The Campus.

"INTER SILVAS ACADEMI QUÆRIMUS VERUM."

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THE CAMPUS.

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

THE ELEVATION of Dr. Wheeler to the presidency of Allegheny College marks in her history the full opening of a new era. The burst of applause which in chapel on the morning of the 8th met the announcement of his election, a reception royal as it was, must be taken as but a feeble expression of the love and loyal feeling which every student of the institution bears him. The hope so often heard expressed by them had been realized. It was a time for congratulations, which all agreed were due to the college; for as regards the man himself, the feeling is prevalent among us that he needs not the aid of position to gain for himself the acknowledgement of his superior gifts. As voicing universal sentiment we desire to say to the Boards of government, that you have placed over us and in charge of the sacred interests of Allegheny a man of whom we are justly proud, and to whom we take delight in rendering honor.

* * *

AN INSTITUTION of learning is never the recipient of a richer gift than the unselfish devotion of its friends. Such a devotion, by increasing the opportunities for doing good, multiplies many times every dollar in gold already possessed as an endowment and assures the addition of others. Better the entire absence of interest, than that much should be manifested from selfish motives; for selfishness carried into public institutions after greatly lowering whatever value they may have, will leave its curse upon what little remains.

* * *

A MAN may justly expect to be exalted when he has shown himself more than master of the circumstances in which he moves —indeed, such being the case there is no power on earth that can prevent his rising; and as with man so with any institution that he may set up. So long as events in this word tend to shape themselves for the ultimate good, so long as there is a justice in the destiny of men and the works which they together carry forward, so long will additional gifts be graciously withheld where those already given are not serving a befitting end, or if others be bestowed it will be in displeasure in order that they may bring hastily to an end the ruin already begun.

* * *

A COLLEGE is no sooner founded than currents of sentiment set in, some of which aid, others oppose its growth. In favor of the final, permanent establishment of such an institution as a college is the fact that it adds constantly and largely to the general good; and with respect to such institutions the bet-

ter judgment of men almost invariably prevails in the end. If it were not so, the fate of many a college would in the swirl of opposing tides remain for a very long time in doubt. But adverse tides, having their source for the most part in springs tainted with selfishness, can no more contend against those which make for good than the impetuous current of a shallow river can beat back the irresistible tide of the sea.

* * *

THERE being every reason for believing that the tides which carry forward to good fortune have set in for Allegheny, we feel like urging everyone in any way related to her to augment rather than retard them. We have before referred to the dependence of all colleges upon their alumni; and in this respect Allegheny is no exception, although it seems her alumni entertain some such false idea. In need of money to make many proposed improvement, Allegheny is in greater need of good words—the latter an endowment which any man can make, and which every man having taken her instruction owes to her. In the present condition of the college many more students could be well accommodated, and a wider educational work could thus be done. Let the truth be told, and good words be spoken; let there be a general rally to the support of the present administration, each one aiding the favorable tide which has already taken the college up and promises to bear her forward to a position of greater prosperity and higher scholarly standing than she has hitherto enjoyed.

* * *

IN THE Pittsburgh *Legal Journal* of December 4, occurs an article which, did not space forbid, we would publish in full, believing that it would prove interesting to a large class of college students looking forward to the study of the law. The article referred to is by John J. Wickham and bears the title, "Are There Too Many Lawyers?" Mr. Wickham calls attention in the beginning of his paper to a recent address made before the American Bar Association by David Dudley Field in which the statement is made that "the proportion of the legal element is in France, 1 to 4,762; in Germany, 1 to 6,423; in the United States, 1 to 909. Taking all these figures together," continues Mr. Field, "is it any wonder that a cynic should say that we American lawyers talk more and speed less than any other equal number of men known to history?"

In speaking of the cause for the overcrowding of the legal profession Mr. Wickham says in a way worthy repeating that "The half truth—half falsehood,—that there is '*always plenty* of room at the top,' has misled many an aspiring youth. As well might it be said, that every one capable of being president will ultimately get the office if he diligently seek it, that an ordinary loaf will, without a miracle, feed ten thousand people, that one horse can carry fifty riders, or that all the birds of the air can roost on the top of a single tree."

For preventing the overcrowding of the bar the author of the article suggests that the courts raise the standard of admission; that there be not less than three, and better, a four year's course of study required; that the examinations be most thorough and searching; and, lastly, that all "law school professors should be cruelly honest and candid in their information and advice to young men who contemplate studying law with the expectation of gaining fame and fortune through its practice."

The article throughout is interesting and to all students in Allegheny contemplating the study of law we recommend it.

* * *

THE EDITOR'S DRAG-NET.

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

College life has a tendency to dislodge more beliefs than it succeeds in establishing; yet so generous is it as regards quality rather than numbers that one generally feels himself much

richer, although his tenets, numerically considered, be greatly reduced.

A belief in the genius of hard work is among the first to be set up—however, many remain skeptical at this point, not because there is wanting sufficient proof, but because they dread the end to which such a belief naturally leads—and this one conviction takes the place of a confusion of beliefs in accident, in an inexplainable indulgence of Providence—in which trusting faith is substituted for laborious study, and a Pentecost is looked for at each period of recitation together with its miraculous gift of tongues—and in a genius which is a gift of Fate.

It affects one very little to throw overboard the belief in accidents; it is a faith which never affords a spiritual serenity exactly perfect, and proves to be a lame one with which to attempt the solution of life, especially since events, in direct opposition to chance, seem to flow very naturally one into another.

But the second blind belief, which has just enough truth in it to make its falsehood extremely dangerous, is not so easily surrendered. However, the act of abandoning it does not effect one so much as, after it has been renounced, the sight of others clinging to it with the grip of religious fanatics. It is difficult, in the first hours of one's deliverance from the bondage of a false thought, to manifest sympathy with those who look with suspicion upon his new state of liberty whilst they turn with evident self-congratulatory feelings to their old thraldom. To the emancipated the time is a dangerous one; for he runs the risk of being yoked in a selfishness more to be feared, as far more ruinous in its effects, than his former superstitions.

The thought of the genius born in a man is liable to occasion much trouble; especially when the feeling existing between himself and Fate is very distant. If he bear no mark of adoption, it is only after a long time that he will admit as much to himself. More through books than observation—we trust our friends will draw from this remark no conclusion disparaging to themselves—he comes to know that the coveted genius of gifts is ever to be found hard at work. One thought brings on another until he comes to believe that the fault

"is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings,"

and he happily resolves upon the self-constructed genius of hard work. It gives entire satisfaction. It is practical and poetical; rough and ready; little subject to seasons of depression or inspiration. It happens that somehow about as often as to the gifted genius is given the world's applause, the genius of hard work *wrests* from the world the same. The genius of gifts rears a monument in a single day, and by its side the genius of hard work builds slowly but surely a shaft which when completed stands in no mean contrast with its neighbor. Poetic we claimed this latter genius to be—not that it ever writes a single stanza, but because it shapes a human life in such a way that it becomes a true poem in itself.

A new roll—Gentlemen, "Present Arms." Ladies, "Fall in."

The lectureship on poetry at Johns Hopkins University will probably be tendered to James Russell Lowell this year.

When it was recently announced at the University of Cambridge that women would henceforth be admitted to the University examinations, the students turned out in a body to cheer Miss Helen Gladstone and the incoming young women students.

An eminent professor in a college being challenged to find a rhyme to "Timbucto" promptly replied with the following verse:

If I were a cassowary
On the sands of Timbucto,
I would eat a missionary,
Skin, bones and hymn book, too.—*Ex.*

Literary.

A College Attachment.

We've skimped, an' sent that boy to fill
The holler in his head with knowledge;
He wasn't good for much, but still
We thought he might pull through a college;
We guessed he'd study up at nights,
Work hard to mend his mind and natur;
And here the young Philistine writes
He's deep in love with Alma Mater.

We'd better keep im tendin' corn,
An' feedin' pigs, an' doin' plowin',
Since he's a student—in a horn—
An' spendin' money, I'm allowin'.
There's Hettie, neighbor Squigg's gal—
Ah, how this news 'll circumstrate her?
I'd allus picked her out fur Hal—
Now he's in love with Alma Mater!

I've heard about those college chaps,
An' read about 'em in the papers,
An' Hal he's one of 'em, perhaps,
An' thick in all their scrapes an' capers.
He wrote us he was doin' fine,
Was somethin' of a wimmin hater,
An' now we see he wuz a lyin',
An' spendin' time wiih Alma Mater.

Last night we writ a letter warm
A-sayin' we are led to statin'
He'd better come and work the farm,
An' we'ud help his graduatin';
That he could pack his college rigs,
Er he'd discover, soon or later,
It's better sparkin' Hettie Squiggs
Than makin' love to Alma Mater.

—*Mail and Express.*

"Apple Seed and Apple Thorn."

Did you ever see an apple tree? I don't mean one of your unhealthy, stunted, half-dead trees which you see growing in a yard in the city, where the sun never gets a good chance to shine on it, and the dust and dirt make the leaves anything but green; where the rain unites with the smoke to cover the poor tree with a dirty brown coating that reminds you of an old garment sprinkled with snuff; no, I don't mean that kind of an apple tree, to see anything in its perfection it must be seen where it belongs. No doubt you have all noticed a pretty pebble shining in the bed of a little brook, it has such varied tints, and looks so pretty that you pick it up and put it in your pocket, but when you come home and take it out to admire it again, you see with surprise and disappointment that the stone has lost all its beauty. To see any object of nature at its best, it must be seen where it belongs, and you cannot realize what an apple tree is without going into the country and seeing an orchard. Then when you see the apple tree, not standing in solitude, but surrounded with its fellows, and with a background of the forest and the blue sky instead of high brick walls, when you have seen the whole orchard a wilderness of bloom, where underfoot the soft green grass is carpeted with the yet softer petals, and overhead the pink and white blossoms exhale an odor such as nature alone can produce, when the flowers do not peer out timidly as if they knew they were out of harmony with their surrounding, but laugh boldly in your face, making their very beauty an excuse for their existence, then you can truly say you have seen an apple tree.

Not only in the spring time is the orchard a pleasant place—the delicate blossoms present a charming appearance for a time, and then are gone, but the pistils have been fertilized, and soon we may watch for the budding fruit—but all through the long summer the orchard is a pleasant place; what more delightful than a walk in the orchard on a summer's eve, while the trees throw out their crooked arms toward you and bend over protectingly, and the swaying branches make strange shapes in the soft moonlight; while the solemn notes of the owl come booming across the distant fields, and the hum of myriad insects fill up the gaps in the conversation, until, looking and listening in that calm delight, which comes to all worshippers of nature, you feel that the pauses are more eloquent than the conversation, and are well content to walk hand in hand in the silence and "list to nature's teachings."

Or on a hot June day, go out in the orchard and prove the truth of these lines from Jas. Whitcomb Riley's *Knee-deep in June :*

"Plague ! ef they ain't sompin' in
Work 'at kind o' goes ag'in
My convictions !—'long about
Here in June especially !—
Under some old apple tree,
'Jes' a-restin' through and through
I could get along without
Nothin' else at all to do
Only jes' a-wishin' you
Was a-gitten there like me,
And June was eternity !"

But soon these happy days are over, only to be succeeded by a new round of pleasures as the apples commence to ripen. Oh, the joy of the beginning of the apple season ! To the happy boy who lives on a farm, this time is the merriest of the year. Every day the apples have been ripening more and more, they have been slowly turning from side to side until the sun has painted them of a uniform redness, and although the boy may suffer a few internal twitches from trying them too soon, yet with unabated zeal he watches that tree of Early Harvests or Red Astrachans until the apples have grown large and round and soft and full of the rich wine, that the sun and the tree and the earth have combined to produce, and at last are ready to be eaten. Then the orchard must be visited early and often, that none of the precious fruit may be wasted ; but alas, the boy learns that as in after life a pleasure prematurely experienced has sharp thorns concealed under the rose leaves which promised joy, so the apples which soonest ripen often have hidden under the tempting exterior a core eaten by worms.

Soon the apple season has fairly set in, and the picking of the early apples has begun. What a treat to have a ride to town with a load of apples going to the cider mill ; how the sweet juice runs out as the pumice is compressed--without seeing it you would never have dreamed that such a delicious drink could be attained ; so in life the highest part of our nature lies latent until called forth by misfortune. While the cider is being made, we can walk over to where they are boiling down the sweet juice in great broad pans, making what the neighbors call "Factory Jell," and then into a room where a dozen bare-armed maidens are paring, coring and slicing the fruit for evaporating and making that article of diet, so dear to New England housekeepers, called dried apples. In a few weeks the apples are all picked and stored away in the cellar, where the ripening still goes on until the hard green winter apples have become soft and toothsome. Was it O. W. Holmes who said that as we grow old we should become soft and mellow, like a winter apple ? The cider, which ran out so freely from the press as if in joy at being liberated from its tenement of clay, has been imprisoned in great iron bound casks which stand ranged in a row in the cellar, suggesting to our childish imagination the casks in which the forty theives were so conveniently hidden. Here it gets sharper and sharper, until by Thanksgiving, when drawn, it sparkles and foams like Champagne, but it will not do to lay a snare for the unwary in a Prohibitionist's cellar, so a "mother" is relentlessly mixed with it, and the gay youth, Cider, becomes the staid man, Vinegar. Even after the trees have been stripped of their burdens, there is a pleasure in walking in the orchard, especially to one who has grown up beside it, and knows every tree from the "old orchard" set out by grandfather years ago, and bearing natural fruit, to the latest seedlings from the nursery, which seem as if they were so occupied with their astonishing titles and fancy prices that producing fruit was quite a secondary matter.

The apple is a very nutritious fruit, and being easy of cultivation, may seem to be a profitable fruit to raise ; but woe to the unsuspecting person who, allured by the guile of the fruit tree agent, plants an orchard. For a few years the rabbits will eat the bark from his trees with unfailing regularity, and the bland agent will supply him with more at prices which make him feel like going into the nursery business himself, and he may think he is getting on fairly well, but wait until the trees

are large enough to bear. Then do his trials commence in earnest! Then will he repent of his rash act and if he reads an agriculture paper, will have the satisfaction of knowing that the following menagerie contribute to make it lively for the fruit trees. The Borer attacks the stem, and with an industry worthy of a better cause, makes cork-screw tunnels in every direction. He may be exterminated by plugging up all the holes when you are sure he is at home, and then blowing up the tree with dynamite. The wooly Aphis or plant louse attacks the tender shoots of the young tree: the wooly-headed children also attack them, thinking they make capital whips. The Caterpillar of the shoe-brush variety drops in and builds a cobweb nest, a veritable air-castle, generously boarding himself on the green leaves, and the Cankerworm comes in after him and proceeds to devour any foliage that may have been overlooked. By this time the little apples have appeared, and the Apple Moth lays its eggs at the edge of the calyx, so that the larva when hatched can enter the fruit in the form of a worm and commence an elaborate system of borings, in which he is generally interrupted by being bitten into. If all these means fail, nature with admirable forethought has insured the destruction of the tree by providing the Bark Louse, which enters the bark and manufactures sawdust.

With all its drawbacks, however, apple culture is quite successful, and if you are going to set out an orchard, don't be discouraged by the above, but console yourself with the reflection that there is something to be gotten out of life besides dollars and cents, and if I may lead any one to see new beauties in an apple orchard, and through that to learn more fully to appreciate and enjoy nature's gifts, then this paper has not been written in vain.

B. O. H.

Prof. (dictating Greek prose composition): Tell me slave, where is thy horse?

Startled Sophomore (waking up): It is under my chair, sir. I wasn't using it.—*Ex.*

The College World.

Exchanges.

Already in these columns we have quoted the words of love and veneration expressed by an alumnus of an Ohio college. Again let us quote from the speech of the late Hon H. W. Grady, delivered before the literary societies of the University of Virginia, last June.

* * * "This is my *Alma Mater*. Kind in the tolerant patience with which she winnowed the chaff of idle days and idler nights that she might find for me the grain of knowledge and of truth, and in the charity with which she sealed in sorrow rather than in anger my brief but stormy career within these walls. Kinder yet, in that her old heart has turned lovingly after the lapse of twenty years to her scapegrace son in a distant state, and recalling him with this honorable commission, has summoned him to his old place at her knees. Here at her feet, with the presence of her glory breaking all about me, let me testify that the years have but deepened my reverence and my love and my heart has owed the magical tenderness of the emotions first kindled amid these sacred scenes. That which was unworthy has faded —that which was good has abided. * * * Forgotten all those follies, and let us hope forgiven. But, enduring in heart and in brain, the exhaustless splendor of those golden days —the deep and pure inspiration of these academic shades—the kindly admonition and wisdom of the masters—the generous ardor of our mimic contests—and that loving comradeship that laughed at separation and has lived beyond the grave. Enduring and hallowed, blessed be God, the strange and wild ambitions that startled my boyish heart as amid these dim corridors, oh! my mother, the stirring of unseen wings in thy mighty past caught my careless ear, and the dazzling ideals of thy future were revealed to my wondering sight."

As a text to a sermon, so the following local from one of our exchanges sent our thoughts

along a new line: "Have you obtained a photographic picture of your room? Preston, '81, manipulates the camera." Why don't someone here in Allegheny make it known that he has a camera, with which he will photograph our rooms, which to many of us have betome a *sanctum sanctorum*; the rooms of the college; the different views of the campus and town, canal and ravines, which have become familiar and dear to us. In years to come how much we would give for them; how they would keep fresh in our memories the scenes and places where we passed the happiest days of our life. And these are not idle thoughts but facts which are impressed upon us as the time draws near for us to take a long and perhaps final leave of our revered *alma mater*; when we more and more feel that if we could only take away with us a picture of her that will not grow dim as our memory fades. Nor will we think this time and space wasted if when commencement comes we have a goodly collection of "views" to show for it.

From the amount of space that "Foot Ball" is gaining in the pages of our exchanges, it is evident that it is becoming the popular of all out-door games among the colleges of this country. There are regular inter-collegiate games between all the different grades of colleges, from first down to fourth. Nor is it confined alone to the East, but is also the "go" in the West.

Among the smaller colleges of Pennsylvania, Franklin and Marshall claim the championship, as Princeton does among the leading colleges of the East.

And after reading the accounts of the games on all sides of us until we are fairly on the *qui vive* with enthusiasm, must it all be doused "in the soup" when we look for support in Allegeny?

Let the Athletic Association receive an injection of the "Elixir of Life" and begin active preparations at once. It is not too early. For such out-door games, a gymnasium is not a necessity, and for practice until spring comes they could inaugurate a series of "Hare and Hound" chases. At Illinois college, Jacksonville, Ill., they are a success. From the *College Rambler* we clip the following:

The first chase of the season came off Saturday, November 16th. The hares, Robinson and Black, started at 3:30, making a three mile run in 22 minutes. Gaud came out first of the hares.

Saturday, November 23d, the winners of the two formed chases were hares. Lenington was the winner, after a run of 69 minutes. The distance is estimated at eight miles. Three runs will be continued twice a week as long as the weather is favorable.

Even at Wellesley the "chases" have become very popular among the girls, the faculty participating.

With a series of "chases" during the winter and early spring we could get in training a fine lot of men, from which to pick an eleven. It would not be too much to expect that a series of inter-collegiate games might be played among the colleges of Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio. Let this matter have our immediate attention.

Do any of us need any introduction to that man who always thinks that either the book or the professor is just a little bit wrong; who brings into discussion something entirely foreign to the lesson, and on which he he is a little misty and would like to have it cleared up, now or never; and makes himself a nuisance to both his teacher and his classmates? We think not, nor does the editor of the *Dickinsonian* when he says:

Wanted—Somebody with a great big gun to kill that man who always knows his lesson so well that he is not willing to give anybody else a chance to recite, but always hangs suspended on the edge of the bench, ready to pop up his hand or answer somebody else's question at every opportunity.

Among the many articles of interest to students in the December number of the *University*, we notice one, taken from the *Critic*, on "Households of Women," by Emily F. Wheeler, who was some time Preceptress of "Hulings." Starting out with "a bright and

cultured woman, college-bred, having taught some years in a woman's college, recectly resigned her position, saying she was 'utterly sick of living in households of women,'" she holds that in the boarding school and college of to-day the conditions do not exist for giving the woman that breadth and symetry which the man can acquire through the more enlarged surroundings; "that historically, this fashion of housing students under one great roof comes from the conventual system of earlier ages; and specifically, in our own time and country, it is a relic of the female seminary and the seminary ideas."

While saying that in the case of men, educational advances have long ago broken over the dormitory ideas, it is in that respect that female education is left behind.

She claims the office of a college is to provide instruction, and the best it can. "For that, it must have, not simply learned specialists, pedants strong on accents and full of dead information, but men—men of attractive personality, of strong character, men able not simply to teach the topic of their department, but to bring out all that is best in their students, to educate them on the line of mental and moral development."

In conclusion—"Residence halls are not a necessity of a college foundation. When that is recognized for women as well as for men, we shall be on the way to something better. It is often because the dormitory takes so much of the precious endowment, that salaries must be small and appointments meagre. * * * Then draw all together into a broad social life under the leadership of teachers who know the world of man as well as the world of books. The girls may be much less finely housed; but their life will be in a home and their training more normal. The social life does not depend upon the household system, and that the lack of that system is not fatal to manners and morals some of our co-educational institutions prove. * * * To the objection that parents will not send daughters to college unless there are residence halls, it may be answered that thousands of parents do send them without such provision, and even to co-educational institutions where there would seem far more need of them. We may be told this is only in the West; but the plain truth is, that, as college standards now are, girls are not as a rule, sent from home till able to take care of themselves. This is one advantage of raising the standards and it is for the colleges, not the preparatory schools, that we ask this greater freedom of life."

Local.

"Eight more pages of locals, please?"
"Impossiple sir, for what shall it be?
In writing locals our aim is to please
No less than eight hundred subscribers, you see.
Now one wants news,
And another wants jokes;
Then there is no more news,
And we dare not write jokes."
"I feel for you, sir, but must, I say,
Have eight more pages, and that to-day!"
With utter despair.
We sank down in our chair;
"O Muse, dear Muse,
Come, bring us some news!"
For three long hours we have sat in our chair,
With a glare and a stare at the open air,
And still,—but hark, can it be? yes, we heard
From our dearest Muse one single word.
"But for shame, O Muse! do you call that news?
To some 'tis the stalest of stale things in use."
Our Muse came slowly, but left us quick;
For out of the room she was sent with a kick.
For what she told us, and what we heard,
Was the stale, eaten up, undigested word---preps.

—*Selected.*

Rev. C. W. Miner, one of the visiting committee, visited Allegheny recently.

The subject assigned for the Alumni Essay contest of Philo Society is "The Modern Conquest of Africa."

Jim Gibson could not break away from the city for any vacation. He has our profundest sympathy while passing through his first delirium.

J. M. Dobson, ex-'90, was visiting college friends last week.

Alfred Bates will not be in college this year. He will assist his father in his business.

Will Pickett, accompanied by his sister, Miss Lucy, visited friends in New Castle, Pa., during vacation.

C. G. Walton, '89, was recently married at Centre Road to Miss Minnie Stevens. The CAMPUS extends congratulations.

Ned A. Flood, ex-'90, a member of the present Senior class of Johns Hopkins, spent the holidays at his home in this city.

John S. Wallace, who was one of us last year, graduated from the Commercial Department of Curry University last month.

The Pan-Collegiate banquet took place last Thursday in Library Hall and was a very successful event. Full particulars of the exercises will be given in our next issue.

While the District Conference of the M. E. church was in session in this city, Bishop Vincent visited chapel and gave some very interesting and instructive remarks. He took tea with the lady principal, Miss Foster.

Mr. Costa Pachedjieff, a student from Bulgaria gave a lecture in the college chapel the latter part of last term. His subject was "Bulgaria and Turkey." The lecture was quite well attended by students. During vacation he also gave the lecture in several of the neighboring towns.

The Polyhymnian Annual Declamation contest of Philo-Franklin Literary Society occurred Monday evening, December 9th. The following is the programme: Prayer; Music; "*A Forest Hymn*," C. E. Will; "A Little Stowaway," M. J. Sweeney; Constantius and the Lion," H. B. Espy; "David's Lament for Absalom." W. C. Leffingwell; Music. The prize was given to Mr. Sweeny. The judges were Dr. C. P. Woodring, Rev. Ken C. Hayes and Capt. H. S. Phillips.

Prof. Elliott has had an attack of "la grippe."

W. H. Stenger divided his time during vacation between Meadville and Oil City.

Deming sojourned for the greater part of the vacation at the homes of McClure and Russell.

Gadsby and Baldwin have assumed airs since Dr. Wheeler told us that C. E's. were in demand.

The Biology class are whetting their knives and preparing for a raid on the cats of the neighborhood.

Heiser will be back about February. He is detained at home by the serious illness of a member of the family.

Ned A. Lashells, ex-'90, returned to his studies at the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia. He finishes in the spring.

Students wishing a good quiet place to board should stop at Mr. Ryens; superior board, without the usual confusion of the clubs. Price, $2.00 per week.

Cadets and ex-cadets wishing a certificate of service should send in soon a written application for same. There is considerable red tape in the process and thus it takes time.

Miss Hattie Kellogg has been absent about three weeks taking an extended trip in the east. During her trip, in company with her parents, she visited New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Pittsburg. She reports a very pleasant time.

Judge Bassett has appointed his stenographer, Robert R. Herrick, to the position. He is a young lawyer of rare force and learning, and we believe he will take up the work where Capt' Lacock left off, and make things fairly ring again. His appointment was asked for by many prominent citizens, so the choice is not more of Judge Bassett, than of the people. Friends everywhere are congratulating him and feel sure that he will not be found wanting in any particular.—*The Brown County World.*

Who said Alleghe ?

J. C. Spencer, ex-'92, is back for a few days.

Board at Hulings Hall averaged $2.24 per week last term.

By all means get the "*grip*" and keep company with the rest,—K'choo.

Charley Nesbit came back a week late ; the marriage of a sister kept him.

Most of the faculty spent vacation at home. Dr. Wheeler was in Chicago.

Miss Grace I. Foster has received the degree, M. A. from Allegheny College.

H. P. Johnson, on account of the illness of his father, will not be in college this term.

During vacation Gurney Stubbs received a visit from his uncle, Dr. J. C. Stubbs, of Chicago.

Callers at the Hall are now requested to stand outside while their cards are taken to the ladies.

D. W. Howell, '88, spent a few days at Allegheny recently. He is a student of Drew Theological Seminary, where he went from here.

Russell H. Conwell and Dr. E. E. White, lecturers in the Teachers' Institute course, were in chapel last week. Both gave short addresses.

The week of prayer is being observed by a series of special meetings held each evening in the chapel by the Y. M. C. A. They are fairly well attended.

The annual session of the Teachers' Institute of Crawford county was held in this city last week. Many students attended the regular sessions and lectures.

B. P. Linn, ex-'93, died December 18th, in a Brooklyn hospital, of cancer of the stomach. He attended college here last year and had taken a charge in the Methodist church which, on account of ill health, he was unable to fill.

M. R. Stevenson, '87, was in town recently.

Rodkey is back again after a term "on the road."

An excursion for frogs may be expected soon.

How many times have you written 1889 this year ?

E. E. Proper, '89, was around college several days last week.

Frank Sisiley, after an absence of a term, is again in college.

Follow Conwell's advice and pay for your last term's washing.

Quite a number of new students have made their appearance this term.

Louis Holeman, who was out of college last term, is again among us.

Some of the boys have taken an unusual amount of interest in the——Institute.

E. P. Couse, '89, spent a few days with college friends at the beginning of the term.

Harry Espy and W. W. Johnson will not return to college this term. They will be back in the spring to graduate.

Allegheny College, never behind the times, is having the prescribed amount of "la grippe." There have been about twenty-five cases with "more to follow."

The College library has recently been enriched by the gift of two magnificent volumes —"The History of the Celebration of the One-Hundreth Anniversary of the Promulgation of the U. S. Constitution." They were presented by Hon. G. B. Delamater, and contain biographical sketches with etched portraits of the signers, fac-simile of the Constitution and a profusely illustrated description of the celebration in Philadelphia in 1887. In expressing our thanks for this gift we wish to remind other alumni of the fact that the College library could be made much more valuable if such timely donations were more frequent.

A Transposition ?

ALAS !

She—well, she was only a child ;
Quite a goose.
In love all broke up, badly hit,
Heart knocked loose.
Never been there before—
Why say more !

He was much wiser and also
Much older.
He loved the sweet child in a way
That was colder.
He had loved before—
Why say more !

He held her there close in his arms,
Such a child !
And got almost a thrill of the old
Sweet, wild,
Throbbing joy,
He had felt when a boy,
When he loved before—
Why say more !

And she—when he kissed her saw
Heaven before her ;
And he—when he kissed her saw
Visions of Cora,
Whom in sweet pastime,
In his youth and prime,
He had loved before—
Why say more !

Fraternity.

Messrs. Rand, Patterson and Fred Trumper became members of Sigma Alpha Epsilon the last week of last term.

W. H. Stenger and E. J. Chesbro have recently purchased fine crown-setting Phi Delta Theta pins.

On Monday evening, January 6th, Sigma Alpha Epsilon increased her number to twenty by the initiation of John Gibson, '92, and Mr. Blackmarr, of Jamestown, N. Y.

Clippings.

College journalism, it is said, originated at Darmouth in 1800 with Daniel Webster as editor.—*Ex.*

Though some of our colleges are very old they are still in possessian of their faculties.—*Texas Siftings.*

The faithful lover doesn't care where the World's Exposition is held while he is holding the world's fair in his arms.—*Florida Times Union.*

The trustees of Cornell College have desided to raise the tuition fees next year from $75 to $125.—*Ex.*

Why is it that the young men who are about to take bachelors' degrees always invite the pretty girls to see them do it?

Editors amount to something in Germany. For instance, the editor of the *General Post Office Journal* is called a Reichsoberamtszeitungschreiber.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said an Irish barrister, "it will be for you to say whether this defendant shall be allowed to come into court with unblushing footsteps, with a cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and draw three bullocks out of my client's pocket with impunity!"

Stranger.—"What is the meaning of this vast crowd ; something unusual happening?"

Boston Man.—I don't know, sir. I have just arrived on the ground myself. It may be that a symphony concert is just over, or it may be that Mr. Sullivan is drunk again."—*Judge.*

"That's a chestnut bell you've got up in the steeple of your church, isn't it ?" inquired little Johnny Crimsonbeak of the minister, who was calling on his mother, the other day.

"Oh, no, my son," replied the sober man : "why did you think so ?"

"Why, mamma told me a chestnut was anything that had been told before, and I'm sure your bell's been tolled before."

Then the youthful Johnny went out to hunt cats.—*University Gazette.*

We notice that a recent number of the *Pennsylvania College Monthly* published at Gettysburg, gives the number of Freshman at Allegheny as 23. We respectfully call their attention to the fact that we have 62.

The University of Pennsylvania will erect a dormitory that will be the largest in the United States and which will cost $125,000. Princeton is also erecting a large four story dormitory to be called "The Brown Dormitory."—*Ex.*

A Sophomore, stuffing for examination, has developed the ethics of Sunday work in a way to render future elevation unnecessary. He reasons that, if a man is justified in trying to help the ass from the pit of the Sabbath day, much more would the ass be justified in trying to get out himself.—*Ex.*



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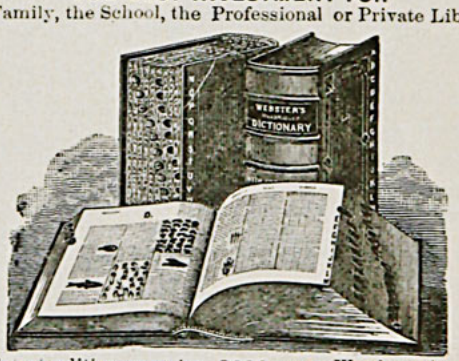
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