

The Campus.

"INTER SILVAS ACADEMI QUÆRIMUS VERUM."

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ALLEGHENY COLLEGE, MEADVILLE, PA., MARCH 5, 1892.

NEW SERIES.

THE CAMPUS.

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

IN a recent issue appeared an article on politeness. We wish to emphasize the thought there expressed by calling attention to a particular feature of the question.

A visitor to the library during the absence of Dr. Hamnett could not but be impressed with the thought that some students are deficient in that element called manners. We do not wish to be thought critical or prudish, but it does seem that often the fun indulged in at the library is carried past the line of prudence and politeness. A little of it is all right and no one enjoys it more than we, but when ladies are in the room the same respect should be shown them as elsewhere. Although these actions

are somewhat impolite, no doubt they are unintentionally so, and a moment's thought should convince anyone of their impropriety.

* * *

WHERE do you do your trading? It is the tendency of man to patronize those who patronize him. This is a capital plan and one which should be practiced by the students of a college.

Did it ever occur to you that the publication of our college paper would be impossible were it not for the aid which it receives from certain business men of the city? A moment's reflection will show to what a great extent we are indebted to this financial support, and it is the duty of each student to help as far as possible to repay this act of kindness. In a word, we should see to it that we buy what we buy in the city from those whose business is advertised in the columns of The CAMPUS, so far, at least, as they can furnish what we want. In nearly every case you will find that they keep the best establishments in the city. Other things being equal, give preference to the patrons of our college institutions.

* * *

"I HAVE an essay to write before supper," or "I have to go down after supper and write an essay for society this evening," is a remark one often hears. It suggests the thought that not enough time is spent in the preparation of literary productions. While a jumble of words thrown together in an hour or so may pass in literary society for an essay or an oration, it does not, however, in any manner benefit the writer or his hearers.

Careful research, earnest thought and fine polish should be the requisites for a literary production. Many eminent literary men spend an entire day arranging and rearranging the words of a single sentence; and persons have spent years in the preparation of a speech. Although such care and labor would not be possible for a college student, yet a greater effort should be put forth to prepare scholarly productions. Members of a literary society who expect to be called upon for such productions should prepare them in advance, and not wait till the day they are required.

As in anything else, the advantage to be derived from composition is proportional to the labor put upon it. Our college is somewhat weak upon this line, especially in regard to orations, and a little effort would make a much needed improvement. Each member of society should prepare at least one good oration during the year.

* * *

ONE can scarcely pick up a college exchange to-day without seeing therein some discussion as to the advisability of dispensing with examinations at the close of a term's work. It is a live question and one which Allegheny can profitably discuss. The examination is superseded in several ways. Some professors require a certain grade for passing; others substitute a written thesis on the subject taught, while others require an outside essay, or some such work.

We think that too much stress is laid upon the examination, at least by *some* professors of Allegheny. It seems to us that better results would follow if some reasonable standard of class work should be required for passing, than are obtained by the present system of examinations. Most of the classes here are small enough, that the marking system would be a correct standard for passing purposes. Let the standard be reasonably high, and require all

who do not reach it to take an examination, and better work will be done. Why? Nearly all abhor an examination; three or four hours of straining work is apt to unnerve one, and there are few persons who can do themselves justice in the usual examination. With the system now in vogue many students neglect their work all through the term and make a grand rally at the end, review the whole of the term's work and pass as good or better an examination than the one who has done his work faithfully. Such knowledge does not stay with one; it is transitory. But where class work is allowed to take the place of an examination, there will be an incentive to prepare each lesson thoroughly. A habit of regular application will be formed, and students will be saved the worry of a week's examinations.

* * *

AGAIN a spirit of recklessness and destruction has been displayed in the recent raids on Hulings Hall and the museum. It seems that some students are possessed of an insatiable, burning desire to do something funny, but have no idea as yet how to proceed. If the manner in which the several little attempts of this year have been received by the average mind is any criterion by which to judge of their humor, we wonder not that the perpetrators have become almost desperate, and are making such numerous trials to hit upon the proper thing.

We sincerely hope that the college property will hold out until these persons do really chance upon something that will make everybody laugh. Then probably some of these now seemingly childish acts can be overlooked.

We trust that we express the sentiment of a majority of the students, when we discountenance all doings which have as their attendant results the destruction of property. While the

placing of specimens from the museum over the campus may have an amusing aspect to some, to all right thinking persons there must be an overbalancing disgust because of the injury to that which has been secured only through great effort, and which can scarcely be replaced when once destroyed.

It seems hardly credible that a student could be actuated by any malicious intent in these matters, and it is to be hoped that future efforts will be confined to the supposed idea of fun, and not carry with them the detestable element of mischief.

Another despicable feature of this work is the effort of the persons connected therewith to conceal themselves under the cloak of T. N. E. Every mean little trick which is played about the college is laid at the door of T. N. E. The letters T. N. E. appear in connection with each raid, while in fact T. N. E. is as innocent as the Faculty itself. For the vindication of T. N. E. and for the sake of justice, we would like to see some of the guilty parties brought to light.

Literary.

A Christmas Day in Edinburgh.

(Continued from last issue.)

But this monument is by no means the chief interest of the city. It is situated in the corner of the famous Princess St. gardens and terraces. Possibly the best views obtained of these gardens is from the top of the monument. They extend along a valley for three-quarters of a mile and were, even on this bleak Christmas day, marvels of green verdure. Dotted here and there by clumps of trees and vining plants, containing a dozen statues of Scotland's great ones, at one side resting up against massive cliff upon which the castle is builded, rising as the other by several terraces to a level with Princess

St. and the newer portion of the town, these gardens give to the old city a peculiar rural charm.

A half hour's walk through them is likely to terminate at the foot of a great basaltic peak.

There one is sure to pause and gaze up along three hundred feet of jagged projections.

"Where watching for the least alarms,
The rough, rude fortress gleams afar;
Like some bald vet'ran gray in arms,
And marked with many a seamy scar;
The sand'rous wall and mossy bar,
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rack,
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repelled th' invader's shock."

And one's mind runs back to the barbarous ages before the Presbyterian catechism was formulated and when war was the chief end of man, when slaughter was a business and not a gentlemanly art, and he is sure to think, "How lordly a place to hurl a soul into gloom!" The broad Forth would let its waves roar to drown any pangs of conscience, the ocean breezes would shut out human retribution. Those old Pict kings chose well when they made this their chief stronghold. We cease our reveries, wander half way around the peak and then saunter up a broad esplanade which leads into the castle.

There after making the proper obeisance to the powers which be, we gain admittance and had one of the ancient wise men delegated to our use. The first object attracting our attention is the drawbridge which is simply a small iron bridge of modest pretensions. In case of a siege it was not raised but was drawn off one of its abutments and would then drop its weight of blood thirsty vengeance into the moat below, where ancient warfare demanded instant slaughter.

Just inside the drawbridge is the arched entrance where yet remains the hinges of a portion of the seven gates which formed a part of the outward barrier, also the grove through which the portcullies descended. But now our ancient guide begins to babble in the manner peculiar to the guide genus and put an end for some time to all observations except concerning the high

state of art to which he had brought his recitals.

We have no doubt he could have furnished us with some valuable informations but the minor details were lost in the overwhelming sense of the performer's greatness. But we gathered from the different moods in which he recited his piece that the old castle had witnessed scenes both sad and joyous. He grew particularly pathetic over one little secluded corner which contained a half dozen roughly chiseled head-stones. He first supposed that some hopeless royalty lay there and that the exhausted condition of their exchequers had prevented their loving successors from raising more costly slabs. But we understood how truly sacred was the spot when we learned that it was the last resting place of pet dogs which had belonged to the officers of the regiments quartered in the castle. What a boon it certainly would be to the half human looking portion of European society, would a kind fate consent to transform them into coolies!

Our guide had now seemingly completed his play so we paid him off. We had formerly thought that, considering real value, the ancient jokes of the American lecturer were the best selling commodities in existence, but, since we have seen European guides and paid them, we actually pity our poor lecturers and wonder why they did not go out on a strike. We then went and purchased a small book purporting to be a history of the castle but found it to be chiefly a narrative of the way St. Margaret happened to be a saint. She, it seemed was the daughter of Edward the Outlaw of England. In a forced flight from her native land, a storm drove her vessel into the Firth of Forth. Here she met Malcolm, King of Scotland and marriage occurred in the regulation way. But she proved to be such a rarity of human virtues that our sympathy went out to the deluded king. It is always hard on mortals to be compelled to dwell with creatures too angelic. There is too much difference in tastes. But Margaret had a little chapel built which is one of the curiosities of the place. It stands upon the very summit of

the rock. It is the most diminutive structure of that nature in Scotland, being 10 by 26 feet.

Mammon now rules where religion once held sway and instead of a father confessor selling reprieves from sin, we find a woman selling knick-nacks to the seekers after the curious.

As we entered the castle we passed beneath the state prison, and looking up we saw the barred window where was "The Last Sleep of Argyle," and became conscious of the fact that the road traveled by royalty has not always been so smooth as even the American electric railway. A little further on we came to the battery whose hellish lips breathe their death messages out over the New Town, and just here we note a cup-shaped vessel composed of iron bars. On inquiry, we learn that from here

"The beacons blazed afar,

Which summoned clans to hostile war."

But now, that lurid telegraphy of the middle ages is almost obsolete.

Passing these by, we come to the buildings now used as barracks for the highland troops posted here. They are extremely common stone structures. Beyond them and in a still more elevated position are the buildings once used as royal residences. Here we find Scotch regalia. They are emblems of oppression,—each glittering jewel a drop of blood squeezed from the veins of royal subjects. Where republics require the glitter of intellect, monarchies are satisfied with the glitter of compressed carbon. In this building the antiquarian points out to us the room in which King James VI was born. It reminds one very much of the interior of a woodsman's cabin in the timber region of the United States.

From here we pass through an arched gateway out into the King's Bastion where stands St. Margaret's Chapel, and in front of it, "Mon's Meg," an ancient piece of ordnance. It was forged in 1455 and given to James II. Beside it lie some of the stone balls which were fired from it. They weigh 300 pounds each and were hurled a distance of three miles. To modern eyes it seems a rude death machine. Here is

obtained a view which enchants and rivets one to the spot. You stand on a peak 450 ft. high and gaze down on the civilized centre of Great Britain. At the very base of this peak where once rippled the waves of Nor Loch are now the Princess St. Gardens; beyond, the terraces and squares of the New Town; farther out, the mountain crags and peaks, and in the distance, a ribbon of the blue sea. A little to the right rises Calton Hill with its monuments, observatory and forum; to the rear lies the Old Town promiscuously piled up, ridge upon ridge. We turn again and see the long belt of the Forth stretching away inland, its vessels lazily creeping up amid the misty December haze. Here one stands serenely gazing down as if he were no portion of that mundane sphere and thanks the old cliff for raising him for an hour above the petty vexations of a world. He sees rushing to and fro below him ambition, wealth, pride, poverty, learning, ignorance, righteousness, sin and over it all is beauty. He gazes on a rugged beauty that fifteen hundred years of civilization could not tame. Reluctantly we turn away to seek other scenes. We visit Holy road. It is uninteresting, insipid. It has been the dwelling place of no genius—only of kings—a very common sort of clay.

We wander over Calton Hill and endeavor to become interested in a clumsy monument reared in honor of Nelson. The beauty of the inscription placed upon it we do admire. The citizens of Edinburg reared it to his memory, "Not to express their unavailing sorrow for his death, nor yet to celebrate the matchless victories of his life, but by his noble example to teach their sons to emulate what they admire, and, like him, when duty requires it, to die for their country." Here also we find an observatory and an imitation of the ruins of the Roman Forum. As we look on this we become conscious of how truly every fibre of that so-called dead past is a portion of the living present. The best part of that old Rome is ours—its wisdom and learning. Unconsciously they

enter into our thoughts and help mould our lives.

This city is also the home of Knox, the great religious reformer. If one's religious zeal does not lead him on a pilgrimage to this residence, possibly his admiration for the man who could think truer than his contemporaries will. Why do we hover around the scenes frequented by the great? We dream that we may catch the shadow of a great idea, something which will lift us to a higher plain. We sometimes forget that greatness is in the heart that grieves for suffering man, in the brain which conceives for him a nobler look, in the muscle which quickens in his defense.

One more pilgrimage and our Christmas day in Edinburg is over. We go and gaze on the hollow square of the University,

"Where learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks Science in her cozy abode."

Christmas day has made itself felt here and we are able to see nothing but stone walls and hear within its spacious halls a few lone students, owl like, hooting out their own woes or those of humanity. We were not even permitted to gaze on the wisdom of its hundred thousand volumes.

We turn to bid farewell to this city of old world culture, but have almost forgotten one part of the city,—the people. And here is the saddest chapter of civilization. Wealth too often makes poverty. Culture too often forgets the common man. Religion too often passes by the sinner to save the righteous. Here on Christmas day, in the shadow of the palace of kings, we watch the barefoot woman hobble along in her daily toil. In the eyes of poverty and suffering are teardrops almost as brilliant as the jewels in that royal crown. At the foot of the statue of genius lurks the vilest of ignorance. Past the dwelling of the religious reformer the prostitute flaunts the finery for which she traded her soul. And we say if fifteen hundred years of civilization has not tamed the wild ruggedness of that natural scenery, neither has it wholly

softened and purified the human heart.

D. LOWRY M'NEES.

Ambition.

The term ambition is generally used in the sense of an eager and inordinate desire of preferment, honor, superiority or power. The desire of praise is to a great extent connected with all the finer sensibilities of human nature, and to be entirely destitute of this passion betokens an ignoble mind, on which no impression can easily be made; for where there is no desire of praise, there will also be no sense of reproach. But in this, as in all other passions of the mind, there is a limit. It has its boundary set, and by transgressing which it is at once transformed from an innocent into a dangerous passion. When passing its natural line, it becomes the ruling spring of conduct. When the regard which we pay to the opinions of men encroaches upon the voice of conscience, and the sense of duty, the love of praise, having gone out of its place, instead of improving, corrupts; instead of elevating, debases our nature. When once this inordinate desire to excel becomes the ruling and guiding passion in a man, it has a tendency to excite all his baser passions, and plunge him into a multiplicity of crimes for the consummation of some great project. To attain it he strains every nerve, brings every faculty into play, moves, as it were, every element, and becomes utterly regardless of the wrongs and injuries he inflicts on others. This ambition, when having seized upon a man, deprives him of his better nature and robs him of his peace of mind. Thus days are passed in planning schemes by which he may gain the honored title of greatness. Thus nights are spent in dreams of untold wealth and power.

He scorns all little helps, and vainly strives to grasp those his mind cannot comprehend. Some seek to attain greatness by being useful to their fellows; others by great and marvelous actions; while some, failing to gain the applause of the people in an honorable manner, resort to the

most wicked and fiendish crimes, for the sole purpose of notoriety, and that their names may pass to future generations.

RALPH W. PLUMMER.

The College World.

Exchanges.

The *Elite Journal* contains a very practical, well-written and highly original article on "The Destiny of the College Graduate." It is a very complete discussion of the subject by one who has evidently studied every phase of the life of a college man. He succeeds very ably in showing that the object of a college education is "to obtain the best possible preparation for a life work not yet decided upon."

We think that Oberlin College may rightly boast of having among her students some excellent poetical genius. A recent number of the *Review* published "The New World," a short poem which, in our humble judgment, would do credit to some youthful Longfellow or Tennyson. The style is so good that we cannot forbear quoting the following stanza:

The years pass slowly on;
Full many a grievous pang must be endured
Ere yet the world is won
To her first glory, now so long obscured;
Ere freedom, truth and right triumphant reign,
And the glad earth, redeemed, is new again.

Union College, through the action of its large list of alumni, will have a course of lectures delivered before the student body throughout the college year. The lectures will deal with the living and most important questions of the day, and will be given by the foremost men of the country. Among them appear Depew, Carnegie, Cleveland and McKinley.

In the death of the well-known preacher, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, the civilized and educated world loses one of the noblest Christians and

greatest philanthropists of the century. He lately refused to deliver a course of lectures in the country at the rate of \$1,000 per lecture, besides all expenses of himself and family. This offer was made him by the American Lecture Agency, yet he declined, preferring rather to remain with his church in London, where, like a guardian angel, he was constantly engaged in showering spiritual and bodily blessings upon the suffering poor.

The Hon. William B. Spooner has recently bestowed upon the University of Kansas the magnificent gift of \$91,500.

We are most sincere in expressing our sorrow over the fact that the *Owl* and the *Athenæum* are unable to walk together in the ranks of college journalism without those petty little "scraps" which are too apt to characterize many of our political newspapers. The *Owl* calls attention to the "bigotry and ignorance" displayed in an article lately published in the *Athenæum*; while the latter organ accuses the *Owl* of voicing the sentiments of an institution enslaved by the "shackles of submissive thinking."

The following is a move taken by the faculty at Brown University :

1. That for the remainder of the year, no record be kept of the attendance of seniors on the ordinary recitations, or of their preparation of the current work, except as provided below.

2. That in order to avoid the manifest injustice of basing the term marks on the examination alone, each instructor be required to ascertain from time to time, by means of written exercises, reports, essays, or such other method as may commend itself to him, the quality of the work done by the member of his course, and that no member be excused from the work so assigned, except by permission of the instructor.

President Eliot, of Harvard, is reported as

saying : The fate of co-education in this country is not yet quite apparent. It is more popular in the West than in the East, where colleges especially for women seem to be preferred. The Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* says : "The president's memory should be jogged with a bit of history. When the demand was made for higher educational opportunities for women, the established colleges in the West, one after another, opened their doors to women. In the East most of the established colleges selfishly and stubbornly refused to admit women ; so that the preference shown would not seem to be a matter of choice."—*Ex.*

The four teachers in the Union who get \$10,000 a year each are President Jordan, of the Stanford University, California ; President Harper, of the new University at Chicago ; Dr. Jas. MacAlister, President of Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, and Dr. James E. MacKenzie, principal of Lawrenceville School, New Jersey.—*Ex.*

Oberlin College is again rejoicing over a handsome bequest. By the will of Rev. C. V. Spear, who died a few months ago while abroad, the college receives \$65,000, subject to small annuities to his wife, child and one friend of the family. Dr. Spear was the donor of the fine Spear library building and the \$25,000 library endowment. It is the second large gift to Oberlin within a month.—*Ex.*

Bishop F. J. Hurst of the M. E. church has been chosen Chancellor of the National University, about to be erected at Washington, D. C. This institution will be non-sectarian and wholly conducted on the European plan ; it will be a source of pride to our country. Valuable property has been secured, and a large portion of the requisite amount (\$10,000,000) has been raised. When completed it will be a university in the true sense of the word.—*Ex.*

At Berlin University alone, it is stated, there are two hundred and eight American students,

pursuing the regular University courses. Beside these, there are many other young Americans in Berlin, engaged in special studies for which Germany's high state of advancement in science and the arts affords particular facilities.—*Ex.*

By the will of the late Mrs. Catherine Garcelon, of California, Bowdoin College will be the recipient of a handsome legacy. Mrs. Garcelon's interest in Bowdoin was due to the fact that she had a number of relatives in Maine. To seventy of these relatives she has left various sums. The residue of the estate is to be divided up between the endowment of a hospital and a gift to Bowdoin College. It has been estimated that the hospital will receive \$600,000, and Bowdoin's share will be fully \$400,000. To such a college as Bowdoin this bequest means a great deal.—*Ex.*

The Northwestern University is to have a base ball team equal to that of any of the Eastern colleges. Poole, Yale's old catcher; Rich, late of the University of Michigan; Patterson, of Syracuse, and other base ball men are among the students. They will raise \$1,000 to send their team east.—*Ex.*

Prof. John Williams White, of the Harvard Greek department, has been asked to take charge of the department of Greek in the new Chicago University, at a salary of \$7,000. His present salary is \$4,000. His departure from Harvard would be considered a serious loss by both students and faculty.—*Ex.*

In Political Economy.—“Are you prepared on any part of the lesson?”

Student: “Yes, sir.”

Prof.: “What is the next point the author makes?”

Student: “He says it is the nature of man to desire all the ease possible with self-gratification. I stopped there.”—*Yellow and Blue,*

Man wants but little here below;
He is not hard to please.
But woman, bless her little heart,
Wants every thing she sees.

—*Home Journal.*

Gone is that coat of grey and buttons so gay,
For I at the University could no longer stay.
I never shall forget when I was a cadet;
And had I not flunked I might have been one yet.
“Prexie” was right in firing me out of sight,
And “Adam” was wrong in trusting me so long;
For I never could endure to make a pass sure
By studying aright the lessons so bright.
So I was fired from school according to rule,
And now I regret that I did not study—you bet.
—*Athenæum.*

COUNTER-EVIDENCE.

I always shall remember
How her dainty little hand
Pressed my own with gentler feeling
Than I dared to understand;

How that gracious, tender pressure
Sent a thrill through all my frame,
Till I found myself submitting
To a power I could not name.

But I think her not coquettish,
Nor bold in making love;
For she stood behind the counter
And was fitting on a glove.—*Ex.*

Foral.

Birds.

Cabbage! “Murder! Murder!”

The base ball season draweth nigh.

Well, it came in like a lion, all right enough.

Harry Cumings spent Sunday with friends
in Albion, Pa.

Wonder why the fiends painted Dr. Montgomery's screen?

Mr. W. C. Leffingwell is quite a sufferer from
“Bright”'s disease.

H. P. Johnson, ex-'92, spent a few days with his college friends last week.

Found—Mear Hulings Hall, a handkerchief. The owner can have it by calling on Mrs. Laffer.

Mr. E. W. Jaynes attended a very pleasant party at Randolph, N. Y., Friday evening, Feb. 28th.

Some of the students went over to Kerrtown last Sunday evening to hear W. C. Swearer preach.

Mr. W. H. Shellitoe has been obliged to leave college for a short time, as he is suffering with his eyes.

Gail Bowman has been compelled to give up his college work for a while on account of his poor health.

Mr. R. W. Plummer has a new pet "felon." On the advice of his physicians, he is keeping his spirits up on "Porter."

A great many students were disappointed because the McLean-Prescott Company did not play some Shakspearian play.

Dr. Hamnett will not be in college for a few days. During his absence Jaynes and Homer will have charge of the library.

Douds, in Philo-Franklin, when the Pres. was hastening to put a question: "Mr. President, is not the question remarkable?"

Breakfast 10 minutes late—college bell five minutes fast—student one minute late to class. Result, student gets two off on class work.

It is thought that some of the inmates of Hulings Hall must have revolvers, as some sharp explosions have been heard there recently.

There are rumors that the battalion may end its existence at Allegheny with the present year. We hope the report may prove ungrounded.

Miss Bright, of Cambridge, Mass., stopped off a few days last week with her Kappa Kappa Gamma sisters, while on her way to Columbus, Ohio.

The college quartette (Messrs. West, Swearer, Murphy and Blackmarr) entertained the boys of the parish gymnasium at their opening with a number of selections.

Mrs. Elmore, on behalf of her mother, Mrs. Morrison, lately presented to the college museum the saddle-bags formerly belonging to the itinerant outfit of Mr. Morrison, an early alumnus of Allegheny.

Dr. Wheeler departed last week for Florida, where he expects to remain the rest of this term, returning during the spring vacation. Owing to his heavy work in college the doctor was compelled to take a short rest.

The Y. M. C. A. held their annual election on Tuesday evening. The only change in office was that of vice president. Mr. Staples, president; Mr. Mowrey, vice president; Mr. Harper, treasurer, and Prof. W. A. Elliott, corresponding secretary.

Kephart says he has not missed walking over from chapel with his girl once this term, and although it may be a little embarrassing for the girl, and he does not know "Howe" she will stand it, he hopes to make a complete record for the rest of the year.

The physical training class at the hall recently gave an exhibition of their skill before a number of friends. It is regretted that The CAMPUS is not able to give a full report of the event, but none of the board were permitted to be present. It has been learned, however, that the affair was a brilliant one, and that words can scarcely describe it.

On Monday evening, February 22nd, the Fisk Declamation Contest of Allegheny Literary Society was held in the college chapel. Dr. Reed made the opening prayer, after which Glenn C. Heller gave "Willie Baird;" Wilmot H. Gibson gave "A Cannon Loose on Shipboard," and Ralph T. Hatch closed the program with "The Telltale Heart." The contest was given to the last speaker.

A sensation was created last week by the swooping down upon the campus of a large flock of birds. On arising Thursday morning the inmates of the hall saw a strange sight. Perched on trees were turkeys, eagles and other birds of prey; waddling about in the mud were ducks, while humming birds, sparrows, robins, and many other species were about in wild profusion. At first it was supposed that they had come as the result of the balmy weather, but an investigation showed that they were escaped from the museum, and a little work soon placed them all back where they belonged.

A Letter.

BATON ROUGE, LA., January 4, 1892.

The CAMPUS Publishing Company, Meadville, Pa.:

GENTLEMEN:—Inclosed please find postal note for \$1.25 to cover my subscription to The CAMPUS for college year 1891-1892.

As I was business manager of The CAMPUS in 1885, and the first to issue The CAMPUS in its present form, I take more than an ordinary interest in the publication. Previous to the year 1885 The CAMPUS was issued by a business manager and corps of editors appointed by the faculty. But in the fall of 1884 the faculty refused to appoint editors and business manager, owing to the mismanagement of the paper the previous college year—1883-84, so its publication was suspended.

As there was no college paper in the fall of 1884, the freshman class then, taking advantage of the circumstances, issued a class paper called *The Owl*. This paper soon gained favor and support, especially from the lower classmen. But the body of students, realizing that they were not fairly represented in college journalism, determined to organize a stock company, composed entirely of students, for the purpose of publishing a college paper which would represent the whole college. The company was organized, editors and business manager elected by the company, and, amid much opposition from the freshmen and lower classmen, we published our first number of The CAMPUS in its present form in January, 1885. In a few months after the publication of the new CAMPUS the

stock of the company was at a premium and *The Owl* was a thing of the past.

Wishing you all success, I remain yours, etc.,

H. S. BODLEY, '85.

Alumni.

"Clip" Fuller, '86, has recently been admitted to the bar at Cleveland, O.

E. M. Mixer, '90, who is teaching in Conneautville, was in the city one day last week.

C. W. Miner, '81, of Cattaraugus, N. Y., was here visiting friends a few days ago.

Fred McQuiston, '87, a charter member of Pa Omega of S. A. E., visited his Sig brothers last week.

J. A. Gibson, Tom Morrison and C. C. Freeman were welcome visitors at Sigma Alpha Epsilon place on Feb. 20.

Mr. Ed. L. Mattern, '90, has given up the profession of journalism and has settled down to the study of law with his father, at Huntingdon, Pa.

Rev. J. M. Thoburn, '81, of Oil City, delivered a stereopticon lecture on India, in the chapel last week. The lecture was well attended. It was very interesting as well as instructive.

Dr. E. B. Heckel, '87, has been elected assistant professor of ophthalmology in the West Penn Hospital Medical College. at Pittsburg, Pa. L. V. Grove and J. B. Wood are also connected with the institution.

Fraternity.

The gay and frisky William goat has been brought forth again and has done some good work.

Higgins is now a Delta Tau Delta.

The Misses Bright and Porter are now members of Alpha Chi Omega.

J. S. Jones, '92, and Henry Freeman, '92, are now wearing the Sigma Alpha Epsilon pin.

Mr. Creal, of Jamestown, N. Y., was taken into the mysteries of Phi Kappa Psi Saturday night.

The Deltas gave another very successful party in the Phoenix Block, Monday evening. They will give no more until after Lent.

The Phi Kappa Psi boys entertained their lady friends at their chapter house, last Tuesday evening. Music by the Theatre orchestra.

The ladies of Kappa Kappa Gamma have given a series of very pleasant little parties to their gentlemen friends during the past winter.

The young ladies of K. A. Θ. gave a party to some of their Φ. Δ. Θ. friends Monday evening. Light refreshments were served and a very enjoyable time was spent by those present.

Clippings.

MY BLOTTER AND I.

(Selected.)

This poor old blotter, ink dried and torn,
A world of worry with me has borne.
What laughter has soaked it through and through,
When my pen has joked, as pens will do ;
What heights have I climbed in fancy pure ;
What had my heroines to endure
Of woe, when trials we piled so high,
Pitilessly my blotter and I.

Catching the ink from the driest screeds
That ever supplied a mortals needs—
Money for this and money for that,
The children's shoes or my Easter hat ;
While I prosed in a practical way.
Or caroled of life in verses gay,
It drank my joy as it did my sigh—
Both undismayed, my blotter and I.

O friend of this sweet and passing year,
Something beside the dark stains are here !
I can on this grimy, mottled face
The records of many battles trace.
Penned from the pang of a scorching pain,
The sheet here blotted brought speedy gain !
There pressed the story that none would buy—
We loved it best, my blotter and I !

This I wrote on some general, dead,
That was the answer I sent to Ned ;
Upside down, and the other side too,
Are words forgotten, though doubtless true :
And worse, a "Darling" ; and yes, "Kate dear."
To names lost sight of in one short year.
There fell the tears from "a woman's cry"—
We were alone, my blotter and I.

Into the basket,—it must be so !—
My gentle and patient friend, you go ;
How can another, both strange and new,
Speak with my words, as you seem to do ?
How can I turn to its dull, white face
With the thoughts of my soul's most secret place ?
Dirty, but dear you are. Well, good-bye !
Once *we* were strange—my blotter and I.

—Cora Stuart Wheeler.

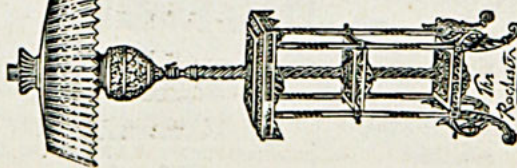
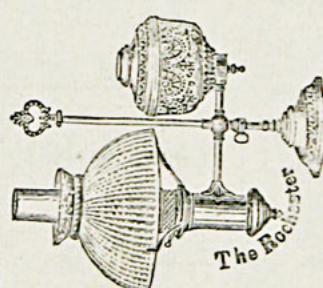
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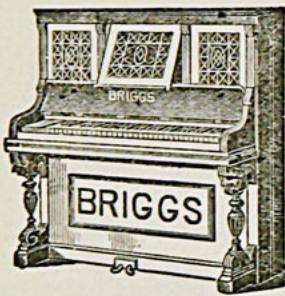
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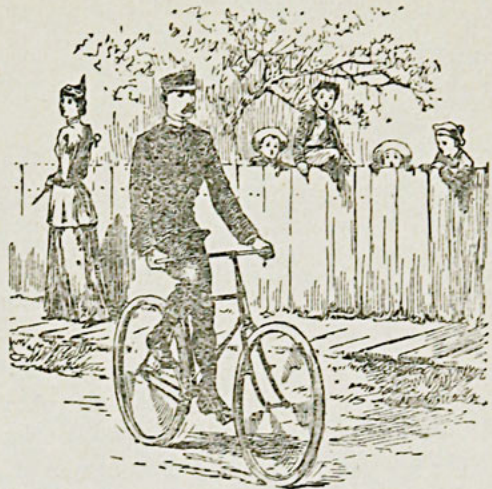
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The Campus.

"INTER SILVAS ACADEMI QUÆRIMUS VERUM."

VOL. VIII., No. 9.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE, MEADVILLE, PA., MARCH 5, 1892.

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

IN a recent issue appeared an article on politeness. We wish to emphasize the thought there expressed by calling attention to a particular feature of the question.

A visitor to the library during the absence of Dr. Hamnett could not but be impressed with the thought that some students are deficient in that element called manners. We do not wish to be thought critical or prudish, but it does seem that often the fun indulged in at the library is carried past the line of prudence and politeness. A little of it is all right and no one enjoys it more than we, but when ladies are in the room the same respect should be shown them as elsewhere. Although these actions

are somewhat impolite, no doubt they are unintentionally so, and a moment's thought should convince anyone of their impropriety.

* * *

WHERE do you do your trading? It is the tendency of man to patronize those who patronize him. This is a capital plan and one which should be practiced by the students of a college.

Did it ever occur to you that the publication of our college paper would be impossible were it not for the aid which it receives from certain business men of the city? A moment's reflection will show to what a great extent we are indebted to this financial support, and it is the duty of each student to help as far as possible to repay this act of kindness. In a word, we should see to it that we buy what we buy in the city from those whose business is advertised in the columns of The CAMPUS, so far, at least, as they can furnish what we want. In nearly every case you will find that they keep the best establishments in the city. Other things being equal, give preference to the patrons of our college institutions.

* * *

"I HAVE an essay to write before supper," or "I have to go down after supper and write an essay for society this evening," is a remark one often hears. It suggests the thought that not enough time is spent in the preparation of literary productions. While a jumble of words thrown together in an hour or so may pass in literary society for an essay or an oration, it does not, however, in any manner benefit the writer or his hearers.

Careful research, earnest thought and fine polish should be the requisites for a literary production. Many eminent literary men spend an entire day arranging and rearranging the words of a single sentence; and persons have spent years in the preparation of a speech. Although such care and labor would not be possible for a college student, yet a greater effort should be put forth to prepare scholarly productions. Members of a literary society who expect to be called upon for such productions should prepare them in advance, and not wait till the day they are required.

As in anything else, the advantage to be derived from composition is proportional to the labor put upon it. Our college is somewhat weak upon this line, especially in regard to orations, and a little effort would make a much needed improvement. Each member of society should prepare at least one good oration during the year.

* * *

ONE can scarcely pick up a college exchange to-day without seeing therein some discussion as to the advisability of dispensing with examinations at the close of a term's work. It is a live question and one which Allegheny can profitably discuss. The examination is superseded in several ways. Some professors require a certain grade for passing; others substitute a written thesis on the subject taught, while others require an outside essay, or some such work.

We think that too much stress is laid upon the examination, at least by *some* professors of Allegheny. It seems to us that better results would follow if some reasonable standard of class work should be required for passing, than are obtained by the present system of examinations. Most of the classes here are small enough, that the marking system would be a correct standard for passing purposes. Let the standard be reasonably high, and require all

who do not reach it to take an examination, and better work will be done. Why? Nearly all abhor an examination; three or four hours of straining work is apt to unnerve one, and there are few persons who can do themselves justice in the usual examination. With the system now in vogue many students neglect their work all through the term and make a grand rally at the end, review the whole of the term's work and pass as good or better an examination than the one who has done his work faithfully. Such knowledge does not stay with one; it is transitory. But where class work is allowed to take the place of an examination, there will be an incentive to prepare each lesson thoroughly. A habit of regular application will be formed, and students will be saved the worry of a week's examinations.

* * *

AGAIN a spirit of recklessness and destruction has been displayed in the recent raids on Hulings Hall and the museum. It seems that some students are possessed of an insatiable, burning desire to do something funny, but have no idea as yet how to proceed. If the manner in which the several little attempts of this year have been received by the average mind is any criterion by which to judge of their humor, we wonder not that the perpetrators have become almost desperate, and are making such numerous trials to hit upon the proper thing.

We sincerely hope that the college property will hold out until these persons do really chance upon something that will make everybody laugh. Then probably some of these now seemingly childish acts can be overlooked.

We trust that we express the sentiment of a majority of the students, when we discountenance all doings which have as their attendant results the destruction of property. While the

placing of specimens from the museum over the campus may have an amusing aspect to some, to all right thinking persons there must be an overbalancing disgust because of the injury to that which has been secured only through great effort, and which can scarcely be replaced when once destroyed.

It seems hardly credible that a student could be actuated by any malicious intent in these matters, and it is to be hoped that future efforts will be confined to the supposed idea of fun, and not carry with them the detestable element of mischief.

Another despicable feature of this work is the effort of the persons connected therewith to conceal themselves under the cloak of T. N. E. Every mean little trick which is played about the college is laid at the door of T. N. E. The letters T. N. E. appear in connection with each raid, while in fact T. N. E. is as innocent as the Faculty itself. For the vindication of T. N. E. and for the sake of justice, we would like to see some of the guilty parties brought to light.

Literary.

A Christmas Day in Edinburgh.

(Continued from last issue.)

But this monument is by no means the chief interest of the city. It is situated in the corner of the famous Princess St. gardens and terraces. Possibly the best views obtained of these gardens is from the top of the monument. They extend along a valley for three-quarters of a mile and were, even on this bleak Christmas day, marvels of green verdure. Dotted here and there by clumps of trees and vining plants, containing a dozen statues of Scotland's great ones, at one side resting up against massive cliff upon which the castle is builded, rising as the other by several terraces to a level with Princess

St. and the newer portion of the town, these gardens give to the old city a peculiar rural charm.

A half hour's walk through them is likely to terminate at the foot of a great basaltic peak.

There one is sure to pause and gaze up along three hundred feet of jagged projections.

"Where watching for the least alarms,
The rough, rude fortress gleams afar;
Like some bald vet'ran gray in arms,
And marked with many a seamy scar;
The sand'rous wall and mossy bar,
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rack,
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repelled th' invader's shock."

And one's mind runs back to the barbarous ages before the Presbyterian catechism was formulated and when war was the chief end of man, when slaughter was a business and not a gentlemanly art, and he is sure to think, "How lordly a place to hurl a soul into gloom!" The broad Forth would let its waves roar to drown any pangs of conscience, the ocean breezes would shut out human retribution. Those old Pict kings chose well when they made this their chief stronghold. We cease our reveries, wander half way around the peak and then saunter up a broad esplanade which leads into the castle.

There after making the proper obeisance to the powers which be, we gain admittance and had one of the ancient wise men delegated to our use. The first object attracting our attention is the drawbridge which is simply a small iron bridge of modest pretensions. In case of a siege it was not raised but was drawn off one of its abutments and would then drop its weight of blood thirsty vengeance into the moat below, where ancient warfare demanded instant slaughter.

Just inside the drawbridge is the arched entrance where yet remains the hinges of a portion of the seven gates which formed a part of the outward barrier, also the grove through which the portcullies descended. But now our ancient guide begins to babble in the manner peculiar to the guide genus and put an end for some time to all observations except concerning the high

state of art to which he had brought his recitals.

We have no doubt he could have furnished us with some valuable informations but the minor details were lost in the overwhelming sense of the performer's greatness. But we gathered from the different moods in which he recited his piece that the old castle had witnessed scenes both sad and joyous. He grew particularly pathetic over one little secluded corner which contained a half dozen roughly chiseled head-stones. He first supposed that some hopeless royalty lay there and that the exhausted condition of their exchequers had prevented their loving successors from raising more costly slabs. But we understood how truly sacred was the spot when we learned that it was the last resting place of pet dogs which had belonged to the officers of the regiments quartered in the castle. What a boon it certainly would be to the half human looking portion of European society, would a kind fate consent to transform them into coolies!

Our guide had now seemingly completed his play so we paid him off. We had formerly thought that, considering real value, the ancient jokes of the American lecturer were the best selling commodities in existence, but, since we have seen European guides and paid them, we actually pity our poor lecturers and wonder why they did not go out on a strike. We then went and purchased a small book purporting to be a history of the castle but found it to be chiefly a narrative of the way St. Margaret happened to be a saint. She, it seemed was the daughter of Edward the Outlaw of England. In a forced flight from her native land, a storm drove her vessel into the Firth of Forth. Here she met Malcolm, King of Scotland and marriage occurred in the regulation way. But she proved to be such a rarity of human virtues that our sympathy went out to the deluded king. It is always hard on mortals to be compelled to dwell with creatures too angelic. There is too much difference in tastes. But Margaret had a little chapel built which is one of the curiosities of the place. It stands upon the very summit of

the rock. It is the most diminutive structure of that nature in Scotland, being 10 by 26 feet.

Mammon now rules where religion once held sway and instead of a father confessor selling reprieves from sin, we find a woman selling knick-nacks to the seekers after the curious.

As we entered the castle we passed beneath the state prison, and looking up we saw the barred window where was "The Last Sleep of Argyle," and became conscious of the fact that the road traveled by royalty has not always been so smooth as even the American electric railway. A little further on we came to the battery whose hellish lips breathe their death messages out over the New Town, and just here we note a cup-shaped vessel composed of iron bars. On inquiry, we learn that from here

"The beacons blazed afar,

Which summoned clans to hostile war."

But now, that lurid telegraphy of the middle ages is almost obsolete.

Passing these by, we come to the buildings now used as barracks for the highland troops posted here. They are extremely common stone structures. Beyond them and in a still more elevated position are the buildings once used as royal residences. Here we find Scotch regalia. They are emblems of oppression,—each glittering jewel a drop of blood squeezed from the veins of royal subjects. Where republics require the glitter of intellect, monarchies are satisfied with the glitter of compressed carbon. In this building the antiquarian points out to us the room in which King James VI was born. It reminds one very much of the interior of a woodsman's cabin in the timber region of the United States.

From here we pass through an arched gateway out into the King's Bastion where stands St. Margaret's Chapel, and in front of it, "Mon's Meg," an ancient piece of ordnance. It was forged in 1455 and given to James II. Beside it lie some of the stone balls which were fired from it. They weigh 300 pounds each and were hurled a distance of three miles. To modern eyes it seems a rude death machine. Here is

obtained a view which enchants and rivets one to the spot. You stand on a peak 450 ft. high and gaze down on the civilized centre of Great Britain. At the very base of this peak where once rippled the waves of Nor Loch are now the Princess St. Gardens; beyond, the terraces and squares of the New Town; farther out, the mountain crags and peaks, and in the distance, a ribbon of the blue sea. A little to the right rises Calton Hill with its monuments, observatory and forum; to the rear lies the Old Town promiscuously piled up, ridge upon ridge. We turn again and see the long belt of the Forth stretching away inland, its vessels lazily creeping up amid the misty December haze. Here one stands serenely gazing down as if he were no portion of that mundane sphere and thanks the old cliff for raising him for an hour above the petty vexations of a world. He sees rushing to and fro below him ambition, wealth, pride, poverty, learning, ignorance, righteousness, sin and over it all is beauty. He gazes on a rugged beauty that fifteen hundred years of civilization could not tame. Reluctantly we turn away to seek other scenes. We visit Holy road. It is uninteresting, insipid. It has been the dwelling place of no genius—only of kings—a very common sort of clay.

We wander over Calton Hill and endeavor to become interested in a clumsy monument reared in honor of Nelson. The beauty of the inscription placed upon it we do admire. The citizens of Edinburg reared it to his memory, "Not to express their unavailing sorrow for his death, nor yet to celebrate the matchless victories of his life, but by his noble example to teach their sons to emulate what they admire, and, like him, when duty requires it, to die for their country." Here also we find an observatory and an imitation of the ruins of the Roman Forum. As we look on this we become conscious of how truly every fibre of that so-called dead past is a portion of the living present. The best part of that old Rome is ours—its wisdom and learning. Unconsciously they

enter into our thoughts and help mould our lives.

This city is also the home of Knox, the great religious reformer. If one's religious zeal does not lead him on a pilgrimage to this residence, possibly his admiration for the man who could think truer than his contemporaries will. Why do we hover around the scenes frequented by the great? We dream that we may catch the shadow of a great idea, something which will lift us to a higher plain. We sometimes forget that greatness is in the heart that grieves for suffering man, in the brain which conceives for him a nobler look, in the muscle which quickens in his defense.

One more pilgrimage and our Christmas day in Edinburg is over. We go and gaze on the hollow square of the University,

"Where learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks Science in her cozy abode."

Christmas day has made itself felt here and we are able to see nothing but stone walls and hear within its spacious halls a few lone students, owl like, hooting out their own woes or those of humanity. We were not even permitted to gaze on the wisdom of its hundred thousand volumes.

We turn to bid farewell to this city of old world culture, but have almost forgotten one part of the city,—the people. And here is the saddest chapter of civilization. Wealth too often makes poverty. Culture too often forgets the common man. Religion too often passes by the sinner to save the righteous. Here on Christmas day, in the shadow of the palace of kings, we watch the barefoot woman hobble along in her daily toil. In the eyes of poverty and suffering are teardrops almost as brilliant as the jewels in that royal crown. At the foot of the statue of genius lurks the vilest of ignorance. Past the dwelling of the religious reformer the prostitute flaunts the finery for which she traded her soul. And we say if fifteen hundred years of civilization has not tamed the wild ruggedness of that natural scenery, neither has it wholly

softened and purified the human heart.

D. LOWRY M'NEES.

Ambition.

The term ambition is generally used in the sense of an eager and inordinate desire of preferment, honor, superiority or power. The desire of praise is to a great extent connected with all the finer sensibilities of human nature, and to be entirely destitute of this passion betokens an ignoble mind, on which no impression can easily be made; for where there is no desire of praise, there will also be no sense of reproach. But in this, as in all other passions of the mind, there is a limit. It has its boundary set, and by transgressing which it is at once transformed from an innocent into a dangerous passion. When passing its natural line, it becomes the ruling spring of conduct. When the regard which we pay to the opinions of men encroaches upon the voice of conscience, and the sense of duty, the love of praise, having gone out of its place, instead of improving, corrupts; instead of elevating, debases our nature. When once this inordinate desire to excel becomes the ruling and guiding passion in a man, it has a tendency to excite all his baser passions, and plunge him into a multiplicity of crimes for the consummation of some great project. To attain it he strains every nerve, brings every faculty into play, moves, as it were, every element, and becomes utterly regardless of the wrongs and injuries he inflicts on others. This ambition, when having seized upon a man, deprives him of his better nature and robs him of his peace of mind. Thus days are passed in planning schemes by which he may gain the honored title of greatness. Thus nights are spent in dreams of untold wealth and power.

He scorns all little helps, and vainly strives to grasp those his mind cannot comprehend. Some seek to attain greatness by being useful to their fellows; others by great and marvelous actions; while some, failing to gain the applause of the people in an honorable manner, resort to the

most wicked and fiendish crimes, for the sole purpose of notoriety, and that their names may pass to future generations.

RALPH W. PLUMMER.

The College World.

Exchanges.

The *Elite Journal* contains a very practical, well-written and highly original article on "The Destiny of the College Graduate." It is a very complete discussion of the subject by one who has evidently studied every phase of the life of a college man. He succeeds very ably in showing that the object of a college education is "to obtain the best possible preparation for a life work not yet decided upon."

We think that Oberlin College may rightly boast of having among her students some excellent poetical genius. A recent number of the *Review* published "The New World," a short poem which, in our humble judgment, would do credit to some youthful Longfellow or Tennyson. The style is so good that we cannot forbear quoting the following stanza:

The years pass slowly on;
Full many a grievous pang must be endured
Ere yet the world is won
To her first glory, now so long obscured;
Ere freedom, truth and right triumphant reign,
And the glad earth, redeemed, is new again.

Union College, through the action of its large list of alumni, will have a course of lectures delivered before the student body throughout the college year. The lectures will deal with the living and most important questions of the day, and will be given by the foremost men of the country. Among them appear Depew, Carnegie, Cleveland and McKinley.

In the death of the well-known preacher, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, the civilized and educated world loses one of the noblest Christians and

greatest philanthropists of the century. He lately refused to deliver a course of lectures in the country at the rate of \$1,000 per lecture, besides all expenses of himself and family. This offer was made him by the American Lecture Agency, yet he declined, preferring rather to remain with his church in London, where, like a guardian angel, he was constantly engaged in showering spiritual and bodily blessings upon the suffering poor.

The Hon. William B. Spooner has recently bestowed upon the University of Kansas the magnificent gift of \$91,500.

We are most sincere in expressing our sorrow over the fact that the *Owl* and the *Athenæum* are unable to walk together in the ranks of college journalism without those petty little "scraps" which are too apt to characterize many of our political newspapers. The *Owl* calls attention to the "bigotry and ignorance" displayed in an article lately published in the *Athenæum*; while the latter organ accuses the *Owl* of voicing the sentiments of an institution enslaved by the "shackles of submissive thinking."

The following is a move taken by the faculty at Brown University :

1. That for the remainder of the year, no record be kept of the attendance of seniors on the ordinary recitations, or of their preparation of the current work, except as provided below.

2. That in order to avoid the manifest injustice of basing the term marks on the examination alone, each instructor be required to ascertain from time to time, by means of written exercises, reports, essays, or such other method as may commend itself to him, the quality of the work done by the member of his course, and that no member be excused from the work so assigned, except by permission of the instructor.

President Eliot, of Harvard, is reported as

saying : The fate of co-education in this country is not yet quite apparent. It is more popular in the West than in the East, where colleges especially for women seem to be preferred. The Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* says : "The president's memory should be jogged with a bit of history. When the demand was made for higher educational opportunities for women, the established colleges in the West, one after another, opened their doors to women. In the East most of the established colleges selfishly and stubbornly refused to admit women ; so that the preference shown would not seem to be a matter of choice."—*Ex.*

The four teachers in the Union who get \$10,000 a year each are President Jordan, of the Stanford University, California ; President Harper, of the new University at Chicago ; Dr. Jas. MacAlister, President of Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, and Dr. James E. MacKenzie, principal of Lawrenceville School, New Jersey.—*Ex.*

Oberlin College is again rejoicing over a handsome bequest. By the will of Rev. C. V. Spear, who died a few months ago while abroad, the college receives \$65,000, subject to small annuities to his wife, child and one friend of the family. Dr. Spear was the donor of the fine Spear library building and the \$25,000 library endowment. It is the second large gift to Oberlin within a month.—*Ex.*

Bishop F. J. Hurst of the M. E. church has been chosen Chancellor of the National University, about to be erected at Washington, D. C. This institution will be non-sectarian and wholly conducted on the European plan ; it will be a source of pride to our country. Valuable property has been secured, and a large portion of the requisite amount (\$10,000,000) has been raised. When completed it will be a university in the true sense of the word.—*Ex.*

At Berlin University alone, it is stated, there are two hundred and eight American students,

pursuing the regular University courses. Beside these, there are many other young Americans in Berlin, engaged in special studies for which Germany's high state of advancement in science and the arts affords particular facilities.—*Ex.*

By the will of the late Mrs. Catherine Garcelon, of California, Bowdoin College will be the recipient of a handsome legacy. Mrs. Garcelon's interest in Bowdoin was due to the fact that she had a number of relatives in Maine. To seventy of these relatives she has left various sums. The residue of the estate is to be divided up between the endowment of a hospital and a gift to Bowdoin College. It has been estimated that the hospital will receive \$600,000, and Bowdoin's share will be fully \$400,000. To such a college as Bowdoin this bequest means a great deal.—*Ex.*

The Northwestern University is to have a base ball team equal to that of any of the Eastern colleges. Poole, Yale's old catcher; Rich, late of the University of Michigan; Patterson, of Syracuse, and other base ball men are among the students. They will raise \$1,000 to send their team east.—*Ex.*

Prof. John Williams White, of the Harvard Greek department, has been asked to take charge of the department of Greek in the new Chicago University, at a salary of \$7,000. His present salary is \$4,000. His departure from Harvard would be considered a serious loss by both students and faculty.—*Ex.*

In Political Economy.—“Are you prepared on any part of the lesson?”

Student: “Yes, sir.”

Prof.: “What is the next point the author makes?”

Student: “He says it is the nature of man to desire all the ease possible with self-gratification. I stopped there.”—*Yellow and Blue,*

Man wants but little here below;
He is not hard to please.
But woman, bless her little heart,
Wants every thing she sees.

—*Home Journal.*

Gone is that coat of grey and buttons so gay,
For I at the University could no longer stay.
I never shall forget when I was a cadet;
And had I not flunked I might have been one yet.
“Prexie” was right in firing me out of sight,
And “Adam” was wrong in trusting me so long;
For I never could endure to make a pass sure
By studying aright the lessons so bright.
So I was fired from school according to rule,
And now I regret that I did not study—you bet.
—*Athenaeum.*

COUNTER-EVIDENCE.

I always shall remember
How her dainty little hand
Pressed my own with gentler feeling
Than I dared to understand;

How that gracious, tender pressure
Sent a thrill through all my frame,
Till I found myself submitting
To a power I could not name.

But I think her not coquettish,
Nor bold in making love;
For she stood behind the counter
And was fitting on a glove.—*Ex.*

Foral.

Birds.

Cabbage! “Murder! Murder!”

The base ball season draweth nigh.

Well, it came in like a lion, all right enough.

Harry Cumings spent Sunday with friends
in Albion, Pa.

Wonder why the fiends painted Dr. Montgomery's screen?

Mr. W. C. Leffingwell is quite a sufferer from
“Bright”'s disease.

H. P. Johnson, ex-'92, spent a few days with his college friends last week.

Found—Mear Hulings Hall, a handkerchief. The owner can have it by calling on Mrs. Laffer.

Mr. E. W. Jaynes attended a very pleasant party at Randolph, N. Y., Friday evening, Feb. 28th.

Some of the students went over to Kerrtown last Sunday evening to hear W. C. Swearer preach.

Mr. W. H. Shellitoe has been obliged to leave college for a short time, as he is suffering with his eyes.

Gail Bowman has been compelled to give up his college work for a while on account of his poor health.

Mr. R. W. Plummer has a new pet "felon." On the advice of his physicians, he is keeping his spirits up on "Porter."

A great many students were disappointed because the McLean-Prescott Company did not play some Shakspearian play.

Dr. Hamnett will not be in college for a few days. During his absence Jaynes and Homer will have charge of the library.

Douds, in Philo-Franklin, when the Pres. was hastening to put a question: "Mr. President, is not the question remarkable?"

Breakfast 10 minutes late—college bell five minutes fast—student one minute late to class. Result, student gets two off on class work.

It is thought that some of the inmates of Hulings Hall must have revolvers, as some sharp explosions have been heard there recently.

There are rumors that the battalion may end its existence at Allegheny with the present year. We hope the report may prove ungrounded.

Miss Bright, of Cambridge, Mass., stopped off a few days last week with her Kappa Kappa Gamma sisters, while on her way to Columbus, Ohio.

The college quartette (Messrs. West, Swearer, Murphy and Blackmarr) entertained the boys of the parish gymnasium at their opening with a number of selections.

Mrs. Elmore, on behalf of her mother, Mrs. Morrison, lately presented to the college museum the saddle-bags formerly belonging to the itinerant outfit of Mr. Morrison, an early alumnus of Allegheny.

Dr. Wheeler departed last week for Florida, where he expects to remain the rest of this term, returning during the spring vacation. Owing to his heavy work in college the doctor was compelled to take a short rest.

The Y. M. C. A. held their annual election on Tuesday evening. The only change in office was that of vice president. Mr. Staples, president; Mr. Mowrey, vice president; Mr. Harper, treasurer, and Prof. W. A. Elliott, corresponding secretary.

Kephart says he has not missed walking over from chapel with his girl once this term, and although it may be a little embarrassing for the girl, and he does not know "Howe" she will stand it, he hopes to make a complete record for the rest of the year.

The physical training class at the hall recently gave an exhibition of their skill before a number of friends. It is regretted that THE CAMPUS is not able to give a full report of the event, but none of the board were permitted to be present. It has been learned, however, that the affair was a brilliant one, and that words can scarcely describe it.

On Monday evening, February 22nd, the Fisk Declamation Contest of Allegheny Literary Society was held in the college chapel. Dr. Reed made the opening prayer, after which Glenn C. Heller gave "Willie Baird;" Wilmot H. Gibson gave "A Cannon Loose on Shipboard," and Ralph T. Hatch closed the program with "The Telltale Heart." The contest was given to the last speaker.

A sensation was created last week by the swooping down upon the campus of a large flock of birds. On arising Thursday morning the inmates of the hall saw a strange sight. Perched on trees were turkeys, eagles and other birds of prey; waddling about in the mud were ducks, while humming birds, sparrows, robins, and many other species were about in wild profusion. At first it was supposed that they had come as the result of the balmy weather, but an investigation showed that they were escaped from the museum, and a little work soon placed them all back where they belonged.

A Letter.

BATON ROUGE, LA., January 4, 1892.

The CAMPUS Publishing Company, Meadville, Pa.:

GENTLEMEN:—Inclosed please find postal note for \$1.25 to cover my subscription to The CAMPUS for college year 1891-1892.

As I was business manager of The CAMPUS in 1885, and the first to issue The CAMPUS in its present form, I take more than an ordinary interest in the publication. Previous to the year 1885 The CAMPUS was issued by a business manager and corps of editors appointed by the faculty. But in the fall of 1884 the faculty refused to appoint editors and business manager, owing to the mismanagement of the paper the previous college year—1883-84, so its publication was suspended.

As there was no college paper in the fall of 1884, the freshman class then, taking advantage of the circumstances, issued a class paper called *The Owl*. This paper soon gained favor and support, especially from the lower classmen. But the body of students, realizing that they were not fairly represented in college journalism, determined to organize a stock company, composed entirely of students, for the purpose of publishing a college paper which would represent the whole college. The company was organized, editors and business manager elected by the company, and, amid much opposition from the freshmen and lower classmen, we published our first number of The CAMPUS in its present form in January, 1885. In a few months after the publication of the new CAMPUS the

stock of the company was at a premium and *The Owl* was a thing of the past.

Wishing you all success, I remain yours, etc.,

H. S. BODLEY, '85.

Alumni.

"Clip" Fuller, '86, has recently been admitted to the bar at Cleveland, O.

E. M. Mixer, '90, who is teaching in Conneautville, was in the city one day last week.

C. W. Miner, '81, of Cattaraugus, N. Y., was here visiting friends a few days ago.

Fred McQuiston, '87, a charter member of Pa Omega of S. A. E., visited his Sig brothers last week.

J. A. Gibson, Tom Morrison and C. C. Freeman were welcome visitors at Sigma Alpha Epsilon place on Feb. 20.

Mr. Ed. L. Mattern, '90, has given up the profession of journalism and has settled down to the study of law with his father, at Huntingdon, Pa.

Rev. J. M. Thoburn, '81, of Oil City, delivered a stereopticon lecture on India, in the chapel last week. The lecture was well attended. It was very interesting as well as instructive.

Dr. E. B. Heckel, '87, has been elected assistant professor of ophthalmology in the West Penn Hospital Medical College. at Pittsburg, Pa. L. V. Grove and J. B. Wood are also connected with the institution.

Fraternity.

The gay and frisky William goat has been brought forth again and has done some good work.

Higgins is now a Delta Tau Delta.

The Misses Bright and Porter are now members of Alpha Chi Omega.

J. S. Jones, '92, and Henry Freeman, '92, are now wearing the Sigma Alpha Epsilon pin.

Mr. Creal, of Jamestown, N. Y., was taken into the mysteries of Phi Kappa Psi Saturday night.

The Deltas gave another very successful party in the Phoenix Block, Monday evening. They will give no more until after Lent.

The Phi Kappa Psi boys entertained their lady friends at their chapter house, last Tuesday evening. Music by the Theatre orchestra.

The ladies of Kappa Kappa Gamma have given a series of very pleasant little parties to their gentlemen friends during the past winter.

The young ladies of K. A. Θ. gave a party to some of their Φ. Δ. Θ. friends Monday evening. Light refreshments were served and a very enjoyable time was spent by those present.

Clippings.

MY BLOTTER AND I.
(Selected.)

This poor old blotter, ink dried and torn,
A world of worry with me has borne.
What laughter has soaked it through and through,
When my pen has joked, as pens will do ;
What heights have I climbed in fancy pure ;
What had my heroines to endure
Of woe, when trials we piled so high,
Pitilessly my blotter and I.

Catching the ink from the driest screeds
That ever supplied a mortals needs—
Money for this and money for that,
The children's shoes or my Easter hat ;
While I prosed in a practical way.
Or caroled of life in verses gay,
It drank my joy as it did my sigh—
Both undismayed, my blotter and I.

O friend of this sweet and passing year,
Something beside the dark stains are here !
I can on this grimy, mottled face
The records of many battles trace.
Penned from the pang of a scorching pain,
The sheet here blotted brought speedy gain !
There pressed the story that none would buy—
We loved it best, my blotter and I !

This I wrote on some general, dead,
That was the answer I sent to Ned ;
Upside down, and the other side too,
Are words forgotten, though doubtless true :
And worse, a "Darling" ; and yes, "Kate dear."
To names lost sight of in one short year.
There fell the tears from "a woman's cry"—
We were alone, my blotter and I.

Into the basket,—it must be so !—
My gentle and patient friend, you go ;
How can another, both strange and new,
Speak with my words, as you seem to do ?
How can I turn to its dull, white face
With the thoughts of my soul's most secret place ?
Dirty, but dear you are. Well, good-bye !
Once *we* were strange—my blotter and I.

—Cora Stuart Wheeler.

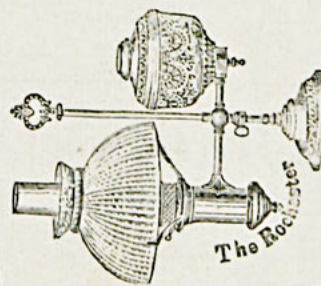
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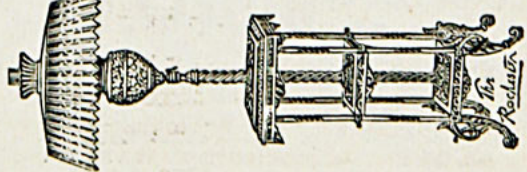
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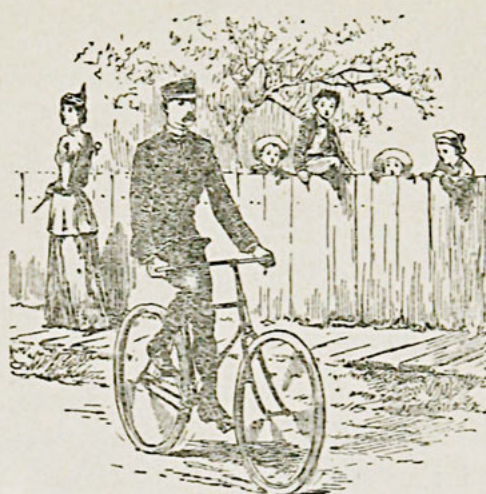
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