhile, had been deploying for the capture of the obnoxious article, and so there began a game of "hide and seek," to the intense edification of the crowd. At last one of them got hold of the string, hauled it in, and made off with it, amidst the hoots and jeers of the students.

This was the climax of the proceedings. The whole affair lasted only about an hour and a half. As I came out I met Browning, at the moment left in solitude, and was minded to congratulate him on having had a cardinal's hat as well as a Doctor's degree conferred upon him.—R. R. BOWKER, '68, in *Star and Crescent*.

### WIT.

"Non paratus" dixit Freshie  
Cum a sad, a doleful look;  
"Omne rectum," prof. respondit,  
Et "nihil" scripsit in his book.—*Ex.*

Prof.—"Now, gentlemen, we will represent the earth by this hat, which—" Small voice from the corner, "Is it inhabited?" —*Ex.*

A distracted dude stood on the corner of Broadway and Courtland Street this morning, gazing anxiously around. He didn't remember where he intended to go, and had forgotten where he came from. A policeman kindly took him in charge and led him to the station-house, where he was put in a pigeon-hole of the desk and labeled. "To be delivered when called for."—*Ex.*

Julius Caesar, while walking the Appian Way, one afternoon, shortly after he had been fired out of a Republican State Convention, met Brutus and Cassius walking arm in arm. Noticing that Brutus wore a new suit of gorgeous appearance, he stopped him and said:—

"Ah, Brutus, you dress very well; by what name do you call that flowing mantle of yours?"

"Well, Jule," replied the conspirator, closing his nether eye at the lean and hungry Cassius, "I call this my little *Saratoga*."

'Twas then that the great and original owner of "Caesar's Ghost," renowned in prose and poetry, murmured the touching words, "Et tu Brutus," which rendered in English, cause us to speak of Brutus and Cassius as "those two Brutes."—*Acta Col-umbia*.

No word was spoken when they met,  
By either—sad or gay;  
And yet one badly smitten was,  
'Twas mentioned the next day.

They met by chance this autumn eve,  
With neither glance nor bow;  
They often came together so—  
A freight train and a cow.—*Ex.*

### Wigan.

Day and Kistler were first to matric. Hence the unprecedented fall of snow.

The change of the hour for chapel from 8:00 to 8:45 is giving satisfaction.

The Philo-Franklin and Ossoli Societies will shortly produce in the hall of the former a drama entitled "Bread on the Waters."

The Sophs are shaking hands with each other on account of the fine excuse the burning of the opera house furnishes for not giving a performance.

The large influx of students, confidentially expected by everyone at the beginning of the term, did not arrive. However, a few new faces are noticed.

We have it on the authority of one of the professors that the chapel hour was changed to suit the convenience of Dr. Wheeler, Plummer and Smythe.

Hereafter Dr. Wheeler will hear the class in Euripides. This is done to relieve Prof. Reid, who now has charge of both the Greek and German departments.

The merchants whose establishments were destroyed by the Opera Block fire have all re opened in new places. We refer our readers to the advertising cards of the several firms to learn their present location.

President Wheeler will this week deliver to the senior class the first lecture of the term, a continuation of the series commenced last fall. Others will follow on every Thursday and Friday of the term.

The latest thing in wall decorations is to be seen at Day and Kistler's room, Douglass Hall. The article in addition to being exceedingly ornamental is decidedly useful. All friends are invited to call and inspect.

The art of getting one's matches, soap and similar articles for nothing has been brought to a high state of perfection by the denizens of Ft. Douglas. For illustration ask Kistler to tell the soap story about his room mate.

A party of twenty lady and gentleman students enjoyed a merry drive to Rockville Saturday evening. After an elegant supper was served at the well known hostelry of the ville, the party set out for home, reaching Hulings at the wee sma' hours of the following morrow.

Allegheny Society has organized a double quartette, which will hereafter have a part on the programme of its regular meetings and contests. This move is altogether new here, rousing college songs by college boys never being heard, and the novelty will no doubt be appreciated by the public attending college entertainments.

"The new edition of 'Students' Songs,' comprising the twenty first thousand, has just been published by Moses King of Cambridge. This collection comprises over sixty of the jolly songs as now sung at all leading colleges in America. It has the full music for all the songs and airs. Compiled by Wm. H. Hills, (Harvard, 1880). The price is only fifty cents."

No one seemed to take to himself the CAMPUS' suggestion in

regard to the gift of Sam Long. But Sam has promised to do better, hereafter, on that score. However, he was not forgotten by his numerous friends in the city. The members of the Y. M. C. A., of which he is secretary, on Christmas morning assembled at the rooms of the association, and through Mr. Dunbar presented to him an elegant watch and chain, a mark of the high regard in which the secretary is held by his city associates.

We clip the following from the *Corry Herald*, of Dec. 31, '83: "One of those pleasant little episodes which help to make this life endurable, took place this afternoon, at an hour sufficiently early to make it an appropriate item for comment in this evening's *Herald*. It was not altogether an unexpected event, but has been the subject of good natured speculation for some time. We, of course, refer to the marriage of Mr. A. D. Colegrove, superintendent of the Corry schools, to Miss Nettie H., daughter of Mr. John Smutz. The ceremony took place at 4 o'clock this afternoon, at the residence of the bride's parents on Euclid street, in this city." We extend to Dana our best wishes and know we express the sentiments of all his college acquaintances.

Carr has taken to writing poetry. The following is ascribed to his pen, and is dedicated to Haybarger:

The crowd sat in the parlor warm,  
Bees around his head did swarm.  
There was a man in Meadville town,  
He lived in a band-box, his trade was a clown.

There was a kitten whose name was Ted,  
He cared not what his Angie said,  
The boy stood on the back yard fence,  
When all but him had fled;  
The flames that lit his father's barn  
Came and struck him on the head.

There was a boy sat on a bank,  
And O, his mother did him spank,  
Because she liked to hear him yell,  
And knew his lungs were sound and well.

They started a German club in Hulings Hall last term, at least it is rumored that they started one. What on earth they wanted with a German club no one knows, unless it was to arrange a "mill" between sauer kraut and a sample of Hall butter. At least two of the members had seen a German grammar, and the rest could say, "*Ich am one Deitcherman*," so the club started out with a great flourish and was so high toned as to have a shorthand reporter attend their meetings. The way that club started in was a caution, and the plaster on the parlor walls is all dented over where the German verbs and participles glanced off during their fierce debates. But at last the two or three who could do the talking, got sick of the job, and the rest got sicker yet of listening, so the sad time came when the club had to be buried. It was just after the shades of night had thrown their gloomy pall over the sleeping world, (copyright applied for) that the friends of the departed came with slow steps and sad hearts to pay the last sad rites to the dear lamented. There it lay in all its eloquent, though silent beauty, and its familiar features so overpowered Stevenson, that he immediately began to mutter as if to himself, "I been," "you beast" "her is," while great tears chased one another down his classic features, and he borrowed

Proctor's handkerchief to wipe them away. At last comparative quiet was restored, and Heckel, with a choking voice and execrable German, pronounced the funeral service, and then as the mourners passed by for the last time, the lamentations broke out afresh. Proctor, in the wild abandon of his grief, threw himself upon the corpse and called on Bassett to witness that he died a martyr, while Fuller got behind the door and sobbed as if his heart would break. Meanwhile, the girls, poor things, had not been given half a show, but they occupied the back seats and filled in the time in trading gum, and raving about Ed. Bodley's moustache. Finally the last act of the tragedy was consummated and those who were able betook themselves to other scenes.

The following letter was picked up on Park avenue by a representative of the CAMPUS and is furnished that the writer may identify it and reclaim her property:

HULINGS HALL, Jan., 12, 1884.

*My Darling Sue:* I really have so much to write to you that I hardly know where to begin. Oh, I have just been having a too awfully lovely time since my last letter. The boys that board here in the hall are just as sweet as they can be—you know I gave you the most of their names in my other letter. Charlie is having just too utter success with his mustache and so are Mr. M—— and Cub only their's spread over so much territory that they look scarce. Charlie smiles so sweetly that I just feel like throwing my arms around his neck and kissing him every time he looks at me, he is so awfully sweet, and nearly all the girls are mashed on him. I think it's just too mean. There! I almost forgot to tell you that Mr. Mays has been trying to flirt with me and—well, I *couldn't* help looking at him and I suppose he will think I am *mashed*, the horrid thing! Ed and Harry are two of the nicest little children you ever saw and they tip their little hats and say "good morning" just too sweet for anything. I wonder if they will be as pretty and innocent when they grow up as they are now? We have a new boarder—his name is Hay-b-b-b——, O pshaw! I can't spell it but you can sneeze and say the rest. I tell you he is just fly and no mistake. He is as cute as a kitten and the way he rings the bell at dinner table is a caution. Some of the girls think he is a dude in disguise and are horribly mashed on him, but he seems to scorn their love. Well! Well! there goes the supper bell, and I must rush right down or Mr. Mitchell will have everything eaten up. I believe that he and Mr. Scott would eat anything.

Your ownest own,

P. S.—I am awful lonesome for none of the girls here chew gum and the boys call it a "wicked and pernicious" habit and have formed a society against it; can't you send me some on the sly? for I am tired of borrowing Mr. Jamison's.

#### ALLEGHENY DECLAMATION CONTEST.

The first annual contest of this society for the Anderson prize was held in the College Chapel on the evening of the 22d. R. C. Bole presided and announced the following programme: Prayer by Prof. Reid; Piano duet, Misses Welsh and Goff; Flying Jim's last leap, Homer S. Bodley; The Black Horse and its Rider, E. W. Day; King Robert of Sicily, John A.

Wood; Piano solo, Frank Wade; The old Surgeon's story, John Reemer; Rum's Maniac, George C. Wilson; Toussaint L'Ouverture, Crawford R. Thoburn; The Polish Boy, Walter W. Case; Instrumental duet, Misses Philips. The judges, Messrs. J. W. Smith, W. R. Bole, and Prof. Geo. W. Haskins, then retired and, after a few minutes deliberation, returned with their decision, awarding the prize to Mr. Bodley. This announcement, as well as all the declamations, was received with hearty applause. The program throughout was rendered in a manner creditable to the performers and the society which they represented, the performances of Mr. Reemer and Mr. Day meriting particular mention.

#### PHILO-FRANKLIN DECLAMATION CONTEST.

A large and appreciative audience greeted the third annual declamation contest, for the Polyhymnian prize, by members of Philo-Franklin Literary Society, at College Chapel, Tuesday evening, January 15th. The program consisted, as usual, of music and declamations. Several of the performers showed a considerable lack of animation, especially in the descriptive portions of the selections. All, however, gave strong evidence of labor in preparation, and the performance on the whole was very creditable to the society. K. T. Mead delivered "Mark Antony over the dead body of Caesar," in a masterly manner, and the judges, A. B. Hyde, D. D., J. B. Brawley, Esq., and Rev. A. J. Merchant, all men of eminent ability, were not long in returning a verdict in his favor.

#### MILITARY MATTERS.

By the resignations of Guthrie, Capt. Co. A, and Deane, 1st Sergeant Co. D, the following promotions were made:

Plummer, Capt. Co. A; Baldwin, Adjutant; Huffman, 1st Lieut. Co. D; Beck, 2d Lieut. Co. B; Fuller, Sergeant Major; Bole, 1st Sergeant Co. B; Wells, 1st Sergeant Co. D; Proctor, Sergeant; Fulton, Sergeant; Bush and Kerr, Corporals.

The drill this term will consist of sword exercise and fencing. The weekly lectures by Major Pullman on the organization of the army and theoretical instruction will be continued throughout the term.

The attention of the cadets is called to the orders requiring the *full* uniform when any is worn, and in regard to attendance at drills. A few of the commissioned officers, even, are constantly violating the former, and the thinness of the ranks shows the latter to be disregarded. Remember the election of a study is forfeited by a certain number of absences.

A squad of recruits has commenced to be drilled. The last term's squad has been assigned to the companies.

The following additional promotions were made last week on account of the resignation of Lieut. McClurg: Quartermaster-Sergeant Smith promoted to Second Lieutenant; Sergeant Stevenson to Quarter-Master Sergeant; Corporal Braymer to Sergeant Co. B; Drummer Porter to corporal Co. C; Drummer Bodley to corporal of Drum Corps.

Next month's CAMPUS will contain a communication from Major Pullman that will be of interest to cadets and students at large.

The battalion is still without a Drum-Major.

#### PERSONAL.

S. S. Ford, '81, is studying law in Cleveland.

Ben Culver is attending law school in Cincinnati.

Case spent his vacation with Long at Brookville.

W. M. Beyer, '79, was lately elected city solicitor of Altoona, Pa.

W. J. Bryan, affectionately called "Mollie," did not return this term.

W. A. McClurg, '86, soon leaves for a technical school at Worcester, Mass.

Byron Swisher, of last year's Freshman class, is attending the Michigan University.

The friends of Loveland, ex-'86, received word a few days since of his marriage.

Hlystone, '86, will soon commence the study of medicine with a physician of this city.

Mr. A. Chas. Pappenhagen, '81, is foreman in the N. Y., P. & O. R. R. shops at Cleveland.

S. J. Brown, a senior prep. of last year, is clerk in a clothing establishment in Denver, Col.

D. M. Wise, an old student, but absent from college the past term, has returned to his studies.

E. H. Pond, '83, now a medic. at Michigan University, spent his vacation at his home in this city.

E. C. Gibson, '87, has returned to the Iowa State University, where he was a student previous to his attendance here.

O. B. Moss, '79, is practicing medicine in Topeka, Kansas. He has a splendid practice and is pleased with his location.

Miss Mary Darrow, '82, of Champaigne, Ill., spent the holiday vacation with relatives and friends in Northern Ohio.

Deane is teaching the advanced classes in the school at Berg Hill, Ohio. During his absence Currie fills his chair on the CAMPUS.

H. W. Plummer having no studies in this term of his senior year, will devote his time to the study of law in the office of H. L. Richmond.

Miss Minnie Hyde, daughter of Dr. A. B. Hyde of the college, has accepted a situation as instructor of music in Simpson College, Indianola, Iowa.

Currie and Deane were engaged in the management of a lecture tour through Ohio during vacation. The names of their "stars" are not known.

The many friends of Rev. C. E. Locke, a graduate of Allegheny College, will tender congratulations when they learn that he is the father of a young daughter.

R. A. Buzza, a former student, now a general agent for W. P. Grant & Co., at Alexandria, Va., paid a short visit to his college friends at the opening of the term.

It is announced that Prof. T. D. Sensor, '77, superintendent of the Union school of Conneautville, Pa., has decided to be a candidate for County Superintendent for this county at the coming elections.

Mr. Herbert Reno, who will be remembered by a large number of friends in Meadville as a student of Allegheny College, whose home was on Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, has taken up his residence for a time in Chicago.

E. E. Hughes and Wesley Martin, of Franklin, both of whom have been students of Allegheny College, and the latter now a member of the Senior class, have passed the preliminary examination for admission to the bar at Franklin.

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The arrangements for the coming year include an unusual number of contributions devoted to out-door life, places and persons of note, and other subjects of general interest, by both new and old contributors to the Magazine.

Several short serials will form a feature of the Magazine during the year, including a story of Artist Life in New York, by Lizzie W. Champney, and a story depicting the experiences of an American family residing in England, by F. C. Baylor. Further arrangements are now in progress, and will be hereafter announced.

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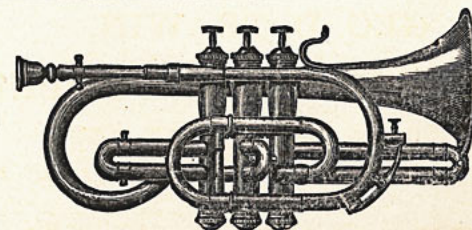
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