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

THE attendance at Allegheny this term is a matter of congratulation to the college and its efficient board of instructors. According to Pres. Wheeler's statement, for the first time in many years, the attendance in the winter term exceeds that of the preceding fall term. All will undoubtedly agree with the Doctor in attributing this emphatic evidence of substantial growth and healthy condition of the college to the harmony, good feeling and resulting fruitful co-operation that has characterized its governmental affairs, and also very materially to the high standard of efficiency possessed by the instructors employed, men thoroughly equipped for the work in which they are engaged, specialists in their own lines, instead of, what has sometimes been the case, worn-out clerical timber in want of a snap. We sincerely hope the specialist has come to stay and with him the future of the college lies up the slopes of prosperity and progress. The institution has learned that which, if held in memory, will prove of priceless value as a guide for future action. Certain it is, we can congratulate ourselves upon the thriftiness of the present.

* * *

DR. TRUEMAN'S most thorough knowledge of the classics and his effective methods of instruction, in connection with the numerical showing of his more advanced classes, brings us face to face with the question, "Is not the study of the classics being neglected?" This immediately involves us in the old conflict between the devotees of the classics and the supporters of ultra utilitarianism. We do not care to pitch our hostile tent on the long and hardly contested field, and have no desire to cross swords on a question that has puzzled many a wiser head. Yet allow us a few suggestions without making any attempt to gain possession of the whole field. Firstly, then, remember that progress is not measured in dollars and cents, when you refuse to study Greek because it is hard and does not directly tend to expand the pocket book. Secondly, you don't study Greek because it's behind time and not so important as the scientific knowledge of to-day. But please bear in mind that anything in advance depends upon a thorough knowledge of all that has passed before. Thirdly, if you propose to understand English without the study of Greek, it will not require a very long life time in which to find yourself mistaken. But our argument is not directed against those who wish a thorough

knowledge of the sciences, but to those who would assay to gain a classical education or its equivalent by the study of German and French, in place of Greek. The trouble lies here, many a student who enters college with the intention of pursuing the classical course, drifts into the modern language course, simply because somebody says it is lighter and easier. Greek is made the shibboleth of ungetableness. This action is repeated again and again, without proper thought and consideration of the true merits of the studies pursued. In consideration of the excellent instruction that is being given in the classics, many students are doing themselves an injury by not sticking to the Greek and Latin. It is encouraging to note that the Freshman Greek class is larger this year than last, and we sincerely hope that the Sophomore Greek class next year will be something more than nominal, as it is at present, in so far as numbers are concerned.

* * *

YET this is but a tangent evil projected from a great central principle of misconception. There is a great and seemingly growing tendency to hurry through the college course, an object whose attainment often results in a slighting of work, detrimental both to the graduate and through him to the college whose standard of proficiency he exhibits to the scrutiny of the world. Just what should be the standard of a college education and just how much time should be devoted to it, is an open question. But however this question is settled, injury is certainly done when one rushes through a course without really getting in touch with any study, slighting everything to such an extent that no branch nor line of work has been rendered especially interesting, simply because no worthy investment has been made in it. It is a very difficult and most important task to discover just what work is best suited for each individual. A college course, properly pursued, will discover that line in which one's ability can be turned with the least possible waste resulting from the resolution of forces and the rejection of the wrongly-tending components. For some line of work will be found especially adapted to each individual. There are certainly cases in which a shortening of the time spent in college is advisable. But as a rule a man had much better put another year into his college work and enter life a little later, than to rush through the course and take a headlong leap into the world without the slightest idea of the landing place and no preparation to do anything when once landed. Graduates of this character are too common, and are no recommendation to the institution graduating them. The Faculty has, it is true, somewhat encouraged the "rushing" business by permitting it to be carried on. They are not, however, responsible for the student's action. As Pres. Wheeler not long ago stated, the Faculty aims to give what the students desire, in so far as it is possible and permissable, and in a democratic educational institution, as Allegheny, the general sentiment of the student body is a potent factor in regard to any matter. Before you cut short your college course by a year or more, carefully consider your action. Would it not be more to your advantage to spend another year in college? It is not alone sufficient to gain a thorough knowledge of the studies pursued. A college education does not, or at least should not, mean credit for so many studies on the college records. It should signify a broadening of the mind and its training to grapple with questions originally, not a mere stuffing process to produce an objective compound, but a development of the individual. This is obtained not alone by faithful work in the class room, but by a general study as well of literature and the doings and conditions of your own times

and by some process of thought through which what is received is made your own. What is mapped out in the curriculum for a year's study is all that can be properly digested and assimilated. If students would more carefully consider the objects for which a college course is pursued, many mistakes would be avoided.

* * *

THE time is rapidly approaching for the local contest to choose Allegheny's representative in the inter-collegiate Oratorical Contest. No prize has as yet been secured, and it is full time that it be taken into serious consideration. It is useless to enter into a discussion of the benefits to be derived therefrom in the line of literary work. The matter before us now is the necessity of securing a prize of proportions mete to the occasion. It should be at least sufficient to defray the expenses of the representative, and no difficulty should be experienced in securing fifty or one hundred dollars. That amount can certainly be obtained, if the proper amount of enthusiasm and energy is set to work in its behalf. The contest can be made one of the most important features of the college year, and add fuel to the almost extinguished flames of literary enthusiasm. If no single alumnus can be prevailed upon to establish a prize, perhaps several will do so jointly. If no permanent prize can be secured this year, a fund for this purpose might perhaps be raised by holding the contest in one of the churches of the city and charging an admission fee. This would also furnish an "ad." for the college.

* * *

MAJOR KREPS, who recently took stock in the great matrimonial corporation, receives the good wishes and congratulations of the host of friends, whom he leaves behind as the result of his three years of work as Military Instructor at Allegheny. We feel assured of its realization in expressing the hope that the Major will always recall with feelings of pleasure his days at old Allegheny.

* * *

THE CAMPUS, as no doubt our readers have already noticed, is taking its impressions from a new type, a long neglected need. The appearance of its pages are much improved thereby, and our proof reader is enabled to discern more readily the letters of the alphabet, owing to their nearer conformity to the conventional standard. With pleasure we bid adieu to the tailless *r*, stern-wrecked *y*, and exploded *o*.

Campus Light Notes.

The Court House clock had struck a dismal, hollow *one* that clanged out over the city with a depth of sound a cannon's roar could not produce at noonday, and struck the deaf ear of the solitary city watchman, who, reclining against the postoffiice telegraph pole, was on duty snoring for Morpheus. On the hill, Hulings had long since yielded to silence; the cook's sweetheart had gone home, and the stillness of death reigned over the sleeping beauties of the Hall. Theta Nu Epsilon had adjourned its meeting in the basement engine room of Bently, and the sound of the light footfalls on the stone pavement had died away. The CAMPUS reporter stood in the lonely, deserted campus, noticing the the condition of surroundings and watching for any developments that might prove worthy of note. The heavens were completely overcast with dark, heavy, low-hanging clouds. The moon had set. No heavenly body furnished the slightest light. A pure, unadulterated, Mosaic-Egyptian-plague darkness enveloped everything. The scribe scooped up a few handfulls, pressed it into a solid ball, and put it into his pocket to analyze at the afternoon chemistry hour. The awful stillness and darkness of the night was appalling; his imagination peopled the surroundings with ghosts, hobgoblins, witches and even devils. The wind was soughing through

the bare branches of the ghostly trees and seemed to be speaking in measured tones, tones which, at first, were difficult to catch, but which seemed to grow more and more articulate as they fell on the ears of the reporter, crouching, trembling and shivering, in the cold, chilling blast. Whether this was a result of the reporter's imaginations, brought upon by the terrible impressiveness of the situation, or in reality the trees were gifted with the power of speech, it is difficult to say. But certain it is, the articulation became more and more distinct. A word now and then fell distinctly on the air. The reporter pulled out a dark lantern, fished a pencil and paper from his pocket and was just ready to note down the words of the sighing tree, when a splash, a scream and a shout fell on the dead silence of the night, and gave him such a start as almost caused him to drop lantern and pencil. Gaining a little courage, he made his way to Lake George and helped pull out a student and one of the Hall girls, who, owing to the darkness, had fallen into the water, and had it not been for the reporter's timely appearance, might have met their final doom in the treacherous waves. The reporter helped the gallant in getting his lady into the Hall through one of the front windows, and held him up to kiss his sweetheart good-night. The reporter then went back to note the words of the old trees, having promised not to reveal the name of his unfortunate friend, while the latter wended his way homeward to doff his wet clothes and get to bed. In the awful stillness that again enveloped everything, the words of the wind, soughing through the old trees, became quite distinct and were recorded by the light of the dark lantern. They commenced, "In olden days, when——" But the rest of the reporter's notes, we are sorry to say, have been mislaid and, although dilligent search has been made, have not yet come to light. If they are found before our next issue appears, they will be inserted.

No wonder time flies; time is money.—*Puck.*

Literary.

A Ride on the Mississippi.

Some one has said that time is reckoned not by days, but by events. The average American of to-day lives more in ten years than his forefathers did in thirty. This is an age of mad rush. Quiet, continued enjoyment is a thing unknown to us. We gulp our pleasures as most of us do our food. A time is "pokey" if it does not afford at least sixty distinct sensations per minute. We do not even nurse our sorrows now. We extract from them a kind of melancholy pleasure and hasten on to create new ones. This is the reason that steamboat travel on our inland waters has practically become a thing of the past. We resort to the rumbling, the jolting, the hurry and the dirt of the railway train in preference. Yet, a few steamers continue to ply between different points on the Mississippi.

It was at New Orleans, in the fall of '87, that we boarded one of these vessels bound for St. Louis. We reluctantly bade good-by to the Crescent City, with all her quaint, odd ways, her mixture of Creole, African and modern American blood and manners. But the bell of the steamer sounded, the last passenger rushed aboard, the gang-plank was drawn up, the steam was turned into the cylinder, the water-wheel began to splash, the helmsman directed the rudder, and we glided into the current. We stood by the railing of the deck until the faces of friends became indistinct in the distance, waved our last farewell, and turned away from that mingled mass of southern filth and hospitality.

We mechanically begin to take an inventory of our compartments. We are afloat on a three decked steamer, the first a few feet from the water, the second some fifteen feet higher and the next a dozen higher still. The pilot house forms the apex. The first deck is devoted to the merchandise, the second to humanity, and

the third to the Negroes. The Negroes at the South have reached an intermediate position. They require a special classification. The state-room runs the length of the second deck. At the prow of the vessel, on one side is the office, on the other the saloon. Along the central hallway, on either side, are the berths. Altogether, it is a veritable palace afloat.

But the description of a steamboat ride is not a description of things, of events, but of thoughts, of sensations. No sooner have you severed your connection with the land than a subtle change begins to creep over you. Your boat glides so easily, so effortless up its watery track, you seem to imbibe the spirit of its existence and imperceptibly your muscles begin to lose their tension. The steady *plash*, *plash* of the water-wheel in the rear makes a music of a pleasing monotone and unconsciously your thoughts become a monotone, conducive rather to reverie than to the electrical flashes of former experiences. The gentle swaying of the boat, the seeming absence of a tangible substance on which it rests brings back a troop of childhood remembrances stored with fairy ships and white, gauzy sails. The elements speak and the soul responds. Here would be the place for the metaphysician to study the nature of the million fibers which bind the soul to gross material. We are carried away to former experiences and distant scenes. We see not alone our own craft gliding up the Mississippi, but also another, smaller and more rude, toilsomely making its way up the Hudson, a prodigy in its day. We note the progress of intervening years. We see that our advancement in wealth, science and even in civilization consists in man's harnessing nature and making it obedient to his commands. We boast of our achievements. We create nothing. We manipulate a ten-billionth part of nature, or not so much, and talk of our advanced science.

What about the landscapes through which we pass? What lavish words do we waste on their exquisite charms? There are none. Our world is narrowed down to our floating palace and the element on which it rests, a ribbon of water in a dark setting, banks visible for a few rods, covered, possibly, with shrubby timber. This little world is amply sufficient. We gaze down on that muddy water and wonder where under her peaceful bosom lies the leaden coffin of De Soto. We wonder what griefs her waters have washed away, what joys they have witnessed, what sins they have covered up, what filth they hide.

We people those banks with the wild dwellers of the primitive forests; we cover the stream with their canoes; we hear again their war whoop; we see their bows drawn and their dusky forms descend into the waves to rise no more. Their wild life taught them to battle and to die. Civilization teaches them no more. We can pilot a boat over the shoals of the river, but we have not learned to pilot a human soul over the shoals of life.

Our vessel is nearing Vicksburg. Our thoughts are turned into different channels. We think of the "fleets of iron" that floated past that southern stronghold. We can see again those dark monsters floating down through the mist and the night. No sound is heard save the rippling of the waves. Union hearts beat high with hope. Suddenly those fortifications vomit fire. Hell is there. We have a story of the creation of earth and heaven, none of the creation of a place of torment. Man creates that. The blackest side of humanity is its tendency to convert the gifts of nature, which it might enjoy, into implements for its own tortue. We pass by this strife. It was only a reflex action on the finger tip of the human race. A mosquito was biting and an involuntary muscle brushed it away. What! Were not a million lives lost, agonies untold suffered? You imagine the human race a boiling caldron? No; a breeze had struck the surface, raised a tiny wave and destroyed the equilibrium. It was the human race getting down to dead level again. True, a few thousand widows mourning! Only a speck on the mighty ocean of human suffering.

We are going to make a landing. We float up to the wharf. The plank is dropped. Some deck hands rush out with a cable, give it a few turns around a post, and we are anchored. Just so does the moving portion of the human race attach itself occasionally to a dead past, while it unloads an idea or takes on ballast. Do not say that the conservative man, the fixed man, the man who neither advances nor recedes is of no use in the world. He does to anchor to occasionally.

Did we say there is no activity about a steamboat? Watch those men as they rush up and down the gang plank. Hear the oaths of the mate as he gives his orders. A remnant of slavery is there, a slavery in which a man for two dollars per day sells to some one the privilege to swear at him, to strike him and to kick him. But what are the odds? We are all slaves. We sell our rights, our souls to the church and it does our thinking, our citizenship to the politicians and they do our voting, our bodies to the devil and he wears them out. We are grown up children, who still suck our nourishment from the breasts of superannuated social organizations.

We pass on up the stream. The perpendicular rays of the August sun descend upon us. We completely forget the world of reality. This is our world of unreality, our elysium, our fairy land. We can sit for hours and not grow weary. We do not require perpetual amusement. We lounge; we chat a little. We gaze into a pair of large, dark, dreamy eyes. It is always dangerous to look at a woman, doubly so under circumstances like these. We peruse a novel, nothing heavy, light, gauzy, evanescent, love, purity.

We have already passed a night on the river, rocked to sleep on its gentle waves. Our second night was one of those perfect summer nights. A breeze blew gently, refreshing, not cold. The stars glimmered faintly, the eyes of the angels looking down on the deeds of men. The moon rode full in the zenith, shedding its mellow light on the waters. We descended to the lower deck and sat down by the prow. We extended our hands into the spray as it rose in front, thrown up by the cut-water into myriad particles. The water-wheel in the rear continued its steady monotone. The breezes sighed gently, accompanied by the music of the waves. All else was still. The broad river before us was a path of rippling silver liquid, darkening at the edges to a penumbra and then to a complete shadow. It seemed like the broad pathway of life, brilliant, beautiful, mellow, merging into gloom. It made one of the impressions of a lifetime. It was an hour when conscience holds sway over the mind of man. It had the impressiveness of a judgment day. All the deeds of a lifetime march before you, not pell-mell, but steadily, in all their power and majesty, each saluting as it passed with the words, "You are my author." They pass. We look into the future and say, "What next?" A deck hand arouses himself from his lethargy and emits one one of those oaths for which he is famous. It sounds awful in that stillnes. One could imagine it the turbulent, liquid, fire wave of a hell bursting into the streets of heaven, chaos projected into order. We arouse from our reverie and seek the state-room.

The lower Mississippi is remarkable for the few positions on its banks suitable for a city. They are low and swampy. Malaria is the curse of the lowlands. Consequently few cities are built. We arrive at Memphis. We land on a fine wharf. The first building that attracts our attention is the postoffice building. It is a government structure. It, together with saloons, occupy one street. Appropriately situated! The government and the liquor element run their business in partnership, each getting a share of the proceeds. The immutable, unchangeable goddess of justice has something human about her. Where she cannot conquer the devil, she will go into partnership with him.

Memphis has the strangest mixture of the old and the new, filth and splendor, death and life. She still has the men of the conquered South.

She is just beginning to fall in with the march of modern civilization. For twenty years she stood off in the gloom, mournfully watching the mighty procession. She has joined the "New South" now.

As we proceed toward the north, the banks of the stream become more abrupt, the current more rapid. The character of the passengers changes—more life, more energy and more activity. Our spell is already dissolving. We are emerging from a land of dreams into a land of activity; from a southern, sunny fairyland to a cold, northern, angular reality. We step on the wharf at St. Louis. Our steamboat ride is over. Never but half real, it is now a sweet recollection cherished away in memory.

It was a rustic seat along the highway of life. It was a rest, a sleep where the winds and the waves and the murmuring pines and even man's own passions united to sing a pleasing lullaby.

D. LOWRY MCNEES.

The College World.

Exchanges.

The following clipping from the Washington *Post*, shows how many of our "Solons" continue the acquaintance with ancient classics, begun in college days:

"There was much knitting of brows and cudgeling of brains among the Latin scholars in the House yesterday. An afternoon paper appeared a day or two ago with a Latin motto, '*Nunquam animus sed ignis via*.' The college graduates in the press gallery put their wits to work, and after one of them had discovered the meaning it was decided to put the university men on the floor to the test. Representative Wilcox, of Connecticut, who studied law at Yale, gave it up with the expression that he could do better if the sentence was not incomplete. Representative Buchanan, of Virginia, who is an alumnus of two Virginia universities, tried in vain to help Mr. Wilcox in the translation. Mr. Wilson, of West Virginia, one of the ablest men on the floor, said that he did not recall the quotation, and that it was impossible to catch its full import without the context. Literally, he thought it would read: 'Never the mind (spirit) but fire makes the way,' and he added that he would try and find it. Representative Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, who, with Judge Stewart, of Virginia, wrestled with the problem, thought the quotation was from some press reporter or had probably originated from some old Greek who was not very familiar with the Roman language. He made a free translation, without respect to grammar, which read, 'never mind, but fire away.' Without knowing it, Mr. Dalzell struck the keynote of the joke."

We have the pleasure of introducing to our students *The Souvenir*, a monthly journal from Scarritt Collegiate Institute. It is a very welcome visitor to our table, and like all truly great college papers, its external appearance is no indication of the excellency within. We heartily wish that her visits to our "sanctum" may be regular.

The following things concerning "books" fell under our notice, and we give it because of its excellence:

God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all, who faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am, no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling. If the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakespeare, to open to me the words of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man though excluded from what is called the best society, in the place where I live.—*Channing*.

There is a great deal of truth in Dr. Patton's remark "that it was better to have gone to college and loafed than never to have gone at all,"

and yet how few of us enjoying this privilege realize our opportunities. Dr. Patton meant to say, no doubt, that the association with all classes at a college was highly beneficial. How much we learn from our fellows, both from their mistakes and their successes. It isn't in the class room that we get the rough corners worn off, but in the competition with our fellows. One sentence passed upon us by our fellow students has more weight than whole volumes given by our professors. The college world is a distinct and separate world, and no one can reside for any length of time with us and be the same person, as when he came among us. Let us then, in these years of "probation," before we enter active life, improve our opportunities, by getting better acquainted with each other, and by trying to raise the standard of the college so high that others, in trying to emulate our example, will find that "loafing" is not our watch-word, but constant, conscientious work.

"Education is the salvation of the race. One of the easiest things in the world is to be mistaken. Study is the bane of boyhood, the ailment of youth, the indulgence of manhood, and the restorative of old age."—*Ex.*

A recent temperance address had four excellent arguments—*four sons*. What could be better—four sons to be saved from drunkard's graves! A teacher said recently that she had forty-two arguments why she should study her profession—*forty-two pupils;* what could be stronger? An eminent physician recently studied his books all night to find a clew to the cure of a desperate case he was treating. He found it! The patient was cured! A preacher studied hard all week over his Sunday morning sermon. He preached it and the entire congregation was deeply moved. His hearers was his argument. Our only good arguments are personal ones, and they are found outside ourselves—eternal selfishness is the cause of eternal sin. When we get outside self, we get into the light. But shouldn't we study self? Shouldn't we know self? Certainly, it is the highest of all knowledge. But how should we study self? By shutting up ourselves within ourselves? By constant introspection? No. We study ourselves in others. *He who is forgetful of self has the best knowledge of himself.* Here is a basic law. Study it in the light of history, and experience, and it will be found sound doctrine.

Respectfully dedicated to our very excellent business manager, Geo. S. Ray:

I had a dream the other night
While everything was still;
I dreamed that each subscriber
Came up and paid his bill.—*Ex.*

Local.

La grippe.

Monday was ground hog day.

Miss Hassler will not be in college this term.

"Without the numbers, count fours."—Capt. C——.

Morey preached for Rodkey at Albion last Sunday.

Fred McElroy spent Sunday, January 25, in Oil City.

Minniss spent Sunday with his ——— near Saegertown.

E. E. Higley is now a local preacher at Harmonsburg.

Biels has left college, having gone west to assist his brother.

H. D. Whitfield spent Sunday visiting a friend in Warren, Ohio.

Berlin's brother is spending a few days with him at Allegheny.

Rodkey was called to Cambridgeboro to preach last Sunday.

F. H. Blackmarr spent Sunday, February 1 in Jamestown, N. Y.

H. W. Rand went to Oil City, Friday, to spend Sunday with his parents.

After a two weeks' absence in Chicago, Danforth has returned to college.

W. W. Youngson occupied the pulpit at the A. M. E. Church Sunday morning.

Students in Trig.—"Say, Jack, is this 'a' in opposition with that one?"

"'Left forward, fours right! March!' Guess you've all had that command."—Lieut. W——d.

Schofield, Campbell, Pease, Crary are on the sick list. Campbell and Crary went to their homes last week.

A Cyclopædia of Practical Quotations has been added to the library. This is a valuable work and should be appreciated by all.

The account of Prof. Thomas' marriage, which appears in this number, was crowded out of the last issue on account of lack of space.

The College was well represented at "Faust" last week, and the students filled the peanut gallery also the evening of "The Gondoliers."

G. L. Hamilton, late in the employ of the E. & P. R. R., at Lawrence Junction, spent Sunday in the city, the guest of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity.

The congregation of the Park Avenue Church had the pleasure of listening to a practical sermon by Pres. Wheeler, in the absence of their pastor, last Sunday morning.

"Prayer Day" was properly observed at Allegheny last Thursday. As is the custom, no classes were heard after chapel hour. The regular exercises of that hour were supplemented by a practical address by Dr. T. C. Beach, of the Stone Church.

We call attention to the Kodak Camera advertisement. The Eastman Co. are liberal advertisers, and have one of the best cameras on the market. The camera club should be reorganized, and each member should get a Kodak.

In the near future a series of lectures upon Germany, France, Italy and other countries of the old world, illustrated by stereoptican views, will be given by various member of the Faculty. We feel sure that these lectures will be instructive, as well as highly interesting.

Lieut. McDonald, of the U. S. regular army, has been detailed to give military instructions in an educational institution situated at Grove City. The institution, we understand, has been under military rule from the time of its founding, but the "Czar" is reported to be failing and in need of a lieutenant.

A request has been received for the following addresses:

Mrs. Clara Snyder Hollister, '85, Warren, O.
Mrs. Marie Wilkinson Howell, '87, Madison, N. J.
Mrs. Lydia Wood Bodley, '85, Baton Rouge, La.
Miss Mary E. S. Scott, '86, Gratz, Owen Co., Ky.
Miss Myrtie E. Rice, '88, Westfield, N. Y.
Miss Lizzie Miller, '87, Meadville, Pa.
Miss Eva Brundage, '88, Slippery Rock, Pa.
Miss Gertrude M. Merchant, '87, Grove City, Pa.
Miss Lillie Fradenburg, '88, Warren, Pa.

We should like to know:

When the base-ball club will be organized?

Why the foot-ball team is clear "out of sight" yet?

When Philo will get a key to unlock the door, so that a meeting can be held?

Why Adams studied physics so long?

Why Senior Howe shaved off the hirsute appendage on his upper lip?

Why the editorial staff don't offer a prize for some good jokes?

How you like the new gymnasium building?

What black art McNees used to get the lady judges to vote for his side of the debate?

Why the library is not opened in the afternoons?

Why Starr don't choose the "stump" for a profession?

Who stole the chickens for Hulings' table?

The announcement that the Allegheny Literary Society would hold its declamation contest Monday, February 2nd, was sufficient to fill the chapel almost to overflowing on that evening. The decision of the judges, awarding the prize to Mr. W. W. Youngson, was satisfactory to the audience. Mr. Elmer E. Higley was given honorable mention. The vocal duet by Misses Anna Murphy and Eula Manett, the solos by Miss Ruby Krick, of the Conservatory, and the songs by the Quintette Club were special features of the evening's entertainment. The program was as follows:

Prayer.
Music.
"The Sleeping Sentinel,".....C. L. Miller.
Music.
"The Strike at the Forge,"....W. W. Youngson.
Music.
"The Debating Society,".....Elmer E. Higley.
Music.
Decision of Judges.
Judges,
Rev. T. C. Beach, A. G. Richmond, Wm. Henderson.

It was our good fortune to be able to attend the regular meeting of the Ossoli Literary Society last Friday evening. Upon entering the ladies' hall, we were at once struck with the cheerfulness and cleanliness of the room, and thought if that had any virtue in securing members, Ossoli would have the best society in college. The program was an excellent one, and was rendered in a style that showed plainly the benefits of such a society. The essays, especially, by Misses Allen and Trumper, were spicy and very original. The declamations by Misses Johnson and Ward were long but well rendered. Miss Graham is to be complimented for the manner in which she gave a select reading. The program was interspersed with instrumental and vocal music by the members. During the evening several gentlemen from Philo dropped in to see their sister society and, in the absence of the regular debaters of the evening, Messrs. McNees and Adams debated the question, "Resolved, that the study of science does more for the cultivation of the mind than the study of language." McNees, affirm; Adams, deny. After a heated contest, the fair lady judges gave their decision in favor of Mr. McNees. The officers of the organization for this term are: President, Miss Household; Vice-President, Miss Watson; Recording Secretary, Miss Howard; Treasurer, Miss Trumper; Corresponding Secretary, Miss V. Gelvin; Sergeant-at-Arms, Miss Bascom; Critics, Misses Warner and Allen.

The following article, taken from the Poultney (N. Y.) *Journal* of December 26, 1890, explains itself:

BRILLIANT WEDDING.

"One of the most enjoyable gatherings had in the town of Hampton, N. Y., for a long time, was that at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Ray last Thursday evening, the occasion being the marriage of their accomplished daughter, Hattie, and Prof. J. Wesley Thomas, of Pennsylvania. Over one hundred invitations had been extended to relatives and friends. Nearly all of these were responded to with their presence and most beautiful presents. Mrs. Francis E. Moseley had the parlors handsomely decorated for the occasion. Just behind the bride and groom was built a bank of solid green, and within the folds was deftly hidden a lyre. Mrs. Moseley doubtless intended the green and lyre to be symbolic of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas' wedded life; the former a symbol of youth—freedom from those cares and anxieties that make us old before our time; the latter a symbol of sweetness and harmony. May these indeed prefigure their married life. At 5 o'clock p. m., Prof. Farwell, of the Academy, seated himself at the piano and played the wedding march. Wait Stillman, of Troy, N. Y., and George M. Herrick, of this place, acted as ushers. Following them came two little maids of honor, Sarah Ellis and Elizabeth Allen, whose presence and sweet innocency added much to the occasion. Then came the bride and groom, she clad in heavy white silk, he in full dress suit. The marriage ceremony was impressively said by the groom's father, Rev. R. Thomas, of the Newark Conference, and the prayer was made by the bride's pastor, Rev. S. M. Adsit. After the congratulations and well wishes, and now and then a

stolen kiss, the company repaired to the dining room to unload the tables groaning beneath their weight. Sandwiches and salads, coffee and cake, cream-ices and lady-fingers, lemonade and fruit were done in turn to the satisfaction of all, and the discomforture of some. For this most appetizing feast, much praise is due the skillful tongue and hand of Mrs. B. G. Rice, who acted as caterer. The presents given were many, beautiful and useful. A silver tea set of six pieces, from several individuals; Appleton's complete cyclopædia works from the groom's father, and a $1,000 draft, from the bride's parents, were the most noticeable.

In the midst of showers of rice and old shoes, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas left for the 8 o'clock train at Poultney, intending to spend a week in New York and vicinity. The groom is a graduate of Dickinson College, then was a teacher at Pennington, then at Claverick, then at Poultney Academy, then spent a year abroad in the study of French and German, and is now professor of Hebrew and Modern Languages in Allegheny College. The bride is a graduate of Troy Conference Academy, class of '83. With these educational advantages, these scholastic attainments, Prof. Thomas and wife are well equipped for life's most successful work."

We voice the sentiments of the students when we say that Prof. and Mrs. Thomas have our best wishes for a long and happy life.

Fraternity.

The Beta Epsilon chapter of the Kappa Kappa Gamma fraternity was established January 16, at Barnard College. This fraternity was founded in 1870 and numbers twenty-three chapters, among them being those of Cornell, Buchtel, Syracuse and Allegheny.

ALPHA CHI OMEGA FRATERNITY.

Thursday evening, January 29, witnessed the organization of the Delta chapter of the *A. X. Ω.* fraternity at the Conservatory of Music, and the initiation of seven charter members by Misses Mary Satterfield, of the Northwestern University, and Libbie Price, of De Pauw. The members are Misses Zannie Tate, Fern Pickard, Mae Bredin, Bessie Tate, Meadville; Etta Tinker, Wabash, Ind.; Ruby Krick, Conneautville, and Nettie Snyder, Warren, Pa. Mrs. Juvia C. Hull, director, and Miss Mary R. Pinney, assistant of the Conservatory, were made honorary members. The colors of the fraternity are scarlet and olive-green, while the pin is a Grecian lyre, set with pearls, diamonds and rubies. This fraternity is confined exclusively to colleges having a musical department, and has for its aims the advancement of the art of music. It has a high rank in the list of musical societies, and numbers among its members Neally Stevens, Julie King, Madam Bloomfield and others. On Friday evening the ladies of the fraternity, chaperoned by Miss Grace I. Foster, visited the chapel.

We gladly welcome the Alpha Chis to our college, and hope that they will be the means of bringing the two departments closer together.

Alumni.

E. L. Mattern, '90, is serving as reporter on the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*.

W. L. McClurg, '79, Chicago, Ill., visited Meadville a few days ago. Mr. McClurg is president of the general fraternity of Delta Tau Delta.

Wayne Whipple, '77, is at present the senior member in the firm of Whipple & Dobbs, the New England agents for the Fuller Cash Carrier system.

Wm. McNair, Jr., '90, is attending the Law Department of the Columbia College. He is also a member of the College Glee and the Guitar and Banjo Clubs.

Dr. E. H. Pond, '83, of this city, and Dr. M. E. Blystone, '87, of Pittsburg, have exchanged practices. Dr. Pond will leave for his future home in a few days, when Dr. Blystone will settle here.

The Chautauquan,

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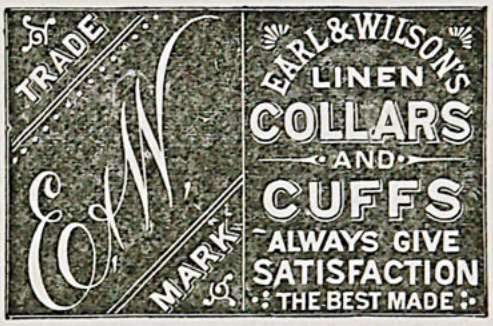



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