The Campus.

WE AIM NOT TO MOULD PUBLIC OPINION BUT TO SCRAPE THE MOULD OFF OF IT.

VOL. XIV., NO. 5. ALLEGHENY COLLEGE, MEADVILLE, PA., FEBRUARY 7, 1898. NEW SERIES.

The Campus.

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

All are anxiously awaiting the developments of the new project which our Oratorical Association has undertaken. The proposal of Rev. Will C. King, of this city, to arrange for a debate between Allegheny as one of the participants, and a second college approved by us and desirous of contesting with us, was accepted last week. The question will be the annexation of Hawaii, and although no definite time has yet been stated, it seems to be the prevailing desire that the contest occur before the close of the present term or at least within a month after the incidental arrangements have been completed. Rev. King will soon have a report of his progress ready for the Association and something more definite may be learned.

It is undisputably true that, should the plans be consummated and the debate assured, Allegheny will prepare to have a new experience.

Inter-collegiate debates are very common and especially popular among the Ohio and western colleges. They are anticipated with intense interest and always accompanied by the wildest excitement and demonstration of college spirit.

Some have raised objections to the method of conducting the affair under the management of an outside organization and contend for a plan by which the control of the contest would be entirely in the hands of the local association. Such arrangements would be advisable, in fact, necessary, did we intend to establish a permanent custom and make this an annual event. But in taking up the gauntlet of debate we are testing our strength on an untried field of conflict. We are now offered a good chance to have a little preliminary encounter, as it were, and predetermine our ability to successfully cope with others more experienced than ourselves. Should the trial prove satisfactory and promising, we will then have an opportunity to effect an organization of a dual character with a rival college which may in time develop one of the most important occassions of the college calendar, a collegiate debate accompanied by the gallant array of colors and wild, enthusiastic yells.

If hard, faithful practice counts for aught, our basket ball team will make a showing before the season closes. Its average weight will probably reach one hundred and sixty pounds, which is not light for an active team.

At the last meeting of the base ball candidates it was decided to have indoor practice Monday, Thursday and Saturday of each week, so that the boys, besides the regular gymnasium work, can get down the sliding form and practice throwing. The authorities in charge should see that the windows in the gymnasium are screened soon. This is necessary not only for base-ball but also for basket ball training. With more than twenty men from which to select, and with most of the '97 team in college, the outlook couldn't be brighter.

The estate of Columbia University has increased $5,870,000 since President Seth Low's administration. Columbia is one of the most heavily endowed institutions in our country. We hope that Dr. Crawford will be rewarded, in his undertaking, with a similar and corresponding increase of Allegheny's endowment fund.

We are promised a delightful treat in the way of an entertainment or recital by the Glee Club. The club is holding regular rehearsals and expects to make its debut before the students at no far distant date. They intend to surprise us, and we hope they will.

Literary.

A New Profession for Women.

Spingler is a good enough fellow if you can keep him off his fad. Most bachelors have a fad of some sort by the time they are forty, but pipes and such things are not so bad because the collector can only lecture you in his room ; outside you are tolerably safe. But Spingler's fad was faces. The walls of his rooms were covered with photographs ; his mind ran on them day and night. He could recognize any face that he had ever seen and many that he had not seen, for the features of every celebrity of the day were as familiar to him as the men at the club. He was a good fellow to have along at the opera or the Horse Show, for he would point out every famous or infamous person in the house, and the way he would run on about "the permanent type" and "recurrent mouth lines" was amusing—the first time you heard it. But, as I said at first, you must keep him off his fad if you wanted to consider him a good fellow. Only once was his peculiar gift of any use.

It happened in New York. We were strolling up Madison Avenue one morning, Spingler, as usual, talking about his fad. He had been calling my attention to the fact that Miss Bewick's footman had a nose just like Henry Irving's, when he broke off in the middle of a sentence, gripped my arm and said : "There, there she goes !"

I looked across the street and saw a girl, apparently about twenty. She was fair-haired, her features were neither beautiful nor plain, and I was puzzled to account for Spingler's sudden interest in her. He stood gazing after her ; then, as her skirts whisked 'round a corner, he excused himself and hurried after her.

About a week later, I met Spingler again, this time at a roof-garden. He came over and sat down beside me and at once broke out about the girl we had seen. "I had been looking for her more than a year," he said, "and when I saw her I wasn't going to lose her. I suppose I rushed off pretty abruptly, but I wanted to make sure and I knew you wouldn't mind."

"Perhaps when you get time, you'll explain why you didn't want to lose her. I suppose it was her face that attracted you. Is she Queen Victoria's prototype or only a New York Trilby ?"

"You couldn't guess it within ten rows of apple trees," he replied exultingly. "I'm

going to mystify you a little longer in order to prepare the effect, but if you care to come around Wednesday night I'll take you to meet her. There's a story in it," he added, tantalizingly. "I'm surprised, though, that you didn't recognize her ; you have seen her picture often enough."

"Another celebrity?"

"Yes and no. She has had her picture in the papers more times than the President, but not ten persons in the city would recognize her name if they heard it. But wait till Wednesday night."

I was sufficiently interested to go to Spingler's room on the night appointed. "Glad you came," he said. "I think it will be worth while. The place is uptown ; we will take the elevated." Uptown it certainly was, almost to Harlem, and I felt relieved when Spingler finally stopped in front of a flat in a quiet residence district. He rang the bell, a maid appeared, took our cards, disappeared and reappeared with startling celerity. "Miss Carton says you are to come up to her sitting room," said the maid.

"So that's her name," I said to myself as we went upstairs, and tried to think where I had heard it. Miss Carton did not keep us waiting long. She came in, looking very well in a red gown. I could see at once that I had been mistaken in her age ; she was certainly thirty. I was introduced, and after a few moments of small talk, Spingler said : "Miss Carton, will you be kind enough to show my friend that box of photographs?"

She made a pout. "Mr. Spingler knows I do not like to," she said, addressing me, "but I am indebted to him for some good suggestions, so I suppose I can't refuse."

She brought the box. Spingler took it and handed me the photograph which lay on top. It was the picture of a woman of fifty, the face drawn and hard. The hair was combed plainly back from the forehead. "Have you ever seen her before?" asked Spingler of me.

"Yes, I have seen this picture, but I can't remember where."

"Was this it?" and drawing an evening paper from his pocket, he pointed to a wood-cut. I looked at the face ; it was the same as the photograph. It was doing duty as an advertisement of some patent sarsaparilla, and underneath the picture was a letter telling how the woman, after being given up by the doctors, had been cured by the use of two bottles.

"We are ready, Miss Carton," called Spingler, and she stepped from behind a screen at the other end of the room. I uttered an exclamation of surprise. Before me stood a person dressed as Miss Carton, with Miss Carton's figure, but her face was the face of the woman who used patent medicine.

She laughed at my perplexity. "Only arranging my hair and making up a little," she explained, and disappearing again behind the screen, returned a few minutes later looking as I had seen her first. I looked from the picture to her and gradually saw the resemblance, although I never could have detected it unaided.

"Here's another," said Spingler, handing me a photograph which represented a girl of fifteen. "That's little Amy, the only child of loving parents, who suffered terribly from nervous trouble for three years and was completely restored to health by the use of Dazzler's Electric Belt. You have seen her picture hundreds of times."

I looked at the photograph and then at Miss Carton, who stood smiling before us. It was the same face, but the expression was completely changed ; in the photograph she looked a child of fifteen.

Spingler then ran over the rest of the pictures. In one, Miss Carton stood before a mirror admiring her luxuriant tresses, whose growth was due to Crawford's Creative. In another she was the happy woman who did her washing with Sylph Soap. A third showed her radiantly beautiful, all from using Pulchra Powders, and so on through the list. In all,

by close study, one could make out Miss Carton's features, but they were wonderfully well disguised.

"Miss Carton has a very plastic face," explained Spingler, "and it is possible for her to assume a number of characters."

"But how can you do duty for all these people?" I asked, turning to her.

"It is very simple. The advertising agent tells me how to have my pictnre taken and writes the letter to suit himself. You see, he must have some picture to publish, and there must be some one to answer the letters people write to see if the testimonial is genuine."

"But the letters are dated at different places," I objected.

"None of them is very far from New York. I go there for a day and leave instructions to have my mail forwarded."

All this she told me in a matter-of-fact way, as if her business were as legitimate as writing for the newspapers. Spingler explained that he had noticed the resemblance between her various pictures, and had long been looking for the original. When he found her he had followed her home, and called upon her the next day. At first she denied her pictures, but when Spingler pulled out half a dozen and began discoursing about face-length, lip-depth and ear-curve, she gave in.

As we walked to the station, Spingler said: "Well, and what do you think of Miss Carton? An original character, eh?"

"Original? She's a regular deception syndicate."

"Nonsense. She has discovered a new profession for women."

B. A. HEYDRICK, '93.

Roman City Life in the Time of Juvenal.

The period of Roman History during which Juvenal wrote his bitter satires, is of peculiar interest.

The Roman Empire was firmly established in power. Popular government was extinct except in name. The degenerating tendencies of the latter days of the Republic were bearing their fruit of corruption and immorality. Through free distribution of bread and the free circus, a vast population was gathered at Rome, made up of all classes of society. Christianity, although slowly and surely working among the people, could not, as yet, be considered a great faction in Roman life.

It was at this period that we have the writings of two men. Each writing from a different standpoint, one serves to correct the other. Juvenal, pessimistic in his view, gives us one view; Pliny, more genial and optimistic, gives us another, different in many respects. Perhaps, by taking both together, one can arrive at a true conception of the state of Roman life during the first part of the second century.

Of course, life at Rome was somewhat different than at any other city of that time. Rome was the metropolis of the world. It was the great political, social and literary center. Men of all nations and all classes were there, either temporarily or permanently located.

It would be interesting to compare ancient Rome and any modern metropolis. While, of course, great differences would be noted, the similarities would somewhat surprise us. Juvenal makes the same complaints which are made to-day. The corruption, pride and luxury of the rich; the misery and degradation of the poor could be seen alike in Rome or in New York.

There is, however, one feature of modern city life which we fail to find of any importance in Roman life. That is the great middle class, composed of men in moderate circumstances. In a modern city the solidest and most wholesome part of the population is the class of people moderately well off, fairly well educated and interested in the world around them. In the city of Rome we find very little, if any, mention of such men at this time. People were either rich or poor. Most of the buildings were either slum tenement houses or pal-

aces. The decadence of the middle class was one of the causes of the fall of the republic, and a hundred and fifty years after the founding of the empire the gap between the rich and poor was wider than ever.

Let us first look at the wealthy class. If we were to read Juvenal only, we should necessarily conclude that the rich men were a class of rascals without exception. Listen to some political demagogues of to-day and we must form the same conclusion in regard to modern wealthy men. But when we read the letters of Pliny, written about the same time, we are forced to conclude that Juvenal was prejudiced. There is one thing to be considered here, however, that is the fact that the better class of wealthy men lived in the country rather than in the city. So it may be that Juvenal was not so far wrong in condemning, as a class, the rich men of the city itself. While there were undoubtedly wealthy men who were eminently respectable and useful, such as Pliny and some of his friends, we cannot doubt but that in the city the so-called aristocracy was, in general, a mass of avarice, luxury and corruption.

We often hear the expression that money is the god of the American people. Listen to what Juvenal said eighteen hundred years ago, writing of Roman life: "Let riches carry the day and let it not give place to sacred honor. * * * since with us the most revered majesty is that of wealth, even though as yet, pernicious Money, thou dwellest in no temple, nor have we yet reared altars to coins as we worship Peace, Faith, Victory, Virtue and Concord whose temple resounds with the noise of storks returning to their nests." We may well believe that we of modern times are worshipping no new god when we worship money.

Listen again as Juvenal seems almost to be writing of modern times: "Some men do not make fortunes for the sake of living, but, blinded by avarice, live for the sake of money getting."

The nobles of Rome stooped to almost any means to gain a little money. Men of great wealth did not hesitate to assume the role of needy clients and thus add to their fortunes the little pittance which was doled out to the retainers of the great houses of the city. If we may believe the satirist, even magistrates of the highest rank deliberately counted up at the end of the year the amount added to their income from this source. Many of the plutocrats of Rome attained their position by the foulest means. Poisoners, forgers and rascals of all sorts could be seen, rivalling the very emperors in splendor. On the other hand, it was difficult to earn an honest livelihood. Juvenal says: "Honesty is commended and starves."

Of the daily life of the wealthy, Juvenal has much to say, but he has little good to tell. Their time was largely given to banquets, gambling and attending the games. We have vivid descriptions of the feasts of the rich. Were these banquets an accompaniment of social enjoyment there would be excuse for them. But we are shown the picture of a man reclining as solitary feaster at a table spread with viands sufficient for a whole company. Such gluttony was intolerable. Gambling was almost universal. Among the wealthy, the highest degree of recklessness was reached. Juvenal tells us that men went to the gaming table, not with their purses, but with their whole fortune at stake. The games in the amphitheatre attracted all classes alike, but naturally the rich, having more money to stake, were more passionately devoted to the sports. Had they been content with being spectators, the disgrace to the nobility would not have been so great. Not content with watching and betting on the games, men of the highest birth would enter the arena as gladiators. Apparently a large part of the nobility had no ancestral pride at all. Serving as gladiators or charioteers or grooms, it was all the same to them as long as their momentary whims were gratified.

If Juvenal represented the men of high rank as disgraces to the names they bore, what shall

we think of the women. According to his satires, there was no crime so base, no debauch so disgraceful that they did not take part in them. Home life we should have to consider a ridiculous farce.

After seeing such a picture of life, it is a relief to read some of Pliny's letters. Although his friends did not all live in the city it is evident that some of them did. Roman virtue was not *all* dead. True friendship did *exist* in spite of the prevailing corruption. When we read Pliny's letters to his wife we feel that marriage among the Romans, even of the second century, was not *all* a farce, but that there were true husbands and true wives.

Let us now, for the sake of contrast, look at the state of the poor at Rome. Juvenal's picture is dark, with no rays of hope for the poor man. Pliny gives us no important light on their condition. Judging by the condition of the poor in other ages and other cities, we cannot but believe that Juvenal's picture was true to life. It has been said in substance that the strength of a nation is in the homes of the people, the common people. Roman poor in the city had no homes worthy of the name. When we read the description Juvenal gives of the tenement houses, we seem almost to hear the complaint of some modern reformers.

Let us take a walk, with Juvenal as guide, through the poorer part of the city. As we walk along, we are startled at frequent intervals by the fall of some brickbat from the upper stories. Broken earthenware is thrown from the windows and falls with such force as to dent the stone pavement. In the words of our guide, there are just as many chances of death for us as there are open windows where the inmates are awake. Here and there on our course we are stopped by foot-pads and are lucky to escape with life. When we arrive at the home of a poor man, we find a house propped up on slender supports, ready to go to pieces, but plastered over the outside to give the appearance of security. In addition to the danger of the building's collapse, there is the constant danger of fire. Those in the upper stories have little chance to escape.

Such are the homes of the poor. His principal method of support is the bread distributed by the hand of the Emperor or some victorious general. He may be the client of some wealthy houses. If so, he stands the chance of a poor dinner once in a while and cuffs and blows quite often. Like the wealthy men, his chief occupation is gambling and attending the circus. But with such homes and such surroundings could we expect a type of noble manhood.

Such, in brief, is the picture of Rome at her worst. When we see the corruption and wickedness of our modern cities we may well be shocked and saddened; but when we compare them with Rome, we may well take courage. Surely the world is growing better.

H, '98.

To Prof. Ross.

When you gaze upon this child of man
And, testingly, his features scan,
Be moved by pity—true and sure—
A pity which can long endure.
Dame Rumor has a knowing way
Of bringing to the light of day
Affairs which do not us concern,
But which we all delight to learn.
Thus, now, a secret long concealed
Is by her wiles to us revealed,
That soon the wedding bells will ring
And Cupid will a triumph sing,
While our professor takes a wife
And thus the trials of married life.
May not the dangers which attend
A wedding interrupt the trend
Of his sweet thoughts—so full of bliss—
Which from his life all care dismiss,
But let him bless that happy day
On which he whispered "*Amo te.*"

—'99.

WANTED—TRUSTWORTHY AND ACTIVE GENTLEMEN or ladies to travel for responsible, established house. Monthly $65.00 and expenses. Position steady. Reference. Enclose self addressed stamped envelope.
The Dominion Company, Dept. V., Chicago.

Religion.

Religion! how often misunderstood; how often lowered and abased. Some men set up a petty creed; bow down and worship it and call it religion. Others declare divinity invalid and immortality a myth. It is difficult to class one below the other.

Away with creeds! Away with churches! Away with all that binds and hampers the true, good-strivings of man—forbid that men should longer go in droves like sheep. Each man rely on himself, develop the higher nature within him and not be hindered by any trite set of rules.

Great men are always misunderstood. They are always alone. What of that? Solitude is the greatest boon and the commendations and execrations of men count for naught.

Many creeds endow God with a personality, a human personality, and prate of hell and destruction He has a personality, that of the all-forgiving, the all-merciful, the all-loving.

Let each man be a church in himself, a divine cathedral dedicated and consecrated to the good—call it what you will, love, bliss, feeling, God. And let it be filled with the all sweet music, the music of the soul; a music sweeter because it is a harmony without sounds. Let the divine melodies of the great region of the soul peal down through the arches of the spirit. Let the dim, sacred light of love flow gently along the aisles and corridors and fill the holy of holies where dwell the divine, the God-like in us, and which we approach with unsandled feet, perhaps once in a lifetime—perhaps never.

Through this sacred holy place let the waves of sound be wafted from the divine choir, the choir of the sweet voices of all the strivings and reachings of the soul, all our best thoughts, all best aspirations and the best that is in us. May Honor, the high priest, stand within the chancel and all the sacred place be filled with the sweet incense of sincerity.

And when a man has attained this, then let him end his life, for he has reached his zenith.

'00.

In Lover's Lane.

It was June, the summer twilight
Cast its veil o'er hill and plain,
And the moon's bright disc was rising
As we walked in Lover's Lane.

How my foolish heart was beating!
Though bound fast by Cupid's chain.
When I told her that I loved her,
As we walked in Lover's Lane.

But the fates decreed my hopings
Evermore should be in vain.
And in brief, I got the mitten
As we walked in Lover's Lane.

Years have passed, my heart, grief-shattered,
Time has quite restored again.
And to-day I met my charmer
As we walked in Lover's Lane.

And 'tis now my consolation,
As 'twas long ago my pain,
That sweet Annabel refused me
As we walked in Lover's Lane.

P. D. Cue.

Local.

Miss Fenner—"Mr. Oakes, are you '99?"
Mr. Oakes—"No, Miss Fenner, only 18."

Did you hear what Miss Mann said, Day of Prayer morning, when she heard the cannon go off?

Phi Kappa Psi, on November 22nd, initiated Mr. Albert Mays, '01, and pledged Mr. Joseph Thomas, '01.

Jamison (translating Virgil)—"And they took their skins from their sides and laid bare their *victuals*.

Porter asks the editor to correct a statement made in the last issue. He did not say *Quintilian*, but *Quotillion* instead.

Dr. Monty—"Mr. Paul, do you know what soap is?"

C. S. Leet spent Sunday at his home in Conneautville.

Swisher (in Latin)—"They caught the wolf by the horns."

Kappa Alpha Theta initiated Miss Stark in full on Saturday evening.

Phi Kappa Psi initiated May and Thomas, '01, Saturday evening, the 22nd.

H. A. Porter returned on Monday after a brief visit to his home in Cambridge.

Misses Zella Horne, Belle Chase and Jessie Merchant were in Greenville over Sunday.

Phi Gamma Delta initiated Hinckley and English, of the class of 1901, on Wednesday evening.

The Thetas still hold their bench in the pit of the Opera House, as was evidenced by Saturday night's attendance. There are also others.

Miss Spalding thinks the young men at the Unitarian Theological school are so polite, such perfect gentlemen, quite different from the college boys.

Strange, but true.

Hall maid (at the speaking tube)—"Miss Fenner, you're wanted in the parlor, but it isn't Mr. Austin."

Phi Delta Theta fraternity have rented the Douglass property on Highland avenue, and will move from their present home on Loomis street in the spring.

Homer Brown Haile, '99, successfully passed through the ordeal proposed by the Sig. boys Monday, Jan. 31, and is now wearing a $\Sigma\ A\ E$ pin in honor of the event.

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The Dominion Company, Dept. V., Chicago.

J. W. Davis (in Tacitus)—"Professor, I have lost a word."

Miss Kepler—"Never mind, the janitor will find it when he sweeps."

Prof. Elliott—"Miss Clark, is it possible for the effect to come before the cause?"

Miss Clark—"I don't think so."

Prof. Elliott—"How about a man pushing a wheel-barrow?"

Colter (looking through a glass prism)—"See that halo around Leet's head. Now, if you'd look at me through that, I'd seem like a bright student (adding ruefully), but it would be an optical delusion."

There is a rumor abroad that several of the Hall maidens, having become imbued with Salvation Army doctrines, have ordered the bonnets and other paraphernalia and will soon start a barracks in Hulings Hall. Can this be true?

On Saturday the Cambridge High School made its thirteenth annual visit to the college. Dr. Montgomery entertained them with various experiments in mechanics, and afterwards Dr. Rice and Mr. Womer helped them to pass a pleasant hour in the biological laboratory.

Miss Spalding in Elocution II—"I am going to give you some exercises in sustained calling."

Casteel—"Do you think the men who frequent Hulings need them?"

Miss S—"No, the $\Phi\ \Delta\ \theta$'s may be excused."

The Sophomores, $\theta\ N\ E$, or the A. C. C. B., it is not known exactly which, got very enthusiastic over the advent of Prayer Day, and devised a means of waking the drowsy students for the meeting. In the dead of "morning" the old cannon was hauled out near "*the*" Doctor's house and the gun was fired. Results were good. There was a large attendance at the early service. Dr. Montgomery has one complaint; the boys didn't return the cannon to its place in good order.

Go to Tordella for Candies, Fruit, Ice Cream, etc. 1y*

Miss Sherred (serving the chicken):

"Mrs. Laffer, I am going to give you this heart."

Miss Confer—"Goodness, Nellie, that isn't the heart, that's the liver."

Miss S—"So it is. Well, it isn't the first time I have been fooled on a heart."

The young ladies of Alpha Chi Omega gave the first party of the term, on the evening of Jan. 24, at their rooms in the Conservatory of Music.. About 50 were present, dancing was indulged in, and a new chafing dish, a Christmas gift to the fraternity, was christened. All present enjoyed a most pleasant evening.

If any rivalry exists between you and that other fellow it should not be so plainly in evidence to the outside world, or so displayed that it will be revealed to the casual observer at a glance. When the chapel is dismissed, one notices Sophomores and Preps., or any two classmen coming from sections as widely separated as these, making hurried rectilinear paths through the disinterested throng, he can easily apply his Trig. to advantage and having the angles and directions, within given limits, is able to compute the point of intersection, or the vertex of the angle, and thus determine the goal toward which the contestants are striving—$K\ A\ \theta$, $K\ K\ \Gamma$, $A\ X\ \Omega$, one of these three, may be some one else.

Mr. T. Ivan Bordwell was in Pittsburg on the 22d, to attend the annual meeting of the delegates of the Oratorical Association of Western Pennsylvania and West Virginia. The meeting was held at Seventh Avenue Hotel. Eight colleges were represented, namely: West Virginia University, Thiel, Waynesburg, Western University of Pennsylvania, Bethany, Geneva, Westminster and Allegheny. The coming contest will be held at Waynesburg on the second Wednesday in May. It had been expected that the next contest would be at Thiel, but owing to the fact that Thiel's hall is still in process of erection and will not be completed in time, Waynesburg volunteered to exchange places. The judges for the contest will be nominated by the various colleges. All minor matters, such as the election of master of ceremonies, etc., are left in the hands of Waynesburg.

College Endowment in Colonial Days.

The recent labors of Dr. Crawford to secure an additional endowment for Allegheny, lends a passing interest to the following bit of colonial legislation for the same purpose, gleaned from state documents recently published:

In 1748 the General Assembly of the Colony of New York, passed "An Act for Raising the Sum of One Thousand Eight Hundred Pounds by a Publick Lottery, for a further Provision towards Founding a College, for the Advancement of Learning within this Colony." We quote the preamble: "In as much as it will greatly Tend to the wellfare & Reputation of the Colony that a Proper & ample Foundation be laid for the Regular Education of Youth, and as so Good & Laudable a design must Readily excite the Inhabitants of this Colony To become Adventurers in a Lottery of which the Profits Shall be Employed for the Founding of a College for that purpose,

Be it Enacted," etc.

The act goes on to provide for the establishment of a lottery of eight thousand tickets at 1 £, 10s a ticket, and, further decrees (with all the emphasis of frequent capitalization), that any Person or Persons who shall Forge, Counterfeit, or Alter any Ticket or Tickets .....Shall be Adjudged a Felon & Shall Suffer Death, without Benefit of Clergy. * * * * * * And that the Purpose of Founding the said College may not be obstracted by any other applications of the Monies to arise from the Profits of the said Lottery: Be it Enacted by the Authority aforesaid, Tnat Each and Every Representa-

tive in General Assembly for the Time being, who shall hereafter in General Assembly, Move, or Consent to the Applying, or appropriating the said Monies, To any other Purpose whatsoever, than the Founding the College afore-said, Shall be and hereby is Declared and made forever Incapable of Sitting & Voting in this or any Future General Assembly."

This last section was, however repealed some time after, and the funds raised by this and other enactments were divided, one-half going to the Governors of the College of the Province of New York, and the other half for purchasing land and erecting there-on "a Proper Pest-House for the Reception of Such Persons as may be infected with any Contagious Distempers. And all the Residue of the said money shall be employed to ..nd for the Erecting a New Publick Goal in the City of New York."

Basket Ball.

We dropped a little in our own estimation after the scene in the gymnasium Thursday evening. The Edinboro State Normal team appeared on the floor in good form and ready for the conflict. The Normal boys have had the benefit of some good coaching for the past few weeks and came down to repeat the trick of '96, when they administered to us such an overwhelming defeat. At that time, however, they claimed the championship of Western Pennsylvania. The team which represented Edinboro Thursday was composed of different men, yet confident in their knowledge of the game. Play was not extremely fast in either half but more so in the first than the second.

The playing of Capt. Burdge was protested by our opponents, but the protest not being well grounded failed to go.

Freeman, for Edinboro, began the game very unsatisfactorily by repeatedly calling fouls on Burdge. After three had been called within the first five minutes of the game, resulting in as many tallies for Edinboro, through the accurate throwing of Turner, Burdge retired and English was substituted.

During the first half the ball was hovering around their goal three-fourths of the time which showed a decided advantage in our favor. Here Borland succeeded in throwing two goals from the field. Turner also made a successful throw in this half, making the score 5 : 4 in favor of Edinboro, as the whistle blew.

In the second half the guards on both sides made trouble for the opposing forwards and the result was a continual passing of the ball from one side to the other. Wilkenson pulled out of the scrimmage and made a pretty goal which scored our last two points. Later we lost our lead when Turner scored one on a foul and Bentley hit the basket fair and square for two more. Time was finally called with Edinboro, 8 ; Allegheny, 6.

Features of the game were the playing of the guards on both sides, also the throwing of Turner and the all around work of Bentley.

Line up :

Edinboro—8.		Allegheny—6.
Turner	R. F	Borland
Hayes	L. F	Wilkenson
Bentley	Center	Burdge, English
Neyland	L. G	Ellsworth
Firman	R. G	Haile

Goals from field—Borland, 2 ; Wilkenson, 1 ; Turner, 1 ; Bentley, 1. On fouls—Turner, 4. Umpire, Freeman ; Referee, Jones.

Kicker's Column.

[The Editors of the CAMPUS disclaim all responsibility for opinions expressed or statements made in this column.]

Editor of CAMPUS—

An article, which recently appeared in the so-called "Kicker's Column" of your paper, over the signature of '99, has aroused in me a desire to reply, in some measure at least, to the virulent statements made therein. I shall endeavor, however, to avoid the abusive language made use of by the author of that article, which, by the way, was entitled "Squealers." To those who have read the above article with any degree of care (which surely it did not deserve) it must be plainly evidenced that the writer thereof has at some time and in some way felt the prick of righteous chastisement. Some sinful deed of his has come to the notice of a laborer for all that is good and true, who, having the courage of his convictions, has laid bare the entire affair. No other explanation of the causes of '99's spleen is plausible. Now permit me to say a word in regard to those workers of righteousness whom '99 so insultingly designates as "squealers."

We have a student body, which I am pained to confess, teems with wickedness and sin ; a body which, though smooth and pleasing to the eye,

nevertheless is rotten to the very core. Members of this body use tobacco, are neglectful of their studies, attend dancing parties and a few have been seen to enter buildings in which intoxicating drinks were sold. But here and there is a student who sees the real state of affairs and is sad. Knowing well that any attempt at correction on his part would only bring upon himself ridicule and final defeat, he is compelled by conscience to lay the matter before persons whose words, clothed in authority as they are, may have greater weight in the righting of the wrong. That such a person should cherish in his heart the slightest degree of vindictiveness or be animated by any personal animosity, is the basest error. On the contrary, he is working only for the good of his fellow student. Such then is he who has been so violently maligned by the corrupt pen of '99. May he continue his good work with the same noble inspired courage which has characterized him in times past. Not wishing to come before the students by name, I subscribe myself,

D. D.



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