

The Campus.

"INTER SILVAS ACADEMI QUÆRIMUS VERUM."

VOL. V., No. 7.

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NEW SERIES.

THE CAMPUS.

ISSUED SEMI-MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS.

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

WE make our best bow to those who have recently added their names to our subscription list.

* * *

THE genuine worth of good old-fashioned faithfulness is not so much appreciated as it should be. Even in conservative colleges the faster set of this age begins to think that fidelity must give way to genius and sharpness. But it is a noticeable fact that often the brilliant collegian makes a failure of life. For those successes which seem so brilliant often prove to be veriest bubbles. The foundation was lacking. Only that life will be truly successful which even from college days has been one of genuine faithfulness.

* * *

IN the long run "gall" fails "to get there."
In college life exceptions may seem common

but long observation will show that the exceptions are few and that the rule is general. Everything of worth has its price. Our lecture committee will sell you tickets without compelling you to attend the lecture; but if you want to hear the lecture you will be compelled to buy the tickets. So in moral economics. You may pay too much for what you get, but any desired attainment must be paid for up to its full worth. A thing is not always worth the price, but generally the price of an article is all that the article is worth. Whatever it is that you want—knowledge, college prizes, honors, good recitations, etc.—you have no right to expect it without paying for it. You cannot "run your face" for it, nor will "brass" avail. This fact should be of encouragement when you see persons, seemingly by luck, taking positions which they have not won by hard work and for which they are not at all suited.

* * *

SINCE the last CAMPUS we have been requested to enlarge upon our editorial concerning outside reading, and have been asked as to what part fiction should play in such a course. It might be delightful to outline a course of reading, but not easy, so diverse are our tastes. It would include, however, a study of current happenings and our recent literature especially. In the second place, inasmuch as a student usually gets enough brain-racking reading in connection with the curriculum, we would with all due deliberation advise a large per cent. of novels and light essays. There are novels and *novels* of course. A college student should be able to make the distinction. With more solid books, last year we enjoyed reading or rereading *Ben Hur*, *Hypatia*, *Among My Books*, *Back Log Studies* and a host of

others of similar character; and in the afternoons of the hot spring term, *One Summer*, *My Summer in a Garden*, *Tom Brown at Oxford*, made charming reading in the shade of the campus. A set of papers on this time-honored subject, for our literary columns would be very helpful. Who will respond?

* * *

THE greater option allowed in the selection of studies as shown by the number of electives in our last two catalogues, is a move in the right direction. But in one or two respects further improvement could be made. To the classical student, the great amount of time spent upon Chemistry and Physics is out of all proportion to that allotted to other studies more nearly pertaining to a classical course. The details of these sciences should be reserved for the *electives*, time enough only being required to get the fundamental principles, the relations to other sciences, and something of the scope of each science. Thus conducted, each need consume as a *required* study only about one-third the time now given. To any student who desires extended work in these sciences, the opportunity should be open as now; but we have students preparing merely for literary pursuits, for teaching the classics, or for philological work. In filling up the required time for Physics and Chemistry, these students are compelled to forego many studies of paramount importance to them. It ought not to be that extended work in English, in Philology, in History and in the Modern and Ancient Languages, which might be selected from the *elective*, should be forced to give way to *required* work in studies which are irrelevant to a classical course and distasteful and profitless to a classical student.

* * *

It must not, however, be construed that we are not in sympathy with the modern scientific tendencies. We believe in all-round mental development. Even the classical student may

justly be called narrow-minded, not to know something of the general principles of each science. Every study is more or less connected with every other study. A certain command of each science, with its own methods of evidence, is now a necessity. But to obtain such a knowledge it is not necessary to give particular and minute attention to each science. *Tempus fugit*. Life is too short. Thus the specialist steps in, taking his own particular branch and pushing it for a life work. So we claim that the specialist in literary or linguistic work should not be compelled to take two whole years of Chemistry and Physics, to the exclusion of studies more nearly in his line of work. The four years spent in college are all too short, at the best, to do what the ambitious student desires to do.

* * *

With such a concession to the scientific department, with Prof. Montgomery at its head, we cannot forego expressing our own esteem of the classical studies. We have heard Prof. Colegrove remark "that, in his opinion, the study of Latin yields a discipline equal to that obtained by any other educational means whatever." Dr. Wheeler will doubtless say the same of Greek. In our own limited experience we believe that exactness, nice discrimination, broad sympathies, an enlarged mind, and the other features of the best educated man and gentleman, are better obtained from the so-called classical studies than from any amount of Science and Mathematics. We take off our hats to Profs. Montgomery, Stilwell and Twining; but we feel like prostrating ourselves to the ground as a mark of respect to Drs. Williams and Wheeler, Profs. Colegrove, Miller and other instructors of the classical studies.

President Barnard's recommendation to abolish the undergraduate department of Columbia College is being warmly discussed in college circles. The alumni association has entered a vigorous protest against the proposed change.

The College World.

Exchanges.

The exact method to be pursued by the editor in the receiving of exchanges, seems to be a disputed question. The variety of views advanced and the tenacity with which many of our fellow editors hold to their individual opinions as to how the ex. column should be managed, would almost lead us to believe that the poet had some knowledge of this controversy when he wrote:

"Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
Are just alike, yet each believes his own."

Following the example of our contemporaries we proceed to register our own modest opinion concerning the duties of the exchange editor. Some object to the practice of clipping general college items from exchanges on the ground that they are copied everywhere, become trite and uninteresting. We can appreciate the force of this assertion when we recall a single piece of poetry as having been copied in fifteen of our exchanges. But they who make this criticism forget that the college paper is not published solely for the ex. man who spends much of his time poring over college publications and to whom the repetition of these notes must become somewhat "trite." But the students who support the college paper do not have the time nor the opportunity to do this, and we venture to say they enjoy this department fully as much as any other, provided the items are interesting and readable, though they may not be as new and original as some of our brother ex. men would desire. For where is the college boy or girl who is not interested in the events of other colleges and the doings of others of like pursuits with himself? On the other hand, we do not agree with those who would exclude the comments and criticism of exchanging magazines. Such is the fundamental idea in maintaining an exchange editor, and the paper which does not support this department is neglecting an im-

portant feature. Careful criticism honestly bestowed, and commendation which is merited and tends to encourage, is productive of much good, both to the magazine reviewed and to the individual contributor. The "golden mean" is no less applicable here than elsewhere and we number among our best exchange departments those which combine careful reviews and criticisms of current exchanges with extracts from the most meritorious articles, interspersed with notes of general college news. Such we believe to be the best plan to render readable that department of the college paper which the average student has a tendency to pass over as dry and uninteresting.

College journalists are coming to the front. The editor-in-chief of the *Practical Student*, of Ohio Wesleyan, has accepted a position on the editorial staff of the *New York Voice*.

The latest issue of the *College Rambler* would be a valuable one, had it nothing more to boast of than an article evidently contributed by a loyal alumnus of "other days." We reproduce a portion of this excellent plea for a reform in the method of study, even at the expense of considerable space:

"But, to descend from the realm of simile, our modern idea of a scholar unfortunately does not necessarily include the idea of a man. We school men learn something of the classic tongues and something of mathematics (alas!); but have we not forgotten to learn the divine art of independent intellectual labor, precisely what we most urgently need? That part of our education which can be derived from others is, in general, ably imparted and faithfully received. But it is one in a thousand of us who ever receives in any considerable measure that better portion of his education which must be derived from himself. It is to be lamented that the old liberal spirit of intellectual exploration, the old unquenchable intellectual appetite, is dying out in our schools both in the east and the west. A respectable knowledge of the pocketful of elementary treatises prescribed for study in our college courses has become our ideal of scholarship. This the school boy aims at. This satisfies his ambition and realizes his ideal of culture and learning. Curiosity, intellectual thirst, rarely leads him to an exploration not prescribed in the cur-

riculum. He quits college and plunges into active life with no liberal culture, no taste, no intellectual appetite, and little knowledge that might not as well have been gained in Diogenes' tub. Talk to us of anything but triangles or spoondees and we are ignorant and boorish. We blush and stammer when we meet a man of scholarly tastes, attainments and culture. We are masters of arts and tremble at the mention of so recondite a book as Shakespeare. We bear collegiate honors with solemn dignity and never in our lives read ten books outside of the college course.

The extent of general reading, the literary taste and culture of the average American college graduate might well bring a blush to the cheek of an intelligent bootblack. An intimate knowledge of the masterworks of literature, ancient as well as modern, was once an essential part of the culture of a scholar. But it is not safe to presume that any modern scholar who is not a professor or literary specialist, is familiar with any English classic from Chaucer to Carlyle, and it is presumptuous extravagance, bordering on irreverence, to assume that he has read any Greek or Latin book whose reading was not a condition precedent to the issuing of his diploma. I remember hearing with a thrill of horror a student 25 years old, in a respectable institution of learning gravely inquire whether Shakespeare was an Englishman or a Greek, and, though not hoary with age, I have been honored by a college man with the highly interesting question, whether John Dryden is dead. (Thank God, he was not a student at my *alma mater*.)

The *Coup d'Etat* reflects credit on its managers on account of the tasty form in which the paper appears. All departments are well supported.

The *Holcad* is sadly lacking in readable literary matter. A page of advertising matter in large, bold type and thrust in the editorial department, impresses us as being strikingly out of place.

The *Northwestern* is one of our best exchanges. In a literary article, Kalevala and Hiawatha, the author endeavors to show that Longfellow's immortal Hiawatha was plagiarized from Kalevala, the epic of the Tinus, a poem which has recently been translated into English.

Literary.

"Circumstantial Evidence."

A TRUE STORY.

THE 21st day of April, 1879, will be long remembered by the people of ——— County, State of ———; for never before in the history of the County were the people raised to such a degree of excitement as they were on that memorable day. Cool-headed and law-abiding citizens, who, under ordinary circumstances, would scorn to do a rash or violent act, could hardly keep themselves within the bounds of law and justice; while the reckless and excited citizens, goaded on by the news that a horrible *murder* had been committed in their midst, called loudly for vengeance; and the rabble would not be appeased, save with the blood of the supposed murderers. But in order that you may better understand the cause of all this commotion, let us go back a few months in the narration of these terrible events, which always chill our blood; and while in our minds we condemn, in our hearts we pity the hapless souls who are the authors of such deeds, and who must needs be hurled into eternity, perhaps unprepared to expiate the crimes of their blackened hearts. George Moland, a man of middle age, and not blessed with the intellect of a clay, after having worked for one of the County farmers, unceremoniously left for parts unknown. The little baggage he possessed was carefully stowed away in a small satchel or valise which swung across his shoulder. This he was seen carrying as he neared the somewhat out-of-the-way habitation of one Levi Stout, a descendent of Ham, and who probably possessed some of the vices as well as the virtues of his race. Another "culled gemmen," Charles Duncan, was seen talking with him on the morning of his departure, and Giles Bradley, who was never known to murder anything except the "King's English," had also been seen with him on that unfortunate day. Further than this, George Moland's steps could not be traced, and he was as completely

and mysteriously lost to the people of ——— County as any man who was ever foully and secretly murdered. But George Moland had neither friends nor relatives in that County, and would, perhaps, never have been thought of again, had it not been for one or two little circumstances.

The good wife of his former employer had given him a pair of socks, while he was also the happy possessor of a paper collar, (not celluloid) an extra pair of trousers, and a coat which, if not like Joseph's coat of many colors, could be easily identified by many who had seen him wear it. It happened that in the immediate neighborhood there lived an aged man, a poor, old, white-haired man of 70 winters, who had a son, commonly known as "Boz." The filial affection borne by the son to father, and the devout love shown to the son by the sire, was something to rival the mutual affection of Damon and Pythias. The progenitors of Charles Morgan, many centuries back, may have been intimately related to the opulent old Croesus, but lapse of time and adverse circumstances had severed every tie. But suddenly the neighbors of Charles were startled by the external transformation that had taken place in him and likewise "Boz," for "Boz" was the image of his father in various ways. No longer did the ragged old trousers,—so often patched that it was difficult to determine the original—droop from his shaking limbs, a newer and better coat than he was wont to wear mantled his classic shoulders, and on "Boz" a chapeau of more recent block supplanted the one of ante-bellum days, and the immaculate paper collar was a luxury by him never before indulged in. Suspicious comments were made from all sides: A rich uncle had died and bequeathed to Charles his wedding suit; he had struck it rich in the Louisiana Lottery; while some were so remorselessly cruel as to intimate that "Boz" had belonged to the A. C. Glee Club. But this problem was soon solved. Good, old Mrs. Ashpaw at once recognized the socks as her gift to George Moland, and the coat and trousers were easily identified as his property, and the questions

where they got Moland's clothes and how they came by them, so unnerved and confused Morgan and his son that they could not give an intelligent answer. Raging excitement and dire suspicion spread like magic. Everyone remembered where and with whom he was last seen, prior to his mysterious departure, and these facts confirmed them in their belief that he had been robbed and murdered, and that Giles Bradley, Charles and "Boz" Morgan, Levi Stout and Charles Duncan were the murderers. The satchel was found in Morgan's possession, a sunken place on the farm of Levi Stout, resembling a grave, was discovered, all of which tended to fasten the guilt upon these unhappy persons. Further search was made and alarm given. Moland's brother, who resided in ———, accompanied by Deputy United States Marshal ———, came in hot haste to aid in the search for Moland's body, and in apprehending the cruel murderers. Every nook and corner in the community where he was last seen was searched. The clothes and satchel were examined, and when they were identified by the brother of the missing man, the outbursts of indignation knew no bounds in the assembled multitude. The poor victims, upon whom the foul suspicion rested, were hunted and arrested; and urged on by the impetuous United State Marshal and the grief-stricken brother, the crazy rabble hurried them on to prison. This so unnerved and excited them, that they could explain nothing, but their every act, every word they uttered, every circumstance that could be recalled, seemed to testify against them, that they had murdered in cold blood the inoffensive and simple-minded George Moland. The people stood aghast. They looked through the prison bars and saw the trembling forms of the poor men who had brought a stain upon the County that could never be effaced. Without any provocation or excuse, they had ruthlessly murdered a man, whose brother was now present, asking that the law might be meted out to them. But the intrepid United States officer and a few others hinted that speedier justice was due them than is found in Courts of law. This

took like wild fire with the excited populace, and ere the passions of men could be calmed by reason or argument, the die was cast, and George Moland's murderers were to be executed without trial. In vain did the law-abiding citizens plead that, although guilty, the prisoners were entitled to a fair and impartial trial. Nothing could calm the excited multitude, and it was determined by them, after the shades of night had settled over the prison walls, that they should be taken out and hanged until they were dead. This determination of the rabble was like laws of the Medes and Persians, unalterable; and all good citizens shuddered at the terrible fate that awaited the accused, and pleaded in vain that they might be given a fair trial.

The ropes were ready, the hangman selected, and the blood thirsty crowd impatiently awaited the going down of the sun. The demoniacal yells for vengeance had ceased. The people could be seen assembling in small groups, quietly whispering, while the gleam of the polished derringer bespoke the mad determination of the crowd. The silence was ominous. A terrible tragedy was about to be enacted; men stood around with bated breath, while the air was motionless, as if nature were holding her breath in dread of the awful vengeance so soon to be meted out to the frightened prisoners. But during these painful moments of suspense, while the trembling, crouching victims could hardly say they were innocent, another scene was being enacted in this terrible drama.

George Moland, when he left Levi Stout's, wandered on and on, knowing little and caring less whither he went. Leaving the highway, he entered a thicket, where he sat down to rest, and when he arose to continue his journey he left his satchel secreted under some leaves, thinking that he would return and get it in a few days. A little light begins to dawn. Thus it happened that while Charles Morgan and "Boz" wandering through the country in search of ginseng, they espied in a skirt of woods a dark object which, upon closer examination, proved to be a valise. Charles and

his dutiful son are undecided what to do—they stop, hesitate, and quietly look around. Beholding no one, that approach nearer, until they perceive that the dust-covered satchel had not been recently left in its hiding place. They were puzzled about its contents. It might contain ginseng, it might contain gold. This was solved by breaking the lock. Behold! What visions of warmth, of comfort met their gaze. A whole clothing emporium seemed to pour its treasures at their feet. The valise was carried to the humble domicile. Days and weeks rolled by and yet no owner came. What was Charles Morgan to do? What could he do? How could he tell the size of the owner unless he first tried on the clothes. If they fit him, the owner must be about his own size, which would be an important point gained in ascertaining to whom they belonged. *Aussitot dit aussitot fait*, and in less time than it takes to tell it Charles Morgan stood before his happy spouse, clad in better garments than had enclosed his poor old frame since the preacher said to them that good old story that made them one. Indeed, they fit so well and felt so comfortable that each succeeding day found Charles wearing them, vainly trying to find the owner, until the neighbors stared at him as he passed along.

But months rolled on, and George Moland did not return for his satchel, but continued wandering on and on, through many weary days and places, until by some unaccountable reason he thought of his valise and at once turned his steps homeward. And after many days of tiresome travel, George Moland found himself on the pleasant afternoon of the 21st of April, 1879, as the sun was sinking in the western sky, in the skirt of woods where several months before he had stopped to rest and had left his satchel. But he found it not, and while quietly looking around, wholly unconscious of the ungovernable excitement in—and the horrible doom that so soon awaited the accused, a solitary horeman, loath to yield that the men were guilty, still searching for some clue to their innocence, approached, and as though guided by Providence, Moland told

him his name and said he was looking for a valise he had left there several months before. The truth flashed at once through the mind of the horseman. The mystery was solved; Moland was alive, and the prisoners were innocent. But what should be done? There was no time to lose. Darkness had cast its gloom over the earth, and the bell in the temple of justice in ———, which was so soon to be desecrated, was pealing forth its roll-call for the executioners, and sounded in *their* ears the death knell of the prisoners while they were yet *ten* miles away. He quickly pulled Moland on behind him and hastily explained all as they rode rapidly on to town. Heavy as the burden was, the horse plodded faithfully on. A painful, lingering anxiety overwhelmed them. Finally they enter the town. Hundreds of people, gathered from every section, thronged the streets. A low murmuring of voices, even more painful than silence, prevailed through the crowd, which little noticed the two men dashing forward on one horse, thinking they were late. Alas! how well they guessed their thought: that they were *too* late. They did not stop to inquire as they passed along, fearing their answer would be the worst, but hastened on to the jail where their arrival would avail the most. As they neared the gloomy prison which, but a few moments before had held the trembling victims, and whose walls had heard their *last* prayers to God and their vain declaration of their innocence to men, they saw nothing that alleviated their fears or relieved their surprise. The doors had been opened and the men led out, the excited mob accepting nothing other than that they were guilty. As the prisoners stood there, breathing for the last time the fresh, open air, and the mob trying to wring from them a confession they could not give, that secret medium that by a law of nature must assert itself, sustaining right and over-ruling wrong; that hand that caused the ram to appear in the thicket at the fatal moment, was none the less potent now; but just as the shuddering, helpless men were enjoying, or rather suffering their last moments of respite, the horseman and Moland arrived,

and just in time to save the lives of five innocent men and cause them to go forth, free and guiltless of the crime for which they stood accused. This certainly was a Providential Deliverance, and a terrible rebuke to those who believe in and advocate mob law.

ANA. GRAM. MEDING.

W.C. Deming '90.

Eoral.

W. G. Heiser went to Corry.

Hood spent last Sabbath at home.

The CAMPUS subscription list has sensibly increased.

Proper spent a few days of last week at his home in Titusville.

A letter from Hulings Hall is crowded over to the next number.

CAMPUS stockholders meet Saturday at 2 p. m., to fill editorial vacancies.

WANTED—Two policemen, to guard Lieben-dorfer when he goes out calling.

Hopkins, Dice and Reisinger represented the college at the Venango poultry show.

Chemistry class parties bound for investigating the gas works have been held lately.

We have the promise of an interesting contribution for the next issue of the CAMPUS.

Mr. Barron, '93, who was unavoidably detained at home until late in the term, has returned.

How many students are putting themselves through Allegheny by their own efforts, financially?

Rev. J. A. Kummer, Presiding Elder of the Meadville District, conducted the chapel devotional exercises January 29.

Allegheny Society has lately increased her numbers by the addition of Messrs. Griffin, Miller, Eagleson, Berlin and Eighmy.

M. D. Johnson, of the *Register*, Randolph, N. Y., was entertained by old friends and schoolmates at the Phi Kap House January 18th.

The skating has been very good on the canal for a week past and the college, as usual has furnished her quota of participants in the sport.

Miss Cassie Patton, a former student, left a short time ago for Sitka, Alaska, where she has received an appointment as teacher in the Government school.

Anyone wishing to unite with the Allegheny branch of White Caps, or D. T.'s, as they call themselves, will please hand his petition for membership to Fradenburgh or Fuller.

Several pleasant sleighride parties took advantage of the thin sleighing last Tuesday and Wednesday. One jolly crowd was entertained at Mrs. O. Saeger's, Saegertown.

Dr. Williams was out of town several days last week on a business trip. During his absence his classes did not recite, yet the lessons received their customary daily augmentations.

Mr. Chas. Darby, a former student, who was for several years General Secretary of the Kansas City Y. M. C. A., but now engaged in studio work there, is visiting his parents in this city.

Work is progressing rapidly on the *Kaldron*, and this year's edition promises to be a decided success. No one should be without a copy. Please hand your subscriptions to Messrs. Drum or Hood.

Russell met with a serious accident at the initiation of Mr. Parker, on the 19th inst., by which he was deprived of a considerable amount of capillary substance. Mr. Wallace was singed also.

The college boys who are taking elocution lessons under Prof. Dickson have given several entertainments in the neighboring school-houses and churches, which have been well received and highly commended.

Next entertainment of the Peoples' course is by A. P. Burbank, the humorist, in the Academy of Music, Friday evening, February 8.

Miss Maud Waid, an ex-student, will leave soon for Albuquerque, New Mexico, where she expects to spend a few months visiting her brother-in-law, Wellington Bowser, '79, who is engaged in ministerial work there.

It is not generally known that the Visitor's Register of Allegheny Society contains the autographs of John G. Saxe, Bayard Taylor, Horace Greeley, Ira D. Sankey and other men of note. Autograph collectors would certainly find a bonanza here.

The class photographs have at last arrived, and as a whole are good. Messrs. Gibson and Fradenburgh have been busy taking orders and thus far about two hundred duplicates have been ordered. Each student should at least secure one of his own class, as photographs recall faces better than memory.

Ministerial Association.

The Student's Ministerial Association was reorganized January 21st. The officers and members are as follows:

President, Dr. W. G. Williams; vice-president, S. A. Dean; secretary, C. B. Hawk; treasurer, R. C. Crowthers; executive committee, Dr. Williams, Prof. Miller and W. L. Askue.

MEMBERS.

W. L. Askue, S. A. Dean, V. F. Dunkle, C. B. Hawk, S. S. Marquis, C. F. Ross, H. D. Whitfield, G. W. Corey, W. J. Cogley, B. P. Linn, Prof. Miller, H. Household, S. E. Rodkey, H. Clare, R. C. Crowthers, F. M. Mead, G. W. Bird, G. W. Phillips, W. G. Barron, W. W. Youngson, C. S. Jewell, H. McKinney, L. F. Ross, Messrs. Roach, Quick, Morey and McKinney.

Meetings will be held every two weeks. It is the intention to bring Bishop Vincent here for his course of college lectures. Other lecturers may be also expected.

Alumni.

'86. L. E. Haybarger is practicing law in Omaha, Neb.

'62. L. W. Wilcox is practicing the legal profession in Titusville.

'56. Dr. James P. Hassler and family will soon move into the city.

'50. Solomon Schoyer, Jr., is one of the leading lawyers of the Pittsburgh bar.

'87. C. H. Haskins has been appointed instructor in ancient history at Johns Hopkins.

'87. E. B. Bodley spent his Christmas vacation of two weeks in this city with old-time friends.

'81. A. D. Colegrove spent a few days of last week in the city, visiting his brother, Prof. Colegrove.

'81. J. M. Thoburn and wife returned from India this week. Rev. Thoburn takes immediate charge of the Trinity M. E. Church, Oil City.

'54. N. E. Worthington, who was a member of the forty-eighth and forty-ninth Congresses, is now engaged in the practice of his profession, law, in Peoria, Ills.

'88. J. T. Petty, formerly of the W. U. P., is taking a post graduate course in philosophy, at Allegheny College, Meadville, having abandoned his contemplated tour of Germany.—*University Courier*.

'87. M. R. Stevenson, who for the past two years has been head clerk in the Kent House, Lakewood, N. Y., has severed his connection with that hostelry and expects to begin the study of law soon in Jamestown, N. Y.

'85. "Cub" Thoburn again favored us with one of his periodic visits last week. Although living in Hutchinson, Kas., he manages to be with us more than many alumni who are located nearer. He gave a very interesting and instructive talk upon "Missions" in the Stone Church last Sunday evening.

Fraternity.

Phi Gamma Delta has reorganized her Yale Chapter with fifteen men.

W. A. Haskell, '92, was initiated by Phi Kappa Psi January 26.

Kappa Alpha Theta has initiated Miss Belle Watson as a color-member.

Parker now wears the badge of Delta Tau Delta, having been initiated on the 19th inst.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon has increased her number by the addition of Messrs. Davis and Large.

Pi Chapter of Phi Gamma Delta has three representatives in the present Legislature of Pennsylvania, Messrs. Dravo and Hayes in the House, and Delamater, in the Senate.

The Phi Kappa Psi *Shield* for December contains an article on "Favorite Societies," suggested by Mr. J. A. Porter's "College Fraternities" in the September *Century*. It is interesting reading for every fraternity man in college and we predict will be widely quoted. It is written by E. C. Little, formerly ed-in-chief of the *Shield*.

Battalion.

Why not go to Washington? Good reason why.

Target practice on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Tactics recitation Wednesdays and Fridays. Hours rotate.

Barrett's exhibition drill of Company D was loudly applauded.

Sergeant Zinck has made the best target record to date.

Companies B, C, D and A are manifestly improving in execution of the manual.

The Corner.

Ode to the Self-boarding Student.

The Economical man
Searched every kettle and pan,
And at length concluded he'd risk it.
So like old Mother Hubbard,
He went to the cupboard
To ferret himself out a biscuit.

Yes, like old Mother Hubbard,
He went to the cupboard
A biscuit or crumb to discover;
But when he looked in,
'Twas as empty as sin,
Not a biscuit or crumb to uncover.

So intense were his fears
That he burst into tears,
On account of his victuals bereft;
Never thinking how good,
(Though deprived of his food)
'Twas to have a good appetite left.

But never despair,
Though scanty your fare,
A better day dawns—which is well,
When some now living high
May be hungry and cry,
You will have corn to eat and to sell.

It was right for that man to eat onions
And smell like a skunk if he chose;
Had he gone to the north land of "bunnions"
Where boreas fearfully blows,
And could drive off the bad fumigation,
More hateful than Limburger cheese;
Where, diffused through the air of a nation
All could breathe free, respire with ease.
But to scent up the half of the college
With a smell so obnoxious and foul,
'Twould make old Greek patrons of knowledge,
Exceedingly wrathful and scowl.

Some daring '92 man won himself glory both
for the bravery of the act and the originality
of the idea, by being lowered from the top of
the Water Tower and there painting in orange
over 150 feet from the ground a large '92 seven
feet in length.—*Princetonian*.

"Haec Olim Meminisse Juvabit."

Last Saturday evening Phi Gamma Delta Place was the scene of one of those enjoyable reunions which always to knit the bonds of friendship more closely between alumnus and under-graduate. The fraternity of Phi Gamma Delta has twenty-two alumni members in the city, three-fourths of whom were present, besides several visiting brothers.

After spending some time in social enjoyments of various sorts, the entire company repaired to the large dining-hall, where an elegant repast was served. As the satisfaction of the inner man proceeded, the sage advice and encouragements of *quondam* pedestrians of this Hill of Knowledge began to flow. Consequently, Frank P. Ray, Esq., as symposiarch, called for *standing* expressions of their ebullient spirits, and Judge Henderson, Dr. Hall, M. R. Stevenson, L. H. Lauderbaugh, Drs. Williams and Montgomery, F. J. Thomas and others responded with reminiscences of college and fraternity life. Letters of regret were received from Senator Delamater and others.

The Day of Prayer for Colleges.

Thursday, January 31st, was the day set apart by the Evangelical Alliance to be devoted to prayer for Christian Colleges. Quite a large audience of students and friends of the college assembled in our chapel at 9:30 a. m., among whom were the ministers of the various churches of the city.

The following was the order of exercises:

Reading of Scripture by President Williams; hymn No. 87, Epworth Hymnal; prayer by Rev. K. C. Hayes; hymns No. 176 and 119; remarks by Drs. Williams and Edwards; prayer by Dr. Herron; hymn No. 80; remarks by Rev. Marshall; prayer by Dr. Hall; singing Gloria, and benediction by Rev. Hayes.

The exercises throughout were interesting and of spiritual worth, and one cannot fail to look upon this day as one of especial benefit and profit. The afternoon service was also well attended and enjoyed by all present.

Literary Societies.

The societies have been well attended since the Winter term opened. Really good work was seriously interfered with during the Fall. We give some facts and figures which may serve as a basis for food and reflection.

ALLEGHENY—38 MEMBERS.

Speaker, Howe; clerk, Jewell; attorney, Heydrick; critics, O'Connor, Proper; recording clerk, McNair; program clerk, Gibson; chaplain, Wood.

Program for February 1: Declamation, Barrett, Dunn; essay, Cattern, Gibson, J. S., Cattern (2); oration, Deming, Morrison, Laffer; debate, Wood, Anderson—question: *Resolved*, That in civil causes the requirement of unanimity in the jury should be done away with.

PHILO-FRANKLIN—46 MEMBERS.

E. P. Couse, president; Hawk, secretary; Black, V. Pres-clerk; Elliott, R. W., janitor; Ross, vice-president; Christley, treasurer; Lindsey, sergeant-at-arms.

Program for February 1: Declamation, McBride, Roach, Fox, Luce; essay, Corey, Miner, Whitely, Couse, H. A.; oration, Hawk, Household, Whitfield; debate, affirm, Echols, Miller, deny, Elliott, W. A., Crowthers—question: State prohibition amendment.

OSSOLI—22 MEMBERS.

President, Miss Robinson; vice-president, Miss Whitney; recording secretary, H. J. Clark; corresponding secretary, Miss Smith; treasurer, Miss Pickett; critics, Misses Mount and Hull; sergeant-at-arms, Miss Household; judges, Misses Warner, Raymond, Watson.

Program for February 1: Essay, Miss Hull; recitation, Miss Household; news summary, Miss H. A. Clark; select reading, Miss Wood; debate, Misses Pickett and Raymond, question—*Resolved*, That large noses are indicative of great strength of mind; author, Adelaide Proctor.

ATHENIAN—16 MEMBERS.

President, G. G. Coup; vice-president, C. C. Freeman; secretary, P. A. Benson; treasurer, F. A. Collins; attorney, W. A. Quick; chap-

lain, B. L. Singley; sergeant-at-arms, C. L. Walton.

Program for February 1: Declaimers, Coup, Phillips; essayists, Freeman, Bird; orators, Collins, Walton; debaters, Work, Singley, question—*Resolved*, That the Government should employ the surplus in the treasury for establishing and maintaining a National University.

Total society membership, 122.

Contests.

The eleventh annual contest for the Fisk Declamation Prize of Athenian Literary Society, was held in the college chapel Thursday evening, January 24th. There was quite a large audience present, who were highly entertained by the rendition of the following interesting program:—

"A Tramp's Story,"	- - -	W. A. Quick
"The Old Actor's Story,"	- - -	C. L. Walton
"Parrhasius and the Captive,"	- - -	G. L. Hamilton
"The Battle of Lake Regulus,"	- - -	J. S. W. Phillips
"The Prisoner of Chillon,"	- - -	C. C. Freeman

There were also interspersions of cornet solos by Mr. McGill, with piano accompaniment by Miss McGill.

The judges, Messrs, F. J. Thomas, Dr. Stillwell and M. W. Tate, after some deliberation, decided unanimously in favor of Mr. C. L. Walton, giving honorable mention to Mr. Hamilton.

Oration contest of Philo-Franklin society will take place in the eighth week of the term.

Chautauquan oration contest of Allegheny society is booked for the sixth week of the term.

Ossoli has decided to renew her declamation contest.

Western College Journalism: "This is an age of progress." Within the past three months the university has advanced from the wild, woolly, western civilization, exemplified by the sombrero, to the domesticated bald headed civilization of the plug.—*Hesperian*.

Clippings.

The course of journalism at Cornell is open only to post graduates, seniors and juniors who are editors of the college papers. There are nineteen pursuing this course at present.

At its anniversary the University of Bologna conferred degrees on Gladstone, Spencer, Huxley, Lowell, Renau, Jebb, Max Muller, David Dudley, Field, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Profs. Cayley, Adams and Agassiz and many others.—*Princetonian*.

The number of students attending each of the larger colleges this year is as follows: Harvard, 1,690; University of Michigan, 1,667; Columbia, 1,498; Oberlin, 1,302; Yale, 1,134; Cornell, 1,115; Northwestern, 1,100; University of Pennsylvania, 1,069.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, of New York, contributed \$20,000 for the enlargement of the school of engineering at Vanderbilt University. A new building for the law and dental departments is being constructed at a cost of \$50,000, and when completed it will be one of the handsomest buildings, architecturally, in Nashville.

The Central Inter-collegiate Press Association held a convention recently. Representatives were in attendance from eight colleges of the Central States. Interesting discussions were had relating to matters in the management of college publications. The association expressed its approval and indorsement of the new publication—*The Collegian*,—which aims to represent the college world.

The Stanford University is intended, as Senator Stanford said in a recent interview, for instruction in every useful art, from making shoes and clothing to painting and sculpture. Every student will have quarters as good as those in Oxford, Cambridge or Harvard, and good board will be furnished at remarkably low rates. It is expected that the individual expenses for the season will reach a minimum of \$150 or \$200. The study of literature and language will not be slighted.

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