The Campus.

"INTER SILVAS ACADEMI QUÆRIMUS VERUM."

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THE CAMPUS.

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* * *

ALTHOUGH we are already groaning under the weight of numerous organizations, yet would we welcome and promise our support to a real live Historical Society. A study which so bountifully furnishes the mind with brain food as does the study of history, one which disciplines memory and pushes out the intellectual horizon, deserves much attention. How to make it in every way attractive, how to impress the student with its importance, how to best prepare him for an intelligent, systematic, independent continuance of the study in years after those of college life have passed, these are some things demanding the attention of instructors. A "Yes-and-No" textual study of tribal or national events or of the march of civilization, one can make for himself, indeed almost everybody has made more or less of such research previous to his entering college—the curriculum demands it. There is need rather of the philosophy of history; if possible, a lecture warp should be given in which one could weave a woof of facts. It is necessary that the young prophet, led into the midst of the valley of dry bones (facts of history too often impress us as lacking animation), should be shown the effect of a vitalizing spirit breathed out upon them.

* * *

THAT which we once looked upon as an education we have since discovered to be nothing more than the necessary qualifications for obtaining one. If, while in college, one fail to fix habits of study, punctuality, faithfulness, fail to gain some power of concentration, some mastery over his own thought, fail to comprehend certain fundamental principles which bind large groups into one, if one fail in such as are here mentioned, he is not only far from being educated, but he lacks the very foundation upon which a character and an education are built. The difference between a man who is a bundle of fragmentary facts, even though they are at his command, and the man who is truly educated, is the difference between the ignorant laborer and the architect. These in looking upon a pile of rough stone see different things; the laborer falls to counting the

pieces, the architect sees the edifice, with each stone in its proper place. In short, there is not a word upon the tongues of English-speaking people truer to its meaning than the word *educated*. An *educated* man is a man *led forth*, given some intellectual freedom, rather than one filled up with an indigested jumble of facts.

* * *

THE indications are that the Literary Societies will contribute nothing more to the coming Commencement program than the Inter-Society Contest. Last year the representative system was set aside and a lecturer was secured by the united societies. In all respects the new idea was not successfully carried out, at least so unfavorably were some of the societies impressed with the project that they refuse to give to it any further support. If a lecturer be secured, all are in favor of his being a man of political or literary note. Even Philo, that body of embryonic divines, declares itself weary of Methodist preachers, and asserts that it will have something else or nothing. As implied above it would seem that we are destined to have nothing at all, for we understand some have refused support on any conditions whatever, and unless there be a united effort we cannot see how anything creditable is to be done.

* * *

THE changes introduced in Chapel services have by use proved the wisdom which ordered them. The responsive reading affords a means of more general worship—it should undoubtedly be more generally participated in—and prevents the monotony experienced in former systems. The brief talks given twice each week by Dr. Wheeler are helpful, instructive and eagerly received by all.

* * *

THE foregoing led us in thought back over our Chapel experience. We shall be numbered among the alumni some day—at least we hope to be—and shall we have forgotten in a few years all that Chapel experience has taught us? Shall we profit by what we have here seen and heard when we make our pilgrimage back to our *alma mater* and be introduced from the rostrum as ——, class ——? Shall we be guilty of repeating that hoary chestnut, "I know you are all anxious to get back to studies and"—but you know the rest. The preaching—which should have been something else—that we have heard from that rostrum! When we return can we forget so far as to preach to an unwilling audience? Can we ever forget that good brother—now *non est*—who vapored on all sorts of things, spreading a two minutes' notice out in rich, monotonous verbosity to the incredible extent of one tedious half hour? If we should ever stand on any platform, as an instructor, could we forget the tired feeling we once experienced in endeavoring to keep our mental eye on an idea which was being rapidly buried under an avalanche of words? Or when we return shall we attempt in a prayer, whose exordium is surpassed only by its peroration, to impress the young before us that we have attended college and know a smattering of many things? Shall we give them a few condensed chapters in science, and the Lord some valuable information? We may forget—but surely it will be in our second childhood that we shall turn aside from the precepts enforced through Chapel experience.

Bismarck fought twenty-eight duels during the time he was in college.

Dr. Stetson, president of the Des Moines College, has announced that students who fall in love with each other during any term are violating one of the college rules and are subject to severe discipline.—*Oberlin Review.* Some such heroic measures should be taken at once in Allegheny.

Literary.

Veiled.

I.

Forth on uncertain wings
A spirit has flown,
Forth through the portal dark
Before the Unknown,
Wherein its *Beginning* is veiled.

II.

See on the battle field,
Clash loudly sword and shield
Within and around;
Strong though the arms to wield
Yet do the mighty yield
And fall to the ground.
Rage fills the wounded breast,
Backward the foe is pressed—
For life it is drawn.
Spurred by increasing pain,
Conquered to rise again
The spirit fights on—
And veiled is the *Present* in life

III.

Back on uncertain wings
A spirit has flown,
Back through the portal dark
Before the Unknown
And veiled is the *End* of this life.

S. S. M.

First-Growth Ideas.

S. S. MARQUIS.

Just as certain plants, when cut down to the ground, send up many stems to stand in the place of the one removed, so ideas multiply themselves when cropped to the root. I have resolved, therefore, to garner the first-growth thoughts in a few favorite fields, in the belief that I shall thus prepare them to yield a second and more plentiful harvest. But gleaning now, I hope some day to reap. I feel not assured that I have bound up each idea in its proper bundle; on the contrary, I shall not be surprised if, in the future, I find my supposed assortments to be heterogeneous heaps. Nor do I gather in the order in which I would prefer, if time sufficient were at my command, but as the opportunity offers I enter this field or that. Here and there I shall gather

I. ON HEREDITY.

Nascor; thus every man begins the history of his life, and thus beginning, every man, who thinks it possible to make his history complete, is mistaken. That can be nothing more than the merest fragment of a life's history which begins with *Nascor*. It is as incomplete as would be a botanical analysis of a flower in which nothing is said concerning root and habitat. Of a plant there is more than the parts visible above ground, so all that may be justly considered a part of the real man, inseparably connected with his history, does not appear above infancy. There is much rooted deep down in heredity.

The true history of a man must go back of his so-called day of birth. Birthday is a misnomer. It is a day wrongly considered a point of origin; rather is it a focal point in which the widely separated lines of the past converge, and through which they run out into the future, where, for a time, they become partially visible. That chronicle of a life is complete, which, in addition to its after-birth events, ascends to and analyzes its most distant springs.

Pedigrees are not set aside by a sneer or a snap of the fingers; for pedigrees, whether written in books or not, are unerringly, unalterably and indelibly traced in blood. Pedigrees are self-recording. I, therefore, think that Heaven values them.

Infant, thou art older than the months of conception make thee. That THOU, which is thine and not another's, has been shaping long in the womb of Destiny. To take up thy life at the hour wherein thy mother first pressed thee to her breast, is like gathering up a chain at its middle whilst both ends are hid from view. That there are links after this hour, even an endless chain, all admit; there are also links before it, a gossamer chain which leads back from sire to sire until, were it all drawn in, Heaven alone knows whether or not

it might be found to lead back through Adam into Apedom.

This birthday—*haec fallax dies nascentiae*—on which we set up the mile-stones of life and garland them with flowers, is far less eventful than the masses think. In its being set apart is evinced the short-sightedness of men. Fools and blind! to suppose the knife severs all that holds the new-born to the past, whereas unnumbered chords, subtle and to the eye invisible, are fastened upon brain and soul, and through these, which are never severed, throb constantly streams of characteristics.

The hope of the world is in heredity. To curse it and call it by such names as Fate and Destiny is to confess to shameful ignorance. To a creature of will, it is a deliverer, not a jailor. Heaven could have created us angels, instanter, but in that case, alas! we would have lost the experience of men. I feel sure that it will prove an inestimable advantage to the race to enter heaven, after several millions of years of struggle, through the human doorway. The children thus coming in from the darkness will prove wiser than the children of light. "Know ye not that we shall judge angels?" wrote St. Paul.

This process of lifting by heredity is a slow one, but it is Heaven's own preferred method. Omnipotence is nowhere *directly* lifting an ounce; no, not so much as *directly* effecting a change in the position of an atom. Rocks by a single blow could be reduced to dust, but by expending a little time, only a few millions of years, all that is desired is brought about through the action of water, frost and winds. Vast changes could be made in the relief of a continent in the space of a few seconds of time, but, instead, a few æons are paid out and the work left to internal fires, to grating ice, to seas and rushing torrents. Such is the policy of Him to whose stupendous work this world stands as but a pitiful monument.

And is not society lifted by levers, the ends of which whereat the power is applied sweeping through immeasurable arcs and in so doing consuming untold ages, whilst the other ends, on which rests the load, have a movement hardly perceptible? Slowly it works, but how potent this lever of heredity! Each generation in turn leaves its young upon the end nearest the fulcrum, and then moves out to the other that it may assist in the never-to-be-ended lifting.

When the individual lever upon which one rests lifts him with a tardy movement, what avails it for him to fret concerning the matter? He can accelerate it when he can lift himself to the stars in a tub. Certainly, he may alter his condition within the limit of his gifts. Out of what he has inherited, he may bring the figure such as in a measure may please him, just as the sculptor the statue from the shapeless marble. But as the marble becomes not flesh and blood because it has been fashioned into a living form, so the man, cast in whatever mould you will, is still in fibre the man he was before. The deep inherited lines run through him just the same; he still bears the scars of heredity.

For example, how can all the prayers in earth, and in heaven too for that matter, prevent him from having a stormy life, who has inherited, on the one side, a speculative spirit, on the other, a deeply religious nature? If he have any nerves in his body, his agony in his wakeful hours will be supreme. The prayer in the case would, if answered, necessitate the hurling of all things back into Chaos, and the bringing of them out again with laws reversed, or with no laws at all, which would amount to the same thing, for either would still be Chaos Who is able, let him say how much of what purports to be an exhibition of heroic faith, is an example of heroic tomfoolery.

Men are acting, whispers my friend who admires the good but has not the courage to adore the true, and would you spoil their tableau by turning on the lights and exposing their powder and pads? You pay nothing for the privilege of beholding these fine attitudes of soul, and, if you have seen through the sham, for the sake of humanity say nothing about it. Is it not a sublime spectacle, that of so many millions of befooled, benighted and bedeviled creatures laboring against laws inexorable, which have nothing to say to their struggles and their prayers but an everlasting "NO!"?

Fact and Fancy.

Slowly drift the thought-clouds across the sky of the mind. Of all kinds they are; here a cirrus of fleecy whiteness, the remembrance of a happy home in the past ; there a heavy cumulus of sad memories, and on the instant it disappears behind the horizon of Memory, another and another follow in swift succession. Now they come faster and faster, and as they rush by the kaleidoscopic changes are photographed by the rapid pen until they grow into this reverie.

What a fine effect time has on these memories of by-gone days. Things which once seemed of such moment, wrongs which could never be avenged, are now softened and refined into something which only calls for pity. The fierce passion you once felt for a sweetheart of the past has been chastened into a tender sentiment of regard. The sorrow that once seemed a reef on which your whole life's happiness had been wrecked is now a smiling coral isle, from which sweet odors, the memories of the departed one, are wafted across the mind to soothe it in times of trouble.

Yes, time puts events in their true perspective, and many a lesson may be gleaned by turning memory's pages—lessons too dearly paid for and too liitle heeded. As we look back upon the events of the past, it is surprising to note from what small beginnings came the things which have most affected us for good or bad—what unlooked for results sprang from that one word hastily spoken—how little we dreamed that act of mercy could work such a change in one poor life ! Yet were these little things the real cause ? If the nature had not been trained to constant acts of kindness, would that particular one have been done ?

One thinks he can trace back to the very day when he first yielded to temptation ; the wrong-doer remembers the first time he committed a theft, thinking if only he had not taken that one step, all would be well, but that is false. No man ever became a criminal at once, never does there come a turning point in life when it is decided once for all what the after life shall be. Such turning points we seem to see, but they are not the fateful days they appear, they are mere accidents, the character had been formed long before, had been forming ever since childhood, and the days which stand out in red ink upon the calendar are only those where the opportunity was given for the long-waiting forces to exert themselves. * * * "Strive to do your best where you are ; be contented with your lot." How often do we hear such common-places ! Let us see whether this sage piece of advice is after all as valuable as we may think it. Suppose that Lincoln had followed it, and been contented with his lot—he would have lived and died a rail-splitter.

If Edison had been contented with his position as train boy on the Grand Trunk Railway, he might have been a conductor by this time, but the world would be without those wonderful inventions which have made his name immortal.

Is this content such a good thing after all ? There is a kind of content that is desirable, but the content which springs from indolence is to be avoided.

Discontent is really one of the strangest in incentives to improvement, it wakens our higher energies, makes us ambitious, and urges us on to do more than we would otherwise accomplish. * * * How delusive are those thoughts that float through the mind so dimly that ere we can catch them they are gone. You wish to remember a name, an event, or a word which the moment before you knew perfectly well, but now it is just over the border of that debatable land which lies between memory and oblivion , and your efforts to recall it are all in vain. Or just when you have awakened from a pleasant dream, how near you are to remembering it, if you could only think.

It has left a delightful after-glow in your mind, you know the dream was pleasant, but remember it you cannot, although it is so near you.

Then who has not felt the curious sensation when aroused from a vivid dream, that the dream was the reality, and the harsh daylight world was but an unpleasant dream ? Ah !

but it is a dream that lasts, and for some of us a horrible nightmare. * * * It is related of Chas. Lamb that once when Coleridge asked him if he had ever heard him preach, Lamb replied "I never heard you do anything else." Whether he meant to do so or not, Lamb said something more than a mere witticism, for not only Coleridge, but each one of us is always preaching. Our whole lives are sermons, and they are listened to by a large congregation. This one takes his text from the Bible, that one from Rob't. Ingersoll, another finds his rule of life in the Book of Mammon, but each one is constantly preaching, every act and word is a part of the sermon, and the benediction is pronounced only at the grave. B. A. H.

The College World.

Exchanges.

The words, "college" and "education" are synonomous terms in the popular mind. Yet, too often even college students have the impression that a college course is the "open sesame" into any profession in life. Never was there a greater error. In this age, when success means a special training, energy and push in one single line, we no longer look to a common collegiate education as the needed and only required preparation. But what we do expect of a college is that it shall give us a broad and solid foundation on which to build a "specialty," whatever it may be.

The best product of a college is that ideal "broad" man, who has acquired that power and force which will enable him to become master of whatever he undertakes; who, at the same time, has the ability to "appear well" and to use his knowledge to the best advantage, wherever placed. In fact, the "broad" man is the "well rounded" man, who is equally cultivated in all directions. Let us see the views held on this subject by some of our exchanges.

The following editorial, in the *Current*, expresses a view of college life which is quite frequently met with, especially in small colleges.

One drawback connected with the small college of America is the almost universal lack of college spirit. Life at such a place is a selfish one. There is no intercourse with like institutions. As a result, the student, if he is bright or is a leader among his companions, gains a too exalted opinion of himself and often comes to grief while believing himself to be a leader among men simply because he, during his college days, led some twenty or thirty of his classmates. This, we think, is the greatest evil in connection with our small colleges. How can it be remedied? By cultivating an enthusiastic college spirit. Be proud of your college and stand up for her honor whenever you hear any one saying any thing derogatory of her. This will teach future students and persons ontside of college walls that the institution teaches more than is laid down in the course of study.

This spirit leads to the various organizations incident to student life, and through these, the small college, striving for honor with its rival, meets students just as bright and talented, thus destroying one of the most unfounded illusions that ever flattered man's pride. Let us cultivate this much to be wished for spirit in all of our small institutions of learning and see if it does not make student life more pleasant and round off the sharp corners of our mental natures.

Narrowness, in the *Hamilton Review*, gives us the following:

There are many kinds of men in college. But quite n oticeable among them is the narrow man. He is a man who is familiar with his studies, but grossly ignorant of what is going on in the world; one who hardly ever reads the newspapers or periodicals; one who seldom goes out in society or to places of amusement.

The first question that arises in the mind of a man in the world is, why does a college student of ability pursue such a course, and thus lessen his chances of success in the world? At first thought, one seems at a loss to know, but after careful consideration it can be traced

back unmistakably to two causes. The first of these is the gaining of college honors. This is not strange at all, for it grows out of the very nature of the case. To gain such laurels, a student must follow certain lines of study, to the exclusion of all others, else he can have no hope of success. To branch off from the main track means failure. The second cause is the assigning of too much work to the student by certain professors They seem to think that their departments are the only ones on the face of the earth, and so give out lessons accordingly. A faithful student dislikes to make a poor recitation, and well he may; so, rather than neglect his apparent duty, he has to devote, in some instances, five hours in preparing the lesson assigned. Such are the principal causes to which narrowness is due.

Though the student may win college honors, the results attending such a narrow course are extremely disastrous to him in later life. In college he has given no time to the development of his social nature. He has but few practical ideas, for such are not to be found in books; and in general knowledge he is sadly deficient. But the world demands broad men. The world demands practical men, and such as possess the ability of making friends. Unless a college graduate has these qualities, he cannot succeed in the world. Narrow men, consider this.

The following words are from the *Amherst Student*. The world is made up of slumberers and those who are trying to waken them, and we expect to find the sleepy ones in all the walks of life. It is a good idea to ask ourselves to which class we belong:

There are some men in college to-day who are not wholly asleep but are slumbering. They are men of infinite possibilities, and if they would wake up, they would astonish themselves and their friends. One thing is sure; if these men do not rise to the great opportunities all about them, when they go into active life, and realize their weakness and ignorance, they will present the pitiable spectacle of insane men, trying to build an intellectual house without a foundation. The truth is oppressive, but, when we leave old Amherst, we will *never* have time to come back again. We pass this way but once.—*Tuftonian.*

We may become students in the sense of being thorough and exact in investigating subjects found in books, but we cannot become polished and refined men and women by so doing. Only as we constantly move among one another, and exchange thoughts on the topics of study and investigation and find that others think, feel and have aspirations like ourselves, do we become truly educated; not till then will we become free from embarrassment and awkwardness, and gain that self-possession and grace which distinguishes *true culture.*

A great many students leave college with a mind stuffed full of facts, and that is about the extent of their knowledge. They have argued that since knowledge is power, and facts are knowledge, therefore facts are power, and they must possess power because they possess facts. But they find, to their chagrin, that there are other considerations in this world more potent than a heap of dry facts. They constantly see their known mental inferiors taking precedence of them because of their social qualities. It is not the man who knows the most books that is the most successful, as we can all see in actual life.—*The College World.*

"The university is the training camp of the future. The scholar the champion of the coming years. Napoleon overran Europe with drum, tap and bivouac—the next Napoleon shall form his battalions at the tap of the school house bell, and his captains shall come with cap and gown. Waterloo was won at Oxford—Sedan at Berlin. So Germany plants her colleges in the shadow of the French forts, and the professor smiles amid his students as he notes the sentinel stalking against the sky. The farmer has learned that brains mix better with his soil than the waste of sea-birds, and the professor walks by his side as he spreads the showers in the verdure of his field, and locks the sunshine in the glory of his harvest.

A button is pressed by a child's finger and the work of a million men is done. The hand is nothing — the brain everything. Physical prowess has had its day and the age of reason has come. The lion-hearted Richard challenging Saladin to single combat is absurd, for even Gog and Magog shall wage the Armageddon from their closets and look not upon the blood that runs to the bridle bit. Science is everything!

"Learning is supreme and you are its prophets. Here the Olympic games of the republic—and you its chosen athletes. It is yours, then, to grapple with these problems, to confront and master these problems. Yours to decide whether the tremendous forces of this republic shall be kept in balance, or whether, unbalanced, they shall bring chaos; whether sixty million men are capable of self-government, or whether liberty shall be lost to them who would give their lives to maintain it. Your responsibility is appalling. You stand in the pass behind which the world's liberties are guarded. This government carries the hopes of the human race. Blot out the beacon that lights the portals of this republic, and the world is adrift again. But save the republic; establish the light of its beacon over the troubled waters, and one by one the nations of the earth shall drop anchor and be at rest in the harbor of universal liberity."—*Henry W. Grady before the literary societies of the University of Va., June, 1889.*

We college students are so often told that the only really good school of journalism is the newspaper office, and the "college graduate" is the butt of so much ridicule in the average newspaper, that it is refreshing to read in an organ of journalism that men are wanted in the newspaper business to-day who have a thorough groundwork in a liberal education. We thought there was a fallacy somewhere, and that the knowledge and discipline such as can be attained nowhere to the degree that it can in a four year's college course must necessarily be appreciated in the long run. A college *education* can never harm a man. Simply going through college doubtless sometimes does more harm than good, and is time utterly wasted. We will never believe, however, that Horace Greeley and Abraham Lincoln were better men in any sense because they had not a college education.—*Review of the Journalist in the Coup D'Etat.*

Local.

Oh, those examinations.

Miss Foster will spend vacation in Chicago.

Have you seen Ehrenfeld's photograph?

James Campbell spent Sunday at home in Kane, Pa.

Mattern and Siling now sleep in the *Tribune* job rooms.

Gageby hates the swipe he got in the T. N. E. questions.

The Philo Oration contest takes place next Monday night.

Prof. J. W. Silliman spent Sunday at his home in Union City.

Crowthers and Fradenburg have each purchased a fine camera.

Walker is trying to find the person who put his name in the CAMPUS.

The Hulings Hall boarding club will remain open during vacation.

W. G. Williams, class '75, was a guest at the Commercial last week.

Ossoli Literary Society has recently made a large addition to her membership.

Miss Boswell, of Reno, Pa., was the guest of Miss Foster, at the Hall, over Sunday.

Mr. Jos. W. McClure, with wife and son, visited Charlie over Sunday, March 16th.

Fred Palmer spent the first three days of last week at his home in Jamestown, N. Y.

Mr. E. J. Chesbro spent Sunday, March 9th, with his room-mate at Mill Village, Pa.

Philo and Allegheny Societies have had some very interesting little "scraps" lately.

Mr. F. C. Howe, class '89, is an active worker in the Y. M. C. A., of Johns Hopkins University.

Miss Nellie Kyle and Miss Lida Howard, of Chardon, O., are visiting Miss Clara Howard, at Hulings Hall.

Some one suggests that Prof. Montgomery run the dynamos in the Laboratory by utilizing the water which leaks through the roof.

The Faculty are to elect ten speakers from the Senior class, to represent the class on Commencement day. Make your guesses.

The latest exhibition of Theta Nu Epsilon's activity is on the walls of the college chapel, where "T. N. E." is written in large letters.

The winter term of college closes March 27th. The spring term opens promptly on April 3rd. Be sure and bring a new student and a spring suit back with you.

F. C. Bray, ex-'90, plays the guitar in the Banjo Club which, in company with the Weslyan Glee Club, will make an extended trip as far as Chicago and Evanston.

Miss Foster—Mr. Barrows, please state a worthy act of Mohammed.

Mr. B.—He married a beautiful and accomplished wife.

Laughter and cries of "Excellent! Excellent!"

Be sure to hand your subscription for several copies of the *Kaldron* to Mr. F. E. Russell, C. A. Peffer or W. E. Porter. This year's issue promises to surpass all previous attempts. Do not fail to secure copies before the *Kaldron* is issued, as the price then will be $1.00.

Late on Thursday afternoon Mr. R. C. Crowthers ordered by mail five dozen dry photographic plates from the supply house of G. Gennett, New York, and received the plates by express early Saturday morning. This shows the promptness with which Mr. Gennett fills his orders.

The recently elected officers of the Athletic Association are as follows: President, E. E. Miller; vice president, C. H. Johnson; secretary, G. S. Ray; treasurer, F. H. Sisley; board of control, F. W. Black, G. A. Shryock, F. H. Sisley, G. S. Ray; manager of base ball team, F. W. Black; manager of foot ball team, G. A. Shryock.

There seems to be a certain amount of inconsistency in the non-fraternity men who refuse to support the *Kaldron*. Some other system of publication had to be agreed upon or the annual would have certainly died. Printers will not work for half pay. The very best thing under the circumstances was done, and who dare deny it? The present Board desire better patronage and less kicking.

We are very happy to record the recent "boom" in Ossoli. Up until recently the membership has been somewhat diminutive. The latest accession numbered twelve. The new officers are Miss Lucy Pickett, President; Miss May Warner, Vice-Pres.; Miss May Whitney, Record. Sec.; Miss Watson, Treas.; Misses Meda Donley and Harriet Kellogg, Critics; Misses Mount, Household and Howel, Judges.

A report received from Horner Wood, which lack of space makes it necessary to condense, is to the effect that he received toward placing secular papers on the the tables in the Library, $29.55. The papers subscribed for were, daily: N: Y. *World*, Louisville *Courier-Journal*, Pittsburgh *Dispatch*,, Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette*. Weekly: *National Democrat*, *Public Opinion*, *Critic*, *Nation*, *Puck* and *Judge*, entailing an expense of $29.61.

What we would like to know:

Who will make up the lucky ten in the Senior class?

Who painted T. N. E. on the Chapel wall?

Why the fraternities do not give to the non-frat men a reception once in a while. ?

Why T. N. E. does not haze a Freshman or two who are anxious for it ?

Who charged a dozen reviews to Ehrenfeld on the Library register ?

Why some of the Faculty do not attend church more often than they do.

When the storm door will cease to shield the cooing doves from the inclement weather ?

Why the Senior class makes more noise than all the other classes combined ?

Whether we are "swiped" in the *Kaldron* or not ?

Whether there will be a Pan-Barb-Hellenic or a Pan-Hellenic this year ?

Fraternity.

Delta Tau Telta has initiated Messrs. Shryock and Eagleson.

The next event of importance in fraternity circles will be the Pan-Hellenic banquet.

Messrs. Brown, '92, and Leffingwell, '93, became members of Phi Kappa Psi on Saturday evening, March 8th.

There are over forty Greek-letter societies in existence, with a total membership of about one hundred thousand.

Alumni.

Rev. J. H. Miller was in town recently.

R. C. Johnson, '76, is praticing law in Pueblo, Colo.

J. G. Hildebrand, '79, is practicing law successfully in Cleveland, O.

D. C. O'Connor, '89, is principal of schools at Arlington, Neb.

Dana L. Hubbard, '65, is assistant editor of the *Indianapolis Journal.*

Hon. Henry T. Patten, '57, is judge of the Probate Court, Benton County, Mo.

A. D. Colling, '80, is studying in a Theological seminary at Allegheny, Pa.

Alexander Ashley, '61, is chief clerk of the Signal Bureau, at Washington, D. C.

E. C. Finn, a former student, is engaged in the boot and shoe business at Conneaut, O.

Prof. C. W. Fuller, '86, spent Sunday in this place. He is principal of schools at Chardon, Ohio.

Adam C. Hickman, '62, of St. Paul, Minn., formerly state senator, is judge of the Probate Court.

Hon. John W. Phillips, '60, who resides in St. Louis, is judge of the Supreme Court of Missouri.

Arthur L. Bates, '80, was recently elected president of the Young Men's Republican Club of Crawford County.

E. P. Couse, '89, made college friends a short call recently. He is at present located in in Sheakleyville, Pa.

H. S. Free, '86, went through the city recently en route to Greensburg, where he takes charge of the M. E. church.

The *Cambridge Jeffersonian*, the largest circulating paper in Eastern Ohio, is owned and published by John M. Amos, '61.

Mr. R. Ernest Pond, ex-'90, who has been attending a medical school in Cleveland for the past year, has returned to his home in this city.

Edwin B. Cummings. '62, residing in Deadwood, South Dakota, edits the *Ruralist*, the official organ of the South Dakota Farmers' Alliance.

J. Riley Weaver, '63, who was formerly U. S. Consul at Brindisi, Italy; at Antwerp, Bel-

guim, and Vienna, Austria, is now Professor of Modern Languages and Political Philosophy at De Pauw University, Greencastle, Ind.

Ed. B. Heckel, '87, graduated last week with third honors in a class of one hundred and seventy-five at the Bellevue Medical College, New York. Ed.'s many Allegheny College friends join in congratulating him on his well-earned victory.

Mr. S. P. Long, '84, and wife, *nee* May Clark, '86, returned last week from the mission fields of India, where they have been located for over three years. They are at present in Union City, Pa. Mr. Long made a short call on Allegheny recently. The college is glad to welcome them back.

Clippings.

When we get a good thing we believe in holding to it. This will account for the second appearance of several jokes.

Ye Humbugge, of Kenosha, Wisconsin, whose motto is "There's a hole in the bottom of the sea," could doubtless explain the late McGinty mystery.

Winter has not entirely forgotten us.—*Athenæum.* We do not like to make remarks on the weather on our own responsibility, hence we clip the above.

For Rent.—A Handsome Suite of Rooms, suitable for Senators, Representatives or Members of Legation. Also rooms for gentlemen. —*Adv. in the Washington Star.*

Little Flaxen Hair: "Papa, it's raining." Papa (somewhat annoyed by work in hand): "Well, let it rain." Little Flaxen Hair (timidly): "I was going to."—*Clothiers' Monthly.*

Freshman.—"I'll look for the word "Waiste."
His mate-room.—"You had better look for "Bust."

Freshman.—"Allright, I'll find "Waiste" or "Bust."—*Free Lance.*

The Greek play which Professor J. M. White hopes to bring out next year at Harvard, is "The Bird of Aristophanes."—*Evening Post.* We humbly beg the Professor's pardon, but we consider this fowl play.

The Columbia College library is said to be the best managed in the world. Writing materials are furnished for the visitors, and light meals are suppled to students who are too busy to leave their work.—*Pacific Pharos.*

Hon. Thomas B. Reed, speaker of the House of Representatives, is a graduate of Bowdoin College, class of '60.—*Geneva Cabinet.* Glad to be set right on this. We thought he was educated in Russia—at least he reminds us of that fellow who signs his name Iamtheczarbywhizz, etc., etc.

George Bancroft, the American historian, spends his Winters at Washington. Though 89 years of age, he still continues his literary labors. He is the only living member of the class of 1817, Harvard College. He is at work on the life of President Polk, which he hopes to complete this Winter.—Ex.

She (of Boston)—"Have you read the story of 'Ben: Hur?' If so, you remember those wonderful characters, the three wise men from the East?"

He (of Chicago)—"I have never read the book, but I've had the pleasure of meeting two of the characters you mention—John L. Sullivan and Mike Kelly.—*Ex.*

At a recent meeting of the alumni of New York and vicinity given to Brown's new president, Dr. Benjamin Andrews, the following telegram was received by the toastmaster at 11:30 p. m:

Mr. Toastmaster:

Please keep Benny until after the 12 o'clock train. Metaphysical Class,

BROWN, '60.

He was a New Yorker, and on arriving here —being unaccustomed to the comparatively fresh air—made him faint. Every effort proving unavailing, they held him over a sewer He revived almost immediately, and murmured: "Ah, thank heaven! This smells like home."—*Philadelphta Times.*

There is a sweet maid at dear Vassar,
The fellows all stare as they pass 'er.
She knows each Greek root,
All slang phrases to boot,
And at chewing gum none can surpass 'er.
—*Goda's Sun.*

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