

The Campus.

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

VOL. XIII., No. 11.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE, MEADVILLE, PA., MAY 8, 1897.

NEW SERIES.

The Campus.

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

Within the past week our lines have indeed fallen in pleasant places. Dr. Buckley's presence with us has been an inspiration, and may well be counted the event of the year.

The wonderful scope and accuracy of his information, the terseness of his phrases, the ease of his manner and his attractive enunciation combine to make him one of the most pleasing of speakers.

His chapel talk on Tuesday must have proved to the most skeptical that he is a true

and sincere friend of the small college. His position on the subject is unassailable and his arguments preclude answer.

But the best of all, were his sermons. It is seldom that within three months three such inspired and inspiring apologies for the Christian faith, as the sermons delivered by Drs. Payne and Buckley may be heard.

One might think that the custom of having a commencement orator at Allegheny was deeply enough rooted to cause no comment, but the accustomed protest has been forthcoming. It has been called professionalism, a tacit admission that the graduating class is not able to do credit to the college, an evidence of deterioration in the institution, a sign of decay in higher education and so on until one wonders if there is any other phrase which could be applied to it.

Such statements merit nothing but silence. The public is tired of the glittering generalities and sounding platitudes of commencement. The ability to think and write and speak comes only with long training and the crowning head of the student's life should be marked by the effort of a ripper mind.

There is a certain class of people in this world who never seem to be satisfied. Out of the vast caverns of their at times excited but generally hollow brains are evolved some things fearfully and wonderfully made. An incident proving both these statements occurred this week in Meadville. A communication was read in council, from residents near the college ball grounds, stating that the games played there "are a very great nuisance,

dangerous to life and limbs of small children in the neighborhood and destruction of property," etc.

That there are "small children in the neighborhood" and that "their lives and limbs" are at times endangered, no one who has ever been on the ball field will deny. The moment a player is seen approaching there is a sudden movement in his direction on the part of every child on the hill. One would think the Pied Piper of Hamelin was there. They plunge headlong into the greatest danger, they court death and injury in every possible manner, they are in everybody's way and are absolutely indifferent to advice and caution. Were they kept at home, as they should be, until they acquire a reasonable ability to care for themselves, their lives and limbs would be as safe as the fondest parent could wish. As for being "a very great nuisance," we doubt not that if perchance these kickers ever get within the pearly gates they will protest because the songs of praise are too vociferous, or the golden harps are played with too much energy.

We would respectfully call the attention of these abused people to the unparalleled advantages of an anchorite's existence.

Literary.

Meditation.

Strange are the thoughts that crowd my brain,
As fleeting years go swiftly past
With joy and sorrow in their train;
I ask me oft, is this the last?

E'en though I live the allotted age
Prescribed by law for mortal man,
Faint is my mark on history's page
When I have closed life's weary span.

The clamoring crowd will never read
What I have done, or thought, or said;
My best loved friends will cease to heed
My fondest wish when I am dead.

No knowledge in the grave is mine,
Nor work nor wisdom present there

No sunlight through the gloom shall shine,
No joyous hope or cankering care.

To dust to dust shall quick return,
Each atom seek its destined place;
No more shall ruling passions burn,
For all are locked in death's embrace.

W. J. BELL, '88.

Visions of the Far East.

(CONCLUDED.)

There is disturbance in the air. Buddhism, Confucianism, Shintoism and Seclusion have done their combined work. A vast social fabric founded upon the Categorical Imperative appears in view. Self is effaced, love dethroned and free will extinguished. Duty, the relentless tyrant, enslaves all. Individual is sacrificed for family, family for province, province for country, and country for the whim of a petty despot. The Esoteric Statute laws, that mysterious legacy of Iyeyasu, invisible yet omnipresent and striking right and left, keep the country in one long continued suspense. Thus was it brought about that the Destiny of the Greeks, Karma of the Hindoos, Kismet of the Mussulmans never found, each in its respective land, a more congenial soil than Fatalism in Japan under the Tokugawa regime.

Storm-capped clouds are drifting over Japan, presaging no good for the ancient regime. The revival of the learning which came with the establishment of the Shogunate was fatal to the dynasty which, according to the rigid code of national morals, was nothing but an usurper. For Shintoism, that shadowy cult or religion, which teaches absolute obedience to the ancestral gods in heaven and Mikado on earth, had kept aflame its mystic fire through the changes and vicissitudes of two thousand five hundred years. Feudalism, enervated by two centuries of piping peace, found itself powerless to save this imperium in imperio, the Tokugawa Dynasty. The wall of seclusion

which had kept Japan a world of its own for so long was crumbling to pieces. "Sacred Yamato" was no longer sacred. The foreign ships came oftener and oftener, darkening the horizon with ugly smoke. The weak and vacillating policy of the Yedo government and the increasing sense of outraged justice in the divine person of the Mikado, forshadowed the coming event. The appearance of Commodore Perry and the dalliance of the Yedo Court with the "profane" foreigners and subsequent signing of the treaty without the formality of a permission from Kyoto, hastened the catastrophe. The internal dissensions increased day by day, the air became thick with suspense and feverish expectation, and the year 1867 closed dark and threatening. Time and opportunity were ripe and the standard of "Nishiki" (two colors) was unfurled to the breeze in the month of January, 1868. There was no mistaking the result. The Shogun Keiki himself understood it. To one of his feudal retainers who brought him the news of the outbreak, he answered after the manner of a French King: "Revolt! No, it is a revolution!" He resigned, and the altar of imperialism so long overshadowed by that of the Shogunate, once more shone clear and bright over the land of the Rising Sun. Then followed a flood of reforms and innovations. Provincial barriers, local manners and customs of immemorial standing disappeared and the unification of Japan went on with lightning rapidity. A hundred years came and vanished in a day, and the grown-up man of the middle age found himself transformed at once into a child of the nineteenth century. But instead of the chaos and confusion that were predicted from the cold and stormy Hokkaido to the bright and sunny South, order and regularity followed the new movement, and peace and prosperity smiled over new Japan.

Feudalism as an institution is dead; such is terrestrial law. But feudalism as an ideal will endure; such is celestial law. And as the ideal is much rosier than the actual, the shrine

of the entombed past will ever exercise a powerful fascination upon its devotees.

When Japan shall have exchanged her Yamatodamashee for the Western civilization, her chivalry and romance for the rhadamantine law of debit and credit, when her foreign trade spreading its sails over every known sea and ocean shall have enriched her few but disinherited the many, when the pet "child of the world's old age" shall have grown up to be the bugbear of Asia and nightmare of Europe, hated by Lyons and cursed of Manchester; when she shall have replaced her wistaria-covered cottages and bamboo-sheltered cabins for the air-tight boxes of the flats and the tenebrous houses; when her picturesque yashikis shall be effaced and castles raised, and the great factories, those palaces of supreme misery, shall have pointed to the skies ten thousand chimneys and bade all nations join in huzza and jubilee at this apotheosis of Sodom and Gomorrah, then, indeed, may Naniwa, the daughter of the sun, think of her past and softly sigh, "Oh, for a moment of my childhood hours".

It is past midnight, the great bell of the Honganji proclaims the hour. A million and a half of the human beings around the park have long since gone to sleep. Solitary policemen here and there, a few tired stragglers hastening home, and the evil-minded, those unhappy offsprings of penury and sin, these excepted, not a soul is stirring in the thousand and one streets of Tokyo, the capitol of Japan. Silence doubting its own existence holds its breath and listens. Who can describe the sadly sweet and sweetly sympathetic tone of the Buddhist bell? Hear it once and hear it forever! It is the caressing voice of nature calling to her own children, it is the gospel of Buddhism itself attuned to a celestial music. One stroke of that bell and guilt and crime hide their heads in shame, another stroke and heaven seems to draw nearer to us. Verily the heart understands the magical language and interprets its message:

" Buddha in compassion tender
 With this bell, instead of words,
 Wakens souls from life's illusions,
 Lightens this world's darkness drear."

Vain boasts of principalities and powers, how mean and miserable they seem when once we inhale the fragrant air that comes wafted on the wings of the gentle breeze; when we catch a glimpse of the lotus-blooming Nirvana beckoning from yonder purple cloud. Come ye that are weary and sore athirst, come and take refuge in Buddha, for he has found "the everlasting in the transient", come and drink out of the fountain of immortal truth which shall free you from all evil desires forever. For as the massive beam of the Honganji Temple towers far above the foundations of the building, even so must we, rising above the petty passions and ambitions of this world, attain that region of eternal rest where there is no more sin nor sorrow. The priceless gift of enlightenment is free for all. Glory be to the salvation-bringing lotus of the true law. The bell invites, the mighty peal of welcome spreading north and south, east and west, echoes from the mountain and over the ocean, and filling all space melts into a thousand oratorios, now changing from triumphant pean to joyous song, from song to thankful hymn, from hymn to thoughtful mass, from mass to devout requiem, from requiem to solemn anthem till the whole is merged into a still greater music of the universe and rises to heaven as an incense from below. So mellow, so tender, so full of melancholy, gentle as a dove, sweet as hope, rich as contentment and pure as the driven snow, how the rhythmic tones of those gold-alloyed bronze bells swell and undulate and reverberating over and over again, linger on the distant air.

A Fishing Trip to Canada.

BY C. G. FOX.

It was in the year 1892, a party of four of us, living in Meadville, had talked a good many

times of going to Haliburton, a little village about 100 miles directly north of Toronto, Canada. The place was noted for the excellent fishing afforded by little lakes near by.

We decided to go, and accordingly corresponded with a Haliburtonian whose business it was to equip and conduct fishing parties. He told us that June 5th would be about the right time to start, and gave us instructions as to what we would need in the line of fishing tackle, provisions, etc.

We were told by a certain traveling man that the region we intended to enter was infested with numerous kinds of insects, among which were black flies and mosquitoes, and that they would make the sportsman's life unbearable. Upon inquiry from our correspondent, we learned that these insects were troublesome, but that he had a mixture of tallow, beeswax and oil of peppermint, which, when rubbed on the skin, would protect us from the assaults of these pests.

We started on the morning of the 7th, and went by way of Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Lewiston, and by steamer across Lake Ontario to Toronto. We found Toronto to be a beautiful city. There everything seemed to be so bright, clean and orderly. We took especial notice of the police. These were a fine looking lot of men, straight, tall and handsome. We amused ourselves in various ways until after dinner when we resumed our journey.

We passed through a level strip of country, dotted here and there with farm houses and apple orchards, while flourishing fields of wheat gave sign of the fertility of the soil. Then there were cattle, sheep and swine grazing in the meadows. Altogether the scenery had a homely, but thrifty look, but became gradually more rugged and hilly as we neared our destination.

It was on the evening of the 9th that we reached our journey's end. We came also to the end of the railroad, for Haliburton is situated at the end of this branch of the Grand Trunk lines. At the station we were met by a

man with a one-horse wagon, in which ourselves and our outfit were conveyed to the "Queen's Hotel," the better of the two lodging houses the villages contained.

About half-past five in the evening we started out for a stroll down to a small lake nearby. A beautiful June evening! The sky was as clear as crystal. The sun was slowly sinking behind the Western hills, while a delicious breeze, which seemed to give us new life, sprung up and wafted to us from the nearby forests a peculiar odor, which seemed to taste of the boasted breezes of famous health resorts. It seemed that life had new pleasures in store for us.

Returning to our lodging house we were introduced to our two guides, who were to conduct us on the following morning to our fishing grounds. These men made all necessary arrangements for our trip. They also showed us three black bear skins, the bears having been killed the day before we got there.

We retired quite early that night and dreamed of catching trout and chasing bears. In the middle of the night we all awoke as one man to find that we were not alone. Our companions, and they were numerous, were crawling all over us, not hesitating to get next to the skin. We were almost minded to rub some of our black-fly ointment over ourselves, but thought that by dint of scratching we might hold out until next morning.

We arose at six and started on our journey. We had to walk about a mile and a half to Mud lake, a sheet of water about two miles long. We found a skiff eighteen feet long and a canoe fourteen feet long awaiting us. With our guides we embarked in these, and by a circuitous route among dead trees and stumps, paddled to the other end of the lake.

We found Mud lake to be an arm of Drag lake, a body of water five miles long and one and a half miles wide. From nearly all sides the hills came down abruptly to the water's edge. Large boulders projected here and there, and the surrounding country presented a

somewhat jagged appearance.

Before we reached our landing place a quarter of a mile ahead on the west shore of the lake, one of our party noticed a small white object moving slowly over the surface of the water. Our curiosity was aroused. "That's a bobber and there's a trout on the other end of it," said one of our guides. And sure enough, when we got to it and pulled it into the boat, behold a speckled beauty sixteen inches long, and weighing three pounds. A dainty morsel.

In a short time we had our tent set up, and began to make preparations for dinner. One of our helpers installed himself as cook, while the others set about to get the fishing tackle in shape. The latter began first by making "bobbers." These consist of a piece of white pine eighteen inches long, four inches thick at one end and tapered to one inch thick at the other. At the small end, a piece of line eight feet long, with a large hook, is attached. These "bobbers" are baited with minnows, and when thrown into the lake, float freely about, with the thick end uppermost. They can be plainly seen at a distance of a quarter of a mile.

We then caught a supply of minnows, cast our "bobbers," set our set-lines, and returned for dinner. The daintiest bite we had that day was our first trout. We did not move about much in the fore part of the afternoon, as the sun was beating down quite hard. Nothing seemed to care to move except the insects. The mosquitoes are of the same kind found in our forests, but they seemed to be bigger of body and longer of beak than any we had ever seen before. The black flies are little black insects, three-sixteenths of an inch long. Their legs are covered with a light colored furz and they have claws for feet. They are as quick of motion as our common house-fly, and when they alight upon you, they appear like miniature wolverines, being no less savage. Every jab of the long, unsheathed beak brings a stream of blood.

The trout there resemble our common lake

trout. They are of dark, greenish color, with dark brown spots on the back and sides and white on the bellies. They attain a weight of thirty pounds.

That evening the air was deliciously cool and balmy. The flies had retired, as they do all their work in the middle of the day. But the mosquitoes were in the height of their glory. Our tent seemed alive with them, and we wondered how we were to pass the night with their singing, buzzing and biting. "O," said our cook, "We'll smudge 'em out." He built a fire in front of the tent opening with damp leaves, and fanned the smoke into the tent. The mosquitoes being vanquished, we retired for the night.

Next morning, Saturday, I got up at 5:30. Not a breath of air was stirring, I baited and cast the "bobbler" from one of the canoes, and just as I had cast the last one, I saw one of the others begin to bob up and down. Then I knew I had hooked a fish. I started after that "bobbler" with all the speed I could command. Then it began to move a little faster. It went clear under several times. I thought I must certainly have a big one. How my pulse leapt as I made a grab for that "bobbler". I could see the white belly of my prize flash in the water beneath me. At last I landed him and great was my surprise to find a trout weighing but one pound. One who has never experienced this sport will have to stretch his imagination a great deal to realize fully the pleasure it affords. Of course the surroundings add much to it.

We caught about twenty-two trout that day by means of our "bobbler", set lines, and by trolling. The largest trout caught weighed seven and a half pounds.

In the evening while we were out trolling we scared up a brood of sheldrakes. The little fellows, scarcely more than a week old, scampered over the top of the water, while the mother flopped about in great distress. We also came across several loons. These are a species of large aquatic bird noted for their

shrewdness in eluding a pursuer. They can dive for nearly a quarter of a mile, while their mournful cry of kra-a-yow-kow can be heard for four times that distance.

We got back to camp at 8 o'clock, smoked our corn-bob pipes to pacify the mosquitoes, and then after refreshing ourselves with a— a mineral water from Haliburton, we lay down for the night.

Next day being Sunday, we did no fishing, but spent most of the day in reading books and singing psalms. One of our companions, to whom the flies seemed to take an especial kindness, was forced to tie his head up in a towel to protect it from his tormentors, and by night time his exposed parts resembled raw beef in color and his cheeks looked much like full grown pumpkins. He was the only one of us who suffered serious inconvenience from the insects. This was the last night we spent at our camp.

Next day we took a short trip overland to East Lake. We caught sight of two deer that had come down on the opposite shore of the lake to drink. We then strolled through the woods, and came across two porcupines, which we dispatched in order to get a good look at them. We also came across a black bear which had been caught in a "dead-fall," and had been dead for several days, the atmosphere in the vicinity verifying the time. In order to get rid of this nuisance, one of our guides set fire to the trap, bear and all.

We got back to the camp in the afternoon, and smoked the fish we had not eaten; there were enough to fill a good sized bucket. We wanted to take the fish home to show that we had really caught some, for no one would ever believe anything we ever said, unless we had positive proof.

We spent the night at "The Queen" in Haliburton, and had an excellent time. Our host's daughter entertained us with organ music and songs, and it was with feelings of regret and with very brown faces that we packed our grips the next morning. Our entertainers hoped to

see us again the following year, and each of us felt that we would come again, if it were possible.

Local.

Wolstoncroft (at the hall)—“It’s me, Katy, you know *who*.”

Beazell—“Cuba should be a nation *de facto* as well as in reality.

The Y. M. C. A. hand-book will be out in ten days or two weeks.

Grant—“I’ll have to get something to warm me up, or I’ll cool off.”

Dr. Rice (chapel, Tuesday)—“Hey Morey! where’d the kid come from?”

The Alpha Chi’s wore colors last week for Miss Jessie Merchant, their latest initiate.

Fred A. Hartung, ex-’99, spent last week at the Phi Delta Theta House, Loomis street.

Reitz, in Philo—I stood and gazed on the water, clear as crystal, green as an emerald.”

The *Kaldron* this year will be one that will reflect credit upon the college and the board.

What made E. E. Smith laugh so heartily during Dr. Crawford’s prayer Sunday morning?

Sir William bore Fred E. Grauel, of Greenville, into the Phi Delta Theta fold last week

Porter says that Robinson’s principles and practice is destroying all the morality he ever had.

Dr. Hamnett is back after a visit of several weeks with friends and relatives in Pittsburg and vicinity.

Maj. A. G. Williams, a distinguished lawyer of Butler, spent several days last week at the Sig House, the guest of his son, Benjamin J. Williams.

Miss Marie Davis, one of last year’s students, was married on Thursday, April 29, to Dr. R. DeVere King, a prominent dentist of Reynoldsville, Pa.

Dr. Crawford, on a recent Sunday visit to Pittsburg, delivered his usual sermon on “Service and Ministry.” He seems to have it in for the Smoky city.

“It seems to me I’ve Senior before,” said a Junior to Stewart. “Take your hands Soph, or Prep. are to die,” responded the General, “You’re entirely too Fresh.”

The contestants for the inter-collegiate oratorical meet who have so far been chosen are Weyand, Allegheny; Watson, Thiel; Ferguson, Westminster; W. U. P. Campbell, W. Va. University.

Dr. Charles J. Little, formerly Professor of History and Political Science in Syracuse University, but now President of Garrett Biblical Institute, has been secured as commencement orator by the Senior class.

At the seventh national convention of Alpha Chi Omega, held with Alpha chapter, at Greencastle, Ind., the week commencing March 28th, Delta was represented by Miss Susanna Porter. Much work was accomplished and a very enjoyable time reported by the delegates.

Messrs. Allen and Stratton were the representatives of the local *ΣΑΕ* chapter at the banquet given in honor of President McKinley after the dedication of the Grant memorial. One hundred and twenty-five delegates, representing every chapter of the fraternity were present.

At an entertainment in the Congregational church in Delaware, a young Armenian, Azhdarian, was to sing a song in his native tongue. A flag was handed him as he ascended the platform, but when he looked at it he saw it was the emblem of Turkey. In anger he threw it upon the floor and stamped upon it while the audience applauded.—*Salem Republican*.

The preliminary oratorical contest, judged from the number of contestants and the support received from the faculty and students was, perhaps, a rather indifferent success. But

in point of carefully prepared and well delivered orations was, beyond doubt, the most successful held for years past under the direction of the college. The audience was sympathetic and enthusiastically applauded the speakers. The decision of the judges gave general satisfaction. The speakers and their subjects follow: The Judiciary—The Palladium of our Liberties, ...Mr. Paul Weyand Citizenship.....Mr. Lowry E. Humes The Puritan and the Cavalier...Mr. J. Oren Wait

Mr. J. E. McKinney, who was to have been a contestant and had written an oration on "Will Power and its Relative, Perseverance," was compelled by reason of a painful accident sustained the day before the contest, to withdraw. The judges were Prof. N. P. Gilman, of the Theological school, Dr. Ken. C. Hayes, of the First Presbyterian church, and Dr. Will. C. King, of the Baptist church.

The musical numbers on the program were delightful, and those who so kindly tendered their assistance have placed the committee on arrangements and the local association under great obligations. The program was as follows: Violin solo.....Simple Aveu

Miss Clara Hinckley.

Vocal solo.....A Soldiers' Dream

Mr. Harry Robinson.

Vocal solo. My Hame is Where the Heather Blooms

Miss Charlotte Heiner.

Mr. Weyand, the winner, is a son of the Hon. Jacob Weyand, of Beaver. He was the winner of the Philo oration contest last year, and during his school days won the "Board of Education Gold Medal for Oratory." He is well able to represent Allegheny in the inter-collegiate contest.

Our ball team left Friday morning last for Fredonia, where they played the Institute club of that place. It was a good practice game for the boys, and although Fredonia, under the high excitement of their base-ball fever, was from the start confident of winning. The game resulted in Allegheny's favor by a score of 27 to 7. Seven innings were played when

the supper bell called the visitors from the field in the midst of a good batting streak. The batteries were, for Fredonia: Rogers, Maxwell, J. Greer, G. Greer; for Allegheny, Borland and Brady. Our opponents got but four hits off our own Walter S. Humes announces another game soon.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

Students and others who wish to improve their time profitably, while in school or during the summer months, should take an agency for Everybody's Dictionary, vest-pocket size. This little dictionary contains over 33,000 words and is the most useful book published. One man has sold more than 1,500 copies. It makes a splendid "side line" in connection with other business. Write for catalogue and terms, to The Practical Text Book Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Alumni Notes.

Miss Ida M. Tarbell, '80, paid a short visit to her home in Titusville recently.

Miss Myrna Langley, '95, is teaching English at the Raines school, Youngstown.

Clement W. Miner, '81, of Union City, attended Dr. Buckley's lectures this week.

W. J. Bell, M. D., '88, of St. Joseph, Mo., is junior editor of *The Medical Herald*, one of the leading medical journals of the west.

Dr. Charles B. Mitchell, '79, of Duluth, is to deliver the baccalaureate sermon before the graduating class of the University of Minnesota in June.

Will T. Mossman, '95, staff artist of the *Pittsburg Leader*, drew a number of clever sketches of the great fire in Pittsburg last week.

Miss Frances M. Slater, '96, is visiting friends at Hulings Hall. She is on her way home to Tidioute after spending the winter in Florida, Atlanta, Chattanooga and Cincinnati.

The nomination by Gov. Hastings of Geo. F. Davenport, '68, as commissioner of the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Feeble-minded, has been confirmed by the Senate. Judge Christopher Heydrick, '52, is president of the board.

The death of Rev. Samuel Wykoff, '58, of La Crosse, Wis., on April 28th, has been announced. He was a graduate of Union Theological Seminary, and during the oil excitement was a prominent pastor and organizer in and around Titusville. Of late years he resided in the west and was a most successful pastor.

Dr. Camden McC. Coburn, '76, pastor of the Trinity M. E. church, Denver, is attracting widespread attention by his institutional church methods. He has successfully conducted for some time past a wood yard, by working in which a man may secure a meal or lodging. Dr. Coburn's latest venture is the Trinity Reading College, similar in purpose and modus operandi to the C. L. S. C.

The College World.

Exchanges.

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

The following verse has been seen in several magazines and probably expresses the sentiments of many business managers :

The wind bloweth,
The water floweth,
The subscriber oweth,
And the Lord knoweth
That we are in need of dues.
So come a-runnin'
E'er we go gunnin'
This kind of dunnin'
Gives us the blues.

—Ex.

Bibles and "baptismal pants" are advertised by the Baptist Book Concern, of Louisville, Ky.

—Ex.

An institution is made truly great to the world's eyes and precious to the world's heart ; not by the large number that come in, but the quality and merit of those who go out ; not by the noise that is made about it but by the solid immortal work it does as the source of character. —Ex.

A professor of systematic theology, being unable to hear his class, the following notice was given : "The professor being ill, requests me to say that the Seniors may keep on thro' purgatory, and the middle class continue the descent into hell until further notice from the professor. —Ex.

A young gentleman who seeks a situation is not as likely to succeed as the young man who hustles for a job. —Ex.

A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Our little Willie died to-day,
We see his face no more ;
What Willie thought was H₂ O,
Proved H₂ S O₄ —Ex.

We don't want to buy your dry goods,
We don't like you any more,
You'll be sorry when you see us
Going to some other store.
You can't sell us any shirt waists,
Four-in-hands or other fads,
We don't want to buy your dry goods
If you won't give us your ads. —Ex.

The bald-headed man in his family pew
Leaned back on the cushions and slumbered ;
And he dreamed that the preacher these words
had proclaimed :

"The hairs of your head are all numbered."

The bald-headed man awoke with a start
From his weekly devotional slumbers ;
Then he sank on his knees and fervently prayed,
"O Lord send me down the back numbers."

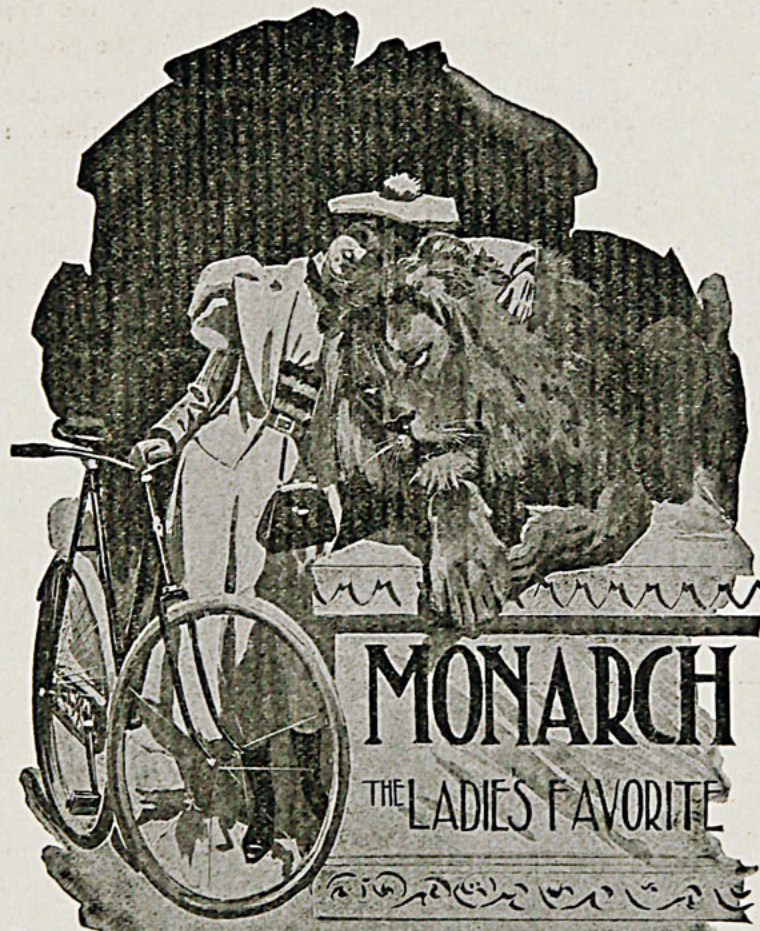
—Ex.

YES, DEAR GIRLS.

Lives of old maids should remind you
Your sweet charms won't always stay,
And the blush of youth, dear maidens,
Soon, oh soon will fade away.]

Oh ! then, girls, be up and doing ;
Seize on any chap you can,
For, remember, time is flitting.

Let your watchword be, A Man.—Ex.



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