

The Campus.

"INTER SILVAS ACADEMI QUÆRIMUS VERUM."

VOL. III., No. 1.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE, MEADVILLE, PA., OCTOBER 8, 1886

NEW SERIES

Literary.

PRAIRIE MIRAGE.

I tread the prairie's grassy face
When level lines fatigue the eye,
And furnace-heated earth-winds race
From sky to sky.

A cloudless opal dome bends o'er
The pathless maze of deep hued green;
Save meadow-larks which upward soar,
No life is seen.

But just above the blushing haze
That bounds the throbbing waste of air,
There springs before my startled gaze
A vision fair.

A palace forms on fields of blue
With turrets, spires, and walks of gold;
An iridescent glow shines through
Its frontage bold.

Near by, along a placid lake,
Dark, dense-leaved billowy forests reach;
Their thirst, gay-plumaged songsters slake
Upon the beach.

Soon other beauteous structures rise,
Till spreads beyond my straining sight
A city set mid lustrous skies
Of amber light.

Long waves of tossing waters gleam
In ripples on a silver strand;
The vista opens like a dream
Of fairy-land.

Those streets, I know I ne'er will greet,
Beside those lakes, I'll never rest;
And yet, I track with face more fleet
The prairie's crest.

So, o'er the haze of worldly care,
We see hope's fair mirage upstart;
We know 'tis false, yet life we bear
With stouter heart.

—C. M. Harger.

GARRETS.

RYAN says, "We never think of a garret, but an infinitude of melancholy and lanky associations of skin and bone, poor poets and authors, come thronging our imaginations. In

walking up the steps which lead to this domiciliary appendage of genius, we are wholly overcome by the sanctity of the spot. We think of it as the resort of greatness, the cradle and the grave of departed intellect, and pay homage to it with a sullen smile or a flood of tears. How venerable does it appear, at least if it is a genuine garret, with its angular projections, like the fractures in poor Goldsmith's face; its tattered and threadbare walls, like old Johnson's wig; and its numberless loop holes of retreat for the north wind to pour through and cool the poet's imagination." The life of the author is, at the very best, one sure to be filled with troubles. Talents bring always a sensibility easily hurt, ambition is seldom satisfied. Even where much is accomplished, the high ideal still floats beyond the grasp. But if, in addition to these unsatisfied longings the poor author has to earn his bread with his pen, then, indeed, he is to be pitied. Hungering for bread as well as for fame, hovering between the empyrean of their fancy and a howling mob of creditors, harassed, disappointed, starved, maddened, Otway, Chatterton, Cowper, Collins, and an innumerable host of others as unfortunate, have passed away, some in insanity, some in want, some by their own hand.

From the earliest times, we find the chronicle of departed genius identified with poverty and suffering. Homer is not only the first poet, but also the first beggar of note among the ancients, and groping his way from door to door, repeated his poetry to obtain his bread. The renowned Cervantes, author of "Don Quixote" unquestionably the best burlesque the world has ever produced, was pursued by want, even in his old age, and forgotten and unknown was left alone to perish of hunger.

In France we find no exception to the general law of starving literary characters. Vaugeois, one the best writers of his time, was so deeply in debt that he derived the surname of

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"The Owl," through being obliged to stay indoors all day, only venturing out at night, for fear of his creditors.

If we turn to England, we find there also the same misery and neglect. Coleridge tells us poetry is its own "exceeding great reward." And let us hope for the author's sake, it is; for amid hunger, cold, and nakedness, many of England's noblest sons endured what must have been, save for this high gift, wretched lives. When the picture grows too sad and dark, let us think of Burns, perhaps, with "Tam O'Shanter" possessing his whole soul, coming upon him as an inspiration, as he rushed along the banks of the river, the tears bursting from his eyes, and every feature glowing with the light that filled his soul; or perhaps of Goldsmith, ragged, hungry, sitting at his desk with his finger held up at his little dog to make him sit upon his haunches, while his page is still wet with these lines:

"By sports like these are all their cares beguiled:
The sports of children satisfy the child."

Beginning as far back as the genial old Geoffrey Chaucer, he who has been truly named the Father of English poetry, we find that his early life was fortunate; but his old age was visited with trouble and pecuniary difficulty so great as to hasten his death. Time, which has destroyed almost everything connected with Chaucer, cannot touch with his destructive finger his great work, the "Canterbury Tales," which, though they lay buried upward of seventy years in manuscript before Caxton, the first English printer, gave them to the world, still continue to be read and admired.

Milton, the prince of poets, spent an unhappy but useful life of sixty-six years. Though not actually ground down to starvation, his property was very small, and for years eked out a scanty living by keeping a boarding-school. He lost his sight at the early age of forty-five, owing to the "wearisome studies and midnight watchings" of his youth, having been in the habit, when even a lad, of sitting up till the "wee sma' hours" to con his books. His blindness did not stop his labors, and it was not till all things had been "dark, dark, irrecoverably dark" to him for six years, that he began the

composition of the grandest English epic, "Paradise Lost." He did not have the gratification of knowing of its final grand success, though it had been published seven years before his death, and he received for it the pitiable sum of five pounds, being too poor to publish it himself.

John Dryden, who contributed more than any previous writer to improve the poetical diction of his native tongue, died in a garret. He had some happy days of success, and at one time was poet laureate; but he was afterwards deprived of this office, and, though he continued to write better and better poetry, his imagination being brighter and more brilliant as he reached the close of his life, he grew poorer and poorer, till death released him.

The great Dr. Johnson, rude, dogmatic, bigoted old tyrant that he was, came of very humble origin. His parents managed by the help of friends to keep him three years at Pembroke College, where he suffered so much from lack of money as some times to be unable to attend his classes, from want of necessary clothing in which to appear, and, greatly to his sorrow, he was obliged to leave Pembroke before obtaining his degree. After five and twenty years spent in struggling with poverty, sometimes destitute of pen and paper with which to transcribe his thoughts, sometimes arrested for debt, when his powers were beginning to wane and a miserable old age was staring him in the face, the Government settled upon him a pension of three hundred pounds a year. He spent this benevolently and the remainder of his life moved smoothly on.

Let us view with leniency the faults of these men, poor in gold, but rich in genius, the pioneers of literature, nor let us consider wasted a half hour spent in remembering their misfortunes. Theirs the labor, the grief, the disappointments; ours the recompense, the joy, the glad fruition.

◆◆◆

Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever.—*Horace Mann.*

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

THESE are men whose cant is simply can't.

Among the oft quoted maxims in our language there is none finer, or more replete with sterling truth, than that which often falls so lightly from men's lips, "where there is a will, there is a way." No doubt there are limits to human capability in all human affairs; in every sphere of activity men may meet with obstacles which even the utmost energy cannot overcome. But the frequency with which such occasions occur is greatly overestimated; and the fact that mountains so often dwindle into mole hills when we once resolutely determine to cross them, shows that, after every allowance for extraordinary cases, the old Saxon saw is still true generally, and that he who intensely wills to do a thing will find a way. An intense desire itself transforms possibility into reality. Our wishes are but prophecies of the thing we are capable of performing; while, on the other hand, the timid, feeble-willed man finds everything impossible because he believes it to be so.

Nearly all great men—those who have towered high above their fellows—have been remarkable above all things else for their energy of will. It was one of Napoleon's principal characteristics to regard nothing as impossible. His marvellous successes were due not more to his vast military genius than to his almost superhuman strength of will. He toiled terribly, half killed his secretaries, and threw his whole force of brain and hand upon his work. "Impossible," said he, "is a word only to be found in the dictionaries of fools." His great adversary, Wellington, was distinguished by a similar inflexibility of purpose. The entire Peninsular campaign was but one long-continued display of an iron will, resolute to conquer difficulties by wearing them out.

The very reputation of being strong-willed, plucky, and indefatigable, is of priceless value. It often cowers enemies and dispels at the start opposition to one's undertakings which would otherwise be formidable. The world sometimes yields to a man a coveted prize from

pure admiration of his persistence in contending for it. Men feel that it is useless to struggle against one who will never yield. If such a one does encounter opposition, it becomes a help, rather than a hindrance, to his success. It has been justly said of the poet Wordsworth, who was scoffed at by the critics on his first appearance, and seemingly was born too soon, that he came not a day too early. He had the difficult task of shaping the culture of a nation, and creating his audience among those who ridiculed him; but he conquered recognition at last, and it was the very struggle with a world reluctant to hear him that gave him power and renown. When William Lloyd Garrison commenced the publication of the *Liberator*, he began with these memorable words, "I am in earnest, I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard." He *has* been heard,—with what result the country knows.

Men moan over difficulties; but the earnest, manly spirit looks upon them as opportunities for distinction. There is no obstacle that may not be converted into a stepping stone to success by an heroic spirit. An almost total blindness compelled Euler to work those calculations in his mind which others put upon paper, and to retain in his brain those *formulae* for which others trust chiefly to books. What was the result? the extent, the readiness, and exactness of his mathematical memory grew by this means to be so prodigious, that D'Alembert declared that even when he had witnessed it, it almost staggered belief. It has been well observed that the instances in which there is a strong motive to attain an end shows the unsuspected triumphs of which the understanding is capable. The reason why they are so rare is, that men ordinarily relax their efforts when the imperative demands of life have been satisfied. There would be hardly any limit to improvement, if the same pains which they were compelled to take to gain their resting-place were afterwards employed in rising to fresh heights.

It is true that many persons have to begin the voyage of life against both wind and tide:

and it seems at times as if they were doomed to "wage with fortune and eternal war." But who ever heard of a man's failing to succeed at last in any business which he had kept at faithfully for ten years together? Look at Disraeli. From his birth the odds were against him. The child of a hated and branded race, he made himself a power in the most conventional country in the world. Without a liberal education, he won the honors of literary skill and scholarship; without aristocratic connections, he became a star of fashion in the most exclusive society in Europe.

There was never, probably, a time in the world's history when high success in any profession demanded harder or more incessant labor than now. Men can no longer go at one leap into eminent position. The world, as Emerson says, is no longer clay, but rather iron, in the hands of its workers, and men have got to hammer out a place for themselves by steady rugged blows. Above all, a deep and burning enthusiasm is wanted in every one who would achieve great ends. It is a quality that is seen wherever there are earnest and determined workers,—in the silence of the study, and amid the roar of cannon; in the painting of a picture, and in the carving of a statue. Ability, learning, accomplishment, opportunity, are all well; but they do not, of themselves, insure success.

In past ages men believed in the existence of ghosts,—a belief which has disappeared before the light of intelligence; but the truth is, they really exist, only in a different form from that with which the popular imagination has invested them. A ghost is popularly supposed to be a soul without a body, fond of darkness and graveyards, and wearing a thin white drapery which you can see but not touch. But the real ghost is the man who has no pluck; no perseverance, firmness, or energy; no backbone of determination; in short the pigeon-livered *thing*, for it is not worthy to be called a man, that has a body without a soul. Shakespeare has well said that:—

"In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men. The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail

Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk!
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Theti-, anon, behold
The strong-ribbed bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse; where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak, untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness?"

—Selected.

HOW MACAULEY WROTE.

There is no excellence without labor. So readable is Macauley's History of England, that it seems as if the sentences had glided from his pen, but Macauley labored long that his history might be as readable as a work of fiction. When he had got into his head any particular episode of his history, he would sit down and write off the whole story at a headlong pace, sketching in the outlines under the genial and audacious impulse of a first conception. As soon as he had finished his rough draft, he began to fill it in at the rate of six sides of foolscap every morning; written in so large a hand and with such a multitude of erasures, that the whole six pages were on an average compressed into two pages of print. This portion he called his "task," and he was never quite easy unless he completed it daily. More he seldom sought to accomplish; for he had learned by long experience that this was as much as he could do at his best; and except at his best he never would write at all. He never wrote except he was in the humor, and stopped as soon as his thoughts ceased to flow. He never allowed a sentence to pass until it was as good as he could make it, and often he would recast a chapter to obtain a more lucid arrangement, and reconstruct a paragraph for the sake of one happy stroke or apt illustration.—Selected.

THE Trustees of the East Tennessee Wesleyan University have decided upon calling their institution the Grant Memorial University. General Grant was the first subscriber to their building.

GEORGIA chartered, built, and conducted the first female college in the world.

THE CAMPUS.

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ENTIRELY CONTROLLED BY STUDENTS.

MEADVILLE, PA., OCTOBER 8, 1886.

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HAVE you subscribed for the CAMPUS? You, who are reading it now, are you reading your own paper, or have you swooped down on your neighbor's before he has had time to read it himself? All men are not descended from monkeys. Some have sprung from swine, and borrow their neighbor's paper. "A word to the wise," etc.

* * *

JUST a word to the college correspondent of the city papers. The circulation of the CAMPUS is limited (alas!) and among people hard to influence, while the city papers have a large circulation among people whose opinion of the college and college affairs is formed only from what they read; and a statement colored with a little personal malice will, in them, create an opinion which, though erroneous, will nevertheless harm the college, and should be avoided by everyone who has any love for his alma mater, particularly the aforesaid correspondent. The recent attack upon the military department was, to say the least, uncalled for and exhibited a slight ignorance of the facts.

IT will be noticed that the subscription price of the CAMPUS has been raised to \$1.25 paid in advance. It was found impracticable to publish a semi-monthly for the price of a monthly, hence the change. But the price is still low, as nearly every college paper published semi-monthly comes at \$1.50 or \$1.75. Address, enclosing \$1.25, F. M. Kerr, Business Manager CAMPUS, Meadville, Pa.

* * *

WITH this the first number of the college year we introduce a new volume of the CAMPUS to you, and ask for it a deeper interest than ever before. It has its place in the college world and its mission to fulfill, but inasmuch as it is distinctively and entirely of the students, by the students and for the students, it cannot thrive without the hearty co-operation of every student and friend of Allegheny College. If the CAMPUS does not come up to your standard, dear reader, take hold and help raise it up to your ideal. Let this year be characterized by an honest endeavor to push it far to the front.

* * *

OUR fellow-students need to be constantly reminded that education is not rank in the class-lists, nor scholarships nor medals. It is development and cultivation, and this—not simply in one direction, but in many. Hence it is a vain delusion for a student to confine all his energies and time to his books with the idea that he is thereby receiving the highest education. Far better would it be for him to become an active member of at least two or three of our various fraternities and societies, physical and intellectual, and so acquire that breadth of culture and knowledge that always mark the highly educated man.

* * *

THE military department has been reorganized under very favorable auspices. A large number of recruits have joined, and the Battalion bids fair to be larger than it has been

for a number of years. There are several reasons why a student should join it. The military drill straightens up the shoulders drooped under the burden of too much study, making such a difference in the general appearance of the students as to be noticeable to strangers. The time required is about three hours per week, less than is absolutely necessary for recreation. The uniform is neat, cheap and durable, and is allowable at any time or place, and the knowledge gained in the Battalion may be of practical benefit. Several former Allegheny cadets are now conducting military drill in connection with the college in which they are teaching.

The U. S. Inspecting officer will visit Allegheny College soon, and we expect to show him a battalion that will not stand lowest on his list, if the earnest endeavors of Major Fuller are of any avail. But we are sorry to notice that the college authorities do not give the hearty support and co-operation they should. The visits of the members of the faculty to the drill hall are not as frequent as could be desired.

* * *

THE outlook for the year '86-7 is very flattering. College opened with a larger attendance than ever before. After the usual exercises and customary opening address by Dr. Wheeler, the new members of the faculty were introduced and were greeted with prolonged applause, presaging the high place they have already won in the esteem of the students. Yet withal there was a feeling of incompleteness as we missed from the rostrum the familiar faces of four loved and respected instructors. It was something of the feeling of a man visiting again the home of his childhood when he finds not the old familiar landmarks. However, we still have faith in our alma mater.

We are pleased to state that Prof. C. W. Reid has been elected to the chair of Greek in St. John's College, Annapolis, Md. On the

Saturday evening preceding his departure, a large number of his friends tendered him a reception at the home of Dr. B. Brown Williams. In a few well chosen remarks Dr. Hamnett presented Professor and Mrs. Reid with a handsome token of the very high regard in which they would continue to be held by the citizens of Meadville. Prof. Haskins having been admitted to the Crawford County Bar before he entered Allegheny College, has commenced the practice of law, being associated with Mr. John O. McClintock. Prof. Tingley is principal of the Meadville High School, but we hope soon to see him in a position more worthy of his talents. Miss McClintock, although she has received several flattering offers, has decided to remain in Meadville this winter.

* * *

AFTER the pleasant vacation has passed, and we are just commencing work for another year, the claims of the CAMPUS is again presented to your notice. With this issue is begun its third year, and the question naturally arises: Will the present year be a success, financially and otherwise?

With the corps of editors selected there can be no doubt that the same high standing of the paper is to be vigorously maintained. This assured it is the duty of every one who is interested in the college to subscribe for the CAMPUS. True, it has had a liberal support in the past, and only by that was it able to succeed. There is no reason why every student should not take the CAMPUS. Certainly the price is reasonable—only \$1.25 if paid before April 1st, while most college journals charge \$1.50 or more, in advance. Old students who know and appreciate the value of the CAMPUS as a college institution, can do much in its behalf among the new students. Subscriptions may be handed to either of the editors or to the business manager. We hope to enroll the entire list of students during the present month.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

Focal.

Subscribe for the CAMPUS.

Ask Pink if his overcoat was a good warm one.

Mr. Sayers, the senior, says he has a "verbosity of work."

The library is at the top of all things here.—Dr. Hamnett.

"You must not smile at Mr. Jones on the Campus." Rule at Hulings.

Former students, glad to see you back; new students, glad to see you here.

Have you met all the new students yet? If not, do so and make them feel at home.

Ask Proper and Luccock whose children they took to the circus? They will not get mad.

They say that Proper had his arm around one of the girls at the table. Wonder if it can be so.

Remember that the CAMPUS will contain all the college news, and you cannot afford to be without it. Subscribe!

Our advice to new students and old ones, too: Subscribe for the CAMPUS and know what is going on in college.

If you want to hear a choice and highly elevating bit of music, ask Bignell to sing you his parody on "White Wings."

The list of promotions in the Battalion is not complete at the time of going to press. We shall give a correct list in the next issue.

Conversation in front of Bentley Hall: Student (pointing to the ground)—Professor what is this? Professor—Why that's the new sidewalk.

New matting has been placed in the halls of the gentlemen's entrance to the dining-room. It is a grand improvement, and the boys appreciate it.

The college for the present rents the pianos in the various society halls for the use of pupils of the Conservatory of Music who board at the Hall.

Natural gas stand-lights have been placed in front of Hulings Hall and beside the chapel. But we would suggest that they be lit some of these dark nights.

The correspondents from the college to the city dailies are adepts in their line; anyway they keep the crop of college news cut pretty close. Go on, boys, you are doing well.

President Wheeler is, for the present, delivering his lectures to the class in English Literature in the library. The class is a large one and is very much interested in the subject.

The first meeting of the Student's Ministerial Association was held last Monday evening in Prof. Williams' recitation room. This body is in a flourishing condition and is doing a good work.

Conversation held at the table at the Hall: Question—Did you see the circus while you were down town, Mr. Wood? Answer—No; but I saw Proper! Table smiles and (chestnut) bells ring.

Dr. Wheeler, according to his speech the other morning, is not in favor of the boys and girls studying together. He says it is not necessary for persons of two sexes to study from one book.

It is rumored about college that a new German-letter fraternity (local) is to be started here. We have no positive information on the subject, and so will leave it among the uncertainties, for the present.

We have not had our annual lecture on chestnuts yet this year. For the benefit of new students we explain that this is not a joke but means that the chestnut trees on the campus must not be clubbed.

The natural philosophy room does not look right to the old students. The shreds of paper that formerly hung from the walls are a thing

of the past, and in their place is a new, bright, clean wall paper that makes the room seem really home-like. Thanks.

The following bit of conversation in reference to Mr. Heckel would seem to indicate that he is very popular with the Hall ladies, or at least some of them: "Oh, hush up! You are everlastingly talking about him!"

The new walks in front of Bentley and Hulings, although not very good, still are an improvement. We would suggest that a walk from Bentley to Hulings would preserve the shoes of the students who board at the Hall.

It is no longer necessary for the students to take a long walk down street to buy books, as Ed. Heckel has fitted up a box-stall in the chapel hall where he can be found at certain or uncertain hours to supply all who desire junk.

Two boarding clubs are running this year beside the Hall—the Bunce House and the Johnson House. Messrs. Howell and Blaisdell have charge at the Hall, Kerr at the Hotel de Bunce and Barcus at the Johnson Mansion.

The old students as well as the new should remember to attend the regular Sunday and Wednesday evening prayer meetings. Although they are largely attended, there are still a great many chairs which ought to be occupied. Come.

Why would it not be a good idea for the museum to be opened at regular hours two or three times during the week? There are a great many of the students who would be glad to take advantage of such opportunities to see the curiosities. Let it be tried.

The Y. M. C. A. reception tendered last Thursday evening to the new students was a grand success. The musical and literary program was good and not too long, and the after-social was enjoyed by all. It may be proper to say here that such gatherings are helpful to the students, and their more frequent occurrence would at least do no harm.

Some persons, evidently admirers of the nude in art, occupied Tuesday night in posting certain show bills on the front of Ruter Hall. Luckily they were discovered before chapel time and so defaced as to destroy their beauty (?). Such actions are neither proper nor smart.

The greatest improvement of the summer is the introduction of natural gas into all the college buildings. All the stoves, the furnaces at the chapel and the boilers at Hulings Hall have been supplied, and it is hoped that there will be no complaints of the cold during the coming winter.

One of the innovations of the new management at Hulings Hall is a long list of rules for the benefit (?) of the inmates. One of the "old girls" remarked that she felt as though she had been put in a trunk and the lid shut down. It is to be hoped that she will be released in due season.

The hours for gentlemen callers at the Hall are announced as from 4 to 6 o'clock Tuesday afternoons, and from 7:30 to 10 Saturday evenings. We understand, however, that there is a movement on foot among the fraternity men to have Saturday evening changed to some other. We hope it may be done.

We bespeak for our advertisers the patronage of the students. All the firms represented in our columns are the best, in their respective lines, in the city. Students can deal with them as satisfactorily as anywhere, and in return for their support of a college enterprise they should receive the college patronage.

The first drill of the battalion was held last Tuesday. Quite a large number of new students joined, but by no means the number that should. Major Fuller is very anxious to make his department a success this year, but cannot do it alone. Let every boy in college aid him by joining the corps. It is good, regular, healthy exercise and will do you good.

The Allegheny Society held their first meeting last Friday night. As their neighbors, the

Philos, held no meeting that evening, they embraced the opportunity and stole all their chairs and decorated the campus with them. Right here we will give the Alleghenians a tip that such actions will not increase their popularity with the new students. Do so no more.

While the circus attracted a large number of the students, we doubt if they saw any equestrian performances that excelled those of the Allegheny College Horsemen's Association. These gentlemen have formed a syndicate and have imported from New York a large stable of steeds. They hold their meets somewhere on North Main street.

We understand that an attempt is to be made to have a series of lectures and musical entertainments in the city during the coming winter. If our information is correct, five first-class entertainments are to be furnished for one dollar. This is a very cheap rate and should be taken advantage of by every student in college. Later—It is a go. See T. C. Blaisdell and give him your name for a ticket.

All the students who are acquainted with Prep. Horn, who was here last year, will be interested in the following extracts from a circular sent to one of the students: "Hyndman Select School. Instruction will be given in the common English branches, including Algebra, Physiology and Physical Geography. Terms, Common English, including above, \$4.00; Natural Philosophy, \$1.00; Geometry, Latin, French, and German, each, \$2.00. We claim to teach in a thorough manner all we advertise.—D. S. Horn."

THE body has its claims; it is a good servant; treat it well and it will do your work; attend to its wants and requirements; listen kindly and patiently to its hints; occasionally forestall its necessities by a little indulgence, and your consideration will be repaid with interest. But task it and pine it and suffocate it, make it a slave instead of a servant; it may not complain much, but, like the weary camel in the desert, it will lay down and die.—*Charles Elam.*

Personal.

David Wise, '87, is at Allegheny once more.

Fred. McQuiston spent the summer at Chautauqua.

Homer Whitfield, of Pittsburg, is among the new students.

J. B. Ford, Jr., and Elgin McCreary returned to college together.

Dora O'Neal, '90, spent a most enjoyable summer in the Far West.

Harry Jackson and Frank Bray are among the delegation from the city.

Among the new students we notice Adelbert Fradenburg, of Oil City.

Miss Vesta Greer is attending Wellesley College, near Boston, Mass.

Jim Wood is back in all glory. He brought with him his brother Horner.

Miss Jennie Foster will not be in college this term on account of ill health.

Rev. Fred. Denny, of this city, is climbing the hill of knowledge this term.

We now have to say Major Kerr, as Frank M. has arrived to that military dignity.

C. S. H. Smith, ex-'89, is attending the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn.

F. A. Sayers spent last Sunday with his sister, who is attending school in Edinboro.

F. G. Stubbs is employed in the *Chautauquan* office and will not be in college this year.

Ed. T. Lashells studied medicine at his father's office, in this city, during the summer.

Nellie Sherman, of Titusville, is attending both the college and the conservatory of music.

Geo. L. Bumgarner is at Allegheny this term. George has many friends in college who will be glad to welcome him back, and glad to

see him looking so much better than when he left at the end of the winter term.—*Cor. in Evening Herald.*

Ned. A. Flood was "local man" on the *Assembly Herald*, at Chautauqua, during vacation.

Chas. E. Newkirk, who was not in college last term, is with us again. We hope he has come to stay.

Rev. Canfield did not abide by Dr. Wheeler's advice, but brought back with himself a wife. Congratulations.

O. J. Mason, '88, will not be in college this year. He is at present at Minneapolis, Minn., writing shorthand.

D. W. Howell occupied the pulpit at State Street Church last Sunday. Rev. Jason preached in the evening.

W. P. McElwaine '85, passed through the city a short time since on his way to Chicago to resume his law studies.

Charles Shatts will not be in college this term. His eyes are troubling him a great deal and he is compelled to stay out.

Frank Cristy is back again. He must have been homesick last term, as he brought back two sisters, Mary and Kate, with him.

Ed. Bodley spent part of his vacation at Chautauqua. We are almost sorry Ed. is a senior, as we hate to have him leave us.

Prof. Newlin has taken a Sabbath school class at the State Street Church and invites any of the students, who desire to do so, to join it.

Fanny Lochard, Mary Fishburn, Helen Duncan, Marie Wilkinson and Lillian Fradenburg are among the old students at Hulings Hall this term.

Rev. J. B. Espy, of Erie, conducted the chapel exercises on Friday morning of last week. Rev. Espy has two children in college this term. We hope he will visit us often, as he is always welcome.

Alumni.

WHEREABOUTS OF CLASS OF '86.

T. A. Edwards is teaching at Union City.

Sion B. Smith is reading law with his father.

Miss M. V. Miller is at her home in Pittsburg.

C. W. Fuller is teaching at Garrettsville, O.

W. R. Graves is at his home in Tomkinsville.

Chas. P. Lynch is teaching at Warren, Ohio.

Lafayette Perkins is reading law at Meadville.

Miss Stella Frisbee is at her home in Union City.

John Reemer is reading Medicine at Newark, N. Y.

I. J. Dunn has charge of the schools at Linesville.

R. C. Bole is reading law in the office of his father.

Frank L. Wells is reading law at New Lisbon, Ohio.

William P. Murray is preaching at Chautauqua, N. Y.

Miss R. E. Laubender is at her home in Union City.

Miss Mae Goff is teaching at the Meadville High school.

H. N. McDowell has entered the Wheaton Seminary, Ills.

Wilton Cornelius Lindsey is engaged in the "book business."

Charles Tracy Scofield is reading law at Hartfield, N. Y.

A. L. Chase is at Oberlin College pursuing a course in Theology.

Miss N. C. Jones is keeping books for her brother, at Greenville.

Miss Arlie Mead is teaching at the Normal school at Oregon, Mo.

O. W. Braymer has gone to Cleveland, O.,

to attend the Western Reserve Medical College.

Percy Densmore is pursuing a special course in modern languages in Paris.

L. E. Haybarger is reading law at the office of John Henderson, at Meadville.

S. M. Gordon has entered the Pittsburg conference, and is located at Foxburg.

Miss Anna C. Ray is teaching in the Preparatory Department of Allegheny College.

Harry S. Free has entered the Pittsburg M. E. Conference, and is located at Saltsburg.

Miss Mary E. S. Scott is teaching at the Forestville Free Academy, Forestville, N. Y.

John A. Wood, Jr., has entered the office of his father, and hereafter will be connected with the firm of John A. Wood & Son, coal merchants of Pittsburg.

* * *

Henry T. Patten, '57, is at Warsaw, Mo.

R. H. Patterson, '60, is at Strasburg, Ohio.

Lydia E. Wood '85, is at her home in Pittsburg.

Miss Helen M. Hays is teaching at Washington, D. C.

Harry W. Plummer '84, is practicing law at Chicago, Ill.

J. O. Parmlee, '69, is a rising young lawyer of Warren, Pa.

O. S. Long, '76, is clerk of the Supreme Court of West Virginia.

H. S. Bodley '85, is now engaged in the coal business at Pittsburg.

Sidney G. Brock, '59, is editor of the *Macon Republican*, Macon, Mo.

W. M. Everett '85, is practicing law with his brother at Springfield, Ohio.

W. B. Smythe '84 is located at Buffalo, N. Y., occupying the position of stenographer.

Andrew Jackson Mitchell '85, is attending a course of lectures in medicine at Philadelphia.

Chas. T. Fox '85, occupies the chair of Latin and German at Findlay College, Findlay, Ohio.

Chas. W. Deane '84 still holds the position of Superintendent of the Public Schools at McKeesport.

J. R. Weaver, '63, is Professor of modern languages and political philosophy in DuPaw University.

Dr. Chas. W. Fish '81, is now at Vienna, Austria, where he is pursuing a special course in medicine.

"Jim" McCready '83, left for New York a short time since, where he will pursue a course in medicine.

Miss Clementine Calvin '82, who was connected with the Meadville High School for several years, is now occupying a chair at the U. P. College, Monmouth, Ill.

Flotsam and Jetsam

Wisconsin University has an artillery company.

One hundred and ninety-five Smiths have graduated from Yale since 1709.

The average age of those who enter college in this country is 17. A century ago it was 14.

A fund of \$800,000 has been secured in Chicago for the founding of a Polytechnic school in that city.

In the aid of Trinity's gymnasium, tennis courts, and base ball building, sums have been received amounting to \$23,000.

The Bowdoin professors are encouraging visits from the students by setting apart one evening each week for that purpose.

Harvard is still the largest college in the United States; Oberlin comes second; Columbia third; Michigan fourth; and Yale fifth.

The Emperor Dom Pedro, of Brazil, is planning the erection of an Academy of Arts, which will be the first of its kind in South America.

Fraternity.

Senator Harrison of Indiana is a Phi Delta Theta.

President Stott of Franklin College is a Phi Delta Theta.

Senator Vance of North Carolina is a Phi Gamma Delta.

Prof. Cook of Michigan Agricultural College is a Delta Tau Delta.

Presidents McBryde of South Carolina College, McKnight of Pennsylvania College, and Ort of Wittenberg, are Phi Psi's, as is also Prof J. W. White of Harvard.

Allegheny College has a new Fraternity. The chapter is composed of three Sophomores and three Preps. Rumor saith that they will get a charter from a prominent Eastern Fraternity.

Prof. E. F. Smith of Wittenberg, is a member of the Phi Kappa Psi Executive Council. He is the author of the text-book on Chemistry which was introduced this term into Allegheny.

Phi Kappa Psi has reorganized her Iowa Gamma chapter at Cornell College. This was at one time one of the finest chapters in the West, but succumbed to anti-fraternity rules. The college is a good one, and the new chapter has a bright outlook for the future.

Last spring an honorary society was established at Lehigh, which is to be to the scientific student what Phi Beta Kappa is to the literary student. The new society is called Tau Beta Pi, and its founders intend to place chapters in the principal scientific schools of the country.

The Psi Upsilon *Diamond*, after a brief career, devoted in great part to thanking the Lord that they are not as other people, has at last succumbed to the inevitable. No issue has been gotten out since May, 1885, and the future seems to hold no promise.—*Delta Upsilon Quarterly*.

Why the Bell Rings.

You can't have the last word with a chemist; he always has a retort.

Johnnie stole one pancake, and got six spank-aches without stealing,

"Take away woman," asks a writer, "and what would follow?" That's easy. The men.

Life is short—only four letters in it. Three-quarters of it is a "lie," and half of it an "if."

The Czar of Russia is but forty years old. It is not proper therefore to call him an old Czar-dine.

What is the difference between a mouse and a girl? One harms the cheese and the other charms the he's."

One of our new-fledged Seniors calls his stomach "Hades," because it is the place of departed spirits.—*Ex.*

It was a Vassar girl just graduated who inquired: "Is the crack of the rifle the place where they put the powder?"

Please help me to alight," she said, as she stood in the dog-cart, waiting for assistance, and he absent-mindedly offered her his cigar.

The Smith College girls have organized a society for the protection of birds. The larks of the young gentlemen will receive their first attention.

"The heart of Jumbo, weighing forty-seven pounds, has been given to Cornell University." What a trophy that would have been for Vassar.

"Ergo," remarked the professor to his class, after a long preamble. "Ergo"—then he stopped to take breath. "Well, let ergo," sung out one of the students, and the conclusion was ruined.

"Did you hear about the burglar who was arrested this morning?" No! What for?" "For breaking into song." "Is that so?" "Yes. He'd got through two bars when some one hit him with a stave." Funeral private.

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OCTOBER 8, 1886.

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