The Campus.

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

VOL. XIII., NO. 5. ALLEGHENY COLLEGE, MEADVILLE, PA., DECEMBER 17, 1896. NEW SERIES.

The Campus.

ISSUED SEMI-MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS.

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

The report of Secretary of the Navy, Herbert, possesses more than the usual interest for the American people at this time, when serious complications with Great Britain have just been amicably avoided, and others with Spain may at any time occur. The exhibit which it makes of the rapid increase of our naval forces during the past few years is very gratifying. On June 30, 1893, we had but thirty vessels in commission with a tonnage of 62,820 tons, while on the 10th of the present month the total tonnage in commission will be 137,859 tons, an increase of about 120 per cent. in less than three and one-half years. At the same time there are several very efficient vessels of large aggregate tonnage now under contract, and some rapidly approaching completion. This is a gratifying showing, but as the Secretary points out there is still much room for improvement if we would adequately prepare ourselves for reasonable contingencies. There is no good reason why we we should build up a very great navy such as the great European powers find necessary to maintain their warlike policy. But there is need that we should have a respectable naval force, the existence of which will strongly conduce to our being able to carry out that traditional policy of peace to which the Nation is by choice and location committed.

The recommendations contained in Secretary Herbert's report looking to the increase of the number of ships in the navy proper, the rendering effective in case of need the commercial fleets on the seacoast and lakes, and the building up of the naval reserve ought all to receive the careful consideration at the hands of Congress that they deserve.— Pittsburg *Times*.

The Department of Biology.

The term just closing has marked a distinct advance in the scientific development of the college. Good biological work has indeed been done in past years, thanks to the ability and untiring energy of Dr. Montgomery. But this work was accomplished in spite of many obstacles and with next to no equipment. It was not until the fall of '96 that Biology and

Geology were separated from the physical and chemical sciences and were recognized as a distinct department.

Three rooms in the west end of Bentley Hall have been fitted up for the work in Biology. The large room on the first floor, admirably lighted by its eight windows, required only the addition of running water to afford the fundamentals of a good laboratory. The laboratory is furnished with seven small work tables, each accomodating four men. The addition of blackboards to the corresponding room on the second floor (the old Y. M. C. A. room) affords a commodious recitation hall, while a smaller room in the basement serves as general storeroom, besides containing tanks for various aquatic animals.

The equipment is not all that could be desired—is in fact only a hint of what is earnestly hoped for and confidently expected in the near future. Yet a small number of excellent microscopes, together with the necessary dissecting instruments, glassware and reagents, meet the requirements for good work in all the more elementary lines of biological study.

For the present year three courses have been given. Two of these are unchanged from previous years—Zoology and Practical Biology. A new course in Advanced Biology has been opened to all students who have taken the other two courses. While the intention is to vary the work in Advanced Biology to suit the varying demands of the students, the course is planned principally for those who are fitting for the medical profession. For this reason the work this year is devoted almost entirely to mammalian anatomy.

This is in accord with the general policy of the department, which aims ultimately to perfect such a course of study as shall enable the graduate to enter the second year class of the best medical schools of the country. Further steps will certainly be taken toward this goal next year. The exact nature of the changes cannot as yet be stated definitely. One point only can be confidently predicted—the establishment of a course in Embryology and Histology, consisting of laboratory work and accompanying lectures.

That there is a real demand for this extension of the biological work is shown by the large number of men who have elected laboratory work. In fact the thirty students in Biology have this term taxed the laboratory accommodations to their utmost capacity. Owing to this unexpectedly large number of students, the work has proved unsatisfactory in some respects. Material has often been scanty, apparatus sometimes insufficient.

These wants will be met so that the work of the next term may be more thorough and effective. May this prove but the beginning of an uninterrupted improvement in equipment and of a steadily increasing efficiency of work!

E. L. RICE.

Literary.

The President-elect.

E. V. Smalley's entertaining gossip in the *Review of Reviews*, regarding William McKinley's school days at the Poland Seminary, recalls the writer's recollections of our next President as he appeared in 1859.

At the time of which I write the institution was known under the more pretentious name of the Poland Female College, with a preparatory department for young men. The Rev. Dr. Reno was its president, while the writer, then an undergraduate of a neighboring college, accepted the humble post of instructor. It was here he first met our embryotic President, together with his less famous cousin, William McKinley Osborn, now Gen. Osborn, secretary of the executive board of the Republican National Committee. William McKinley was then a bright, interesting boy of sixteen, who was preparing to enter Allegheny College, Meadville, the following Spring. Even at this early age, so well ordered was the life of

William McKinley, so regular in habits and correct in deportment, as to leave few incidents of boyish folly and youthful indiscretion for the future historian to seize upon with which to point a moral or adorn a tale that might cause the foolish to laugh and the judicious grieve. There was nothing sensational or eccentric in his makeup and the singular equipoise of the boy has easily rounded out into a symmetrical manhood that has been aptly characterized by Colonel Ingersoll as level-headed.

The salient features in young McKinley that have survived the mutations of lapsing years, and stand out distinctly as events of yesterday, were his dignified and manly bearing, his intense earnestness and his remarkable aptitude for mathematics. Indeed, the good Dr. Reno, himself a fine mathematician, was often obliged to review his higher algebra lessons to keep in advance of his ambitious pupil. Well does the writer remember the doctor laughingly remarking that "Billy McKinley is more bother to me than all the rest of the class," referring, of course, to his eagerness to thoroughly understand his lessons. Young McKinley never came into class without thorough preparation, but if at any time he failed to master some intricate problem, he showed by his familiarity with its difficulties that he had not failed without a most determined effort. His mind betrayed a nervous energy that was at once an infection and an inspiration. He seemed to personify the genius of persistent earnestness, with no time or inclination for frivolities or trivialities, seemingly intent on working out his manifest destiny. And who can know if the refined senses of this gifted boy of sixteen may not have detected in "the distant rustling of the wings of time," the mighty acclaim of his admiring countrymen, mingling with the footfalls of half a continent in their pilgrimage to the shrine of their idolized leader? "Will" McKinley, as he was familiarly called, was a model student, prompt, obedient, industrious, with no time to waste. You could almost regulate the college bell by his movements, always present at chapel, roll call and recitations, never too late and seldom too early.

No event of the passing years has left its impress more distinct than that of young McKinley leaving his mother's modest home, with books under his arm, head and shoulders thrown back and his slight boyish form as erect and straight as the Indian's tree that leans the other way, passing rapidly up College street with the grace and dignity of a little prince. Faultless in dress, engaging in manner, he always impressed you as a perfect little gentleman. If William McKinley were not to-day the idol of the hour, the focus of seventy millions of freemen, nay, of the civilized world, he would be none the less a distinct and pleasing memory in the writer's retrospect of nearly two score years.

To this imperfect sketch of the youth might be added my first meeting with Mr. McKinley after a lapse of thirty years. The promise of the boy had been more than fulfilled in fruition. A magnificent manhood, then in the zenith of a brilliant political career, that is fast achieving for him an international fame. The time was 1888; the occasion, the convention that placed in nomination for the Presidency, Benjamin Harrison; the place, the Grand Pacific Hotel, in Chicago, with the accessories of a brilliant coterie of Ohio's distinguished sons, to each of whom I was kindly presented, among whom I recall the Hon. Benjamin Butterworth, J. B. Foraker, "Charlie" Foster, Murat Halstead and Mark Hanna, now a national figure. In the pleasant interview that followed, the Major recalled the early toils and triumphs of his political life, especially his successful efforts in overcoming an adverse majority in his district. But when he came to dwell upon his life there, emotion choked his manly voice, as he spoke of the early death of his beautiful girls, and the sad affliction of his beloved wife, the statesman, for the nonce, became the father, the husband. In conclu-

sion, to impartial history, we can safely commit the honorable keeping of a name destined, we believe, to embellish some of its brightest pages and shed an imperishable luster on the exalted place consecrated by the immortal genius of a Washington.

E. B. BYERS in the Beaver *Times*.

A Midnight Walk Through the Uyeno Park.

It is very delightful on a clear, starry night to wander through an elevated park covered with gigantic trees and perennial herbs, and situated in the midst of a busy city, and note the surrounding landscape, the distant hill and nearer houses tinted with the silver light. And few things can be more beautiful than the spectacle of a sleeping city.

It was an ideal October. A sober, pensive autumn had succeeded a hot and fiery summer, and lingered long over the land of Japan. A bright day had turned into a glorious night. The earth had changed her garment of green for a coat of many and vivid colors, and maple leaves lay in profusion on the ground, while a myriad of stars circled overhead, doing homage to the moon, which shown in their midst. I stood alone on the height of the Uyeno Park just as the large bell of a nearby Buddish temple pealed forth the hour of midnight. Who can describe the softly sweet, and sweetly sad tones of that bronze bell? It is the gospel of Buddism attuned to a celestial music. "All, all is vanity save the words of the salvation-bringing lotus!" it seemed to say. And the wind that rustled through the trees moaned in acquiescence, "Amen!"

I was treading on historical ground. It was here that the Ancient Regime made its last stand in the revolution of 1868. The devoted band of "Shogitac" came here, not to conquer but to die. They were the victims of circumstance, the martyrs of the lost cause. That humble monument yonder marks the spot where their leader fell, while his faithful followers sleep not far off, to the right. The moonlight peeping in through the thick foliage lit up their tombstones here and there and gave the scene a weird look. The lateness of the hour, the dew that fell silently from heaven, the mist that rose mysteriously from the earth, all added to the loneliness of the spot. O! the awful solemnity of death that comes to all! The high and the low, the mighty and the meek, they alike must obey this universal law. Love and affection, they, too, are powerless before it. Hope alone remains. Like the morning star, it cheers us from afar and lights us through our journey of life. Fondly we cling to it and pass on to the great unknown.

I traced back my way to an open space in the front part of the park. Right before me, as far as the eye could reach, lay the city of Tokio, now fast asleep. The loud noise of the day had long since died away and a solemn stillness came in its stead, even more instructive than the dead stillness of the dead. The moon had now reached her zenith of glory and the beauty of her silver light, as she cast her full force upon the sleeping city, was inexpressible. What magic hast thou, O fortunate queen of the night, that thou art always so adored! Thy empire is universal, extending to all ages, nations and ranks. Great Babylon, harmonic Troy, classical Athens, imperial Rome, they alike chanted thy praise. Man may decay, nations rise, flourish and fade, but thou hast lost none of thy charms.

Y. OSAKI.

Wendell Phillips.

Wendell Phillips, the *Tyrtaeus* of the anti-slavery cause in America, was born in Boston, Mass., Nov. 29, 1811, and was the son of John Phillips, the first mayor of Boston. Wendell was sent to Harvard College, from which he graduated in 1831. He entered the Cambridge Law School, the next year, and after

completing his studies was admitted to the bar in 1834.

He was a man of strong moral convictions, clear-headed, courageous—a man of rare endowments, and of rare devotion to the cause of justice, liberty and humanity.

With the Woman's Rights Movement, with causes of Temperance, of the Irish nation, of Prison Reforms, and, indeed, with every effort seeking the good of humanity, he was closely identified, and he ever advocated prohibitory liquor laws and prison reforms, and was always opposed to capital punishment.

For intensity of devotion to the anti-slavery cause, he must be given the first place among the leaders of that warfare. He knew nothing about slavery from personal observation and had never seen the evils of plantation life. His knowledge of the negro, and negro character, was confined almost entirely to what he had seen and known of the few hundred colored people then living in Boston, and what he could occasionally gather from an escaped slave. But he knew the system of slavery with its attendant evils, well; he knew the demoralizing effects of slavery, and its degrading influence. He knew that slavery was wrong and he abhorred it. His enemies called him a negro lover; but he did not love the negro as a negro, but he loved justice and hated injustice. He saw that the negro was deprived of his liberty and was outraged, and that both society and government were combined against them. He, therefore, renounced society and rebelled against government, and took his stand against both to try to defend them.

Eloquent as he was as a lecturer, he was more effective as a debator. His memory was something wonderful. He could listen to a speech for hours, and, without a single note in writing, could reply to every part of it as fully and completely as if the speech were in writing before him.

As a debator, he resembled Sir Robert Peel, in grace and courtliness of manner, and in the fluency of his diction. He never hesitated for a word, or failed to employ the best fitted to express his thought in the point under discussion.

His oratory, like the oratory of all men, had its period of youth, its middle age and its old age. Mr. Phillips could, as a speaker, make men think, make them angry, make them wince under his denunciations, he could make them smile. His mission was to point out the defects in the actions, the speech and the thoughts of others—and this he did unsparingly and thoroughly. He would not occupy official position himself and sharply criticised all who did. He might have been elected to Congress, but he did not wish it, because he would have to forsake his vocation as a critic and become an actor, and thereby he would be open to criticism.

He belonged to the upper circle of American society. He had ancestry, wealth, talents, influential friends, the best education which wealth and opportunity could give him. Office and honors, power and fame, were within his reach, but he laid these aside and cast his lot with the slave. His honor is undying; the freedom for which he contended has triumphed and his deeds are recorded on the brightest page of the country's history.

E. E. E. S., '98.

A Storm at Sea.

You are sailing at noontide on the bosom of the Atlantic. The waves heave and swell with an even, measured motion. The sea is calm. But look aloft. See that thin, white, fleecy cloud floating high in heaven's blue—so beautiful, so innocent! Ah! the captain knows well its meaning; 'tis the dreaded cirrus, the "cat's tail" of the sailor, the cyclone's sure precursor! But look again. Not far in its wake is another cloud as innocent, and beyond it another; and, farther on, soft downy patches follow each other in ever-widening areas, until the whole sky is covered as with a gauzy mantle. But why this bustle on the vessel's

deck? Why furl the sails and drop the anchor? Look yet again. The clouds grow darker along the dim horizon. They rise with gloomier aspect. Faint flashes, ever brighter and more frequent, illuminate their ragged edges. Deep mutterings, ever louder and nearer, break the ominous silence. And now a leaden sky obscures the last faint glimmer of the noonday sun! Thin clouds, wind-tossed, go scurrying o'er the firmament like skirmishers before a battle! Afar, the white caps ride the crests of the rising waves! The darkness deepens. Every face is wan with a sepulchral pallor! Every breath is held to meet the oncoming blast! The tempest breaks! The heavens blaze with tongued flames of fire! The bolts fall hissing into the seething deep! Every knee is bended; but, in the roar of heaven's artillery, the prayer of every suppliant voice is drowned! The waves are lashed to fury by the boisterous winds! They toss the reeling vessel high on their giddy crests, to plunge again into the gulf below! Her mast is gone! The cable breaks! She drives! Hard on the hidden rocks she strikes; and through her frame, from bow to stern, an awful shudder goes! A heavy sea breaks full upon her midst! She parts; and o'er the waves her hulk is strewn, a wreck, and death yawns cavernous in the deep abyss!

Yet if, perchance, by some strange providence, thy life is spared to see the azure sky break through once more, again look up! Behold, above thee, floating dreamily, high in the blue of heaven, one soft, white, downy cloud, —so beautiful. so innocent!

J. W. D., '99.

Recompense.

As when the sky with scurrying clouds o'erspread,
Oft to the lifted eye some sparkling star reveals,
So when the soul, oppressed with doubts and fears,
With sense of failure, loss and sin,
Looks feebly up in prayer—
Some thought of God shines in.

N. S. C.

A Thought.

Last night a shooting-star darted across the sky,
'T had wandered from its heritage on high
And lost its way.
So swift it took its earthward flight,
Scarce was it seen, when it vanished quite.
O Heavenly Wanderer! Couldst thou but stay
To tell us of thy journeyings thro' the realms of day!
What angel faces gazed on thee?
What glittering prospect of the "Crystal Sea"?
What radiance from the walls about that "City" raised,
Whereunto we mortals take our pilgrimage?

N. S. C.

Phi Delta Theta Convention.

The Twenty-fourth Biennial National Convention of Phi Delta Theta was held in Philadelphia, Nov. 24-28, under the auspices of Penna. Beta Alumni and Penna. Zeta chapters. The sessions of the Convention were held in Odd Fellows' Temple on Broad Street, near City Hall. Hotel Hanover was secured as Convention headquarters. Delegates were present from the many colleges and universities in which the fraternity has chapters, representing all sections of the Union from New York to California and from Maine to Georgia; the chapters of the far South and the West were particularly well represented. And there was besides a long list of visitors, both of active members and of those whose zeal and loyalty for their old fraternity has not been diminished by the years that separate them from their college days. Probably nothing else did so much to inspire and enthuse the younger delegates as did the presence of these older Phis. Their advice and counsel was eagerly sought and appreciated, and added greatly to the solidity of the work done.

In respect to representation and importance of business transacted, this was certainly the largest and most successful Convention in the history of the fraternity. In all the proceed-

ings the greatest interest and enthusiasm were manifested. Many matters were considered pertaining to the strengthening and building up of the old chapters.

Though a number of applications for charters were presented, but one new charter was granted, that to the Case School of Applied Science at Cleveland.

The reports of the Province Presidents and the members of the Grand Council showed that the present prosperity of the fraternity is greater and its prospects more brilliant than ever before.

The work of the Convention required much time and labor, which were gladly given, and still ample opportunity was afforded for improving the rare privileges which this quaint Quaker City offers the sightseer; and for enjoying the many pleasant things in the line of excursions, banquets, receptions and other social functions, which the resident chapters, in their own royal way, had provided. Thanksgiving Day was given over entirely to pleasure; most of the delegates attended the Pennsylvania-Cornell foot-ball game.

The entire week was one of unalloyed pleasure and good-fellowship, and every delegate went home prepared to make his friends wish that they, too, had been there.

Lectures.

It is seldom that the students of Allegheny have the opportunity of enjoying two such lectures as were delivered last week by Doctor Dorchester of Christ's Church, Pittsburg.

Doctor Dorchester chose for the subject of Thursday evening's lecture, "Stories Old and New," and, for over an hour, held the interest of a large and appreciative audience. The story is the first form of literature. Ever since the ancients "swapped lies" at the mouths of their caves, story telling has been popular. The fable was one of the first steps in the development of story-telling. Through this medium, tyrannical monarchs discovered the discontented spirits of their subjects, and prophets told of coming events.

The folk-tale is even an older form of narrative than the fable. By a comparison of the folk-tales of several nations, a remarkable similarity is found. In the heart of Africa or on the plains of Asia can be found legends strangely similar to some of our familiar nursery rhymes. This similarity is explained in two ways. Some argue that these tales were originated by a parent race and spread broadcast over the earth, while others maintain that the material of which popular tales are composed is common to all nations and similarly developed by all.

Doctor Dorchester related several stories of the present time and traced their origin back to the legends and myths of ancient nations. He said that the well known story of William Tell finds parallels in many languages, and that some think Hamlet represents Achilles.

Such tales as these show to us the character of the times which produced them. King Arthur, whether real or mythical, characterizes the ideal type of ninth century chivalry. The history of literature is the history of life.

The story has its place. It represents our yearnings for an ideal life. Fiction forms a perfect world and gives us views of life otherwise not attainable. Fiction develops imagination and draws us from our narrow course into broader and deeper channels of thought.

Doctor Dorchester lectured in the chapel Friday morning on the subject of "Poetry." He said that poetry was not easily defined. Many eminent literary men have attempted to form satisfactory and comprehensive definitions, but with only partial success. Shelley called poetry "the language of imagination"; Aristotle, "the imaginative art"; Wordsworth, "the origin of emotion originating in tranquility."

Poetry cannot be created by study. It must exist spontaneously.

Like the story, poetry is one of the first forms of literature. The ancient priests chanted

their praises of the gods in poetic measure; the criminal received notice of his doom in verse; charms and riddles found earliest expression in simple rhyme. The ancient songs and chants were also accompanied with gestures and dancing.

Poetry may be defined as thought or insight glowing with imagination or emotion, expressed in metrical language. There must be thought. We must understand to enjoy.

Poetry deals with the concrete and sensuous, seeking the truth but coveting the beautiful. Imagination and emotion make up the very essence of poetry. The true bard must have both in his soul. The chief characteristic of poetry is meter. Music is the inspiration of poetic harmony, and great poets make meter subservient to the melodies of their souls.

An Old Letter.

One of the students, while poring over some dust-covered volumes in the library last week, was surprised to find in the "Writings of James Madison", a letter written by him in 1824 to Rev. Timothy Alden, President of the College. Continuing his investigations further, he found the original letter in a book, containing letters of a similar character, in the President's office, written by prominent people who were interested in the young college. We print the letter in full:

To Rev. Timothy Alden, Secretary to Board Trustees, etc.

FEBRUARY 18, 1824.

SIR:—

I have received the Resolutions of the Trustees of Allegheny College, with a written copy of its library, as forwarded by you.

The Trustees were not mistaken in the belief that it would give me pleasure to know that a learned institution has been so promptly reared in so favorable a location, and under such happy auspices. No one who regards public liberty as essential to public happiness, can fail to rejoice at every new source of that intellectual and moral instruction, without which liberty can neither last long, nor be fruitful of its proper blessings while it does last.

The College may be justly congratulated on the number and value of the books so munificently contributed to its infant library. I cannot, as yet, say as much of an institution which was commenced with us a few years ago, under the name of Central College, on the basis of private subscriptions, and which has since been adopted and endowed by the Legislature as a State University. Its present funds do but complete the buildings and provide for the introduction of professors and students. The indispensable furniture of a library, with that of an examplifing apparatus, exist only in our hopes, which rest on the wise policy and patriotic liberality which has thus far patronized the institution.

I pray you, Sir, to present my thanks to the Trustees for their polite attention, and my best wishes that their future exertions in the cause of useful science may be distinguished by all the success which is promised by the smiles from above on their past.

JAMES MADISON.

Writings of James Madison,
Vol. II, Page 368.

Local.

Beazell wants to know if there is anything he can't do.

What young lady at the Hall is using *Melon's Food?*

Earl C. Lindsay has succeeded C. E. Bordwell as president of Philo.

Ralph Barnaby says that the Hulings Hall girls are too spoony for him.

J. P. Prindle has been wearing a Phi Psi pin since Saturday, the 12th inst.

Alpha Chi Omega gave an informal reception at their rooms last Saturday.

It is rumored that Hulings Hall girls have stolen Dr. Tommy's "yaller" overcoat.

The Kappa Kappa Gamma's wore colors last week for Misses Cooper and McCracken.

Mr. Curtis has not been wearing a stiff hat lately, and must be pardoned if he tips it by the crown.

Frank Darrow was in Pittsburg last week looking after Allegheny's interests in the Oratorical Association.

The Alpha Chi's expect to have a Christmas tree for their rooms on the first Saturday evening of next term.

Kappa Alpha Theta recently handed to Dr. Crawford $65 towards the Gymnasium fund. Hurrah for the *K A T's*!

Wanted—Some of the alummi to come back and make "happy" chapel talks without "looking into our faces."

Who was the snap-shot fiend that had Dr. Perrin's nerve while he was leading devotional exercises the other morning.

The young ladies who took supper at the Phi Delta Theta Club one day last week, enjoyed themselves immensely.

Byers has been going to funerals lately. He says it's the only time he goes to church that they don't take up a collection.

Wanted—During the Christmas holidays an engagement as comedians with a first-class patent medicine vendor.—Drury, Mixsell and Beazell.

Madam Potter Brown was seen perched in one of the windows of the fourth floor of Hulings, taking an airing, one morning recently.

Dr. Crawford's speech against going to the postoffice on Sunday must have fallen on stony ground, as five of the professors were seen to enter there one Sunday afternoon recently.

Miss Mann—"I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and hope you will come back next term to do better work."

Mr. Hess (joyously)—"Same to you, same to you!"

Beazell—"Yond Curtis has a lean and hungry look; he thinks too much."

Bordwell—"He is a great observer, and looks quite through the deeds of men. 'Tis said he does not sleep o'nights."

Beazell—"Such men as he be never at heart's ease, whiles they have in mine some bold deed to do; and therefore are they very very dangerous."

Maj. Bordwell has dropped into poetry as his separation with Allegheny approaches. The other day as one of the editors was coming up North Main, he heard the following words floating out of the Major's window. At great risk of life he secured them for publication:

Ach gedenken sie nicht susz Alice Ben Bolt
Susz Alice mit haaren so brown
Wie lache mit joy wen ihr gebst ein lacheln
Und getrembled mit furcht auf deine frown
In alte kirch-feld in den valley Ben Bolt.
In der ecke verlassen einsam,
Zie ihr gebanen ein slab mit der granite so gray
Und susz Alice liegst nnter dem stein.

A very pretty and pleasing entertainment was given by Alpha Chi Omega in their rooms on Dec. 3d and 4th, for the benefit of the new gymnasium. The first half of the program was musical and the last half consisted of a farce, "The Bicyclers", written by John Kendrick Bangs. The musical numbers were all well rendered and received hearty applause, while the farce was bright and funny, showing the ups and downs of one who is learning to ride a wheel. Following is the program:

PART I.

Scharwenka.....Valse-Impromptu
Miss Helen Orris.

Meyer-Helmund.....Serenade
Baritone Solo—Mr. Oscar F. Comstock.
Female Trio—Mrs. Bulen and Misses Ogden.

Schumann.....Novellette in F
Miss L. Fay Barnaby.

Selected.....Soprano Solo
Mrs. Bulen.

Chopin.....Etude in A Flat
Miss Susanna Porter.

Carracioli.....Tuscan Folksongs
Misses Ogden.

PART II.

THE BICYCLERS.

Cast of Characters.

Mr. Robert Yardsley, an expert. Mr. W. P. Beazell
Mr. Jack Barlow, another.....Mr. Walter Dewey
Mr. Thaddeus Perkins, a beginner.....
....Mr. Oscar F. Comstock
Mr. Edward Bradley, a scoffer..Mr. Frank Mixsell
Mrs. Thaddeus Perkins, a resistant.....
..... Miss Margaret B. Barber.
Mrs. Edward Bradley, an enthusiast.....
..... Miss Anna C. Ray
Jennie, a maid .....Miss Edith J. Roddy

Saturday evening, November 29th, seven of the members of Kappa Alpha Theta gave Howell's well-known farce, "A Mouse Trap," for the amazement of the rest of the fraternity, and the amusement of some friends and sisters who were spending Thanksgiving in the Hall. The cast of characters was as follows :

Mrs. Somers, a pretty young widow.....
.....Miss Belle Bartholomew
Mrs. Miller. } her friends { Miss Anna Woodring
Mrs. Bemus. } her friends { Miss Nellie Sherred
Mrs. Curwen } her friends { Miss Margaret Paisley
Mr. Willis Campbell, her fiance.....
.....Miss Anna Campbell
Mrs. Roberts, Mr. Campbell's sister.....
.....Miss Mabel Confer
Jane, the maid .....Miss Clara Hinkley

Alumni Notes.

Mr. A. C. Elliott, '95, is preaching at Concord, Ohio.

Miss Letitia Trace, '96, Cleveland, Ohio, is visiting friends in this city.

Mr. F. C. Howe, '89, an attorney of Cleveland, spent Thanksgiving Day with his parents in Meadville.

Joseph B. Richey will be one of the principal instructors in the Beaver County Teachers' Institute, held at Beaver, Dec. 28-Jan. 1.

Rev. T. H. Woodring, '73, has recently been appointed pastor of the First M. E. Church, of Washington, Pa. This is one of the most desirable charges in the Pittsburg Conference, and Dr. Woodring is well able to fill the position.

It is with sorrow that we record the death of Page W. Parsons, ex-'97, which occurred October 28. Mr. Parsons was a victim of that dread disease, consumption, from whose embrace he struggled bravely to free himself, but was finally overcome. He had not been in college for about two years, and probably was not known to most of the students. His friends and relatives have the sympathy of the entire student body in their sad bereavement.

Exchanges.

It is said the following lines were found on the fly-leaf of a school girl's Psychology text-book :

If there should be another flood,
For refuge hither fly ;
'Though all the world should be submerged,
This book will still be dry.

—*Ex.*

COLLEGE VERSE.

Give me a spoon of oleo, ma,
And the sodium alkali,
For I'm going to make a pie, mamma,
I'm going to make a pie.
For John will be hungry and tired, ma,
And his tissues will decompose—
So give me a gramme of phosphate,
And the carbon and cellulose.
Now give me a chunk of caseine, ma,
To shorten the thermic fat ;
And hand me the oxygen bottle, ma,
And look at the thermostat ;
And if the electric oven's cold,
Just turn it on half an ohn,
For I want to have supper ready
As soon as John comes home.
Now pass me the neutral dope, mamma,
And rotate the mixing machine,
But give me the sterilized water first
And the oleomargarine,
And the phosphate, too, for now Ithink,
The new typewriter's quit
And John will need more phosphate food
To help his brain a bit.

—*Chicago News.*