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"INTER SILVAS ACADEMI QUAERIMUS VERUM."

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THE BOTTLE IMP.

Ah! 'twas a wretched place to see,
The winds howled round it dismally,
And prowling gusts would sigh and moan,
Or shriek, or laugh, or dismal groan,
Until it seemed the sprites of air
Had wasted all their madness there.
It leaned to ruin and each wall
Bent in and seemed about to fall.
The roof, a sieve, let water pour
In closets, rooms and through the floor,
And down the stairs it trickled fast,
Then reached the cellar way at last
Where a rank pond of filthiness
Upheld a miscellaneous mess
Of broken barrels, tubs and chairs,
And several other household wares.

"Haunted," the neighbors said, but I
Looked at the matter skeptically;
At least I wished myself to try
And fathom the dread mystery.
So I determined right away
To try the restless ghost to lay,
And then went rambling through each room,
Unchilled by the surrounding gloom,
And in each closet closely peered
To find the thing the neighbors feared.
The rats went scampering o'er the place,
The spiders wrought their filmy lace
Or sprung their fly traps in the halls,
And bats hung pendant from the walls.

Where was the ghost? I could not see
Where it could hide successfully,
Because the daylight was my guide
And things were badly wrecked beside.
I came into the parlor next
And here my scrutiny was vex't,
For all I found was tapestry
Torn, faded, hung dejectedly.
A broken chair, without the seat,
A pair of tongs, a hearth complete,
And bits of wood, confusedly
Upon the grate and hearthstone lay
All charred and blackened, seemed to say,
"Our time is past, we give no ray;
Had we our flaming tongues we'd tell
What direful things herein befell."
Then in a bed room next I sought
To find some ghostly hiding spot;
A broken candlestick I found,
And a cracked ewer on the ground,
A mangled frame, a broken chair,
A carpet faded and thread bare.
I started for I heard a cry,
And then I laughed uproariously;
'Twas only an old chanticleer
Strutting about some barn-yard near;
And then I wondered if such voice
Had made the waking year rejoice
Of any who had chanced to roam
About this place and called it home.
Yet still no ghost. But I will look
In every corner, hole and nook

Until I find it. Then perchance
I may rehearse each circumstance—
The shrunken walls—the creaking stairs—
The faded curtains—broken chairs
And mantle pieces cracked and worn,
The general aspect so forlorn,
The startling echoes sounding through
Some dark and ghostly avenue,
And make a tale in which shall walk
The evil things of night which stalk
In dreams—or some dark hour
When conscience has regained its power,
Or memory brings to mind once more
The many evils done before.
Whilst thus I mused I cast my eye
Upon some shattered crockery,
And midst the broken mass I found
A bottle lying on the ground.
And wondered how it came to pass
That in so much of broken glass
It lay unshattered. Then I took
And loosed the stopper. Smelt and shook
It. From its neck a curious fume
Expanded and lit up the gloom.
Startled, I placed it on a shelf
And watched the thing unfold itself.
The vapor soon grew definite;
I gazed most earnestly, but yet
I could not tell what sort of thing
Had made my courage take its wing.
Then next I saw two fiery eyes
And e'er I mastered my surprise,
Two goblin arms—and trunk stood there
Formed in the filmy atmosphere.
"What thing art thou? Speak out!" I cried,
And thus the impish thing replied—

"Ha, ha! You've come to see the ghost,
I am your humble servant, sir;
To entertain delights me most,
I seldom have a visitor.

"This is a whiskey bottle here,
And I'm its lonely habitant;
Come help yourself. I furnished cheer
For many an ancient visitant.

"You need not start, I work no harm
Till some one fills the void inside.
Ah! when I'm full—that works the charm
Which makes the devil pacified.

"'Tis then I rule supreme. No King
Has such fierce hold on men as I;
No earthly tie, no living thing,
Is free from my dread monarchy.

"I'm superannuated now,
And garrulous in my old age,
All sorts of freedom I allow,
My life's a long forgotten page.

"Oh, when I first came to this place
'Twas on a happy wedding day;
The bride was beautiful—her face
Cleared up the gloom like some bright ray.

"The bridegroom was a handsome lad,
A well-matched mate for such as she,
He was her idol, and the glad
Bright smiles broke for him merrily.

"An old man brought me 'neath his arm
In this same bottle that you see;
'The best old bourbón works no harm,
So let's be merry then,' said he.

"Ah! no one saw me grinning then;
They pulled the cork and out I flew—
The bridegroom laughed—the gentlemen
Soon got to laughing, loudly too.

"I perched myself where I could see,
And nodded as they pledged each health.
And then I laughed in silent glee
To see their manhood ooze by stealth.

"That night the bride sat all alone,
Her face was sorrowful to see;
For he, whom love had made her own,
Lay snoring, drunk as drunk could be.

"Ha, ha! that pleased me well. I stayed
And was a fixture on the shelf;
But grief no longer havoc played,
The lassie took a glass herself.

"They kept me full, and I laughed on
To see them maudlin now and then;
No friend was theirs like demijohn,
And but for him no woes had been.

"It took two years to turn his nose
Into a very purple hue,
And three more sped before there rose
Like color on her features too.

"They had five children. Very soon,
Before their little teeth appeared,
They fed them bourbón with a spoon
Mixed with sugar. Thus were they reared.

"The old place soon was mortgaged. Bills
Came trooping in like evil things.
The woods were hewn and soon the hills
Were bare of aught save grass and springs.

"All went to wreck and ruin fast,
But once my merriment was gone;
The husband saw this could not last,
And I was in the corner thrown.

"He then kept sober for a year
And was the steadiest of men,
Until I felt a fluttering fear
That I should never laugh again.

"I watched in silence. 'Gainst the spell
I felt e'er long he'd fight in vain.
One night a child was born. Then, well
I knew that he was mine again.

"For old nurse Stopperpull was there;
Says she, 'The child needs something warm.'
Ha, ha! my laughter filled the air;
Out came the cork. It worked the charm.

"I saw the father's glittering eyes,
And one long lingering draught he took.
Ho, ho! poor mortal, you're my prize,
I can't mistake that longing look.

"I danced for one delightful hour
About the prostrate master there,

For he was mine. I felt my power
And knew I need no more despair.

"The youngest son bent o'er his sire
And pulled his whiskers. With a yell
His father struck him. In the fire
Shrieking with fear the infant fell.

"In vain the drunken father sought
To save the child; 'twas dead before
He staggered to the fatal spot.
And then he raved and madly swore
He'd ne'er again drink whiskey vile,
An oath he kept a little while.

"Then I was corked up for a spell.
Ha, ha! I saw how't all would end.
I knew the father loved me well,
E'en though he'd sworn he would amend.
But in his mood I let him stay
For he was faltering day by day.

"But still he strove, resisting fate
For months—yes, even years, and then
Two sons grew up to man's estate
With all the wants of gentlemen;
These he supplied as best he could
By tax on the ancestral wood.

"Alone in this dark shelf I lay
Cursing that time was so delayed.
His sons came home on Christmas day
And ordered that some punch be made.
O, 'twas a Christmas gay for me,
I revelled, but they could not see.

"Ha! when the clock struck twelve that night,
Two tipsy brothers quarrelled there
Who ne'er before engaged in fight,
And awful curses rent the air.
Ha, ha! I laughed till I was sore
For one lay dead upon the floor.

"This time I was not corked again,
My power dread had its free course.
The father drank to kill his pain,
The son to check his fierce remorse;
The wretched mother she drank deep
So that the cruel past might sleep.

"Oh, 'twas a glorious time for me,
The lands and home and all were sold.
One guilty son ran off to sea,
And one stole his employer's gold.
The girl—ha, ha!—she took to flight
And left her parents one dark night.

"And then my man—I call him so
Because his love for me was great—
Made up his mind to end his woe,
And cap the climax of his fate.
He put a pistol to his head
And snap—he—he! my man lay dead.

"At last the wife—nay, wife no more—
Now ragged, dirty, withered, gray,
In drunken sleep upon the floor
Before the fire-place shivering lay.
Then she awoke and crawled to where
The glowing embers lit the air.

"Ha, ha! I see her now. A flame
Sprang out and caught her garments torn.
She was well crisped. She and her shame
Awoke not on the following morn.
There lay the wife, the mother, all
Wrapped in her charred funeral pall.

"Oh, how I laughed—I'm laughing still.

This is the noise the rustics hear.

But now I'm weak to work my will

And you have nothing then to fear.

I'm empty, sir, and powerless,

Weak, aged, worn and garrulous."

"You fiendish devil," then I cried;

"Ha, ha! you're right; that's what I am.

But say, my friend, have me supplied

And let me end this mournful calm.

Oh, fill me! fill me! then you'll see

The power that once was given to me."

I caught the bottle by the neck

And soon it was a mangled wreck;

For broken on the hearth it lay,

And then I turned to go away.

My task was done, the ghost was fled

And from the place I quickly sped,

Resolved that no such imp should roam

And fright the inmates of my home.

HARMONY.

WHEN a number of keys are struck upon a piano a trained ear at once detects the relations existing between any two, or all of them, and is jarred by the least discordant quiver. When these relations are perfect—when each note possesses its just proportion of sound, they produce that musical agreement which has received the name of Harmony. Even the uncultivated ear is pained by an unharmonious strain, and pleased by the concordant melodies. "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," is often the quoted expression of our thoughts; but have we once reflected why this is so? Have we, who lay some claim to being more than savages, ever asked ourselves why we are so strangely moved when listening to some production of the old masters, which, though as unintelligible as Sanskrit, weakens within us an answering melody and causes us to smile unconsciously as the glad, joyous, sparkling notes chase each other in merry glee like sunbeams reflected from the wavy surface of some meadow brook, or draws the sympathetic tear as the same notes tell of heavy sorrow and despair?

"There is in souls a sympathy with sounds," and the strange emotions which come like unbidden guests to the portals of our souls are but the counterparts of like emotions which existed in the mind of him who arranged those notes in harmony with his thoughts.

"Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us and the heart replies."

But the term, Harmony, is not restricted to music alone; it is applied to all objects which exhibit an identity, or unity underlying their diversified forms. Indeed, Harmony has been defined as "diversified unity." When we speak, therefore, of people living together in harmony, we mean that all discordant passions are suppressed and that the common desires lead to a sin-

gle end; or, if we employ the term "harmony of the universe" we speak of that all pervading unity which applies alike to those mighty rolling spheres and the tiny flower that blooms unseen in some mountain recess. When we study the motions of the planets we wonder at the perfect concert of every movement, and are struck with awe when we think of the millions upon millions of vast, inert masses of matter, exhibiting the same unvarying and harmonious action. When we apply this knowledge to things terrestrial our wonder is only increased, for we find the same agreement existing between the motions of those far distant planets and the changing seasons. This agreement answers for many curious questions. It lures the timid bud from its protecting sheath and expands it into the fragrant flower; it spreads the green mantle of springtime and dyes it with the gorgeous golden colors of autumn; it causes the fleecy vapors, floating like feathers in the blue azure, to mass their scattered fragments into the dark thunder cloud, or separates them into those flaky crystals which cover all nature with the pure white mantle of winter; it furrows the plump, rosy cheek of the prattling babe with the wrinkles of age, and numbers the cycles of life and death. Through all these examples and many, many more, may be traced the same harmonious action which rules all nature.

But there is another harmony, different from that manifest in these examples, in that it exists within our selves and arises from the perfect concordance of our natures with that of Him who made them copies of his own. When we draw in the pure morning air, we experience at once its invigorating properties in our quickened frames. When we gaze upon the fleeing mists, blushing rosy red before the ardent rays of the rising sun, we feel also our sordid natures melting under the sweet influence of beauty. The sparkling dew, the warbling birds, the anxious lowing of the cattle, the fast increasing hum of the awakening city, and all those well known signs of rising day find in us an answering chord. We feel glad because all nature is glad—because we feel in our hearts a counterpart of the happy scene presented to our eyes. Yet the world without must correspond to the mind within or it cannot come into its apprehension. If the mind is diseased its world is deformed.

"In Nature there's no blemish but the mind."

The pebbles which appear so lovely through the clear stream of the brooklet become distorted and indistinct when that stream is muddied. And so the most beautiful objects we see about us—objects whose only end seems to be our happiness—may jar our souls with the bitterest discord if those souls are not in harmony with the great Soul who appears in every corner of the universe.

IS COLLEGE WORK PRACTICAL?

BY W. J. A.

A SUCCESSFUL man is credited by the world as one who has inherited the qualities which lead to his success. There is little doubt but that men do inherit all the qualities they ever have, be they good or bad. The admission of this statement will not lead us into any difficulty. The question may arise, if we cannot acquire new qualities for our pursuits in life, why spend so many years in preparation? The powers of man are like the metals. No metal is found in its purity; some are associated with more waste material than others, but all require a certain amount of preparation before they are adapted to the arts. This preparation the powers of the mind receive, we call education, and to receive this it is not necessary to attend college or school of any kind, though to do so is expedient. We learn from our own experience, we may learn from the successes and failures of others. This world is a great school and we must take a course. The poet has well said, "Life is before you, from its paths you cannot turn." We *must* learn, it is inevitable. The only question is, what shall we learn as the most beneficial for life's work? Many young men are thrown back, if not entirely prohibited from entering a successful career by the ignorance of their parents. Very many parents think that life is too short for their sons to learn more than what is practical in it, and this is true; but they mistake, very often, the manner in which their sons learn the practical things of life. The question before us is, "Is the work in college practical, and if so, how much of it?" We think all the college work is practical. It is now necessary to define the meaning of practical work as used in this connection. It is that which can be turned to use now or hereafter. In the ordinary acceptation of the term we understand only that to be practical which we can use in our daily vocations, either in the professions, mechanics or general business. All the vocations are but means of sustenance. We do not live to work but work to live. There is something beyond other than professional practice for which we must prepare. The highest preparation a man can obtain is that which enables him to enjoy life, not as an epicurean, but as a true man, and to accomplish this is the aim of all college work. Doubtless the science of Aesthetics seems as far as anything can be from the practical, but even this, the most spiritless study in the course, has its good qualities. Its aim is to teach us where to look for the beautiful in architecture, sculpture, painting, music and poetry, the

comprehension of which arts must afford man great pleasure and cause him to set a higher value upon life. If we pass through life ignorant of higher mathematics, of the mental and physical sciences, we lose much that is beautiful to the mind and consequently beautiful for us. True, our success in the popular sense of the word, may not depend upon a knowledge of any of the sciences; yet it will be impossible for us to be ignorant of the reality of these sciences, and such knowledge must show us our deficiency and detract from our enjoyment. These studies are practical for the subject matter; even if we never use them in after life they are practical because a means of strength. While there is no doubt but the development a student receives who completes a college course will aid him greatly in the pursuit of his life calling, be that farming, one of the professions, or any branch of art. Yet if this were all, the practicality of college work would be questionable. If this were all, why not take a special course for your work? No, this is not the practical part of education. There are too many sources of enjoyment in this world, too much to gain for the next to blindly prepare for and follow one course for the gain and honor it may produce. The practical work in college, the practical work of life, is to see, to understand as much as possible the works of God and man, to improve as far as in us lies the qualities which have been implanted in us for eternity.

THE STRENGTH OF SILENCE.

THERE is a mighty power in silence, and silence is frequently an evidence of power. There are many men so weak that they can not hold their tongues or keep their mouths shut. The man who offends not in word is a perfect man—able to bridle his whole body. He who can control his tongue can control his entire nature. Here silence is a token of power—of reserved force. He who knows how to keep silence knows how to speak; and often his silence is more impressive than his speech. "Brilliant flashes of silence" is by no means a senseless expression. How often have we seen the bable of the foolish hushed by the silent glance of an earnest soul; how often the ribald jest or scurrilous word has died upon the lips when an indignant silence was the only reply it could evoke. That man or that woman who can stand silent amid reproaches, and accusations, and sneers, and scoffs, shows a degree of strength and power which falls not to the lot of every one.

ANON.

Life goes best with those who take it best.—*Jean Ingelow.*

THE CAMPUS.

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WE understand that there is some fault found, by some of the students, with the CAMPUS. It is certain that the paper does not receive the support it ought, only about one third of the students being subscribers. The students have been repeatedly invited, through our columns and otherwise, to aid us in making the paper a success.

The CAMPUS is intended to be the organ of no faction, but to represent the whole college; whatever interests the students, interests the college; and what is for the advantage of the college ought to interest the students.

If you think the CAMPUS is not what it ought to be put your wishes and suggestions into a definite, tangible shape, and we will gladly consider them, and, if consistent, will conform to your desires. The wholesale condemnation of the paper, which some make, deserves no reply. Locals, personals or communications in reference to college interests and our college friends will be gladly received; indeed, we request our readers to furnish us these items. We repeat that if any of our readers have suggestions to make we will receive them kindly and try to improve the paper thereby. We must, however, insist upon two conditions, (1) that they shall be as definite as possible, and (2) that they shall not be anonymous. We insist on the last as a guarantee of good faith. Any communications complying with these conditions will receive the candid, unbiased consideration of the editorial board.

Is it not nearly time that arrangements were began for the athletic sports of next term? Before we are aware Spring will have come and all will be hurry and confusion. We labor under a great disadvantage

in not having a gymnasium—for our part we would not be willing to prophesy when the promised armory and gymnasium will become visible to the practical eyes of the students—however it would be a good idea if the matter could be discussed and proper plans and arrangements made, so that, as soon as the weather will permit, those wishing may begin to practice. Those who engaged in these sports last year did well and in some respects it will be difficult to surpass them. There is need of extra work if we intend to keep up the interest in these sports. The plan proposed last year of forming a boat club, we presume has gone by the board with many like schemes, for the lack of funds. Another thing suggests itself. Are we to have a rifle team this year? If not, why not? Because of a lack of marksmen, ammunition or opponents? Two years ago a team was organized and did, it was thought, pretty good execution. It is very probable that as good an one can be formed this year. If we can't have a boat race, let us have a shooting match.

What is especially needed is a little enthusiasm and push on the part of all of the students. Our principal attention should be given to our studies, but a proper amount of good, healthy exercise will not hurt a good many of us. It can not be said of Allegheny that the principal studies are boating and ball playing.

THE *Oberlin Review* contains an account of a meeting of the Association of the Colleges of Ohio, recently held, from which we learn that this Association laid down the following as requisites of a college: (1) It must have four classes in operation. (2) The college course should comprise four years of solid work, with fifteen recitations each week. (3) The minimum requirements for admission, in addition to the common English, should be from two to three years of Latin, two years of Greek and Algebra to quadratics, daily recitations in each. The object of the Association is to distinguish between colleges and universities proper, and those so called; to promote fellowship and to discuss live questions of college interest. Why cannot the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania have a like Association? Institutions claiming to be colleges are not scarce. The advantages to be derived are many and fully worth the trouble which it will require to secure them. As it now is, we know but very little of each other and do not more than half know that. If there were no other advantage than making the acquaintance of sister colleges, it would pay; but besides this such an organization will furnish a chance to discuss and carefully consider various innovations and changes that are proposed, to bring a strong and just influence against any evils which may hinder the progress of higher education, and to become acquainted with the ways and methods of thinking

which characterize other institutions. It must be admitted that college circles settle into certain grooves of thought in spite of, if not because of, the culture of its thinkers and surroundings. In short, we believe it would be of as much advantage for the various colleges of the State, by their chosen representatives, to meet together and interchange ideas as for any other of the great interests of our country.

THERE are but few in a college community but will admit the general advantages of independent thought. All have a vague idea that it is this power that makes much of the difference between the scholar and the mass of mankind. There is, however, by far too little attention paid to the subject, and many are unwilling even to make the attempt of thinking for themselves.

The author whom we are studying says that this or that proposition is true, and we content ourselves with accepting his statement without inquiring as to the truth or even reasonableness of the same, and so form our opinions and beliefs. The weight and force of the opinions of men who have made a subject a life study, cannot and ought not to be discarded without most careful thought. But we think we are safe in saying, that a large amount of the professed doubts and skepticism of to-day can be traced, directly or indirectly, to this tendency to accept as true something which somebody has proclaimed, and whose opinion either from former acquaintance, general reputation, or our own admiration, we are willing to accept. The general truth of this proposition can be seen by the avidity with which many accept the theories and suppositions advanced by any one who claims to be a scientist. In fact, ideas which are advanced upon scientific subjects as only possible truth, are accepted and peddled about by this class as absolute and indubitable science. If a man of known skeptical tendencies makes an assertion in his general line of belief, it matters little how far from truth, the whole class of doubters swallow the statement, and congratulate themselves upon being among the advanced thinkers. Nor is the religious world free from this fault, although we may think it freer than any of the former classes. This freedom, if we may be allowed to claim it, can be directly traced to the opposing parties which some claim to be such a curse to the church. Still the unpleasant fact remains that the religious world is too willing to accept as truth the statements of its leaders without proper consideration. Too frequent an expression is that Talmage or Deems or some other teacher says so and so, and no man dares to contradict or question. Some claim, it is true, that it is not possible for the people to examine into all these subjects and come to a proper conclusion, that the masses have neither time nor capacity to judge for themselves.

Dr. Draper would divide all mankind into three classes: Those who think independently and so lead the masses; those who accept the deductions of the first class; and those who care for nothing but to eat, drink and live. He also claims that as the first class increases civilization advances. This statement is evidently true. So it comes directly to our purpose to enforce, if possible, the necessity and advantages of independent thought. It is claimed by some that college-educated men do the thinking of the world, and others contend that the independent thinkers have not received collegiate training.

We doubt not but college men will hold their own in the contest and they, as well as the non-collegiate, will lead and guide human thought in proportion as they think and act independently. Among the advantages of a thorough course of study is the acquired power of detecting the false and substituting the true. Students may and do cheat themselves of this advantage by merely memorizing their lessons and reciting them mechanically by filling their heads with what others say, and having nothing to say themselves. Independent thought may also be hindered by our professors. They are too often content to hear the lesson, mark the mistakes, assign the lesson, and dismiss the class. The average student in such a class soon becomes a mere machine and can run only as long as he is wound up. A teacher may also check or in some manner deter any discussion in class. "If you wish, after class we will consider the matter," becomes the usual announcement, which means no discussion. A question asked by an inquiring mind and in good faith is answered by ridicule or perhaps entirely discarded. This may encourage thought, but we fear it has but little power as an intellectual exercise. We would not for a moment advocate discussion in class merely for the sake of discussion; but, in all of the branches of a college course, questions arise upon which a few moments discussion and explanation will aid much in future study, and quicken the mind's insight into other difficulties which will necessarily arise. It will often remove doubts, which left, may trouble the mind for years afterwards. To this it may be objected, that there is not time during recitation for such discussion. We think that there would be but little loss of time in the end, for each point cleared up and settled would make the remainder of the subject plainer and discussion unnecessary. But, if it were impossible to cover the same ground, it would be much more profitable to the student, as he would have a settled and well laid foundation for future work in the subject. Better to do one-half of the work and do it well than to hastily and in a half-mastered manner cover double ground, is as applicable to the teacher as the scholar. The questions asked in class may seem puerile to the professor when they contain real difficulties to the student; but better learn the truth and take the higher position when in college than to find ourselves advocating the same afterward and becoming an object of ridicule to those better informed.

Locals.

Where are those pickles?

A class in Spanish is the latest.

It is warm—near a hot fire, but nowhere else.

The event of the season is the Senior's white hat.

The cornet adds greatly to the harmony of our chapel music.

The Phi Gamma Deltas now occupy a new hall in the Richmond Block.

We know a Soph who kissed his Senior roommate in his sleep. "Habit is second nature."

A Junior recently translated, "*Hinter dem Gebirge sind undergleichen*," Behind the mountains are our goats.

The Seniors amuse themselves between recitations by playing "Tit-tat-toe" and "This is the house that Jack built."

The gentleman who tends the heater in Hulings Hall says that it was so cold the other night that it froze icicles on the boiler.

The following are the officers of the Freshman class: President, Burt Blair; Secretary, Plummer; Treasurer, Hughes; Historian, Barr.

Class in Mental Philosophy—Prof.: "Give an example of taste existing as a real quality of matter." Junior: "Boarding hall butter."

Allegheny graduates residing in Pittsburgh met on the evening of January 24th for the purpose of effecting a permanent organization.

Class in Physics—Prof.: "Mr. M., please hand me your book." Mr. M. rises in confusion and confesses that he doesn't know where the lesson is.

Prest. of Literary Society—"Will the music committee please favor us with some music?" Chairman of Com.—"Mr. President, the committee is expended."

An Alumni Association has been organized in Cleveland, with Moses Hill, D. D., '49, as its President, Frank A. Arters, '64, Vice President, and W. C. Wilson, '80, Secretary.

Class in Mathematics—Prof.: "A fool can ask more questions in a minute than a wise man can answer in an hour." Student: "Perhaps that's the reason so many of us flunk."

The editors for the coming *Alleghenian* are, Phi Delta Theta, J. A. Vance, C. W. Miner; Delta Tau Delta, J. Locke, J. D. Watson; Phi Kappa Psi, S. S. Ford, Wm. Armstrong.

Student in Greek—"Prof., you need not look at me so suspiciously; when a man gets into difficulty we ought

to help him out." Prof.—"Mr., I did not notice that you were cheating."

Prof. Tingley's lectures have proved very instructive. The wonderful laws of electricity were illustrated by a rich variety of experiments, some of which were exceedingly beautiful.

The Declamation Contest of the Philo-Franklin Literary Society was held Thursday evening, Feb. 3d. The following were the contestants: J. H. Miller, E. E. Blair, J. A. Guignon, C. L. Pappenhagen, R. R. Ross, J. R. Andrews. The decision of the judges was in favor of Mr. J. H. Miller.

The Seniors have shown their renowned sagacity in the selection of the following officers and Class Day performers: President, A. D. Gill; Secretary, Miss E. F. Merchant; Treasurer, J. C. Throckmorton; Orator, S. S. Ford; Valedictorian, J. T. Ewing; Essayist, Miss M. L. Saeger; Historian, J. A. Wann; Poet, A. Fleming.

A Senior, while eating hash in the boarding hall, felt something hard between his teeth. He took a large gold filling from his mouth, remarking that it was very strong hash that would draw the fillings from his teeth. A few hours later he seated himself in a dentist's chair to have the filling replaced; but the dentist, after searching for a long time, declared that his teeth were all sound. Now the question is, how came that filling in the hash?

The officers of the battalion for the present term are: Captains—Gill, Tarbell, Wann, Decker, Adjutant—1st Lieut. Richmond; Quartermaster—1st Lieut. W. W. Thoburn; 1st Lieutenants—Cubbison, Colegrove, Kinneer, Hammond; 2d Lieutenants—Cullum, Hovis, Yates, Taylor; Sgt. Maj.—Col. White; Quartermaster Sgt.—F. C. Monks; 1st Sergeants—F. White, Best, Jackson, Pond; Sergeants—Hughes, McQueen, Guthrie, Cooper, E. M. Robinson, Gilbert, M. F. Compton, Hume; Corporals—Laughlin, C. P. Robinson, E. S. Blair, King, Day, Case, Hyde, Newlon, Barr, Scoville, Koester, Hall, W. B. Smith, Stull, A. L. Smith.

Once upon a time, long ago, before the ladies all concluded to board in "The Home," several ladies and gentlemen were enjoying the comforts of a private boarding place. One evening, when they were all gathered in the sitting-room, the landlady noticed one of the ladies reclining on the sofa apparently asleep. Turning to one of the gentlemen she said that if he would steal a kiss from the sleeping beauty, so carefully as not to awaken her, she would give them a turkey dinner next day. He did, and we helped eat the turkey. It has recently been discovered that she was not asleep. She says she did it for the general good of the club.

The reception at Hulings Hall on Friday, the 29th of January, must be pronounced a decided success. At an early hour the halls were filled to overflowing. Among the guests was quite a large delegation from Oil City and Franklin. The ladies gave their friends a most cordial welcome, showing to all that the motto which greeted each visitor was not mere form. The evening was characterized by its lack of formality and the sociability of all concerned. In the latter part of the evening the friends were called to order and Hon. G. B. Delamater chosen President, and Prof. N. P. Kinsley, of Franklin, Secretary. After a few remarks by the President Dr. Bugbee gave a brief history of Hulings Hall. The Dr. was followed by Mr. Hulings, to whose liberality we are largely indebted for the Hall, who delivered an address in which he set forth the advantages of higher culture for all, but especially for the ladies. Dr. Bugbee then stated the financial condition of the enterprise. Refreshments, furnished by the ladies of the city, were then served. All were unanimous in pronouncing it a most pleasant occasion, and the remark was overheard that it would be agreeable if social gatherings were frequent at Hulings Hall.

Personals.

A. H. Siggins, '83, attended the reception.
Miss Boice has formed several classes in elocution.
W. P. Grant preaches regularly at Hunterville.
W. M. Martin, '75, is preaching in Edenburg, Pa.
G. H. Huffinan, '77, is preaching at Waynesburg, Pa.
F. R. Burroughs is attending medical lectures in Buffalo.
J. P. Strayer, M. D., '78, is practicing medicine in Geneva, Pa.
T. D. Sensor, '77, is principal of the Conneautville schools.
D. B. Heiner, '79, passed a few days with his friends here lately.
E. A. Nelson, '79, is attending a theological seminary in New York.
C. W. Davis is succeeding in the hardware business in Randolph, N. Y.
Lewis Burton, D. D., '37, is rector of Christ Church in Cleveland, O.
J. A. Loomis, '82, made his college friends a brief visit not long ago.
E. M. Wood, '79, is Principal of the Union School at Sinclairville, N. Y.
J. M. Bray, '63, is holding successful revival meetings in his church at Parker, Pa.

J. D. Hammond, '66, of Carson City, Nevada, was recently elected to the Senate.

L. O. Mead, '81, preached at Harmonsburg on the evening of January 16th.

Rev. J. G. Townsend was recently elected an honorary member of "Philo" society.

W. W. Tarbell, '81, was recently called home by the death of his grandmother.

Rev. J. B. Orwig, '59, of Ellsworth, Kan., visited friends in the city during vacation.

J. W. Kahle, formerly a member of class of '83, is in the oil business at Duke Centre, Pa.

Rev. E. D. McReary, '67, is presiding elder of the Jamestown district Erie conference.

Prof. W. P. Kinsley, '58, Principal of Franklin schools, attended the reception at Hulings Hall.

Miss Minnie Martin, '84, is not in college this term on account of the ill-health of her mother.

Jas. Doughty, '78, has gone to Bradford to assist E. H. Koester in his rapidly increasing law practice.

Frank Lippitt, '78, has temporarily engaged in the insurance business in the upper oil regions.

Rev. Frank Brown, '55, is now engaged in the oil business at Jacksonville, Fla., where he went on account of failing health.

O. B. Moss, M. D., '79, is achieving fine success as a lecturer on Physiology in the Homeopathic Medical College, Cleveland, O.

C. C. Nugent graduated at the "University of the Pacific" last year, joined the California conference, and is now preaching at Madison, Cal.

Rev. Henry A. Butts, D. D., President of Drew Theological Seminary, has been invited to preach the anniversary sermon before the Y. M. C. A.

Dr. Bugbee left on the 31st of January for Drew, where he lectures on the 2d inst. Before returning he expects to visit New York, Princeton and Philadelphia.

Dr. Bugbee attended the Amherst Alumni Association, which met recently in Cleveland, and responded to the toast, "Amherst in relation to the profession of teaching."

A. J. Newell, '80, has the general agency for "The Royal Path of Life" in southern and central New York. He employs thirty agents and is meeting with great success.

Among other guests from abroad we noticed Miss Grace Beebe, a former member of '83. Her student friends are glad to know that she intends to resume her studies the coming year.

Miscellaneous.

Ann Arbor has 1,500 students.

Wellesly is to have no commencement exercises.

The degree of Ph. D. has been conferred upon Mr. Edison by Rutgers College.

No knowledge is lost; but perfected, changed for much nobler, sweeter, greater knowledge.—*Baxter*.

Gen. Garfield's eldest sons are preparing for Williams College, under the direction of a private tutor.

The complete works of Bayard Taylor, translated into German by his wife, will shortly appear at Berlin.

Prof. Alexander Graham Bell has received the Volta prize of \$10,000 of the French Academy for the invention of electricity.

Where there is no integrity there can be no confidence; and where there is no *confidence* there can be no *unanimity*.—*Colton*.

Only two secret societies are allowed at Princeton—the Chosophic, founded in 1765, and the American Whig, founded in 1768.

In our youth we are the master of our habits; in middle age we stand on even terms; in old age they become our masters.—*Anon*.

Germany has one in seven of its population in school; France one in nine; England one in eleven; Italy one in fifteen; Russia one in seventeen.

Political economy is studied practically at John Hopkins University. It is said the class is now engaged upon the report for 1880 of the Secretary of the Treasury.

Lord Beaconsfield has been engaged in writing another political novel, which will appear before long. It deals with that period of English history in which Mr. Disraeli himself was much interested.

Look not mournfully into the past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart.

Young men talk of trusting to the spur of the occasion. That trust is vain. Occasions can not make spurs. If you expect to wear spurs you must win them. If you wish to use them, you must buckle them to your heels before you go into the fight.—*Gen. Garfield*.

Harmonious words render ordinary ideas acceptable; less ordinary, pleasant; novel and ingenious ones, delightful. As pictures and statues, and living beauty too, show better by music-light, so is poetry irradiated, verified, glorified, and raised into immortal life by the influence of harmony.—*Landor*.

One of our exchanges says: The sum of \$3,000 has been given to Vassar College to establish a scholarship, and to be called the "Barringer Scholarship Fund." The annual income is to be given to the best scholar in the graduating class each year, who is the daughter of a physician. If there should be only one physician's daughter in the class she would not have very hard work to win the prize.

Table.

"Does your wife play euchre?" asked one. "No," replied the other, rubbing his head, "but she's death on poker."—*Ex*.

"Æolian Aggregations," is the way the second-year men are to be designated instead of the misplaced appellation of "Sophomore."—*Ex*.

At a recent railroad festival, the following striking sentiment was given: "Our Mothers—the only faithful tenders who never misplaced a switch."—*Ex*.

The world is always interested to know the last words of a man. It doesn't care so much for those of a woman; she has had her last word all through life.

Scene in essay class: Prof.—"If for any reason English should become extinct—" "He is, professor," cried a voice from a back seat. An explosion followed.—*Ex*.

A very disagreeable old gentleman dies. A nephew, charged with the duty of preparing his epitaph, suggests: "Deeply regretted by all who never knew him."

"Father," said a roguish boy, "I hope you won't buy any more gunpowder tea for mother." "Why not?" "Because every time she drinks it she blows me up."—*Ex*.

"I am speaking," said a long-minded orator, "for the benefit of posterity." "Yes," said one of his hearers, "and if you keep on much longer your audience will hear."—*Ex*.

Senior asks professor a very profound question. Prof.—"Mr. W., a fool can ask a question that ten wise men could not answer." Senior.—"Then I suppose that's why so many of us flunk."—*Ex*.

On receiving the prize in a foot race, the successful competitor said: "Gentlemen, I have won this cup by the use of my legs; I trust I may never lose the use of my legs by the use of this cup."—*Oberlin Review*.

A sociable theologian made an interminable call upon a lady acquaintance. Her little daughter, who was present, grew weary of the conversation, and whispered in an audible tone—"Didn't he bring his *Amen* with him to-day?"—*Ex*.

A fond mother hearing that an earthquake was coming, sent her boys to the country to escape it. After a few days she received a note from the friend, saying: "For goodness sake, take your boys away, and send along the earthquake instead."

"Nature abhors a vacuum," remarked the philosophic prep. as he quietly stuffed his inner-man from the Professor's back orchard. "Force is an agent that causes motion," murmured the Professor, as he quietly elevated the prep. over the ten-foot fence on his pedal tip.—*Ex.*

A young man who had inherited, the day before, a large fortune from an uncle, gave a dinner to a few friends. He inquired at the restaurant if they had some old cheese. "Yes," replied the waiter. "Is it strong?" "Sfrong enough to bring the dead to life." "I don't want it," replied the heir.—*Ex.*

Exchanges.

Owing to some misunderstanding, our exchanges have been mislaid, and if any of our friends have not received due notice or our paper, if in their next number they will say the usual "Please Ex." we will see that their names are upon our exchange list.

The *World*, published every day in the year, is sent by mail, postpaid at \$12 a year, \$3 for 3 months, or \$1 a month. The Monday issue, the second page of which is voted to the Book Reviews and College Chronicle, is sent separately at \$1.50, or 50 cents for four months. All subscriptions should be addressed to "The World, 35 Park Row, N. Y."

The *Emory Mirror*, coming from Oxford, Ga., is especially welcome, and the pleasure we take in reviewing it is because it contains such a variety of reading matter. Its appearance and contents are not after the usual style of college papers, and after looking through a number that are quite similar, it is most refreshing to take up the *Mirror*. We read with much interest the article, "Should the College Boys Visit the Ladies?" "Tom," the author, closes up his dissertation with "Boys, visit the ladies!" After reading this article carefully we wonder to ourselves whether "Tom" speaks from experience or observation. We are much inclined to the opinion that he speaks from observation for his article has not "caught that inspiration which comes only from association with woman." The selections found in "Silver Siftings" are very good.

DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD.—Creasy's extremely

interesting volume narrating the history of the fifteen decisive battles of the world, those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes, is highly esteemed by all readers of history. It has a long time been on Harper's list as one of their standard books, at the price of \$1.50. Now it is issued in a very handsome cloth-bound volume, by the American Book Exchange, New York, at the nominal price of 35 cents. It forms one of their Acme Library of History, which includes Macaulay's England, \$1.25 (reduced from \$7.50), Gibbon's Rome, \$2.00 (reduced from \$9.00), Rollin's Ancient History, \$1.75; Froissart's Chronicles, \$1.50, and to which list will soon be added, at equally low prices, Grote's Greece, Green's (larger) England, Mommsen's Rome, Masson's Guizot's France, Carlyle's French Revolution, Schiller's Thirty Years' War, and others. Catalogues of the standard low-priced books of the Literary Revolution will be sent on application to the American Book Exchange, Tribune Building, New York.

The *Pennsylvania School Journal* contains most excellent matter. An article by Elizabeth Lloyd upon "Industrial Education in our Common Schools," is full of good, practical common sense. President Angell, of Michigan University, speaking of co-education says in the *Journal*—"We have nine years experience in co-education, and I think the solicitude concerning the health of the women has not proved well-founded. On the contrary, I am convinced that a young woman, coming here in fair health, devoting herself to her appointed work, not going too much into society but living with reasonable prudence and care of herself, is quite as likely to be in good health at the time of her graduation as she would have been if she had remained at home. The regularity of the life and the deep interest which it awakens and maintains, are manifestly conducive to mental and bodily health.

There is no branch of study pursued in any of our schools in which some women have not done superior work. It was soon found that in those studies which are thought to make the most strenuous demand on the intellect, some of the women took equal rank with the best men. They have desired and have received no favors. After graduation, a fair proportion have secured positions of eminent usefulness, especially as teachers and as physicians. Some of them have been engaged in teaching the Greek and the Latin in our preparatory schools. Five of our graduates have been called to the Faculty of Wellesley College.

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