

The Campus.

"INTER SILVAS ACADEMI QUÆRIMUS VERUM."

VOL. V., No. 5.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE, MEADVILLE, PA., DECEMBER 8, 1888.

NEW SERIES

THE CAMPUS.

ISSUED SEMI-MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS.

One Year, \$1.50. In Advance, \$1.25. Single Copies, 10 Cents.

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

THIS is the last issue of the CAMPUS for this term. On that account its publication has been delayed a little.

* * *

AGAIN the CAMPUS bears to its friends a Christmas greeting. May the many good wishes of the time come to pass, and happy prophecies for a prosperous "next term" and "next year" be fulfilled.

* * *

THOSE who listened to the Hon. George R. Wendling, the second lecturer in the course, were happily entertained. Mr. Wendling's self-consuming earnestness in his great theme, "Saul of Tarsus," holds the attention of all, while the well-modulated cadences fall perfectly formed and lucid from his lips.

THE term will close December 13th, and work will resume on January 2nd, 1889. The liberal *interim of vacating* will be appreciated both by students and professors. The student can pass his moments making up extra work, when not otherwise engaged, and the eternal vigilance of professors can relapse into that gentler nature which we are sure they must possess, but which we know they do not always exhibit.

* * *

WE heartily second the recent monitory remarks of President Williams on the pernicious habit of *skipping*. Any student must admit that this practice defeats some of the cardinal principles which a college seeks to inculcate—punctuality, regularity, and method. There are times when it may be justifiable to miss recitations, but an abuse of such a privilege is inexcusable. The CAMPUS suggests that among the resolutions which you will make for next term, the first one should be to attend faithfully to college duties.

* * *

SAD, sad, the bitter wail, almost, but 'plucked' will be the lament of more than one Alleghenian, unless careful reviewing of the term's work is done in the few days remaining. The Faculty are seemingly inclined to enforce rigidly their requirements as to presence at the examinations and the quality of work there done.

* * *

EVEN the CAMPUS would like to put on a Christmas aspect in this issue to increase its constant good cheer with the flavor of the season. But, although we assume no outward holiday garb, still in this last number of the year, we would have each beloved Alleghenian carry away to his home our most hearty wishes

for the merriest of vacations—weeks full of overflowing happiness, full of the delights of good living, and full of the higher joys which the time is to celebrate and symbolize. With Tiny Tim, "May God bless us, every one," as we drop our books for a few weeks.

* * *

ONE of the pleasing results of the special meetings recently held in the chapel, is the increase of sympathy between the students and the professors who conducted the meetings. A student neither requires nor wants direction; he needs sympathetic and helpful guidance. And here was revealed a fact, unexpected perhaps, but very grateful to the questioning student, that the President and his associates had a deep personal interest in him. And very many were touched by this concern, evidently growing out of a full heart and beyond the obligation they are under merely to hear recitations. One of the blessings of our College is the corps of men who are capable of inspiring this sympathy, who are respected for their intellectual attainments, and who appreciate that highest privilege of a teacher—to make true men and women of those under their care, and to help and encourage them in the Christian life.

* * *

SUCH a kindly reception was accorded our new department in the last issue, that we have reason to think that its continuance for a time will be acceptable. In it, however, the unknown Oracle that is concealed behind the CAMPUS, "we," would like to drop all self-assertion and to adopt a more familiar—even a conversational—tone instead. Still, it is to be hoped that some of the thoughts may be found wise and not all otherwise, among the rubbish that is always so abundant in

OUR SANCTUM WASTE-BASKET.

We waste-baskets are much abused articles. Some one, with malice aforethought, has sent the CAMPUS a poem. Now, why the Editor

should consign it to me for safe-keeping is beyond my ken. He probably had some foolish impression that a few scattering ideas are as necessary for poetry as for prose, and that such mechanical contrivances as rhythm and rhyme should occasionally be looked after as incidental features, at least, in the art of versification. Now the WASTE-BASKET would hate to see the blood of any rising poet upon the skirts of the CAMPUS. For this reason, it is glad that the poem was not presented in person, for we fear that the author's future in this world would be worth very little. * * * * * Now, our sensible and noble friends who have done so much to help the CAMPUS, we are not hitting at you. Nor at you, who have sent in contributions which have not yet appeared. Yours are not in the WASTE-BASKET, but in the editor's drawer and will see print in due time. * * * * * Concerning the editorial on November weather, the WASTE-BASKET was wrong and Thomas Hood right in his estimate of that treacherous month. What was true at time of writing was not true at time of publication, since we cannot yet have the desired kind of weather made to order, despite Conwell's assurance to the contrary. Still, CAMPUS-like, we have a good word for it yet. It must have been profitable weather for the milkman. Ring the bell! * * * * * Which reminds us that this world is seemingly poorly constructed. Now, milk is a most excellent thing and water a baser one; and, living in the vicinity of a college boarding-club, we have heard many complaints against the admixture of the two. College characters are spoiled in much the same way. We see so many noble fellows with such bad qualities, and some "tough" fellows with such good qualities, that it is a matter of perplexity to the WASTE-BASKET to decide which is preferable. And again, for every vacation and festive occasion, there is some disagreeable feature, and for the hard days of work there are so many pleasurable incidents, that there is little to choose

between them. But a truce to moralizing. So it is and must be. It is beyond the power of the WASTE-BASKET to correct matters. * *

* * * * Grumbling? Not much! Who could have a single unpleasant thought when the earth in rapid course is whirling us to the end of another year. What a breeze rushes past, laden with sweet thoughts for the past and inspiring ones for the future! But onward the earth hurries us. The old year is nearly up. How free to us students has it been with its flooding favors! How full has been its cup of joy—full to the brim and running over! With what a subtle charm, are even the little events of the year, which at the time would not seem worth the telling, enchanted into those upon which the memory can only linger with fondness. Grand old days at Allegheny! As we now are about to separate for Christmas joys and happiness, for gladdening feasts and jovial reunions, we can only wish again, "May God bless us, every one!"

It is a very common saying among men of large experience that there are no years in life like those spent in college—that no memories are so freighted with pleasure as those of the free and happy school days of one's youth. If such is the case, and we certainly believe it is, all souvenirs of college life ought to be carefully cherished: for in after years invitation and program and menu will be unfailing sources of pleasant recollections. Of all these sources, however, none is so complete as the college paper. Here every item of interest is recorded in a way which facilitates preservation. —*Brunonian*.

Russell B. Harrison, the son of the President-elect, is a graduate of Lafayette College, class of '74. He is recalled as having been very popular with both faculty and students.

Recitations at Harvard are voluntary as long as the student is doing a fair amount of work. Attendance at chapel is also voluntary.

Literary.

A Reverie in Rhyme.

One night I sat a pondering, my thoughts within me
wandering

To past and present days.

I thought of all the pleasures, which form my mind's
chief treasures

And bless me with their rays—

Pleasures, past and passing, yet mixed with griefs
harassing

My mind in various ways.

I turned with satisfaction, to days of by-gone action
In early college years.

I dwelt on deeds athletic and on efforts more æsthetic
Performed with hopes and fears.

I dreamt in expectation of my coming graduation
Of flowers and crowds and cheers.

I sat there half-a-dozing, my weary limbs reposing
In ease before the fire,

I sat there gently rocking, when—lo! I heard a
knocking

As of some aged sire.

I opened and before me—a *prep*, whose eyes im-
plore me

To grant him some desire.

I kindly bade him enter, said I would be his mentor
And help him if I could.

He entered, pale and trembling, with woeful look,
resembling

A child lost in a wood.

Most cheerfully I greeted, most royally I treated
This sprig of young manhood.

Said he: "I've little knowledge, but desire to go
through college

I think it would be nice.

What does it all amount to? How does it all turn
out, too?

Oh! give me your advice"

The thoughts I'd just been linking, came up scarce
without thinking

And I answered in a trice:

"You ask me what is college life
With all its toil and all its strife?"

To be, at first, as babe to men,
A Freshman, verdant, meek — and then?

“And then, why, then a Sophomore
With fancied knowledge, learning lore
With gall, conceit and boldness when
He scorns the puny world—and then?

“And then a Junior, bold and gay
Whose motto is: ‘I’ll skip to-day.
Who flunks and flunks and *flunks* again
And twirls his tawny fuzz—and then?

“Ah! then a Senior, solemn, stately
To be admired, looked up to, greatly;
To know all things in mortal ken
To spout, to graduate—and then?

“And then?” but here I halted. I felt my hopes assaulted

By doubts both vague and vain.

The “*to-be*” was but a vision, bright, yes, at times
elysian

But may be filled with pain.

I looked—the lad had vanished. Then these troublous
thoughts I banished

And began to doze again.

J. B. L. '89.

The Pacific Slope.

WHEN I was an innocent young lad in a district school I studied geography. Of course this was not my wish, but the “school marm” was very determined in her views on the subject of having all her scholars study this particular branch. I must study geography or sit on the old stove, which stood in the middle of the floor, with a clothes-pin astraddle of my nose. Of course I was always a diligent student of geography during the winter term for I felt that it was best for all concerned. In the summer, however, I was not so particular and I well remember that I many times occupied this most conspicuous place in the school room.

Well, in this same old geography, that I was compelled to study, I learned of the sunny land of the golden West and it created a deep desire within me to tread its rich soil and behold, with my eyes, its fruits and flowers. For

years this was my dream and anticipation. Yet, in my dreams, little did I think that so early in my life my anticipations should bloom into realization. But the old wheel of fortune often makes some peculiar turn and to my great surprise, a little more than a year ago, it made one of these turns in my life, the result of which apprised me that I was to migrate from the old haunts of my childhood into the ideal land of my boyish dreams.

On the 28th of August, 1887, I boarded the train in Pittsburg and, bidding farewell to the “smoky city” and—and—and my—my—my g—g—great interests there, I started for San Francisco. I shall not take the time nor space to describe the trip. Suffice it to say that it far exceeded my expectations. I wish, however, to give a description of my grand reception at San Francisco. When the train pulled into the Union depot and I disembarked I had on my person: One blanket, one comforter, one pair of pillows, two bed-ticks, two valises, one overcoat, \$2.03, and one-half yard of bologna—the latter article I had left over from the trip. To my great astonishment and surprise I was met by one thousand uniformed men. Every hotel in the city was represented. How they knew that I was coming was more than I could tell but they were there to meet me all the same. Really, they were so glad to see me that they all burst out into a loud cry of Palace Hotel, Baldwin Hotel, American Hotel, European Hotel, until I was compelled to unsheath the half yard of bologna I had in my possession and silence the mob. When silence was obtained I calmly said: “Dearly beloved brethren, what under the stars and stripes do you mean? Why do you act thusly? What have I done that you should provoke me to use this bologna? Are you not aware that I am fresh from Pennsylvania where they have natural gas and “sich-like”? Why, then, do you act so heathenish? Come now! have some style about you and return to your cages and I shall see to it that the overseers shall furnish you plenty of meat.” This was the grandest effort of my life. The town authorities were so exercised over it that they gave

me—six days. The occasion was such an auspicious one that, as a relic of it, the half yard of bologna was embalmed and sent to the National Museum at Washington.

Of course these simple incidents haven't anything particularly to do with my subject, so I hope that I shall be pardoned for weaving in these little side issues.

In the course of our lives we sometimes wake up to find that our "idol was clay." Thus it was concerning my dreams of the gold of California. In those boyhood days of mine I thought that the gold was lying around in great profusion. But, when I got here I found that there was none. Upon investigation of the subject I was informed by an old 49'er that there was no gold this year—it was an off year. Of course it is absurd; yet it is a fact, nevertheless, that a great many young men migrate to this State with the expectation that gold *does* really run down the sides of every mountain and that all they have to do in order to become wealthy, is to hold their hats under the stream. And when they get here and find that existence is maintained by about the same old routine of hard toil and self-sacrifice that was demanded of them in the East, they grow sick at heart and children-of-Israel-like, kick themselves because they did not stay on dad's little farm. I would suggest that young men contemplating coming West to seek their fortune without a good trade, or plenty of money, or influential friends and a definite purpose in view, would remain at home for you can wear old clothes at home among your friends as easily as you can here; and the penitentiaries, jails and poor houses are just as good and as well provided for in the East as they are here. Therefore, if you have not the above requisites, be sure and stay with your friends, for I can assure you that you cannot cope with the rabble of China. By the way, I shall speak of that wart upon the society of this State, called the Chinese population, in another article.

But, notwithstanding the fact that money-getting in California is not of "mushroom popularity," it is, nevertheless a wonderful

state. It embraces a vast amount of territory. The products of its soil are unlimited. It will grow anything. In this respect it is unlike one of the middle states, where it is said the land is so poor that they put one barrel of guano in the grave with everybody they bury so as to assure its coming up on resurrection day. This is a lie of course, but I have been hearing so many politicians discuss tariff and free trade that I have gotten quite used to lies.

J. B. RUTTER.

Woodland, Cal.

Campus Doggerel.

Ready stores of wisdom,
Grains of common-sense
Make a man's importance
Huger than immense,
In the world we're living
Present is the tense.

Fill your heads with learning
Of enduring kind;
Let your strongest yearning
Be a stronger mind,
You can utilize it
Always you will find.

Ever up and working
Be your motto true.
There's no time for shirking,
Plenty is to do,
While there's stars and sunlight
Rain, hail, mist or dew.

On this sphere of passions
Nothing counts so much
As a mind that fashions
Others by its touch,
Shaping human progress,
Acting as a crutch.

Life is but a breadboard,
Conduct but the dough,
Intellect the handmaid
Shapes it by a blow,
Till gold, root of evil,
Speaks and all men go.

—S.

The College World.

Exchanges.

The *College Rambler* contains an editorial upon the old but ever interesting question to the student, the study of the classics. The writer makes a strong defense of the modern classical curriculum and says: The old arguments for the study of the so-called dead languages, mental discipline, an increased knowledge of the English language and flexibility of expression are equally applicable to Greek and Latin. These advantages are by no means confined to writers. Many noted orators have been earnest Greek and Latin students for the help they would receive in the perfecting of their art. Chatham turned and returned pages of Demosthenes into English. William Pitt, his son, read the Greek and Latin poets in his youth with the closest attention, and translated for years aloud to himself or tutor. Fox kept up the reading of Greek and Latin authors until the day of his death. Burke frequently quoted from Virgil, who was also a favorite of Webster. Choate was a tireless translator, and Pinkney owed his polished style to the same influence. Lord Mansfield, who divided the honors of oratory in the House of Lords with Chatham, twice translated all the orations of Cicero. Lord Brougham was an earnest classical student, and formed some of his best orations on the Greek Models.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* gives some practical and valuable suggestions upon the study of oratory in college. The same number presents an article on the development of style in composition, a study of every-day importance to the student. The editor cites a quotation from the *New York Sun* which we would like to give in full, but lack of space will only permit an extract:

"As for the six works of contemporaneous interest which our correspondent inquires for, and which must also be models for a student of style, we will name the Bible, a book of eter-

nal and therefore of contemporaneous interest; Cardinal Newman's *Apologia*; Matthew Arnold's 'Literature and Dogma'; William Ellery Channing's essay on 'Napoleon Bonaparte'; Daniel Webster's speech in reply to Hayne, and Lincoln's speech on the 'Gettysburg Battlefield.' We do not mention these six productions as all comparable in importance, but as similar in elevation, grandeur, originality, and beauty of expression, and as alike indispensable to every English-writing student who would seek to cultivate that last and most delightful perfection of literary art—a chastened, elegant, pregnant, fresh, imaginative, and fascinating style."

Glancing over our exchanges, we are informed of the usefulness of an organization found in many colleges, and which at one time flourished at Allegheny, but which of late years have fallen into disuse. I refer to the French and German Clubs organized by the students for the purpose of drill in speaking and understanding these languages. The short time allotted to class room work must necessarily be occupied with reading from standard authors, so that comparatively little time is devoted to the study of the spoken language, and the result is, that many students go out from the college after a study of two or three years in Modern Languages, with a knowledge which is not only useless, but sometimes embarrassing. Any organization which will provide for a systematic practice, will certainly be highly beneficial to a student in acquiring a command of the Romance Languages, which form such a prominent part in the curriculum of Allegheny. The *Wooster Collegian* testifies to a renewed interest in the study of Languages since the establishment of French and German Clubs.

At the recent meeting of The New England Inter-Collegiate Press Association it was decided to publish a paper called the *Collegian*. It is designed to take the place of the *University*, the publication of which was discontinued last year, owing to a lack of financial support. The *Collegian* will be the organ of the Association and the representative of undergrad-

uates of American colleges. The contents of the paper will consist of one special paper, two prize stories, two prize poems, editorial columns, rostrum, preparatory school department, letters from Berlin, Oxford, etc., athletic and book reviews. Prizes ranging from ten to fifty dollars are offered for editorials, essays and poems. Why should not some of Allegheny's enterprising and ambitious sons compete for some of these? There is plenty of talent and literary ability, and there is no reason why a goodly portion of these prizes should not come to Allegheny. The first issue of the *Collegian* will appear January 1st, provided a sufficient number of subscribers can be secured to justify the undertaking.

The *University Reporter*, claiming to be "devoted to the interests of the University of Georgia," impresses us as laboring under a disadvantage in having no editorial department. The editors' comments on politics, both in prose and in poetry, (?) and the general gloomy character of the latest issue indicates a preponderance of democrats among the quill drivers. Brace up, brother, you'll come out all right in time—perhaps. We clip this original "smile" from a well-edited local column:

"The following was overheard between a student and his girl:

"Oh, Will, what lovely flowers. They look as if they had just been gathered; why, there is a little dew upon them."

"Will (slightly embarrassed)—'Not a cent, I assure you; not a cent.'"

In a recent number of the *Elite Journal*, there appeared an article written by Prof. J. R. Jacques denouncing secret fraternities. This has aroused considerable discussion, on the other side of the question, in the exchanges, particularly from colleges where fraternities flourish. The *Syracuse News*, after answering the arguments of the writer, in an extended editorial, finishes as follows:

"It is simply the same old story—every year some person takes it upon himself to make an elaborate attack upon the fraternity system, while the fraternities themselves still progress,

and add to their rolls the names of men of renown throughout the country. The fraternity system is not to be overthrown by the sarcastic attacks which it occasionally receives from a few malcontents."

The *Pharetra*, with the *e* pronounced like *a* (so the editors tell us), appears in a new cover. This paper is a monthly edited by the young ladies of Wilson College and is a welcome addition to our exchanges.

The monthly *Geneva Cabinet* is numbered among our new exchanges.

Clippings.

Harvard spent \$25,000 on its various athletic organizations last year.

Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Columbia hold entrance examinations in London and Paris.—*Cynic*.

George Washington was the first person to receive the degree of LL.D. from Harvard.—*Pennington Review*.

Amherst has sent out two hundred college professors and presidents, and twenty judges of the Supreme Court.

President Coit, of St. Paul's School, at Concord, N. H., has forbidden base-ball to be played there.—*The Dartmouth*.

Students of Harvard have the choice of 189 courses of study. Students of the University of Michigan have choice of 242.

President Hyde, of Bowdoin, is the youngest college president in the United States, while President Fairchild, of Oberlin, is the oldest. The former is thirty and the latter ninety.

The most heavily endowed educational institutions in the United States are: Girard college, \$10,000,000; Columbia, \$5,000,000; Johns Hopkins, \$4,000,000; Harvard, \$3,000,000; Princeton, \$3,500,000; Lehigh, \$1,800,000; Cornell, \$1,400,000.

Focal.

A thing in the college that I must declare
Has me very much surprised—
The "plugs" which the Seniors ought to wear
Have not yet materialized.

Berlin ate his Thanksgiving turkey at home.

Miss Hull's father visited the college this week.

"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

Miss Stella Foote received a short visit from her father last week.

S. W. Lowing, a former student, is editor of the Linesville *Herald*.

Rumor says that a taffy-pull took place at Hulings Hall recently.

Hopkins commenced his holiday vacation by going home Wednesday.

Mr. Mead registered as a student last week. "It's better late than never."

Wm. McClelland, ex-70, was a member of the Democratic National Committee.

Prof. Miller was absent from college a few days, attending the funeral of a relative.

J. B. Rutter, ex-91, is at present General Y. M. C. A. Secretary at Woodland, Cal.

The third preps have been sailing under their chosen colors for nearly seven days.

Miss Ida Butters of Corry, spent Thanksgiving pleasantly with Miss Hull at Hulings.

O. J. Mason, ex-'88, is once more in the city, being employed in *The Chautauquan* office.

Miss Ewing, of Espyville, was the guest of Miss Brundage for several days of last week.

For Rent—A well-furnished, neat room on second floor. Rates very reasonable. Call at once, Mrs Hine, one house west of Phi Psi Chapter House.

2t

The familiar faces of Misses Reitze, '87, and Douglass, '88, were visible in chapel last week.

The "gay and festive" prep is now haunted nightly by visions of Christmas and Santa Claus.

Knowles spent Thanksgiving and the succeeding four days at his home in East Liverpool, O.

Prof. Colegrove was absent from college a part of last week on account of the serious illness of his mother.

A. C. Lindsey and F. B. Lindsey spent last Sabbath and a few days before and after that date, in Linesville.

Pres. Williams and Prof. Miller filled the pulpit of the Stone church on Sunday morning and evening, Nov. 18.

Judging from the tone of the Jamestown (N. Y.) press, Dr. Wheeler preached an able sermon there on Nov. 18.

Will Elliott, '89, has left college because of poor health. Hope he may recover sufficiently to return next term.

Prof. Colegrove's numerous pupils in short hand speak very highly of the system and practice in these classes.

A pleasant student company assembled at Miss Jessie Smith's house on North Main street, last Monday evening.

President Williams' youngest son has recovered from a combination of cold and falling down the length of the hall stairs.

Youngson has gone to his home at Pittsburg on account of ill-health. He improves slowly but will be able to return next term.

Espy filled J. L. Porter's place in the choir of the First Baptist Church of Franklin last Sunday on account of the latter's sudden illness.

In perfect harmony with the unity of great events, the term of college and the average student's finances will be done about the same time.

On Thursday, November 15th, the marriage of W. E. Fetch, ex-91, and Miss Minnie Lloyd was solemnized, Rev. Younkens, ex-92, officiating.

A movement is on foot to increase the fund for the assistance of poor students in Allegheny College.—*Pittsburg Christian Advocate*, Nov. 29.

Philo declamation contest in the college chapel next Monday, December 10. Contestants: Askue, Christley, Shields, Edward Miller, Couse. Judges: Dr. Flood, Rev. Marshall and Rev. Hayes.

We are glad to learn that *The Collegian*, a magazine established in the interests of all undergraduates, will appear soon. Allegheny will give it hearty support.

The latest arrival at Hulings Hall is Miss Kellogg. She comes from Seattle, Washington Territory and is attending both the college and the conservatory.

The Everett, published by the students of Waterford Academy, is a marvelous little sheet, overflowing with items of interest to the student. May it have unbounded success.

A set of twenty-five prize questions, headed by the familiar skull and crossbones of T. N. E., appeared one morning this week. To date no complete set of answers has been published.

George A. Baker, business manager of *The Williams Weekly* has our thanks for several recent editions. We wish Allegheny would support a weekly as well as Williams seems only too willing to do.

It was a profound mystery why Benson spent so much time reading Spencer's Book of Politeness, till he was seen hastening down to the depot to meet a —. Well he has been writing poetry lately.

A successful series of prayer-meetings conducted by the college Y. M. C. A., has just closed after a continuance of almost three weeks. No one can fail to realize the good these meetings have done.

Allegheny held inter-society with Ossoli last Friday night. An excellent literary program was carried out, after which there was an enjoyable social. This is one of the advantages of coeducation and their frequency attests their popularity.

A very large audience greeted Geo. R. Wendling, the second speaker on our lecture course. We have heard expressions commendatory and otherwise of his great oration, "Saul of Tarsus." He pleased many, but did not fulfil the expectations of others.

Major Kreps is now delivering a series of three lectures upon "The Theory of War." For the sake of illustration he takes Napoleon's Austrian Campaign, considering it the finest exhibition of the principles of military science and tactics.

Copies of *The Crank* for October and November have come to our table through the kindness of W. K. Archbold, '89, ed-in-chief. Will is known by many of our students who will be pleased to hear of his editorial advancement. The magazine represents the Sibley College students of Cornell University.

The regular weekly rehearsals of the Philharmonic society are held Monday evenings from 7:30 to 9 o'clock. Many singers are availing themselves of Mrs. Hull's superior chorus drill; a great number of additions might be made from student ranks. The music is not unusually heavy and the rehearsals are delightfully beneficial to musicians.

The CAMPUS Stock Company deplores the loss of its records. All the books have been carried away by last year's officers, none of whom have returned nor are their whereabouts known. Mr. Varner writes that he has been very ill and cannot remember what became of the secretary's book; thinks he put all books in the hands of Mr. Dobson. It is to be hoped that word from ex-Treasurer Dobson will give some clue to the records which must be had in order that the organization may carry on business.

Messrs. W. J. Totten, Linford Smith and C. W. Fleming, finished performers on the mandolin, will entice sweet-toned, typical, Spanish music from that instrument at the West Penn Hospital benefit at Old City Hall next Tuesday evening.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*, Dec. 2.

Concert dates have been fixed for the "Allegheny Glee and Guitar Club *nee* Quintet Club" at Hudson, O., Dec. 13; Painesville, Dec. 14; Berea, Dec. 15; Elyria, Dec. 17; Fostoria, Dec. 18; Austinburg, Dec. 20; Ashtabula, Dec. 21. They are booked by the Northern Ohio Musical and Literary agency, S. B. Hershey, manager, Ashtabula, Ohio.

The Seniors had their photos taken by the composite process last week. The result is a conglomerated "phiz" of Laffer, Fuller and Silliman. The rest of the class now will not acknowledge that they had any part in it. Even Willie Hunsberger is sore because the likeness failed to exhibit his whiskers. The photo, taken as a whole, is a perfect likeness of "Blinky" Morgan. [They tried again last Wednesday.—ED.]

A good audience greeted the Allegheny Glee and Guitar Club at the Court House last night, and the house would have been crowded had it not been for the counter attractions for the evening. The program consisted of three parts, each containing five numbers, so arranged as to bring out each member in his best specialties. The club is made up of E. A. Hersperger and F. C. Bray, tenors; J. W. Silliman and J. L. Porter, basses; H. M. Barrett, humorist, and S. B. Smith, pianist. These artists established themselves in the favor of the audience from the start. Perhaps the best index of the satisfaction given was the fact that every selection, whether solo, by the club, or instrumental was roundly encored and had to be repeated. We're not surprised to learn that these musical scions of Allegheny College are in demand now in many places. They give splendid music, intermingled with enough humor to make it spicy.—*Franklin Evening News* Nov. 20, 1888.

Alumni.

'86. "Clip" Fuller made us one of his flying visits last Sunday.

'51. James Marvin, D. D., is Chancellor of the University of Kansas.

'87. E. B. Heckel is chief of section III. of the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity.

'71. James Eldon is principal of the Pennsylvania State Normal School at Lock Haven, Pa.

'47. Sanford Hunt, D. D., is the junior member of the firm of Phillips & Hunt, publishers, New York city.

'47. Alexander Martin, D. D., LL. D., has been President of De Pauw University for a number of years.

'50. R. Wesley Black is at present Presiding Elder of the Baltimore District of the Baltimore Conference.

'79. C. B. Mitchell has been transferred from Smithfield street church, Pittsburg, Pa., to Plainfield, N. J.

'63. James Riley Weaver, who for some time was Consul-General at Vienna, Austria, is now Professor in De Pauw University.

'69. G. W. Delamater assisted chairman Quay in the management of the Republican canvass during the late campaign.

'85. C. M. Miller, who has been engaged in missionary work at Calcutta, India, for three years, will sail for America in the spring. The effect of the climate upon his child causes his return.

'88. W. W. Ellsworth spent several days of last week in the city, renewing acquaintances. Teaching evidently agrees with him. He reports Barkeyville Academy in a flourishing condition.

The students of the University of Michigan have petitioned the Legislature to prohibit the sale of liquors within five miles of the college.

Fraternity.

Kappa Alpha Theta has initiated Miss Coeder, '92.

C. L. Miller, '90, has been initiated into Phi Kappa Psi.

Peffer now wears the *argent and azure* of Phi Delta Theta.

Theta Nu Epsilon recently established a chapter at Bucknell.

"Ohio Delta" of Sigma Alpha Epsilon, has been established at Ohio Wesleyan.

The first number of *Kappa Alpha Theta*, Vol. III, has appeared, dated November, 1888. It contains twelve chapter letters and a large number of personals. In the literary department "An Ideal Pin" is written by Mu Alumna.

A writer in the *Record* for November advocates the inauguration of a feminine degree in S. A. E. The "Contributions from members of Sigma Alpha Epsilon" is an unusually well supported department in this fraternity journal.

The following is a very recent local organization known as Kappa Tau Sigma, of Allegheny College. Its full membership and officers are: O. Herbert Joslin, Pres.; B. Lockhart Lord, Sec'y; T. Wallace Lucas, Treas.; DeForest Simons, Vice Pres.; Arthur T. Davis, Ass't Sec'y; W. B. Griffen, Ass't Treas. The motto is "*Plus on est de fous, plus on rit.*"

The regulation "fraternity rushing" practice is being strongly attacked at various colleges. A fraternity pledge signed by a joint committee—declaring that members shall not initiate, pledge or invite students to join their fraternities until said student shall have attended the college at least one month; that invitations be through written form of communication; and that these rules be published in the college papers—is under trial by the ladies' fraternities at Syracuse, De Pauw, Cornell and several other institutions.

Hippocrastaneae.

Often in the twilight haze,
As if in sleep I close my eyes;
But for a moment thus to gaze
In Huling Hall on cakes and pies.
On turkeys stuffed (that are not there),
On oatmeal mush so sweet and good;
On other delicacies rare,
But suited for a student's food.
But then my blood is almost chilled,
As Christmas time comes on apace,
To think of turkeys to be killed
That Huling's tables may be graced.

A new rhetorical figure: Mortification.

Why is a Senior like a tree?
Because he leaves in the Spring.

A student in the fraction class to his next neighbor—Charley what are you going to do when your pony runs out?

Charley—Do like you will have to do, flunk.

IN RHETORIC CLASS.—Dr. W.—"Mr. H. what is Onomatopœia?"

Mr. H. hesitatingly—"I think it is some figure of speech."

Dr. W.—"Probably." Next.

Dice—And you really love me, darling?

Miss X of Goose Haven—Why do you doubt me dear?

Dice—Well, I saw you setting the clock forward when I came in.

Young Lady—Papa, what does *swoolful* mean?

Father—I don't know dear. Have you consulted the dictionary?

Y. L.—Yes, and the word is not there.

F.—Well, try "The Quick or the Dead." If it isn't there it doesn't mean anything.

The Cornell *Sun* has issued a Sunday edition. This is the first and only college paper within our knowledge ever issued on Sunday. This seems to be an innovation of the general rules.
—*University News.*

Allegheny Days.

ATR.—"Wake, Freshman, Wake."

O Dear Allegheny
Loved Mater of many,
Thy loyal sons will ever sound thy praise!
With voices united
Care, trouble affrighted
We'll sing the charm of Allegheny days!

CHORUS.

Mirth, youth, jollity,
While we enjoy college ways!
And as our chief pleasure
In after life, we'll treasure
In mem'ry dear, our Allegheny days—
The tennis and boating,
The ball and scant gloating
O'er musty Greek and Latin, daylight drain;
But night softly falling
The "spoony" ones entralling
Now soothes them 'neath the boughs of "Lovers Lane."
[Chorus.]

And when for life's striving
And care, us depriving
Of hallowed halls and groves on College Hill
We quit days so helpful
Gay, festive, delightful,
Will mem'ry yield a mystic beauty still.

[Chorus.]

—W. S.

They Say

That Silliman has four marks.
That Heiser is attending college this term.
That Fradenburg has the ghost of a moustache.

That Shields went upstairs and knocked at the door, thinking he was at Ed. Miller's room.
Next door neighbor.

William and Mary College, the Alma Mater of Presidents Jefferson and Monroe and Chief Justice Marshall, is to be re-opened this fall after a long period of inactivity. The war crippled this institution very seriously. It is the oldest college in Virginia and one of the oldest in the Union.—*Ex.*

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