The Campus.

"INTER SILVAS ACADEMI QUÆRIMUS VERUM."

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THE CAMPUS.

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

IN THIS issue appears an article, the first of a series to be made up by a contribution from each member of the Faculty. By this departure the CAMPUS instead of being made any the less a student's paper is made as such to serve a higher and more befitting end than it has hitherto done. The present board is justly proud of being able to furnish matter at once interesting and helpful, and which will so far enhance the value of the present volume as to make it one among the best of those of college journals. Let it not be thought that contribution from the student is not desired; there is room for it—if not, room will be made, so that it is earnestly solicited. We shall consider ours a good work well done if it prove that we have hit upon that which will result in a free exchange of thought between the instructor and instructed.

THERE are, or should be, souls in institutions of learning resident not in charters, in piles of brick and stone and mortar, but in a select company of their students and alumni. The company is necessarily small, being made up of such as spurn the menial state of ignorance and are willing to buy the pleasures of a schollar at the expense of the proffered pleasures of the world; of such as if engaged in a matter of religion struggle for the up-building within themselves of the powers of an intellectual life. In every school there should be this little school within; this body whose parts are drawn together and bound by the loftiest and most enduring ties of the human soul.

* * *

FOLLOWING what has just been said, we desire to call attention to the fact that the soul of our own school exists in detached bits—and there-by loses the power, the light and warmpth of concentration. Even here in college where the best opportunity is afforded for gathering such an inner circle it is not done, and a flame flickers in a heart here and there, the one wholly unaided by the other. We may be visionary—may be considering a life which exists nowhere but in books, and such as was never reached in former times by men under the spell of the spirit of culture, as is claimed for them, yet will we continue to believe that there is truth in what we have set forth until after we have seen it fail under a fair trial. Could there not in some way be brought together these coals struggling to glow seperately and by uniting them make their light and warmpth radiate farther than they now do? We would like to see and enjoy more of that life, which is for the most part wanting in our American institutions, the fuller life which we believe it in the power of those in the retreats of acedemic life to live.

"WE SERVE the world first and best by what we are; second, by what we do; third, by what we say—*character, action, speech*, this is the divine order of life." Again, "All men are born sincere and die deceitful." And again, "The secret of success is not in any one thing but in combining several things, especially these essential things: the principles of an angel with Yankee prudence, Dutch perseverance and the dauntless courage of seven devils." Such we found on a ragged piece of paper handed to us the other evening by a student who had by chance come upon in in looking over some all-but-forgotten treasures. Its history as the student related it is, that as he was returning from the board where he had been demonstrating a proposition in Geometry, it was handed to him by a professor with the simple request, "Read it and think on it." It seems unnecessary to mention the name of the professor to whom reference is made for his memory is yet fresh with all who stood to him in the relation of student to instructor, who felt the spell of his peculiar genius and received the inspiration which he seemed ever unconsciously to impart. We have taken the privilege to make public what was found upon the paper without his consent, and wish simply to repeat his injunction, "Read it and think on it."

* * *

WHEN but a few weeks ago, standing upon the *Sanctum* threshold, we swore fealty to you and to the cause of college journalism, we felt that we were human, and admitted to ourselves that when once within and lounging lazily in the midst of our upholsteries and tapestries we might forget our vows and lose sympathy with the laboring world without. But it has not happened so. You are remembered. Your care-worn face is constantly before us, even in our dreams. Things are not what they seem. Once across the threshold of the *Sanctum* and realities supplant the dream. This high stool—poetically referred to by those who never saw it as "the editor's easy chair"—now bottomless, but which, tradition says, was once upon a time upholstered with a leathern seat, is an arch enemy to Morpheus and the Muses. There never lived those who had a stronger fellow feeling binding them to toil-worn humanity than we. Such is our nearness to earth that we entertain a low hope of being practicable once in awhile, and so aid, it may be, some laboring, sweltering biped like ourselves

* * *

A PLEA for more English. In the first few months of one's life he comes nearest having his own way; which may be accounted for in the fact that he is not the creature of the multifarious, artificial wants which he afterwards becomes, but has the one simple thirst for the milk of life. It would be grossly inhuman in one in after years to ill-treat his mother because for his first breakfast she stuffed not his mewling mouth with veal cutlet and plum-pudding. There can be no doubt about his digestive organs being wholly unprepared for such diet at that time. To make application of what we have said, there seems to be a universal hunger for a more systematic study of the English tongue, for the meat of English classics, and a growing belief that the *Almae Matres*—we were on the point of writing *Almae Aviae* in view of their ancient customs—feed us too long on the milk of the Classics, expect too much of that panacea, the syrup of Greek roots. College is entered with the undivided want of intellectual nourishment, and, in our opinion, the study of the languages closely related to our own forms the best foundation for after years of mental building; but that this study occupy the grater part of one's course, each author taken up serving only as an additional excuse for searching into grammatical tecnicalities, whilst the literature of what is read is wholly lost sight of—this we think an almost absolute waste of time. It may be urged that it is the work of the college

to prepare a man to enjoy his Classics; that the study of them must be followed independently in after life, that he may know the exquisite delight of reading Homer for example with his feet upon the fender. What puzzles thousands of college graduates is, how under the heavens the fender is to be made one's own while he is laboring to make his Homer a fireside friend. The thing was practicable when an education consisted almost entirely in the study of the Classics, but it is not now with the diversity of branches to be pursued—unless it be to the teacher. It seems to us a mistake—it may not be in the light of broader minds—that a man should spend the first thirty years of his life in the study of every grammar but that of his own tongue, and then pass the last thirty in bridging over in poor English the abysses of his ignorance which a far from practical education has left in the wild wastes of his mental region. We would not now strike because we were fed what we were at the beginning, but because it has been continued when something more modern and substantial should take its place. The classics of our own early language are unintelligible to us, and our own language out of neglect must be equally unintelligible to our readers. Indeed it too often happens that the college gradate goes into the world unable to form a clear, well-ballanced sentence. To sum up, for space forbids a longer discussion of the matter, feeling the flabiness of our practical-blow-striking-mental tissue we are half inclined to the belief that we have not been nursed right. With the change of a word in Carlyle we can say that as hungry young we looked up to our intellectual Nurses and for food were bidden to eat the east wind—out of the east cometh the Classics—and the colicky pangs of our empty, yet inflated, mental stomachs are almost unendurable. There is little satisfaction in knowing that the youth of Rome and Athens would turn green with jealousy were they to see us because we are better educated for their day and generation than they themselves.

THE EDITOR'S DRAG-NET.

"It is not to be expected that all should be fish which is caught in a drag-net."

Sometimes the ambitious Power of choice, mistaking
Proud spring-tide swellings for a regular sea
Will settle on some British theme, some old
Romantic tale by Milton left unsung——

— Wordsworth.

Due to the influence of what body coursing the mental sky, whether sun, or moon, or star, it matters not; the thing of which we have full assurance is, there is a flux and ebb in thought which holds a man very much at its mercy.

We come not to spread our *Net*, but to offer a few reflections picked up at low tide, much as an aimless wanderer gathers the shells from the sand left bare by the receeding waters of the sea. We can name the times of our high and low, our spring and neap tides; we know the seasons of the year in which to expect them, and formerly manifested much ill humor when, in the very hour in which we thought to go on some voyage of pleasure or discovery, to fetch some fruits from far off lands, we found our little mental barque high and dry on the beach, and deep water out beyond stretching sands and swamps and sea-margins over which it was impossible to pass.

Assured at length that these seasons would with no little degree of regularity return, and that our fit of rage had no effect, we bethought ourselves what to do to fill up these stranded hours with profitable entertainment, or else to escape them entirely. We gave trial to many things; cleared all the ancient moorings with the first returning of the tide, and roamed the shoreless sea of unbelief and speculation; but wearied with being always tossed by storm and worn by watching in the ever present gloom we sough again the shore, there to remain even at the risk of being now and then left by the ebbing tide upon the bar; favorite books were read, or banishing care we roamed the shore and sought to wait with patience the season of high tide, with which would come again both hope and confidence. But rest was

not always found. The soul, stung to madness by its own inactivity, pours blindly forth its energy exposing its work to deadly frosts, as the tree which blooms out of season. Again from the author quoted above:

* * * earnest longing rose
To brace myself to some determined aim,
Reading or thinking; either to lay up
New stores, or rescue from decay the old
By timely interference: * * *

* * * welcome light
Dawns from the east, but dawns to disappear
And mock me witn a sky that ripens not
Into a steady morning: if my mind
Remembering the bold promises of the past,
Would gladly grapple with some noble theme,
Vain is her wish; wher'er she turns she finds
Impediments from day to day renewed.

But difficulties considered insuperable never lie across the way of our choice. Back in the dim ages of the race's chiidhood, man doubtless was lord only over the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, the fishes of the sea—he has since ascended a loftier throne and is lord even of vicious circumstances. Left by the tide on a barren coast destitute of thought, and at times so dark and empty as to be wholly without the creatures of the imagination, man begins to dig and dredge until he has a harbor whose face is unruffled by storm and which even in the neap tide floats his barque. So we beguile ourselves with the trust

That mellower years will bring a riper mind
And clearer insight;

that by constant dredging we in time shall have deep and open channels to the common ocean of the world's truth.

President Fairchild, of Oberlin, Ohio, has resigned the presidency, but will fill a professorship in the Theological Seminary.

Prof. Todd, of Amherst College, is to lead the Government expedition to southwestern Africa to observe the total eclipse of the sun on December 22d.

Literary.

Good-Bye, God Bless You.

I like the Anglo-Saxon speech
With its direct revealings:
It takes a hold and seems to reach
Far down into your feelings;
That some folk deem it rude, I know,
And therefore they abuse it;
But I have never found it so,
Before all else I choose it.
I don't object that men should air
The Gallic they have paid for,
With "*au revoir*," "adieu, *ma chere*,"
For that's what French was made for.
But when a crony takes your hand
At parting to address you,
He drops all foreign lingo, and
He says: "*Good-by, God bless you!*"

This seems to me a sacred phrase
With reverence impassioned;
A thing come down from righteous days,
Quaintly, but nobly fashioned.
It well becomes an honest face,
A voice that's round and cheerful;
It stays the sturdy in his place,
And soothes the weak and fearful;
Into the porches of the ears
It steals with subtle unction,
And in your hearts of hearts appears
To work its gracious function;
And all day long with pleasing song
It lingers to caress you.
I'm sure no human heart goes wrong
That's told "*Good-by, God bless you!*"

I love the words, perhaps because
When I was leaving mother,
Standing at last in solemn pause
We *looked* at one another,
And I saw—I saw in mother's eyes
The love she could not tell me,
A love eternal as the skies,
Whatever fate befell me.
She put her arms around my neck,
And soothed the pain of leaving,

And, though her heart was like to break,
She spoke no words of grieving;
She let no tear bedim her eye,
For fear that might distress me,
But, kissing me, she said "*good-by*,"
And asked our God to bless me.

—EUGENE FIELD.

Bread and Butter Studies.

JAMES PAYN tells a story of a man who had the curious habit of frequenting junk-shops and buying articles that could be of no use to himself or his family. One day when this man had purchased and carried home an elaborate doorplate engraved with a name he had never heard of, his wife's patience gave out. But he strove to justify himself by saying that in case he should die before she did, and she should marry another man with the same name as that on the doorplate, the thing would become useful. James Payn says that many of us have been buying just such doorplates all our lives.

College students are obliged to lay in a large stock of such doorplates. The custom of many centuries requires it. Four-fifths of the usual college studies can never be of any direct use in any occupation but teaching.

Things are changing, however. Thanks to Mr. Adams and his forcible oration on "A College Shibboleth," and thanks to many other wide-awake scholars, one costly door plate—the Greek language—is no longer made a *sine qua non* of culture. In this age of electricity, men are finding out what the word culture means. According to the old definition, it meant knowledge that could not be used; according to the new, it means useful knowledge specialized. Of course the theorists have their place. Let the Newtons and Bacons go on discovering theories; only we need not trouble ourselves about them unless we find that their new formulas will fit into our particular business. Meanwhile we will each cultivate his own field—"a small field well tilled."

But it is not our purpose just here to join our slender voice in the already loud call for bread and butter studies. The colleges one by one are heeding the call, and we therefore, following our own precept of concentration, shall narrow down our present plea to an argument for a working method. It is this: Why should not colleges teach modern languages by the conversational method?

As if the incubus of the nothing-for-use theory of culture were still riding the colleges, the living languages are still taught in the same manner as the dead. At Harvard the French and German professors sneer at everything but the old grammar-and-reader method. A glance at the curricula of scores of American colleges discoveres about the same course in them all; namely, grammar, reader, and a half dozen or so classic plays. Now a person can no more learn to speak a language by simply reading it than one can learn to walk by riding.

The Harvard professors would probably say, as Prof. Lowell said in his centennial oration, "Culture for its own sake." Accordingly they say, "Who cares to speak French or German? We are only after the syntax, the dialects, the literature." And the German universities teach the modern tongues in the same way.

Well, the world does not agree with the college professors on this point, as it does not on many others. It asks of the college graduate, "What can you do?" There are a few things which a college might teach a man to do. One of them is, to speak a modern language. Since then four-fifths of the college studies must for the present be unpractical, should not the remaining fifth be made as practical as possible? Doubts have often been expressed concerning the possibility of acquiring a speaking knowledge of a foreign language in a home college. The latter can be done. The writer of this has met a number of Swiss and Russian students who spoke English almost perfectly from having studied and practiced the language solely in sclools at home. Mathew Arnold, in one of his essays, speaks in high praise of a class drill in idiomatic English conversation which he heard during a visit to a Swiss

high school. Four years of such drill make the Swiss youth a fluent speaker and writer of English. The American youth in the same time could do as much in German or French.

Prof. J. W. THOMAS.

A Glance at Irving's Grave.

T. C. B.

A FEW weeks ago while out on a day's tramp I visited some of the interesting environments of Tarrytown, N. Y. This historical little city is located about twenty-five miles above New York, and is on the eastern bank of the Hudson at that part where its bredth gives to it the name "Tappan Sea." It will be remembered that it was at this place that the spy, Andre, was captured. when on his way down the river from West Point where he had completed arrangements with the despicable traitor, Arnold, for the British occupation of the fort. Those familiar with the Sketch Book of Washington Irving will also remember that in it are made famous the Tappan Sea and Sleepy hollow. which are here located.

It is near Tarrytown that Sunnyside, the home of Irving's latter years, is situated, and it is in the old cemetary at the foot of Sleepy Hollow that he is buried. To reach this cemetery one passes north along Broadway, a street lined with pleasant homes, goes past the monument marking the spot of Andre's capture, turns off on the Sing Sing road, and very shortly comes to a stone bridge which occupies almost the identical site which the one did over which the far from doughty Ichabod Crane rushed when pursued by ghosts, and at which one of the said apparitions hurled his own (pumpkin) head after the retreating form of the enamored swain. For particulars *vide* "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

A little beyond this bridge is the old Dutch church, a little square edifice which was erected in 1699, and in which services are still held every Sunday afternoon. Surrounding this church is the Mount Pleasant Cemetery in which is the burial place of the Irving family. Following a path from the church and passing innumeral headstones the age of which is evidenced by their indecipherable inscriptions, I soon came to the upper part of the cemetery. Here, shaded by ancient oaks, is a square plot surrounded by a low fence and a thick hedge, and remarkable only for its plainness. Within it, amid the graves of his kindred and between those of his parents, is the burial place of "The Wizard of Sleepy Hollow." It is marked by a plain marble stone on which is graven,

WASHINGTON IRVING,
BORN
APRIL 3, 1783,
DIED
NOVEMBER 28, 1859.

By the superintendent of the cemetery I was told that this is the third stone which has marked the grave, the others having been destroyed by the hammer of the vandal-cranks who always want a "piece" of every historical mark. A proper punishment for such idiots would be the never-ceasing blows of a hammer on their worse than empty heads.

As I stood looking at this plain stone I thought how appropriately it marked the resting place of Irving who has made for himself a "monument more enduring than brass." For so plain, simple, unostentatious a man how inappropriate a grand mausoleum would be! The memory of a man who is great only in the eyes of others needs no magnificient marble memorial; it perpetuates itself. And the "Father of American Literature" was this kind of a man. His cheery, sunny life, and amusing, instructive writings form for him the grandest of all monuments.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.

An unnamed New Englander has given $100,000, to which Japanese gentlemen have added $70,000, to found a Christian university in Japan.

At Ohio Wesleyan University the faculty is obliged to excuse one hundred students from chapel exercises to make room for the remainder.

The College World.

Exchanges.

How often we hear it said, "It is the little things that tell." We have in mind loyalty to the college, and the fact that subscriptions to our college paper is one way of showing it. We all want to receive a degree from a college whose standing is high and well known and we think a college paper is a fair critirion by which to judge of a college. If we receive a solid, spicy and interesting journal, whose outward appearance is an invitation to open and read, will we not form a high opinion of the college which supports it? Nor are we wrong in so doing, for we find that the better institutions, those that are awake to the progress of the times and have a progressive class of students, publish the best journals. And by the support of the students and Alumni of the college does it rest to see our college well represented among college journals. Let us see this both in its selfish and loyal light, and stand by our CAMPUS. These thoughts have been forced upon us by looking over our exchanges and the colleges from which they come. We find that some run almost entirely to literary, others to locals, others to "adds," and others to grass, while those that are equally represented in all departments are from well established institutions. After careful comparisons we can assure our readers that they need not be ashamed of the CAMPUS. Yet with more hearty support we could make it a journal to be proud of, and a leader among our exchanges.

There is no department of a college paper about which there is more discussion than the exchange columns. While some journals hold that its province is limited to criticisms on exchanges, others that it should simply contain clippings of the College World, while others seem to make it the waste-basket of the paper, so to speak; we are certainly puzzled to know how to treat it. Yet it seems to us that our first duty is to the subscribers, and to make it interesting for them. For that reason we intend to give general items of the College World, and extracts of other journals whice may seem of interest to our readers. Should our policy be at fault, or if anyone has any suggestions to offer we will always be ready to listen.

Though not a convincing one, yet the best argument in favor of no literary matter in a college journal is *The Dickinsonian* itself. Although it contains no "literary," yet it is a very readable issue. Judging from its editorials, they seem to have chapel episodes of a similar nature to Allegheny, *i. e.* class disturbances after chapel and visitors who embody in their "few remarks" the substance of four or five theological treatises or the culling of seven or eight volumes of ethics." In reply to the following clipping we would say that their prediction is in every way filled, and that Prof. Thomas is winning the respect and regard of his pupils, who one and all declare he understands his profession:

According to the CAMPUS, of Allegheny College, Dr. Thomas, a graduate of Dickinson, is filling the chair of French and German. From the record of Dr. Thomas in college, we predict that it will be well filled, for he has supplemented a very creditable college record by extensive traveling abroad, thus qualifying himself admirably for his new and responsible position as professor of Modern Languages in Allegheny College, an old and time-honored institution.

We are pleased to welcome to our table *The Dartmouth*. Its literary is a departure from the custom of pure essay and follows after fiction. There is also several original poems, besides several the "work of the shears." Our only objection is the scattering of "adds" among the reading matter. Will not one of their editorials apply to two colleges.

There is one thing connected with recitations that should be guarded against, and that is keeping the classes after the hour has expired. There are some instructors who seem to make it a point to always keep on with the recitation a few moments after the time has closed. After the allotted hour has come to an

end the time does not belong to the instructor, but to the students, and the former in making use of it is taking an unfair advantage. Instruction after the hour has ended generally falls upon inattentive and impatient ears and cannot be to any great extent beneficial. Let the instructors remember that after the recitation hour has elapsed the time is the property of the students, and not infringe upon it, but dismiss the recitation as promptly as they commence it.

The last number of the *Ursinus College Bulletin* devotes considerable space to a commencement oration on "The Inductive Study of the Bible in College." We give the following which contains much truth:

* * * where the Bible is not in the curriculum as a required or an elective part of it, there is very little of real Bible *study* in the college. In this assertion, the plea of a member of the last graduating class of the University of Minnesota, strongly bears us out:—"In the name of justice, let us give the Bible a place in our college curriculum. * * * * When this is done, the shame of graduating men and women who know more of the writings of Goethe and Shakespeare than those of Job and St. John; who comprehend better the ethics of Spencer than those of the Bible; who understand better the philosophy of Plato than that of Jesus Christ, will be done away with.

We all know how the talks of Dr. Wheeler have built up the weekly prayer meetings, and we have often wondered if his comments on the scripture reading every morning in chapel would not make those exercises both more interesting and valuable. Though we are making a trial of responsive reading, is it yet too late for the exercises we have mentioned? They are being tried in O. W. U. with success as the *College Transcript* says:

Among the interesting features in chapel are the scriptural talks of Dr. Bashford. These talks are assuming the dignity of Bible lectures and, because they seem to be prepared especially for the chapel services, they are noteworthy. The Sabbath school lesson will be commented upon each Monday evening. The "Sermon on the Mount" was taken last week with its many subjects for exposition. Dr. Bashford seems to know that student life is fraught with many perplexities, and yet is abundant in its possibilities. His aim appears to be to dissipate those troubles and inspire higher life. On several occasions he has well said that "Long faces and never changing sanctimonious expressions, which are known to be inconsistent with the high spirits of youth, are equally inconsistent with Christianity," Dr. Bashford's ever pleasant face confirms his statements. The appreciation by the students and the general mention these talks receive speak substantial praises.

A new feature of the *Haverfordian* is its "Corridor Gossip." It is of pleasing conception, and is of a nature which its name suggests, bright, newsy gossip such as two enthusiastic college men would discuss. This time it takes up the relations which exists between *Haverford* and *Bryn Mawr*. Among the gossip is this information:

* * * There is strong feeling of sympathy and friendship between Harvard and Wellesley. The Wellesley girls turn out *en masse* at the Harvard games, wear Harvard colors and applaud Harvard's victories. They are enthusiastic witnesses of Harvard's commencement, class day, or dramatic exercises. The lecture courses of each college are enjoyed mutually by the others. Receptions for mutual social intercourse and improvement are of frequent occurrence. What is more, all this is encouraged by the authorities of both institutions on account of the strong, healthful influence it is believed to exert. A certain good-natured advocate of higher education, realizing this feeling between the two colleges in question, dubbed Harvard "The male annex to Wellesley."

No. 1 of the *Miami Student* under the new regime is at hand. It has absorbed the *Miami Journal* and now they prove that one paper is better than two. Monmouth has done the same thing in regard to her journals.

Miss Ellen Chesbro, '90 of Allegheny college, and Miss Nellie Martin, '90 of Minnesota State University, visited the ladies of Kappa Alpha Theta.—*The Northwestern.*

Space forbids mentioning other exchanges in this issue but we will get around to the rest in due time. Only "wait awee an' dina weary."

Local.

Who says Tallman is a Phi Gamm?

Russell has been receiving congratulations.

Prof. W. S. Twining spent Sunday in Union City.

Ask Corporal Gibson where to sew corporal stripes.

Heiser is kept in his room by an attack of sore throat.

Miss Helen Clark spent Sunday at her home in Union City, Pa.

E. E. Proper, '89, visited college friends a few days recently.

D. H. Eagleson has been appointed 1st Lieutenant and Adjutant.

Miss Grant acted as preceptress during the absence of Miss Foster.

The Spanish Troubadours were very well attended by the students.

The new officers of the cadet corps have donned their "insignia" of rank.

The Senior Physics class has been making a series of barometrical observations.

Walter Bates has recently received the appointment as candidate to West Point.

Misses Foster and Whitman attended the Y. M. C. A. Convention at Berwick, on the 8th, 9th, and 10th inst.

Dr. Leland, the pastor of the Presbyterian church of Titusville, visited the chapel last week and gave a brief address to the students.

The annual accident at Hulings Hall has occurred. A large section of the dining-room plaster fell last week. Happily the room was unoccupied at the time.

A first-class steam laundry wants a student to act as a local agent at a good commission. For particulars see the business manager of the CAMPUS.

The eveness with which the present term is passing, as respects the non-appearance of the demonstrations due to outbursts of high spirits, speaks well for the present body of students.

Recitation in tactics for the officers and non-commissioned officers was begun last week. The recitations are to be held weekly and every effort will be made to secure a first-class batallion.

The vast improvement over a few years ago in regard to the students' quarters is very apparent. Most of the boys are established in comfortable "lodges" and college life at Allegheny more nearly approaches the ideal.

The Moot Congress held by the Philo Franklin Literary Society last week was a great success. The room was comfortably filled with visitors and all appeared well pleased with the performance. Such entertainments help to enliven a society.

Allegheny Literary Society has chosen her representatives for the inter-society contest to be held commencement week. Tne election resulted as follows: Debater, W. C. Deming; Orator, W. W. Youngson; Essayist, E. L. Mattern; Declaimer, J. L. Porter.

The final examinations for promotions in the batallion have been held, The officers and non-commissioned of the two companies are as follows: Company A.—Captain, J. S. Gibson; 1st Lieutenants, R. C. Crowthers, A. G. Fradenburgh; 2d Lieutenant, C. F. Ross; 1st Sergeant, C. J. Zinck; 2d Sergeant, A. O. McClelland; Corporals, Ehrenfeld, Gibson, Brown, Simons, Chesbro, Peffer. Company B.—Captain, H. M. Barrett; 1st Lieutenant, A. L. Carr; 2d Lieutenant, L. A. Baldwin; 1st Sergeant, F. J. Trumper; Sergeants, B. Slavin, H. A. Couse; Corporals, Luce, Fox, Seamans, Pickett, Bates.

Where We Live.

The following shows the membership of the different Boarding clubs :

Hulings Hall—C. A. Peffer, Commissary ; Misses Clark, Chesbro, Household, Mount, Hull, Grant, Watson, Kellogg, Howard, Thrasher, Howells, Scott, Whitney, Barrett, Johnson, Monett, Monett, Malone, Crawford, Byerly, Murphy, Whitman, Davidson ; Prof. Elliott, R. W. Elliott, Espy, Varner, Bullock, Ross, Whitfield, Couse, Chesbro, Black, Conway, Palmer, Dorworth, Rand, Minnis, Merchant, Mowry, Talbot, Kennedy, Campbell, C. C. Cox, H. D. Cox, Hazelton, Kurtz, Lewis, Howe, Murphy, Starr, Brubach, Staples, McDade, Wood. Total, 56.

Thompson House — Corey, Commissary; Holmes, Power, Jewell, Clare, Harshaw, Walker, Adams, Luce, Tuttle, Gibson, J. A., Quick, Harper, Griffin, Virtue, Higley, Will, Freeman, Henry, Douds, Critchlow, Ryan, Whitfield, W. H., Wisman, Oswalt. Total 25.

Evans House—Hawk, J. B., Commissary; Echols, Nickerson, Seamans, McBride, McClelland, Slaven, Knox. Total 8.

Bunce House—Gundy, Commissary; Hawk, C. B., Johnson, W. W., Newkirk. Total 4.

Johnson House—Rigg, Shatto and Cowell. Total 3.

CHAPTER HOUSES.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon Chapter House—Morrison, Freeman, Davis, Falconer, Sabin, Simons, Hood, Collins. Total, 8.

" Phi Gamma Delta Place "—R. C. Crowthers, Commissary ; Gibson, Fradenburg, Berlin, Patchin, Danforth, Barrows, Sweeney, Mattern, Siling, Johnson, Ehrenfeld, Ray, Reisinger, Heydrick, Marquis. Total, 16.

Phi Kappa Psi Chapter House—L. A. Baldwin, Commissary; F. C. Cattern, Barrett, Snyder, Byers, Hersperger, Hatch, Miller, Youngson, Ellsworth, F. A. Cattern, Haskell, Twining, Schofield. Total 14.

Delta Tau Delta Chapter House—Deming, Russell, Heiser, Nesbit, Palmer, Welty, Gageby, McClure. Total 8.

In answer to the inquiry in the last issue, it is requested that any one wishing to see a fine map of Conneaut Lake, may call at the Drawing room. It is the result of a four day's survey made by the Engineers, and, surely, such practical work shows that the Civil Engineering Department of the College has become a success. Prof. Twining is to be congratulated.

Calling night at Hulings Hall has been changed from Saturday evening to Thursday evening which all vote a decided improvement.

Fraternity.

Does anybody know anything about Alpha Nu?

Mr. W. H. Stenger, '90, was recently initiated into Phi Delta Theta.

Gov. Mellette, of South Dakota, is a Phi Delta Theta.

Miss Ella Howells, '94, became a pledged member of Kappa Alpha Theta on the evening of November 13th.

The " Deltas " entertained Sherman Arter, a brother " Delt " from Cleveland, on last Thursday evening. He was banquetted by the boys.

One of the most successful social events of the term was the reception tendered to Robert J. Burdette, by the Phi Kappa Psi Fraternity, on the evening of the 13th. During the lecture, the Opera House was tastefully decorated with pink and lavender. The boxes were filled with enthusiastic Phi Psis, but none were more enthusiastic than the lecturer himself. Following the lecture, a reception was held in the Phos Club rooms. Introductions over, a very pleasant hour was spent in conversation with the witty guest; then followed refreshments and afterward, music by the Quartette. At the close of a most enjoyable evening, everybody went home full of enthusiasm for " Bob " and all agreeing that he is the "prince of good fellows " and a royal old Phi Psi.

Clippings.

Lives of poor men oft remind us
Honest toil don't stand a chance;
More we work, we have behind us
Bigger patches on our pants.

—*Ex.*

At John Hopkins a student has the choice of seven distinct courses in order to obtain his degree.

James Russell Lowell is to fill the new lectureship in poetry at John Hopkins for the present year.

Cornell etiquette requires that no lady recognize a gentleman acquaintance on the University grounds.

At the University at Zurich twenty-nine women are studying medicine, fourteen philosophy and two political economy.

One hundred college students of Kansas have volunteered to go as missionaries. Kansas boys are noted for their pluck.—*Ex.*

"We don't care for the rain," said one Baltimore girl to another, as she raised an umbrella; "We're neither sugar nor salt." "No," replied the other, "but we're lasses."—*Ex.*

Luther H. Cary, of Oberlin College, at the Western Athletic championship meeting, held at Detroit, won the 100 yard race in 10 seconds, the 220 yards race in 22 1-5 seconds, and the 440 yards race in 53 3-5 seconds.

E. L. Caldwell, stroke of the Yale crew, after two years study of Theology, has determined to go into business. He stroked the University crew to victory in six races; three with Harvard, and his class crew in four races.

"My dear" he whispered softly, as they seated themselves on the sled, "if, on the way down, I should ask you to be my wife, what would you say?" "What would you do if I should refuse?" she whispered back. "I should have to let you slide," he simply said.—*Ex.*

The Washington Catholic University has raised $8,000, and will open its doors next October.

The Ohio Wesleyan University museum has been presented with a well preserved fossil fish, which was found in Washington Territory, within fifty feet of the summit of a mountain.

A sister of the late Dr. Maria Mitchell will prepare for the press the "Life and Letters" of the distinguished teacher. Her correspondence is said to be very rich in letters from Herschel, Humboldt and others.

Dr. William E. Story, professor of mathematics in Johns Hopkins Uniuersity, has been elected to, and has accepted, the presidency of the new Clark University at Worster, Mass. Johns Hopkins also loses Dr. Howell, professor in biology, who resigns to accept the professorship of physiology in the University of Michigan —*Ex.*

A professor, who has been for a half hour trying to explain a formula on the board, turns with his finger to his nose—which is a prominent feature—and says, severely: "Is this apparent to you all?" (Freshmen grin.) "I am aware, gentlemen, it is long." (Freshmen grin audibly.) "But I hope you see the point." (Slight pedal applause.) "It is called 'pons asinorum,' of which I hope you see the application." (Loud and continued applause.)—*Ex.*

Mr. Parnell was a member of Magdalene College, Cambridge, over twenty years ago. He was only up for a term or two, and consequently left without taking a degree. The reason for his leaving before the end of his time was this: he had committed some trifling breach of discipline toward the end of a term which involved a walk to Newmarket and back. For this offense he received the following day the customary official "wigging." But the embryonic Nationalist leader took the "wigging" so much to heart that he decided not to return. The term was just at an end, so he removed his name from the books of the college, and thus ceased to belong to the university.

A two-cent stamp sent to L. W. Noyes, Chicago, will bring you a package of fine quality blotters. One showing a cunning little cupid dressed only in a traveling cap and grip, is represented as saying, "I am a 'runner' for La Verne W. Noyes, the well-known maker of Dictionary Holders, and am here to point out the fact that **a book held with the edge up will become filled with dust, soiled and spoiled, unless hugged together with strong springs.** The Noyes Holders are the only ones thus closely clasping the book. About 125,000 are now in use, and the later makes are so greatly improved—indeed are so perfect that Mr. Noyes is sad because nothing more is desired or can be done in this direction."

The University of Pennsylvania will erect a dormitory that will be the largest in the United States. Its cost is to be $125,000. Princeton also is erecting a massive, four-story dormitory of brown and gray stone. It will be called "Brown Dormitory," in honor of Mrs. Susan D. Brown, of Princeton, who gave $75,000 toward the building.

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