The Campus.

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

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The Campus.

ISSUED SEMI-MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS.

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

Two notable social events have taken place since the publication of the last CAMPUS. Mrs. Bradley-Martin's fancy dress ball at the Waldorf on Feb. 10th and the Old Maid's costume ball at Huling's Hall on Feb. 22d. Both have been much talked of in and out of society, but for lavish expenditure, for artistic decorations and surroundings, and for a reflection of wealth and beauty, the Old Maid's ball far eclipsed the Bradley-Martin affair. In fact, it was a mile post in Meadville's social history; it was the event of a decade. Invitations were issued only to a limited number of "old maids" and twenty-eight or thirty represented the world of fashion and society at this most elaborate social function.

Space forbids a detailed account of the costumes and decorations, but in reply to the criticisms on the amount of money spent we wish to say that by such entertainments money is circulated and that we students of social economics believe in circulating money every time. Take into consideration one of the most elaborate costumes which cost say in the neighborhood of 45 or 50 hundredths of a dollar. Extravagant as such a dress may seem it is not really so when you think of how much labor it encouraged, yea, even demanded, and that one person at least who might otherwise have been idle, by it received employment. Let those students, therefore, who denounce such extravagant affairs remember that Adam Smith in his "Wealth of Nations" appears to sanction them and that the "Old Maid's" ball had the hearty approval of Allegheny's well known professor of social economics although he regretted deeply his inability to be there.

Literary.

Cape Cod Folks.

Perhaps no page of that old geography, over which the young students used to pore many a long hour during his early school days, became so permanently impressed on his memory as the one on which was represented a narrow strip of land that coiled upwards, like

the pointed shoes of King Henry the Eighth's time, and was marked in large letters "Cape Cod." Visions of sandy shores, fishing vessels and large glittering fish rose before his mind when he came to this page. Sometimes he tried to imagine how the home of the odiferous dried specimens that he had seen in the grocery actually appeared. But the real Cape Cod would have agreed with his preconception of it in few points.

The strong salt breezes are the first messengers to welcome the traveller as the train leaves the mainland of the "Old Bay State" and enters the narrow cape. From the windows he sees long stretches of lowland grown up with coarse grass, and gleaming sand flats beyond. Across to the south, looking like small white handkerchiefs outspread, the sails of many vessels may be distinguished. The train moves forward, past cranberry fogs and clumps of low pines and scrub oak. Often are seen, on either side, villages of tiny, sloping roofed cottages, resting close by the shore.

In these little villages may be found people as simple-hearted and quaint as those who we believe exist at the present day only in story books. Their fathers settled here in the early colonial days. Some of them built their cottages in which their children are still living.

Life here is quiet and simple. Now and then a delicious bit of gossip arises in the neighborhood, and this furnishes conversational material to the industrious spinsters. Once in a while a stranger, longing for peace and rest, comes to spend a few weeks among them. For the most part they are living very much as their ancestors lived in the past century.

Those ancestors are now sleeping peacefully in the old burying ground by the side of the "meeting house," yet you wonder when they were laid there, for it seems as if no one dies on Cape Cod. At seventy the man at Cape Cod does the work of a man of forty in our own state; at eighty he begins to leave a part of the heavier toil for younger hands; at ninety he may be seen doing light "chores" about his house, or sunning himself on the bench outside his cottage door; he drops off quietly somewhere in the neighborhood of one hundred, never having known a day of illness in his life. He has always had time for all that he wanted to do, has never hurried or worried about any of his affairs, has known neither luxury nor want, and now has gone out from the world as peacefully as he has always lived in it.

Let us try to imagine ourselves in one of these little settlements, the village of Dennis. It is situated about half way down the Cape, close to the shore of Cape Cod Bay. The headquarters of the Nobcensset tribe of Indians was here; here their chief, Meeshantum, signed the deed that gave his ancestral lands to the white man; and now he himself, with his braves, lies buried in the Indian burying ground on the shores of Scargo Lake, a beautiful sheet of fresh water not a quarter of a mile from the bay.

As in all Cape Cod villages, the houses are built low with slanting roofs. This is done to prevent them from being torn away by the terrific gales, which in winter sweep across the bay to the Atlantic. Few trees shelter them, for most of those that were planted have been killed by the storms of winter. Not many of the people have yet learned the luxury of verandas, and those who have, seem to have lacked building material.

On the whole, Dennis creates in one, suddenly transported from a western state, an impression rather unfavorable, but before many days are gone he will have learned to love its very barrenness.

One must first get acquainted with its people, a task not easy to accomplish if he goes as a summer boarder, tries to pry into their private affairs and get possession of their highly prized heirlooms. Under such circumstances Dennis people are very similar to the simple folk of Drumtochty. But if he treat them respectfully, make himself humble and prove himself a friend to them, few truer,

nobler-hearted people could be found than these.

Perhaps the most interesting characters are the old sea captains. For more than two centuries Dennis men have lived a sea-faring life. The old dock is now in ruins, and, with the exception of a few pleasure yachts, vessels no longer come and go in the harbor. But many old captains have their homes here, and are spending their days spinning long sea yarns, or lamenting that Dennis now sends her sons to Boston rather than to sea.

"Cap'n Laban," as he is lovingly called by the towns people, is a typical seaman. His whole name is Captain Laban Howes, but because there are few surnames in the village other than Howes or Hall, these have fallen into disuse.

Cap'n Laban has spent his whole active life on the water. His round, ruddy, bronzed face, the short beard, and stiff, white hair that rises vertically from the forehead, as if to defy the mighty gales of the Atlantic, the fearless gray eyes and rolling gait, reveal at a glance his past life.

All the pictures that adorn the walls of his home are scenes on the water. Countless little knick-knacks,— mementos of distant lands,—fill the corners and mantles. By the gate, near a wide, sunny window, Cap'n Laban sits, and opposite him, placidly knitting, sits his wife. He often relates tales of the past to his visitors, almost forgetting them, as he seems again to pass through some wild storm when he had stood on deck with his long spy-glass, sending encouraging messages to the frightened passengers below and telling his own great fears only to God. He seems the embodiment of strength—this rough old seaman—and yet his heart is as tender as a girl's.

Opposite Cap'n Laban, on the shores of Scargo lake, lives another former seaman, Mr. Sylvan. His life has been so varied, and he has passed through so many hardening experiences, that we wonder at his simple faith and child-like manners. When asked what had kept him so, when there had been so many things to drag him down, he answered reverently, "My mother's prayers. I went away from my home in the Azores Islands when I was fourteen years old, and never saw her again. I knowed she was praying for me and I couldn't be bad."

He had come to Cape Cod on a whaling voyage when a young man, had fallen in love with one of the daughters of Dennis, and built them a home by the side of the little lake. She has died since and has left him alone.

He has surrounded his home with flowers and fruit trees, such as are rarely found on the sandy, unproductive cape. "But," said one of his visitors, "how do you make these things grow in this soil? Other people can't do it." "Oh, I just loves 'em, and they knows it, and grows," answered Mr. Sylvan.

We must leave the seaman to meet one or two of that other most numerous class to be found in Dennis—"the old maids." Truly it seems as if they comprise one-half the whole population of the town. It may be unkind to class them all under the obnoxious title, for in Dennis they are all "young ladies" until they have gone at least ten years beyond the limit set in our own part of the country.

The first whom one would meet without doubt would be "Miss Minnie." She is everywhere, knows everything, and can tell the whole life history of every stranger that has ever spent a week in Dennis. If one could have the privilege of living in Miss Minnie's home during his stay, he might learn to love the really admirable nature. But there would be no danger of his losing his affections at once.

Miss Minnie is thin and wiry, quick and nervous in all her movements; her eyes very blue and piercing; her glasses so large that they give her the appearance of a beetle. She prides herself on being able to see everything. You will not doubt this in the least after one week of experience. You are sure that not a movement nor a glance, not even a thought or

a motive has escaped Miss Minnie's observation.

Miss Minnie believes in getting up in "the mawnin,' " and unless you follow her example and begin the day energetically and early, even though it may be your only time for rest during the whole year, you cannot dispel a very uncomfortable feeling of guilt when you greet Miss Minnie.

Nevertheless, beneath her harsh exterior, will be discovered the qualities of a true friend, one who would deny herself every comfort to supply another's need.

The most striking quality in Dennis villagers is strength. One feels that the foundation is firm, and though there may be many rough and unhewn stones in the building, there is never an unsound one. L. '97.

Burmese Women.

Nowhere under the sun has any nation accorded to its women such absolute freedom, such entire command of their lives and property, as have the Burmese. As far as law, religion and custom are concerned, they stand in every way on a perfect equality with men. Girls share equally with boys in all inheritance. When a woman marries she retains her property, there being no trustees between her and it. Her husband has no control over it nor legally over her. From her childhood up she is free. Parentage has never been another form of slavery in Burma as in so many other countries of the East, especially in India. Children are not ordered but guided and cared for, and when comparatively young they are practically given control over their own doings. They have little command and no compulsion, but yet are not without advice carefully and usefully given, nor without every precaution against ill that care can devise.

No Burman lover sings of his mistress as something too good for this world and then treats her as something infinitely inferior to himself. Their religion has never considered them as the source of all evil; no literature gives them false ideals of themselves, of man, and of the world. They have always had fair play both from the men and their own sex. It has been left to their own good sense to determine what is womanly and what is not, and of all women in the world, none are more womanly or possess in greater strength all the nameless attractions of a woman. She is not beautiful, she is no Helen, but to those who know her she is everything that is lovely and desirable in womanhood. By saying that the Burmese women are not beautiful, it must not be supposed that they are homely. Beauty in a woman is a matter of convention. What was beautiful some hundred years ago is not beautiful to-day. The beauty of the Burmese women lies not in their form but in the light within that shines through every look and gesture and illuminates their whole life. Their complexion is of a light brown color, and they have narrow but pretty black eyes. Their manners are quiet and self-restrained, never self-conscious, rarely coquettish and their voices are soft and sweet.

The girls are not as universally educated to read and write as are the boys because they cannot go to the monastery schools where all the boys are taught. They have no accomplishments but are thoroughly acquainted with all household matters. They are educated especially along three lines; cooking, weaving and sewing.

The art of cooking is easily mastered since the food eaten in Burma is very simple. Sewing and weaving are more difficult and with them sometimes goes the art of embroidery, but this latter is usually left to the man who is an adept at it and produces the most exquisite embroidery

Their knowledge of the life around them is surprising, and it is a pleasure to hear the girls and women express their opinions and thoughts, for they are founded on what is seen, and are not dreams of a night of ignorance, but are beautiful as only the thoughts that come from

knowledge can be.

Burmese boys are at some time of their early life formally admitted to the office of priest in a ceremony that takes place at the beginning of a festivity which has the character of our Lent. They are made inmates of the Monastery, perhaps for six months, perhaps for only a day, but are always admitted. With the girls it is not so, nor do they ever become nuns. Old women sometimes take the vows, but it is the last thing a Burmese girl would think of doing.

The amusements of the women are very few. There are the pooeys, plays acted out by dancing girls and lasting every night for about a week, then there are boat races and festivals of different sorts during the dry weather, to which they may go, but of games they have none.

In every household the daughter has her appointed work. It is her duty to bring the water from the well, morning and evening. This well is the gossiping place of the village, and as the sun sets all the girls of the village meet here. While leisurely filling their jars they talk over the latest news, the latest flirtations, the latest marriage and the little scandal of the place. Very few men come here. Water-carrying is not their duty and there is a proper place and time for meeting the girls. Besides her household work every woman married or unmarried has some occupation. In the higher classes she will have property of her own to manage, and in the lower classes she will have some trade. As there is no caste for the men, so there is none for the women. They are free to try their hands at anything and without fear of public opinion. But it is found that there are certain trades that women can best succeed in. Weaving, as I have said, is usually done by women, and every girl, if it be only to pass the time, weaves the clothes for the family. But many men weave also, and the best silks are woven by them.

Rice husking is also a work that the women do, and among the peasants the planting of the rice in the fields is always woman's work. The field is plowed by the men with buffalos, and the young rice plants are dug up from the nurseries and brought to the field where they are distributed in bundles. Then the women form in line and plant the seedlings. The task is not hard, as the plants are just passed into the mud about five inches apart, and, as the workers usually sing choruses while they work, it seems a pleasant toil.

But the great occupation of women is petty trading. This trade is almost exclusively done in bazaars. In every city there is a bazaar from 6 to 10 each morning. Where there is no city near, the bazaar is held one day at one village and on another at a neighboring one. In a city, the bazaar is held in a public building erected for the purpose and may vary from a great market built of brick and iron to a small thatched shed. In the village it is merely a space of beaten ground.

The sellers sit in long rows on mats placed upon the ground with their spices, fruits or vegetables. Each will have a square of space allotted, perhaps six feet square, and there she will sit with her merchandise in a basket or baskets before her. After 10 in the morning all the stalls, but the cloth and a few others of trinkets, are closed.

All the silks are woven the size of the dress, for men, twelve feet long and twenty inches wide, and for women about four feet long and from three to four feet broad. Thus there is no cutting off the piece. Besides this silk for the skirt, there is the jacket and a gauzy silk handkerchief, which form the dress both of the men and the women. But prettier than the silks are the sellers, for these women are nearly always fresh and sweet in their white jackets, and with flowers in their hair. Even if one does not buy they are delighted to show their goods and carry on a conversation. They will take a compliment sedately and will probably charge an extra rupee for it when you pay for your purchase. Even a man with a heart of stone ought not to go marketing for silks without a lady friend.

Just as every man farms his own land, the woman owns her own business. With the exceptions of the silk and cloth branches of the trade, it does not interfere with the home life. Lasting but three hours, a woman has ample time for her home duties. She is never kept away all day. Her home life is always the centre of her life and anything else that prevents it seems to the Burmese woman a loss of the greater in the less. But this custom of every woman having a trade of her own, has a great influence on her life. It broadens her views, it teaches her things she could not learn in the narrow circle of home duties, it shows her her own strength and weakness, and how to make the best of them, and above all, it shows her the real life around, so saving her from the horrid pessimism that wrecks so many of her sex in other lands.

Burmese women are not compelled to marry, but very few, however, enjoy the blissful state of spinsterhood. Marriage is not a religious ceremony among them. There is only one necessary and binding part to it, that the couple in the presence of witnesses eat out of the same bowl. A woman does not change her name after marriage, and every woman, married or unmarried, has the prefix Ma to her name. In all legal and business affairs the man's name and his wife's are used together, as though one, such as Moung Hau, Ma Ni, the former being the man's, the latter the woman's.

Divorce is as simple as marriage and can be obtained for any good reason, such as incompatibility of temper, and carries no disgrace with it. The divorce paper is drawn up by the elder; that defines all the arrangements as to the property and children. The claimant of the divorce must leave the house and household goods to the other, but if it be the woman she may take only her loom, if the man, nothing. Should there be any children, the boys go with the father, the girls with the mother. But it must be said to the credit of the Burmese that a divorce case is almost an unknown occurrence.

The Burmese have no political life as we understand it, but in what there is of it, the woman has an equal share. The same is true of religion.

The Burmese women, who are superior to other heathen women, and equal, if not superior to many of our civilized women, show a remarkable combination of the refined feminine qualities, and the bolder, more assertive characteristics of the so-called "new woman".

Local.

First Prep.—Don't the Seniors look cultured?
Junior—Yes, agricultured.

"How large is your father's farm?" Secrist—"Oh, about five fields."

Dr. Rice in his daily chapel talks rivals Dr. Hamnett in advertising for lost books.

Why did so many students sit in the bald-headed row at Hermann's performance?

McKinley's inauguration was celebrated in chapel by singing four verses of America.

Reno read Latin so fast while Richmire was in charge that he was compelled to yell, Whoa!

Mrs. G. refuses to admit any more visitors to Stolzenbach's room until he pays his room rent.

Wildman, Blakeney and Billingsley gave nostalgia as their excuse to Prof. Bill for church absence.

A very interesting joint meeting of Allegheny and Philo-Franklin was held at the former's hall, on February 19.

Phi Delta Theta has rented the new house of Attorney Frank Thomas on Loomis street, and will take possession April 1.

Dr. Crawford announces definitely that the first exercises in the new gym. will be the celebration of McKinley's second inauguration.

There have been two midnight spreads at the Hall during the past week. The girls enjoyed one, but Mrs. Laffer enjoyed the other.

Kepler has a third eyebrow.

Calvin is beginning to spread himself.

The best thing Lowry Humes ever got off was his overcoat.

Ask Miss Confer why she did not blow the horn in the library on the 4th.

Prof. Holmes was heard to speak above a whisper recently in one of his classes.

Professor P.—Is that your own knowledge? Larrabee—Yes, sir; it was just given to me.

Colter has discovered that Curtis has to stand twice in the same place to cast a shadow.

Wilson proudly cherishes three hairs which recently appeared on the suburbs of his mouth.

Drs. Rice and Thomas returned from the Mt. Hope Convention greatly benefitted by the exercises.

Old Subscriber—In reply to your question, we would say that not all of the members of McKinley's cabinet are Allegheny men.

On St. Valentine's eve, Kappa Alpha Theta entertained a few of their lady friends at the home of Miss Gertrude Harper, Chestnut street.

Prof. Dutton—"What is your name?" "Elizabeth McAllister." Prof. Dutton—"Are you going to change it?" Miss McAllister—"Well, I hope so."

The wonderful bird, fish and snake stories being told by Dr. Rice in Zoology are doing much to undermine his reputation for truth and veracity.

Ex-Sheriff Burnett, of Greenville, who is prominently mentioned for Governor of Alaska under the new administration, was a college visitor lately.

The Kappa Alpha Theta and Kappa Kappa Gamma fraternities were recently entertained by the Alpha Chis at their rooms at the Conservatory. The occasion was a "Phantom Party," and many and awful were the ghosts that participated.

Miss H., coming out of her room one Sunday at 12 o'clock—"Why, Miss Mann, what makes it so quiet, are the girls all at breakfast?"

Through the failure to secure passes none of the faculty were present at the inauguration. Monty regrets the great number of great men he did not see.

H. A. Porter declines:

Mine	ourn
Yourn	yourn
Hisn	theirn

Dr. Perrin has demanded from our business manager a complimentary subscription on the the ground that he has been the butt of all the CAMPUS swipes of this year.

Prof. Elliot—"Hart, why were you not in Greek composition this morning?" Hart—"Well, Professor, I wasn't prepared and I didn't want to get scalped."

Travis—We think it would be in better taste for a young gentleman of your age to wear his hair done up in a Psyche knot or a figure eight rather than "hanging down your back".

Paul Sturtevant leaves the 13th for Washing, to assume the duties of private secretary to his father, Hon. J. C. Sturtevant, Representative of the 26th Congressional District.

Many of the students were disappointed at Monty's absence from chapel during Santanelli's lecture, as a clash between them was expected on account of Santy being a member of T. N. E.

It is safe to say that Santanelli's life would not have been worth much had Dr. Perrin been present in chapel when he made the rash statement that he "found in the constitution that all men were created free and equal".

Chimmie Fadden's breast would swell with pride at the commendable zeal displayed by the members of Latin II in their work in synoptic slang. "Old Lane", of Harvard, whom Dr. Morey incessantly quotes, isn't in it.

Johnny's efforts, as an artful dodger, to say nothing of his personal recollection of President McKinley in his speech, was only equaled by the latter's silence on the money question in the early part of the campaign.

The annual preliminary oratorical contest will be held on April 13th, probably in the High School chapel. The inter-collegiate contest is to take place at the University of West Virginia, Morgantown, on May 12th.

Wednesday evening Sigma Alpha Epsilon enjoyed a royal banquet at the Central hotel. Eighteen covers were laid and that many Sig. appetites did full justice to the bountiful spread. —*Tribune-Republican.* Toasts were responded to by J. D. Brison, Clare Kent, D. M. Larrabee, Donald Derickson, T. R. DeWolf, W. S. Borland and R. R. Gibson, Chas. H. Miller officiating as toastmaster.

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Alumni Notes.

H. S. Chamberlain, '96, is on the staff of the Titusville *Herald.*

Fred C. Howe, Ph. D., '89, was a recent Meadville visitor.

Frank H. Sisley, '92, is attending the Cleveland Medical college.

Virgil F. Johnson, Ph. D., '92, was a college visitor last week.

Dr. N. H. Holmes, '70, President of Beaver College, is filling the pulpit of the First M. E. Church, East Liverpool, O., during the absence of the pastor on an European trip.

Wallace A. Wilson, '96, is at an optician's training school in Chicago.

Dan. W. Darragh, ex-'95, has been elected secretary of the Beaver County Agricultural society.

Hon. John F. Dravo, ex-'51, is prominently mentioned for congress in the Beaver-Lawrence district.

John H, Dunn, '92, has been elected second assistant principal of the Beaver, Pa., high school.

Miner D. Crary, ex-'96, is in the Senior class Amherst college, and business manager of *The Amherst Literary Monthly.*

Daniel B. Heiner, '79, of Kittanning, Pa., is prominenty spoken of for the United States District Attorneyship at Pittsburg.

Hon. Joseph T. Chase, ex-'49, a prominent merchant and politician of Crawford county, is dead, aged 68 years, at Titusville.

James Albert Gary, of Baltimore, a former student of Allegheny college, is Postmaster General in President McKinley's cabinet.

President McKinley, on the day of his inauguration, was presented with a Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity pin, which is probably the most valuable of the kind in the United States.

Samuel Woods, '42, ex-chief justice of the supreme court of appeals of West Virginia, died last month in Phillippi, W. Va., aged 75 years. He was born in Quebec, Canada, but while yet a child came with his parents to Pennsylvania. After graduation he entered upon the practice of law in Morgantown and rapidly became prominent both as an attorney and a politician. He was a member of the memorable Virginia convention of 1860, and was one of the most earnest advocates of the ordinance of secession by which West Virgina came into existence as a state. In 1880 he was elected chief justice of the court of appeals and ably filled the duties of the office until his resignation in 1890.

The College World.

Exchanges.

"The ever wakeful echo here doth dwell."—*Fay.*

COMING THRO' THE RYE.

A dainty little maiden
Came a-tripping through the rye,
An airy bit of womanhood,
With laughter in her eye.
A jaunty little lassie,
With a little coy way,
As merrily she tripped along
To that natty Scottish lay:

"Gin a body meet a body
Comin' through the rye
Gin a body kiss a body
Need a body cry?"

A brawny Scottish laddie
Was a working in the rye;
A brawny fearless fellow,
But a little bit too shy.
A bashful, blushing laddie,
At that coy maiden's dare,
As merrily she tripped along
To that natty Scottish air.

The colleges, universities, schools and institutions of France are now freely open to Americans.

Chapel services at Cornell are so interesting that seats have to be reserved for the students on account of the large attendance.

A little iron,
A cunning curl,
A box of powder,
A pretty girl.

A little rain
Away it goes,
A homely girl
With freckled nose.

There is one word in the dictionary the meaning of which should be well defined in the mind of every student. But we see many persons delving into the depths of science and philosophy who seem never to have conceived the true meaning of the little word CULTURE.

The man who indulges in champagne at night usually has real pain in the morning.

Upon the expiration of his term of office, Postmaster-General William L. Wilson will become the president of Washington and Lee University. —*Ex.*

Secretary of State Olney has received the formal offer of the Chair of International Law at Harvard. He has the matter under consideration. —*Ex.*

"CHE(E)CKMATED."

In the parlor all alone,
They were playing chess,
He was shy, she was not,
That I must confess.

He was speaking of the game,
"Can I 'mate' you Bess?"
She said, "This is so sudden,
But I suppose I must say—yes!"

—*Anon.*

Do you hear the ocean moaning,
Ever moaning sad and low;
'Tis because the old fat bather
Stepped upon its under-tow.

—*Ex.*

Statistics from sixty-seven colleges in thirty-seven states, show that foot-ball men stand one-half per cent. higher in their studies than the average of the whole college.—*Ex.*

COLLEGE VERSE.

How Mary had a little lamb,
And how it went to school,
It is known by every Dick and Sam
By wise men and by fool.

But Mary was just slightly deaf,
And when some one did say,
"Mary, what do you feed your lamb?"
She, looking up, said "Hey!" —*Ex.*

Girard College, Philadelphia, is the richest school in America, having an endowment fund amounting to eleven and one-quarter millions of dollars.—*Ex.*

Mollie (sentimentally): "What poetry there is in fire!"

John (sadly): Yes, a great deal of my poetry goes there."—*Ex.*

A baseball game has been scheduled for this season between Brown and Princeton universities. These colleges have not met on the diamond since 1891.—*Ex.*

According to the Yale Senior class book, the average expense of the members of the class of 1895, while at Yale, was: Freshman year, $912; Sophomore year, $943; Junior year, $942; Senior year, $1,032. Grand total, $3,829.—*Ex.*

"College-bred men in the United States number only one-fifth of one per cent. of the population, yet they have furnished 30 per cent. of our Congressmen, 50 per cent. of our Senators, 60 per cent. of our Presidents, and over 70 per cent. of our Supreme Court Judges."—*Ex.*

Politeness is an easy virtue, costs little, and has great purchasing power.—*Dr. Alcott.*

MODESTY.

Perhaps you've seen some lasses
In the college wearing glasses,
And this is the reason why:
They do not think it quite
The proper thing, or right
To see with the naked eye! —*Ex.*

Secret inquiry into the cases of ten or more successful inter-collegiate contestants has disclosed the fact, with but one exception, the time spent by each in the preparation of his oration has been from one to three years. The greater part of these had gone in similar contests before, thus gaining the much needed drill.—*Penn Chronicle.*

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