

The Campus.

"INTER SILVAS ACADEMI QUÆRIMUS VERUM."

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NEW SERIES.

THE CAMPUS.

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

SOME very pointed remarks were made in chapel not long ago, which if followed up practically by the students, would be productive of good results. Pres. Wheeler made a direct aim at a very bad tendency which the student body does not as a rule resist. A senior vacation can only be instituted when seniors are taking senior studies. When the studies belonging to the different years become so badly intermingled by the carelessness of the student, a senior vacation ceases to be such and can not be consistently established. An unthinking carelessness, or a malicious laziness lies at the foundation of the whole trouble. Those who regulated the matter undoubtedly thought it best that a student in one college year should be permitted to pursue studies in another and hence this option was given the student for his

own benefit, not that it might prove a stumbling block in his way. But under the cloak of this option has grown up a most detrimental practice of putting off freshman and sophomore studies which occupy consecutive terms and require diligent mental application, and substituting in their place junior and senior studies which can be shifted over without heavy work, but can only be grasped and appreciated by a mind trained through heavy, diligent study in the early part of the course. Such shifting of work is detrimental in the extreme and is resorted to not for the purpose of taking advanced branches, when it is impossible to pursue lower ones, owing to conflict, but because some professor isn't liked and some study is too hard. This is rather a plain way of stating the matter but the *facts* are before us as big as life and may just as well be clearly put. That student who has completed many studies in the junior and senior years and is back on freshman and sophomore Greek, Latin and mathematics, is not by any measure so rare an article as he should be.

When a student drops Greek in the fall term, deserts Livy or Virgil in the winter, and lands in the spring term with American literature and political economy, the machinery is evidently out of order somewhere. The student had better gone home some time ago than to pursue such a course of aerial gymnastics. He is abusing his privileges, and what was intended for his benefit is proving detrimental.

The prevalent practice certainly demands some restrictions. In so far as mathematics are concerned, restrictions have to a certain extent been adopted. Other lines of work need them also.

THE time is drawing near for the annual election of CAMPUS editors. We hope it is not necessary to add for the annual election contest, although the two terms have for some time been practical synonyms. Whatever success there may be in digging up some new bone to contend over, there should at least be an elimination of all trouble concerning the registering of stock, which precipitated considerable misunderstanding and confusion last year. The Treasurer of the Campus Publishing Company, in accordance with constitutional provisions, has made public announcement of the duties of stockholders which must be strictly conformed to in order that their shares shall be legal voting stock. All shares which *have changed hands* during the past year must be transferred by the *Treasurer* and by him entered on the books on or before the second Tuesday of May.

No shares can be held by graduates or by any one who is not in college this year, if so they will not be eligible to a vote at the annual election of officers and editors. All stockholders should see these provisions are complied with and enter an election, which, when once concluded, will stand without a contest over some technical point.

* * *

THE KALDRON of '91 is reported as nearly completed in so far as the work at the printer's office in this city is concerned. It is thought that the binding work on the publication can be finished in a couple of weeks, so that the *Kaldron* will soon be in our hands.

That '91's publication will be a most creditable one, no person can doubt. Several new features are being introduced. Among other innovations will be photo-engravure groups of the different fraternities together with many other photographic "insets." The *Kaldron* always awakens great interest at its appearance and this

year will certainly prove no exception. The Board of Publication also hopes by careful manipulation to bring the publication out on its feet financially also. This will require the sturdy support and assistance of all students. Don't fail to get a copy and remember your friends.

* * *

DURING the present reign the CAMPUS has pursued the policy of stating facts and hewing down to the line of truth no matter where the chips might fall. This policy has not been uniformly most pleasing to everybody, for the reason that it is rather difficult and somewhat excruciating to fit oneself into the crack between realities. The corners of facts are sharp and apt to jag if not smoothed down with a little deception. It may be best to look at things with a half-closed eye, get a mere outline and let the irregular fringes alone, but it has not appeared to the scribe in that light.

The literary (?) meetings, held last week present a theme for comment if the truth can be stated, but an unproductive field of discussion if nobody is to be criticised. The literary societies are dropping lower and lower and have reached a plane pretty far down, when their energy is expended principally in muscular contests between each other, when one society adjourns for the purpose of compelling the other to follow suit. To anyone who has his society's good at heart, the manner in which the societies are treated, the small amount of loyalty which members have for their organizations is most depressing. There is something wrong in the atmosphere of literary work. The literary contests for this year is comparison with those of former years have been entered by not one-fourth the number of men. Many causes have been assigned for this decay of literary energy, but certainly one corner stone of indifference is the encroachment of utilitarianism especially in the form of the civil engineering

course. The C. E. man, who from good faith and principle enters the C. E. department, is not he whom we criticise, but such a man is about one in five of those who graduate in this department. There are numbers of students who would be active in literary work, if it were not for the fact that they are taking the C. E. course simply because they can graduate in less time.

This deplorable condition of things will continue just so long as the C. E. course is a year or more shorter in the curriculum than any other. If Allegheny wishes to shorten her standard course to three years the present policy is best, if not it is undoubtedly wrong. Students will drift in where they can finish in the shortest possible time. To hurry through is the tendency of the age. By actual count the C. E. men of the Freshman class are almost if not quite equal in number to the classical students (the ladies excepted, of course.) There would be nothing wrong in this, were the courses parallel and equal. The C. E. men to a great extent are such, because the courses are not equal. Should the college support a C. E. course which is draining the classical department and killing literary enthusiasm, not because students, that is many of them, desire the C. E. education, but because they can graduate more quickly! Why should not the standard of this course be as high as that of any other? Why is not a C. E. graduate in need of as thorough an education as any other graduate? For the best interests of the college he should stand just as high as a classical graduate, and this can only be insured by making the courses equal.

* * *

THE new college catalogue for 1890-91 will soon be completed. There will be a few new features. The "War Department" will receive more careful and methodic notice than heretofore. There are some changes

in the Civil Engineering Department. The Post Graduate Department will, we believe, also be enlarged by a course in ancient languages. The publication is in press at the present time.

* * *

THE literary columns of this issue contain the translation on an English poem into Latin verse, kindly contributed by Dr. True-man. The production is of course beyond the scope of our criticism, but undoubtedly has the ring of worth. Such contributions are always welcomed for the Literary Department.

* * *

THE scheme for building a gymnasium lately proposed by President Wheeler is worthy of the assistance and hearty co-operation of all. There is no reason why the funds for building a modest gymnasium cannot be obtained. There are many wealthy Methodists in the supporting conferences, who would subscribe liberally for such a project, if the matter was presented in a proper light. What our college needs is a good financial agent. Other institutions employ men for such purposes and with good results. The right sort of a man working one year for Allegheny could place the college in possession of all the buildings needed. The money can be raised if proper methods are adopted.

* * *

OUR last issue reported the Pan Hellenic Base Ball League in the pupa stage, and that with fair weather the butterfly would soon appear. A late storm, however, broke away the dead twig from which it was pendant and the tender care was dashed to death by the raging elements. Athletics in other lines are booming, and an interesting preliminary field-day is scheduled for the near future.

When may a man properly be said to be an herb? At seventy, because long experience makes him sage.

Literary.

Lead, Kindly Light.

TRANSLATION OF NEWMAN'S.

1. Duc, O Lux, me per medias tenebras
Quae quidem circum misero mihi stant;
Nox perobscura, procul et domo sum.
Duc, rogo, tu me.
2. Sit tibi curae via, Lux benigna;
Non quod est ultra volo nunc videre;
Singuli gressus mihi sat superque.
Duc, rogo, tu me.
3. Me viam quondam legere et videre
Me iuvabat, nec, vae mihi! te rogabam,
Lux benigna, ut tu mage duceres me.
Duc, rogo, tu me.
4. Tum tumebat cor, metibus neglectis,
Nec sinebat me meliora velle.
Haec memento ne mihi, Lux benigna.
Duc, rogo, tu me.
5. Qui diu me tam totiens beasti
Usque ducturus. Mihi donec obstant
Flumen et mons et palus et frutetum.
Duc, rogo, tu me.
6. Usque donec nox ierit, diesque
Quos quidem iam dudum amo sed parumper
Maestus amisi, dederit videre.
Duc, rogo, tu me.

J. S. T.

Russian Nihilism.

CENTENARY PRIZE ORATION.

Progress is the direct result of criticism. Criticism grows from dissatisfaction. The discontent of the people led protestantism from the corrupt mother church, brought our own system of government into being, originated every modern reform. Criticism goads the inactive state into life and compels it to move forward. "States are great engines, moving slowly" and

the power which drives them is the will of the people. The people of America demanded individual rights; of England, a share in the government; of Brazil, release from Imperialism. The results show the power of fault finding.

Russia, to-day, is filled with discontent. The people feel the heavy burdens of their subordination and seek release. They have breathed their very souls into a despairing cry for freedom. That cry is Russian Nihilism.

It is remarkable, almost a paradoxical fact, that Nihilism was the first child of Russian liberty. The great decree of Alexander II, which gave millions of bonded serfs a taste of freedom, which was the first proof of a new policy of government, also gave rise to Nihilism. The imperial ukase gave the serf a glance into the land of promise, but it meant that the nobleman was to be stripped of his wealth. The intense hatred engendered thus soon developed into active opposition and fanned the smouldering distrust into a mighty flame. The great wave of thought, which caused the French Revolution, had rippled even on the shores of Russia. It became Russian Communism. The great mass of common people desired laws moulded according to modern ideas. Communism was the expression of their dissatisfaction; Nihilism was the hatred felt by the middle and upper classes. The union of the two has formed an immovable force—modern Nihilism.

It is true in Russia, as in all nations in modern centuries, that Imperialism can not be maintained with the consent of the people. It has under it only the decaying timbers of military force. Russia detests monarchy. The natural tendencies of her mind have been parallel to those of her western neighbors. The French people had seen the climax of despotism in the House of Bourbon; they vented their indignation in the French Revolution. England had grown restless under the restraint of monocracy; her dissatisfaction wrested the great charter from King John at Runnymede. Italy, under the leadership of Victor Immanuel and Gari-

baldi, had struggled from under the oppression of the pope. The same spirit of advancement hovers over Russia. She naturally seeks to rise with her sister nations, but is bowed down by the burden of royalty. The voice of Nihilism is the voice of progress. It is the echo of independence from the rocky hills of free America, rebounding among the cliffs of liberty-loving Switzerland, and sweeping through the forests of our new-born southern republics.

Nihilism in Russia must not be underestimated nor misunderstood. What if underneath the repulsive exterior of lawlessness there is to be heard the despairing cry of human souls yearning for justice and right? Is this forbidding creature really a demon, as it often seems, or is it some angel of deliverance in process of development? Nihilism is too often regarded as the fiery burst of the zeal of a few fanatics. Be not misguided by the name. Nihilism is not nothingism. Its principles are the expressions of the sincere, loyal, patriotic beliefs of the people as opposed to unjust government. Nihilists are not anarchists. The popular conception of a Nihilist is of a ruffian, delighting in villainy and loathing the restraint of all law. True, Nihilism has many such, "but, to-day, as in all its history, the suggestive and tragic truth comes out that gifted poets, keen philosophers, devoted patriots and noble hearted women are among the leading Nihilists, even to the dooming of a Czar to death." The party is graced by the genius of a Leo Hartmann and a Stepniak, by the heroism of a Sophia Bardin, by the self-sacrifice of thousands.

Can you with unsympathetic heart, see the young woman, delicately reared, thoroughly educated, entering the hovel of the peasant and sharing his hardship and toil solely for the purpose of instilling Nihilism into Russian peasantry? Can you believe that anything else than patriotism will inspire a nobleman, young, talented, wealthy, to renounce his wealth, throw away his bright future and dedicate himself to Nihilism? Such acts as these and they are not

uncommon, truly measure the earnestness, the sincerity, the zeal of a people. The supporter of Nihilism devotes himself to the cause in the jaws of unerring retribution. His life is a doomed one. "The average free existence of such as he is only two years." He knows well the penalties. The terrifying vision of almost certain punishment haunts his sight night and day. Siberia! the mines! The words loom out, an awful signification of the mysterious North, which appears as a desolating vision of despair and death. "Leave hope behind, ye who enter here" is written in blazing letters across the Ural mountain peaks. From those rocky cliffs, the weeping eyes of three centuries have looked down upon this phase of the story. As soon as the Tsars of Moscow learned of the new country which their Cossacks had conquered beyond the Urals, they began to send thither their dangerous criminals and ever since Siberia has been an immense, well guarded prison-house.

Siberian suffering is proverbial. I need not tell of the convicts who die after receiving thousands of strokes with the rod. I need not recall the vast number who perish on the outward journey to Eastern Siberia. The picture need not be colored by tales of the awful suffering in the over crowded, filthy prisons or of the abuse of the pitiless Russian officers. One exile writes,—"I hope to die this winter." This is the only hope a Siberian exile can cherish. Escape, reprieve, pardon are impossible. His only release is death.

Why must this suffering continue? Why the sad necessity for so bloody a strife? Because a just government does not exist. The law, Russia, everything is the Czar. A government should be the expression of the aspirations of the people and should carry out their will. It must mirror its subjects. Russian government is Asiatic, tyrannical. It is the same system by which the Emperor of China oppresses his subjects. It knows no rights save those of the Czar. It hears not the despairing

cry of the people. It listens to no requests.

What does the revolutionary party demand? It demands that which would cause every American citizen to rise in rebellion, were it denied him—freedom of speech, freedom of ballot, freedom of press, freedom of public meetings—the four corner stones of our own great structure. A free-born American can scarcely conceive of a nation's being deprived of those rights which we consider inalienable. Freedom is so mingled in the warp and woof of our national fabric that we sympathize with any people whose liberty is abridged. The Russian asks nothing but what we believe are natural born rights.

The Czar replies by fresh executions, by banishing new thousands to the barren wastes of Siberia, by crushing his iron heel deeper into the peasant's neck. The government, in defense of its exile system cites its laws in the matter. Grant for the moment that the laws would secure justice to the offender. Of what use are laws which are known only in their non-observance. Is it justice which tears a young man from his family without a moments warning and without the shadow of a trial, sends him to spend a living death in a Siberian mine? Is it justice which *kills* a man who knows neither his accuser nor his crime? Is it justice which sends the tender woman to a Siberian hovel, dragging heavy chains, until, sinking down by the frozen roadside, she yields up her life for the freedom of her people? Russia has an elaborate code of laws for the regulation of her political exiles, but those who are familiar with Siberia and her prisons, know that the only law is the will of the brutal overseer. When we hear the sad story, we are carried back to the seventeenth century and hear the words of protopope Avvakkum's wife. "Ah, how long, then will these sufferings go on? "And his answer was, "Until our death, my dear, until our death."

And to her question, though the century pillar has been circled three times, we have but

one possible reply—no partial reforms can ameliorate this horrible state of things, nothing short of a complete change in Russian life. That flag, for which our fathers fought, is the symbol of all we are or hope to be. It means equality, self-government and the sovereignty of the individual. Russia's standard, to-day, represents nothing but Imperialism. It waves alone for the Czar. It must mean more; it must be the flag of the people. Russia's lofty mountains, her beautiful lakes, her rushing rivers, her waving forests, all proclaim her right to freedom.

To-day finds the forces of the Czar arrayed in a magnificent display of power. His armies cover the vast plains of Russia. His ministers never sleep. On the other hand, Nihilism stands invisible. Its size is unmeasured, its power unknown, its life eternal. It is seen only in its effects. When a life is laid down, a mine exploded, then the world knows that Nihilism has being. Its zeal is never-ending, its energy boundless, its bravery unsurpassed. Its upholders are men and women with an undying purpose, who live and labor and die—die without hesitation to secure the rights of their fellow men.

Revolutionists will not cease to exist. They are created by events. Each fresh execution brings forth new workers. Like the Phoenix of old from whose ashes sprang a new bird, so Nihilism rises from her martyred decay. The party, though to-day it appears inactive, yet lives. It can die only when oppression dies. It has yet a purpose to fulfill.

In a struggle so vast as is the conflict between absolutism and popular supremacy in Russia, there is no such thing as compromise. Peace is to be reached only by the overpowering or yielding of one side. It is the old struggle. Again and again has the battle been fought. One by one have the strongholds of monarchy fallen until the Czar stands almost alone in all Europe to maintain "the divine right of kings." He is the representative of a worn-out government. It is ancient tyranny.

The everlasting stream of time waits not, customs, beliefs, governments, whole worlds are swept along on its resistless tide. We must move forward or be lost. Russia stands to-day where she has stood for centuries. The mighty waves of popular opinion are beating against her foundations. The angry sea mutters and roars with the threatenings of a wronged people. Nihilism has grown so strong that no one can compute its power; no one can accurately measure Russia's future, but the boding clouds, sweeping in fierce battalions across her sky, foretell the mighty tempest, which with blasting fire, will strike the Empire's heart. From the shattered ruins, our faith builds a new nation, with new rulers, new ideals; the home of liberty, of equality, of pure government.

C. F. ROSS.

The College World.

Exchanges.

The subject of college degrees is offering itself as a profitable theme of discussion in a number of our exchanges. The great difficulty is that to-day we have a degree for almost everything, and that very seldom do two degrees of the same name mean the same thing. In our own institution in every course except the Civil Engineering the degree of A. B. is given. This hardly seems right, for every one will acknowledge that the Classical course requires more and harder work from its students than the Latin and Modern Language course, and for a student to be required to do more work and yet get the same degree from the college hardly seems fair. If it be true, as is often quoted, that Latin and Greek are of more value as disciplinary studies than German and French, then it would seem that at the close of the course, all things else being equal, the classical man will leave the institution far better equipped for life than the L. and M. L. man. And yet, in the face of their own logic, the various faculties

virtually proclaim to the world that they are on equal basis. And then, when we look around and see from what little, "one-horse" institutions some of the A. B.s come, it is no wonder that educators throughout the country are crying a halt to the giving of degrees. We herald this arrival, and hope soon to see the day when a degree will be worth just a little more than the paper used in its production. The battle cry ought to be "Higher scholarship and fewer degrees." Then when a degree is conferred, it will mean something. Ambitious students, with the proper metal in them, will have something at which to aim, something for which to "spend the midnight oil." Give us degrees, but not "two for a nickel."

What is remote and difficult of success we are apt to overrate; what is really best for us lies always within our reach, though often overlooked.

—Longfellow.

The *Cosmos* bobs up serenely for the first time, with its April edition. It is a monthly publication, edited by students of Coe College, Cedar Rapids, Ia. It is in form something similar to our CAMPUS. This first copy that we have seen is bright and newsy, but we would like to suggest that her local editor shorten his items. Make them tell the news in the fewest possible words. If the Ed. has literary ability, let him assist now and then in the Literary department. This hint, offered in all kindness, will help to make your paper the success it deserves to be. The following editorial we clip from the *Cosmos*. We give it not because of literary merit, but for its common sense:

The art of conversing well is the king of accomplishments. The orator is the hero the night of the contest, the skillful musician is envied the night of the concert, but to the entertaining and agreeable conversationalist, every hour furnishes opportunity to exhibit proficiency in this most delightful accomplishment. He can talk nonsense at a party with ease and enjoy it. At a committee meeting or the business-meeting of the society, he can lay aside foolishness and be sensible and ener-

getic in advice in the disposition of business. To his intimate friends, he can be open-hearted and by his frank speech win them to implicit confidence and faith in him. We have known men in whom the cultivation of this accomplishment had been shamefully neglected. Excepting the pleasure gotten from working at their callings or occupations, of pleasure their lives had none. Approach them socially, and, like the turtle, they draw in their heads, close their shells and there they are! You may be an expert musician or an accomplished linguist; but should you lack the art of conversing, some person who has naught but an ability to express himself readily and ingeniously will monopolize things socially. Do not rely upon your dexterity as a musician, an orator, or an athlete to make you popular among your comrades. What will count far more rapidly is the cultivation of a taste as to what to say and the proprieties of time and place in saying it.

Scholars all over Christendom have been deeply interested in the recent discovery of Aristotle's Constitution of Athens, written more than twenty-two centuries ago. The roll of completed papyrus, blurred and difficult to decipher was found in Egypt by some Arab who was seeking something which he might dispose of to travelers for money. Experts are satisfied that it is genuine, that Aristotle is the author. This brief chronicle of the Athenian Constitution, deposited in the British Museum, has an interest for the men of practical politics as well as for the men of literature. "Is it a thing of no interest, a matter of no importance, to see how an ancient people went through the same experiences, and how the sum total of that experience looked to the ablest and the most judicial thinker of the ancient world? No party prejudices biased the writer's judgment. He does not point out the moral, but he tells the tale, and we may draw our own conclusions."

Prof. J. S. Martin, in Geneva. *Cabinet*, writes an excellent article on "How to Study." He only offers suggestions, but these are well worth reprinting. He first mentions *interest*. The student must learn that he can never study to advantage unless he is interested in the subject matter of his study. When a student feels that the study is dry and uninteresting and that "it

will not do him any good anyway," it is impossible to make progress. His second point is *attention*. Under the division of how to secure these he says:

Not by indifference. Not by giving way to constitutional laziness, the lack of taste for study, or any unfavorable bodily condition of the hour. Not by dividing your attention between different objects, and causing your thoughts to flit about as the wings of a butterfly. No, no, not at all. But by the force of will power marshalling all the faculties of the mind for an expected onset, or holding them with steady front in the midst of battle.

In closing, he remarks:

Once more, study thoroughly as you go. This is an absolutely essential requisite of attention. Never pass to a second point until you have completely mastered the first. If you do you will become discouraged, oftentimes disheartened. But thoroughly master your study, point by point, and victory will be yours, and a duty a pleasure.

Attend with interest the truth to be learned; "take it for granted that there is no excellence without great labor;" be faithful in studying every lesson day by day and conscientiously persevere in this duty; reproduce in your own mind the truth to be acquired; and form the habit of constantly reviewing it. And if this does not acquaint you with the art of study and make it a genuine pleasure you will be the grand exception to the rule.

In thinking of orators and oratorical contests, recently, the fact was forced upon us that the orators in Allegheny College are a minus quantity. We have a number of pleasant speakers, but orators none. It is sad that this should be the case, but we need but look at the work the societies have been doing this year to know where to place the blame. The society work of this year has not been up to its usual standard. No one seems to take any interest in contests or any other work that tends to bring out this side of a man. So far as the Senior class is concerned, their day of grace is passed, but the younger classmen should

see to it that the present state of affairs should never again exist. Let us advise those who shall return to college next year, to come with the intention of making the society help, and then go on the contests. You can only be beaten, and the benefit you shall derive from your effort will well repay you. Thinking that some lessons might be learned from a review of the great Grecian orator's efforts, we have clipped the following. Please note that it was labor and not genius that elevated Demosthenes to his eminence as an orator. In speaking of the fault of severely criticising young orators, the *Post Folis* says:

Who would expect anyone of these young orators to be a Demosthenes at first trial? It is not just to take his advanced oratorical life as a criterion by which to gauge their ability; but compare them with the first attempts of Demosthenes. Let us review a few of the defects in this ancient model. Demosthenes had poor health, an impediment in his speech, a weak, harsh, tuneless voice, ungraceful action, and an uncouth and awkward manner. To facilitate his breathing and strengthen his voice, he climbed steep and craggy heights; to remedy the imperfection in his speech, he declaimed with pebbles in his mouth; to correct his awkwardness of motion, he stood for hours before a mirror; to learn proper graces of action and pronunciation, he was trained by the best actors; and to gain an idea of the motions of the popular assembly, he harangued at the seashore where the waves served as substitutes for an audience. So intent was he on studying his art that he shaved half of his head and retired into a cave in the earth, from whence he could not emerge till the renewed growth of hair. Any numbskull or clod-hopper upon the face of the globe, by working as hard as this man did, devoting every moment of his time to the one purpose, and having the advantage of good instruction could become a fine orator.

One man in 5,000 takes a college course in England, one in 615 in Scotland, one in every 213 in Germany, and one in 2,000 in the United States.

Foral.

Play ball!

Field Day preliminaries May 11!

Verily the spring term rapidly draweth to a close.

Miss Clara Howard returned to college last week.

Morey preached in the A. M. E. church last Sunday week.

Miss Genevieve Bush has again resumed her college duties.

W. G. Baron, ex-'93, is a successful preacher at Mt. Pleasant.

Goodwin has presented himself with a pneumatic tired safety "bike."

Blackmar spent Sunday, April 19, at his home in Jamestown, N. Y.

Mr. McMillan, a former student at Mt. Union, visited his Sig brothers not long ago.

"Thare" and "eather" are two samples of spelling by a student in mathematics.

Prof. Langley, of Edinboro Normal, visited his daughter and the college last week.

H. H. Cummings, of Tidioute, was the guest of his son Harry a few days week before last.

The canal, Saegertown, and other places of interest are having the usual amount of visitors.

"Dot leedle German band" which made a tour of the city last week, treated the fair co-eds to a serenade.

Dr. Wheeler addressed the graduating class of the Cochranon High school Friday evening, April 24.

Mrs. Juvia C. Hull, of the Conservatory of Music, sang in the Baptist church at Franklin last Sunday.

Rodkey and Bird are making rapid strides towards the Senior class—progression in the retrograde direction.

Rev. W. W. Youngson, '91, occupied the pulpit of the Stone church last Sunday evening in the absence of Dr. Beach.

Prof. Dutton astonished the fellows the other day by attempting to write in his roll book with a—well we won't give it away.

Everybody enter for Field Day preliminaries! Let the best men represent us at Pittsburg, so that the winners of the prizes will have to do hard work.

The battalion will go into camp June 6th for one week, at Conneaut lake. The camp will be known as Camp Alden in honor of Allegheny's first president.

"Making Life a Success" was the subject of a very instructive lecture delivered in the Park Avenue church to the young men, by Dr. Wheeler, on April 21.

Prof. Thomas was suddenly taken sick in his class-room last Friday morning and has been confined to his home ever since with an attack of the fashionable disease.

Co-education is not a failure in the spring term. Your girl is sure to take Botany and you have to accompany her upon divers excursions for flowers, doncher know.

W. E. Barcus,, who left college three years ago to attend the Drew Theological Seminary, from which place he graduates this month, has returned and entered the Junior class.

It will be of interest to our readers to learn that Dr. Fradenburg, formerly pastor of the Warren, Pa., M. E. church, has accepted the presidency of the Red Valley university at Whapeton, N. D.

The Y. M. C. A. will hold a special meeting to be led by Mr. S. A. Hamill, of Westminster

College, Monday evening, May 11th, in the Athenian Hall. All the students are earnestly requested to be present.

After an examination in Tactics, the following list of misspelled words was posted: "Solgier," horizontal, gard, but of piece, layed, possission of soldier, face to the reer, stalk of gun, naturally, muzzel, arround, holde, collar guard, minuite, sargent, doubel time."

The officers of the college Y. M. C. A. for the ensuing year are the following gentlemen: President, Arthur Staples; vice-president, W. C. Swearer; recording secretary, R. W. Darragh; corresponding secretary, Prof. Elliott; treasurer, Fred Wineman.

The following is a case where practice does not make perfect. In German class Gamble reads:—"Lange hielten sich zwei umschlungen." The two embracing held each other a long time. Prof. I don't understand that sentence."

Prof.—"That is very easy to understand."

When the Cochranon and Utica base ball teams crossed bats last Monday at the home of the former club, the boys were disposed to kick on a stranger in the box for the Uticas. Upon being assured that the twirler was "Murphy, from Sugar Grove, an amateur," the game proceeded. A student of the college happened along to witness the game. Hearing of the game "set up," he dispelled the illusion by saying that the supposed "amateur" was none other than the "phenomenal" Murphy of our Gam brothers.

On April 27th a large crowd assembled on the college base ball ground to witness the first game of the season between the following teams: Phi Kappa Psi—Daniels, p; Miller, E. E., c; Eighmy, 1st b; Porter, Ed., 2nd b; Luse, C. L., 3rd b; Parker, s s; Youngson, 1 f; Byers, c f; Porter, Ben., r f. Phi Delta Theta—Black, p; Sisley, c; Jaynes, 1st b; Couse, 2nd b; Bell,

3rd b; Crary, s s; Campbell, l f; Howe, c f; Darragh, r f; umpire, Klingensmith. A five inning game was played with the result, Phi Psis, 13, Thetas, 1. The game was close and at times even exciting, especially when "Hanka" Byers made a phenomenal hit half way to pitcher's box, and when Black made a home run by Porter's wild throw to third. Both teams were in an excellent condition, acquired only by long hours of practice.

Fraternity.

Miss Byrde Knight, of the Conservatory is the latest initiate of the Alph Chi Omega Sorority.

One of the most recent results of the northward rush of southern fraternities, is the establishment of a chapter of Sigma Alpha Epsilon at Grove City College (?), a monohippic institution of learning located somewhere in Western Pennsylvania. An institution usurping the name of college but which would bear unfavorable comparison with a second rate High School. "Short though brilliant" was the chapter's young career. Nipped in the bud by the stern manifesto of an unappreciative faculty, all the members were unceremoniously expelled on the morning of their appearance and three of them afterward repaired to Allegheny and joined the chapter there.—*Phi Gamma Delta Quarterly*.

The local chapter of Sigma Alpha Epsilon, in behalf of the general fraternity, wishes to characterize the above clipping as a malicious falsehood, published for the purpose of injury. The general tone of prevarication, which permeates the journal from which it is taken furnishes additional proof of its falsity. So long as such dirty mud slinging artifices are resorted to for the purpose of injuring more successful rivals, all true Pan-Hellenism must remain on the theoretical side of the fence.

The energy and vigor of Sigma Alpha Epsilon, together with her judicious discretion in entering institutions of high worth, is evidenced by her new chapters in Dickinson College, Pa., Cornell University, N. Y., and University of

Colorado. The Cornell chapter was initiated some two weeks since by Mr. E. E. Higley, of Allegheny college.

ERRATUM.—In second verse of third stanza of "Lead, Kindly Light," substitute *ego* for *vae hini*.

Alumni.

G. W. Phillips, '90, was seen about the college last week. Gammaliel looks about as natural as ever.

Corny C. Laffer, '89, of the Philadelphia Medical College, is spending his vacation with his mother in this city.

Andrew C. Ellis, '78, of Jamestown, N. Y., was in chapel a few days ago. Andy is returning from a southern trip for the benefit of his health.

E. M. Mixer, '89, a member of the faculty of the Union City Schools, happened along in time to participate in a sham battle between Philo and Allegheny last Friday night.

GOD GAVE THE BABY.

A lady walking along the street came upon a little girl wheeling a baby carriage.

"What a beautiful baby!" exclaimed the lady as she discovered a pink face done up in cream-colored shawl. "Whose child is it?"

"Mine," the little girl answered.

"Oh, you mean that it is your little brother or sister?"

"No, I mean that it is not my brother, but is mine—my child."

"You are a very young mother."

"I ain't no mother."

"Then why should you say that the baby is

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yours?" the lady mischievously asked.

"'Cause God sent it to me. My mamma asked me if I didn't want a little baby in the house, an' I said yes, an' she said if I prayed for one God would send it, an' then I said I would pray for a little sister, 'cause I like girls better than boys, but mamma said I'd just better pray for any kind that God has a mind to send, but I didn't; I prayed for a little girl, but God took an' sent a boy any way, and I guess it was because he didn't have any girls on hand. Then I said I would pray to God to send a girl as soon as he could, but our folks said that I neden't put myself to any trouble on that account."

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