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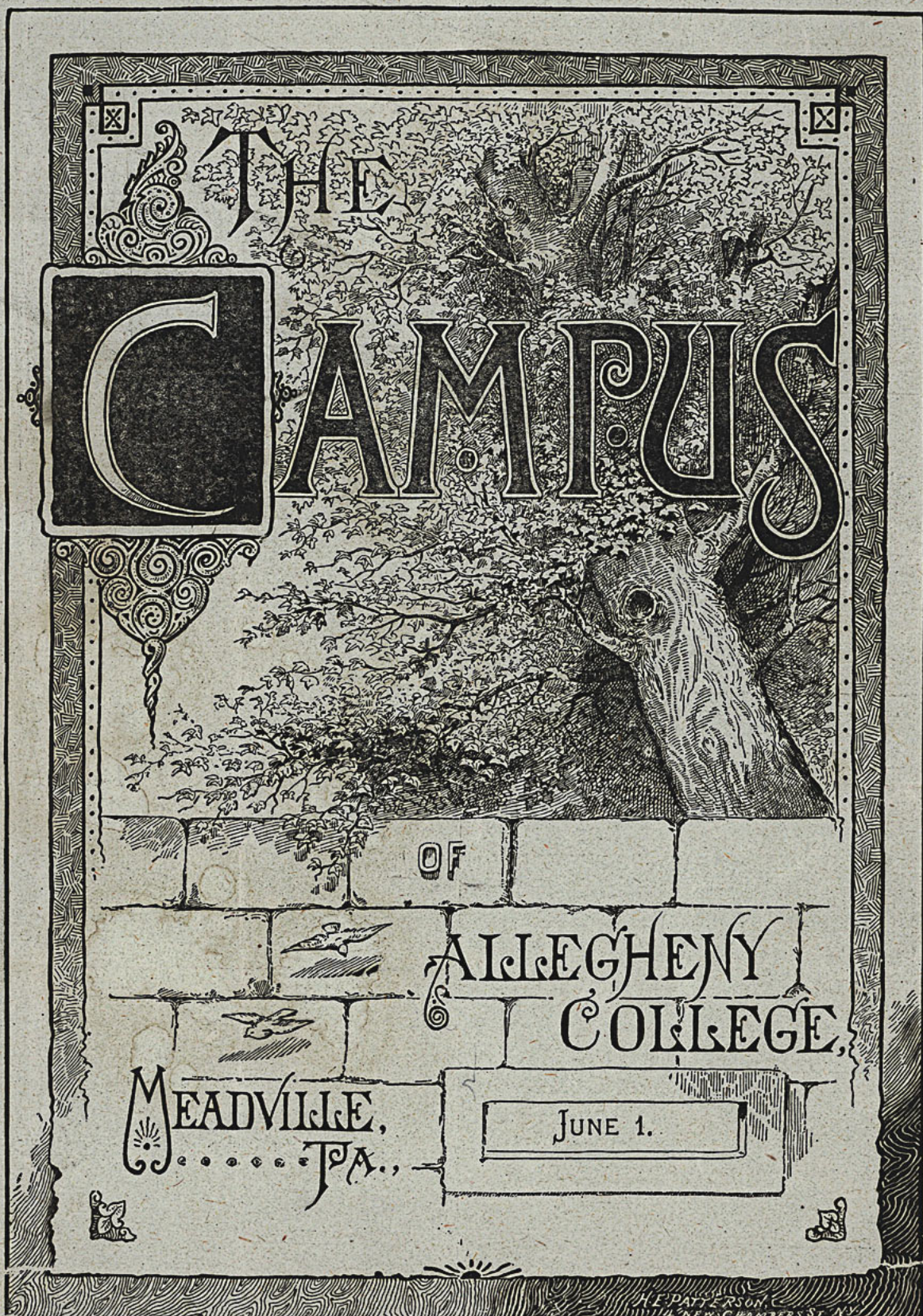
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"INTER SILVAS ACADEMI QUÆRIMUS VERUM."

VOL. I, No. 10.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE, MEADVILLE, PA., JUNE 1, 1885.

NEW SERIES

GENERAL BARRIOS.

BY F. L. W.

DURING the month of March and early in April such headings as "Barrios's Ambition," "The Central American War," etc., etc., occurred daily in the newspapers. We were first told that an attempt was being made to consolidate the five little republics of Central America under one government; that General Barrios, President of Guatemala, the largest and strongest of the states, had proclaimed himself "Supreme Military Chief" for the purpose of bringing about the confederation; that this declaration was assented to by Honduras, but that San Salvador, Nicaragua and Costa Rica were resolved to resist the attempt with energy—"to the last drop of blood." It was then developed that this union had been the ambition of Barrios for years, and that for a long time he had been making active war preparations to whip the unwilling republics into line. His forces were strong but his opponents were determined in their resistance. The indications were that there would be a severe struggle with hard fighting and much bloodshed.

Both parties to the contest began to make negotiations with the United States and Mexico, each side desiring the moral support of these countries. One or two battles had been fought when suddenly the whole war was practically terminated on the 4th of April by the death of Gen. Barrios, probably through the treachery of one of his own men.

It is generally admitted that the union of the Central America states on an equal footing for mutual protection and advancement, would undoubtedly be a good thing; but it is equally true that the method pursued by Gen. Barrios was wrong and illegal, and that the three states which resisted him were justifiable and deserve great credit for bravely refusing to submit to his arbitrary dictations.

Our information is so meagre and unreliable that it is very difficult to arrive at a just estimate of the character of Barrios. Like most strong men he has warm supporters and many bitter enemies and their views are greatly at variance. On the one hand we are asked to believe that he was a brave patriot and that he devoted his talents, his fortunes, and his life, solely, to the interests of his country; and on the other hand we are told that he was entirely selfish, inordinately ambitious, despotic and overbearing with those under his authority. Probably neither extreme view is correct. Neither wholesale praise nor utter condemnation will fit the case. His faults and his virtues are so inseparably mingled that only time and impartial scrutiny will be able to determine his proper rank. For twelve years he has ruled Guatemala with despotism to which the power of the Czar is weak in comparison. He was a tyrant with absolute authority. And yet they called this a Republic. But he was a friend to those who yielded to his power and among those who had not felt the touch of his iron hand, he was enthusiastically popular. He promoted many public enterprises, built railroads, highways and telegraph lines, and did very many things to improve the condition of his people, in a word, he pushed Guatemala far beyond the other Central American States. His government was in a good financial condition, had a firm credit abroad and no country on either continent is more prosperous. He was brave as he was audacious and fled from no danger. He has faced assassins again and again, and once, when a bomb was thrown at him, he coolly stepped on the fuse and turning to his terrified companion remarked, "They do not even know enough to kill me." While he gave the people a good government he was arbitrary, cruel, and vindictive. It is told of him that in 1876 while fighting the San Salvadorians, he was defeated

a number of times and in an engagement at Apanica, near the scene of the recent fighting his life was saved by Gen. Delgado, "who with a few thousand men made a circuit to the rear of the Salvadorian position and won a brilliant victory. In return for this service, Barrios, smarting under defeat and embittered by jealousy, persistently persecuted General Delgado, who was only recently released from prison, a penniless and broken down man." Comment is needless.

The manner in which Barrios obtained his wife well illustrates his character and methods. Once while traveling in the interior, he was the guest of a prominent merchant whose beautiful daughter deeply impressed the widower President. He informed the astonished father that he intended to make the girl his wife, but as she was not quite old enough to be married, he desired that she be sent to school and educated in English and French, in music, embroidery and painting. He thought that in about two years she would be ready to preside at the Presidential palace. The merchant secretly determined, however, that his daughter should never marry such a man as Rufino Barrios. At the expiration of the time the President returned and demanded the marriage, but the young lady flatly refused, and her father seconded the refusal. His opinion of his would-be son-in-law was by no means flattering and he told Barrios, plainly, what he thought of him. But the tyrant was not to be so easily baffled. To speak evil of the President was high treason and the merchant was promptly arrested, his property confiscated, and he was set to work in the streets with a ball and chain to his leg. The girl, frightened and moved by the distress of her father, finally yielded and implored the old gentleman to give his consent. He reluctantly did so and there followed the most brilliant wedding ever known in Central America. The bride received a diamond necklace and coronet, half a million dollars in money, and the finest residence in Guatemala. Barrios forgave his father-in-law and appointed him to one of the most lucrative offices in the government. Strange as it

may seem the marriage proved a most happy one and there was no more enthusiastic admirer of Gen. Barrios in all Guatemala than his wife. She is said to be beautiful in character as well as in person, socially brilliant, generous and hospitable and a good mother. Knowing well the perils which continually surrounded him, the General made ample provision for his family by purchasing a fine residence on Fifth Avenue, New York, and invested about a million dollars in his wife's name in other New York real estate. Since the death of her husband Mrs. Barrios and her family have come to the United States.

Gen. Barrios was of pure Spanish descent but looked more like an Irishman than a Spaniard. He was of medium height, stout and broad-shouldered, dark complexioned, with black eyes, gray hair and whiskers and a rather pleasing expression of countenance. He was frank and outspoken and "hail-fellow-well-met" with everybody. He always professed great admiration for the United States, its institutions and its people. His son is now a cadet at West Point, admitted by a special act of Congress. With all of his good qualities, and he had many, Gen. Barrios was certainly inordinately desirous of power, and it is questionable whether his recent attempt was purely patriotic or whether he was not seeking selfish ends, thinking that he would be made the head of the proposed Confederation. We must not allow the word "Patriotism" to blind us for History teaches that only too often "Patriotism is the last resort of scoundrels." Knowing the disposition of Barrios as they did, and his method of government in Guatemala, the other States did well to prevent the proposed union.

As we said in the beginning, it is as yet very difficult to estimate Gen. Barrios. He was great for *Central America*, but can not be classed with the great generals of history nor compared with the few really great men of today. He was a striking character but will not undergo the tests of true greatness.

A SKETCH OF THE "MONEY MAKERS."

THE story opens with a scene in New York. It is the middle of July, 1871, and insufferably hot. Men, women and children throng the streets; there is every appearance of a riot; the excitement is at its height; a company of soldiers is moving down the street, quieting by its majestic presence the infuriated mob; the firing of musketry is occasionally heard. At this juncture a carriage is seen coming down Seventh Avenue; as it nears the crowd, the driver, struck by a passing bullet, suddenly drops the lines and falls apparently lifeless upon the pavement. Two journalists, who have been standing beneath a grocer's awning, quickly spring to the rescue. One, Alfred Carew, assists the wounded coachman; the other, Archibald Hilliard, springs to the driver's seat and, seizing the reins, quiets the frantic horses, and stops them when the sounds of the mob are far behind. An elderly gentleman alights from the carriage, quickly closing the door after him, but not before Hilliard has caught a glimpse of the lady within. Turning abruptly from the gentleman, who thanks him for his timely aid, H. haughtily strides away. The next day he receives a letter from "Mr. Grimstone," who encloses a check for \$5,000, expressing regret at his inability to call in person to render suitable thanks, on account of his having to go to Europe immediately. Alfred Carew receives a similar note, with a \$1,000 check enclosed, for services rendered Mr. G.'s coachman.

Hilliard is properly incensed at the insolence of the man in offering him money in payment for his services as if he were an inferior, but advises Carew to retain his check, as it is only proper that one in his station of life should have a suitable recompense for rescuing a driver. However, before H. has returned the check he hears of a speculation which, if engaged in, will give handsome returns. He invests the \$5,000, and in due time receives \$160,000. He very *conscientiously* returns the \$5,000 to Mr. G.'s banker, with a note expressing his scorn and contempt for the proffered

gift. Carew sends \$500 to his mother for the education of a younger brother; the remainder is used in helping the coachman to a position, who comes to him shortly after, saying he and his family are in want.

The journalists are soon promoted to the highest salaried positions, but from jealousy, reports are whispered around that Carew is in league with the laboring classes and has received bribes from them, consequently he is discharged from the "Atlas." He then writes anonymously for the "Tomahawk;" his case is investigated and his innocence proven. Mr. G. and family, meantime, have returned from Europe, and soon their house is frequented by both H. and C. The family consists of Mrs. G., who is noted for her brilliancy of dress and profusion of jewels upon every occasion, a son Herbert, who has been expelled from Harvard, and a daughter Eleanore. The summer is spent at Saratoga by the Grimstone family; the journalists also spend their vacation here. Miss Nell is immediately captivated with Hilliard's polished manner, while he is coolly calculating the advantages of a marriage with the daughter of one who counts his wealth by millions. Nell, attributing his hesitancy to embarrassment from the fact that she is so much wealthier than he, contrives every way to make it easy for her lover to pour into her too willing ears vows of eternal devotion. One day while out walking, the words, which spoken would be irrevocable, are on his lips; she is awaiting with impatience the declaration of his love, when Herbert suddenly appears, announcing that his father has sprained his ankle and wishes his daughter to come to him.

Suspecting H. is influenced in his affections by the prospect of a handsome dowry, Mr. G. requests an interview. He then tells him that should his daughter marry without his consent she will be disinherited, and as he will never consent to her marriage with him, he wishes him to understand that she is penniless; furthermore, if he presses his suit he will take active measures to throw him out of the employ of the "Atlas," hinting, moreover, that he has a knowledge of facts not altogether compli-

mentary, and reminding him that the elegance and luxury in which he now lives are due to the investment of the *scorned* \$5,000. Such arguments quickly convince H. that his heart has been set rather on money than the young lady herself, and he renounces all claims to her hand. Three or four days pass and Nell neither sees nor hears anything of her recreant lover. All her artifices and contrivances for hearing of him are foiled by her father's servant, who has been instructed to intercept all messages. Driven to desperation she sends for Carew, and relates to him her troubles, entrusting him with a note to deliver to H. He delivers it, but it does not produce the expected effect upon H.; He reads:

"I am my own mistress and am waiting for you.
ELEANOR GRIMSTONE."

Pale with anger he tears up the envelope and encloses the note in another addressed to "Miss Grimstone." When Carew returns, Nell meets him gaily, not doubting she has received a tender message; when she beholds nothing but her own note she becomes frantic; her father, entering at that moment, demands an explanation. She accuses him of trying to rob her of her only happiness, in the most highly approved style. Mr. G., being an indulgent father, consents to her demand for an interview with Hilliard. He accompanies her to his room; upon their entrance Hilliard seems stricken speechless; for a moment Nell stands waiting for a demonstration upon his part; as her eyes seek his she sees in them no answering love; brokenly, she tries to ask him whether ———, but her father takes it up, and tells H. to acknowledge that he does not wish to marry her, that his decision is entirely voluntary. H. has no power to speak, he seems riveted to the spot. The awkward silence is interrupted by the entrance of the editor of the "Atlas." Mr. G. conducts his daughter to their own apartments, where she swooned and a physician is summoned. H. is suddenly called away on business. Not long after the Grimstones return to their home at Valedo, where Carew has set up as editor of the "Eagle."

During the winter H. delivers a lecture on the "Culture of Social Life" before an association in V. He is entertained at the house of Senator Kilgore, whose daughter Betty he escorts to the lecture. Miss Grimstone takes a prominent seat, but the speaker apparently does not notice her. When the lecture is ended she prevails upon Betty to go home with her brother Herbert, as she wishes to wait for a Mrs. Circester; as it is somewhat chilly she asks Betty to lend her the thick shawl she has brought but is not using. Adjusting her veil over her face, she awaits H. in the stage ante-chamber. When he observes her he apologizes for having kept her waiting so long, thinking she is Betty. They enter the carriage, but he does not recognize her till they pass a place where the illuminations are bright. Upon seeing it is Miss G., he instantly recoils to the carriage, while she pleadingly asks for a declaration of his feelings from his own lips. In the coolest terms he tells her he never cared for her; had never hoped to win her hand. The carriage arrives at the door, and, springing out past him, she rushes into the house.

At first Carew is very successful as editor of the "Eagle," but dissatisfaction is caused among the wealthy by his "ultrocratic" principles, and the "Eagle" is sold and Hilliard established as editor. Carew then undertakes a "Free Press," which he manages with great success. Hilliard delivers a lecture at the "Academy," which is greeted by the laboring classes with derision. No sooner has he left the building than he hears a crash, and the floor of the Academy gives way; fire breaks out and a general stampede follows; several hundred perish in the flames. The indignant citizens bring a suit against Grimstone as the builder of an unsafe edifice. It is proven by the architect that he had advised against putting iron in the place of solid masonry, and that he had predicted ten years before that the walls could not stand such a strain, but must inevitably give way. The decision of the jury is rendered against G. The angry people, seeing Herbert out driving, are filled with a desire for revenge. Dragging him from his carriage, they take him to the canal, tossing

him into the air, he falls far out into the water. Carew, seeing the commotion, rushes to the rescue; he plunges into the water and drags him out almost lifeless; he then takes him to his own home, where he is kindly cared for. Carew then goes out to quiet the crowd, which seems to be gathering for some fiendish purpose. Their aim is to burn the "Albatross," a hotel owned by Grimstone. As he is unable to dissuade them from their evil purpose, he sets about to rescue whom he can. After much trouble he succeeds in assisting Madame Dominguez to escape. In a short time the Albatross is a black and smoking mass.

Senator Kilgore, to whose daughter Betty Herbert is engaged, has heard rumors that he is secretly married to an actress. He accordingly comes to Mr. G. and demands an explanation. As Herbert's father knows nothing of it, his anger at its discovery, together with the excitement of the trial, induces a stroke of paralysis. While lying in this state Herbert returns home, but is ordered by his father to leave his presence and never again to darken his doors. Herbert goes to New York, where he spends his time and money leading a dissolute life.

Mr. G. arranges to go to Europe for his health; Eleanor bids her friends farewell, as she is going with him. When she says "good bye" to Carew there are "tears in her eyes and a strange trembling in her frame as he presses her hand in a final farewell." That evening Mr. G. is particularly affectionate toward his family. After Mrs. G. and Eleanor retire he takes out a packet of letters written in a boyish hand; among them is a picture of a boy about twelve years of age, at which he gazes tenderly; he puts the picture together with the letters in an envelope addressed to Nell, then replaces them in the drawer. Restlessly he paces back and forth. Nell, who is sleeping in the room above, hears in her dreams a crashing noise. The next morning upon entering the room the servant is almost suffocated with fumes of escaping gas. His master lies cold and dead, the unconscious victim of charcoal burning on a brasier.

Herbert returns for the funeral; when the dead man's papers are examined it is found that he has disinherited Herbert and divided his property between his daughter and his own relatives. An income of \$5,000 is to be settled upon Herbert's disowned wife. Herbert, on the ground of mental infirmity, easily sets aside the will and claims his legal share. Eleanor, from her own, carries out the wishes of her father. Herbert rebuilds the "Academy" and the "Albatross," but is not popular among the citizens of Valedo.

"And here the parable ends as all parables end—incomplete, disappointing; unmerited rewards, and unrewarded merits; hapless love and loveless happiness.—Money not only the law, but the gospel of life; money, the law-maker; money, the priest at the altar of that worship whose creed is infidelity and whose ideal is self."

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE ALUMNI.

On the 19th inst., at the Seventh Avenue Hotel, in this city, quite a gathering of graduates, former students, and friends of Allegheny College, had their annual banquet. This local association has been in existence for five years. It was the verdict of all present, that this occasion, in all respects, far surpassed any previous gathering. There were some sixty-five present, indicating that the "Smoky City," notwithstanding its uninviting name, is, nevertheless a desirable centre for Allegheny graduates.

Those who have ever been entertained at the "Seventh Ave.," need not be told of the feast enjoyed. After the repast, some time was spent in informal speech-making. Old-time incidents were vividly related by students of earlier years. Dr. D. H. Wheeler was present to represent the college, and gave an encouraging report of the institution, which received hearty applause. Adjourning to the parlors an hour or more was passed in social chat and college songs. Officers were elected, and committees appointed for the ensuing year, and the occasion was prophetic; we trust of increased interest in, and love for our "Alma Mater" in the years to come.

So far, this article has been only local and has suggested an important question, How shall this increasing interest in and growing love for, our "Alma Mater" become general? How shall those be stimulated who have graduated and are not in such centres, where these local associations can be had? Would not proper *Class-organization* aid largely in the solution of this problem? It is a lamentable fact that there is no definite plan by which class-mates may keep trace of each other after leaving Meadville. It is the experience of all that after two or three years it is very hard to locate the members of one's class, and hence the impossibility to keep them informed on all questions of interest pertaining to the college. No plan, without its difficulties, and that will work perfectly, can be suggested to effect this: and yet the present order of things can be greatly improved. Why not make the effort? There ought to be a beginning somewhere, and why not with the classes that are now in college. If the class of '85, say, were to profit by the deplorable experience of previous classes and each member were to pledge himself to inform the secretary of the class, at least once each year of his whereabouts, and oftener in case of a change, the difficulty would be greatly overcome. Through the columns of the CAMPUS such announcements could be made. The secretary of each out-going class could be re-elected, or some one elected in his place, by the members present at the first "Triennial," and so on every succeeding three years. This published in the CAMPUS would make it possible for the Secretary of the Faculty, or the Agent of the College, to reach all the students of each class, in all the years to come, by correspondence with the several secretaries. The needs of the institution could thus be kept before the graduates, and an interest, not to be obtained in any other way, procured. A similar effort made at the next "Triennial" by the members then present of the preceeding classes would not be without good results.

All honor to the children, who, as they grow older, and in their avocations, give signs of good training, do not forget their *mother* in her advancing years. They should not be satisfied to know that her heart is thrilled with delight, as she hears of their successes, but by frequent

visits and appropriate gifts ought to gladden her life. A serious question here, Has not our "Alma Mater" been neglected? What becomes of the graduates? Class after class leaves the institution, very "few and far between" are the visits made, and very meagre, proportionally, have been the gifts from her children. She has scarcely sufficient to hire the help she needs, to make the children still at home comfortable, to say nothing about needed, enlarged apartments and more extensive apparatus. Let us speedily adopt some plan which will secure her best interests.

JOHN HOFFMAN MILLER, Class '82.
PITTSBURGH, Pa., May 25, '85.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE.

PROGRAMME OF COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

June 19-23.—Examination of classes.

" 21.—Sabbath, 10:45 A. M., Baccalaureate sermon by Rev. D. H. Wheeler, LL. D., President of the college.

" 21.—Student Love Feast, 3:30 P. M.

" 21.—Evening, sermon before the Y. M. C. A. of the college, by Rev. A. J. Palmer, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

" 22.—Monday, 8:00 P. M., Anniversaries of Literary Societies.

Orators: A. J. Mitchell, of Allegheny Society; Geo. H. Lamb, of Philo-Franklin Society; A. L. Williams, of Athenian Society; Miss Clara B. Snyder, of the Ossoli.

" 23.—Tuesday, 2:00 P. M., Annual meeting of board of control.

" 23.—Tuesday, 8:00 P. M., Class Day Exercises, Miss Julia B. McGrew, Salutatorian; Miss Blanche McGough, Essayist; Mr. Chas. W. Benedict, Historian; Mr. W. H. Gallup, Poet; Mr. W. M. Everett, Orator; Mr. C. M. Miller, Ladder Orator; Mr. C. W. Proctor, Valedictorian.

" 24.—Wednesday, 9:00 A. M., Annual meeting of Board of Trustees.

" 24.—Wednesday, 9:10 A. M., Meeting of Visiting Committees, in parlors of Hulings Hall.

" 24.—Wednesday, 11:00 A. M., Annual Alumni Meeting, at college chapel.

" 24.—Wednesday, 3:00 P. M., Annual Drill and Dress Parade of the Cadet Corps.

" 25.—Thursday, Commencement at 9:00 A. M.

The Degrees will be conferred by the Hon. R. E. Pattison, Governor of the Commonwealth.

THE CAMPUS

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, JULY, AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, EXCEPTED.

ENTIRELY CONTROLLED BY STUDENTS.

MEADVILLE, PA., JUNE 1st, 1885.

EDITORIAL CORPS:

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C. T. FOX,	Fraternity.
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Address all communications to THE CAMPUS, Meadville, Pa.
No anonymous communications will be noticed.
Papers will be sent to all who were subscribers to the CAMPUS of last year, until ordered discontinued.

TERMS:

From January 1st till end of college year,	75 cts.
Single Copy,	10 "

WHY not have field day on Wednesday of commencement week? There is nothing for that day of especial interest to undergraduates, and it will be at a time when there will be a large number of spectators.

WE are not authorized to publish anything in regard to the future plans of the college, but full liberty is given to express opinions. From a source that is better far than mere rumor comes the information that one, and possibly two Professors will be added to the faculty by another year. This will be gratifying to the friends of the college for it will increase the efficiency of the work done, besides adding a moral force to the institution. We can rest assured that good men will be chosen for influences are at work which prophesy well for the future of the college.

THE athletic association will have accomplished a good work when the leveling process is finished and paid for. We understand that Maj. Fuller has offered to help the association

quite liberally, and that others have signified their willingness to give something. The few members, however, who sneered at the idea of fitting up the building already on the grounds for a gymnasium by no means represent the association. The building will answer the purpose very well for the present, if painted and repaired somewhat.

THE students comment freely upon the method of advertising so much the cheapness of the college. They seem to think, that though the statements may be true, they yet represent the lowest extreme. The average expenses of the students now in college are not less than two hundred and fifty dollars per year, and it is almost impossible to get along with less than two hundred. The effect upon the college is also a question of interest. Does it bring the most desirable class of students? Some think not, but the future may convince them of error. We may expect to see the results, or some of them at least, next year.

A KIND of Typhoon has swept over the college and some of the neighboring towns and turned India-ward the aspirations of several of our students. The first question asked of an Allegheny student in these days is "are you going to India?" There is no doubt but that those who are going will find a rich field for labor, and it is gratifying to know that there are so many earnest, willing hearts among us, who have the courage to say farewell to home and native land, perhaps forever, to engage in a work of pure love. Though going to the mission fields of Southern Asia does not mean what it did a few years ago, it is nevertheless no slight undertaking, and there is something in the separation from home and friends, something in the loneliness that must come to one in strange lands, among strange people that makes the act especially on the part of those accustomed only to the kindly influences of home, an indication of a depth and nobility of character which few possess.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

*Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires;
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that inspires.*

LONGFELLOW.

NOTES.

Yale boasts of the oldest literary society in the United States. It was organized in 1768.

President Seelye says that "compulsory chapel" has done incalculable good for Amherst.

Kansas University is to be congratulated on having secured Secretary Bayard as its commencement orator.

President Eliot says the lowest sum for which a student can spend a year at Harvard is \$650; and if he wants to live with a far greater degree of comfort he ought to have \$1,300.

"Thon," the proposed new pronoun (impersonal, singular number), is being taught by some of the teachers in the public schools at Lewistown, Me.—*Ex.*

Presidents McCosh and Eliot will soon issue pamphlets concerning elective studies, and the government of students. Doubtless they will be of great interest to the educational world.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way." It will have to go a long way yet before it reaches Russia and opens her eyes to the fact that all other civilized nations have admitted ladies to their university courses.

According to Max Muler there will be in the world at the end of the next two centuries 53,570,000 people speaking the Italian language, 75,571,000 the French, 157,480,000 the German, 505,286,000 the Spanish, and 1,837,286,153 the English.—*Ex.*

Yale, Harvard and Dartmouth have all conferred the degree of LL. D. on Secretary Bayard. Senator Evarts has also had the degree LL. D. thrice conferred upon him; by Union in 1857, by Yale, his *alma mater*, in 1865, and by Harvard in 1867.

The Dickensonian Prep. presumeth too

much, and the college man verily "sitteth down upon him." Doth the Prep. care? No, the Prep. doth not care. If the college hat suiteth him not, he straightway goeth and purchaseth another hat and is content therewith.

The students of Princeton evidently don't take much stock in the book-sellers' fiat, "Let there be light." 'Tis reported that they are boycotting one of that fraternity for sending to their parents itemized bills of text-books, ponies, translations, etc., etc. We presume, especially the *etc.*

EXCHANGES.

We received No. 3 of the Pacific Science Monthly. It contains two excellent and interesting articles, "The Stellar Worlds," and "The Aryan Race" and Language. We wish it success.

"Rouge et Noir" is our latest arrival. We compliment it on its neat appearance and classification of its work. It contains rather a superabundance of poetry, some of which is not without merit. "The Long Vac" begins and ends as follows, we trust the imagination of our readers to supply the rest:

Visions of the long vacation! Ah! the feeling
of elation,
As you bowl down to the station and take tickets for the four
Winds of Heaven, as the phrase is, when you mean a fellow pays his
Fare to where the æstive blaze is wont less
fiercely down to pour.

* * * * *
But when the vacation's over, back you come,
O festive rover,
And in Academic grove or terrace run to earth again,
Grown perhaps a shade sedater, you'll admit,
sooner or later,
To return to *Alma Mater*, you a month before
were fain."

GLEANNINGS.

"LIFE."

We are gliding down life's river,
Breezes fair and balmy gales;
We are farther from the harbor,
Stronger currents fill our sails;
Passing now the verdant islands,

Pleasure spreads her gaudy wings;
Now we've drifted far from homelands,
Stern tasks each moment brings;
Now we've passed the coasts of dreamland,
Broader day break on our view;
Less of fancy more of fact, and
Fewer pleasures, dangers new;
But our passions strong, yet conquered,
Still, deeper, is the flow
Of life's river, and we onward
Toward the ocean singing go.
Singing, for in faith grown stronger,
Ever true to duty's calls,
We are boys and girls no longer,
Tempted to a thousand falls;
Now we've passed, passed what, you ask me?
Most of life and all of care,
And are waiting, waiting, for the
Life beyond, sweet "over there."
Now we feel the tide beneath us
From the ocean rise and fall,
And we hear a happy chorus
From beyond this earthly ball;
Music faint, yet wafted earthward
Sweet as "incense breathing morn"
Far away and to the southward
Where ambrosial perfumes join
Sylvan singers, earth's enchanters,
In harmonious chorus—love—
Though few moments more day lingers,
We're assured it's from above,
Now the curtain falls, but, dreaming
Sweetly of the yet to come,
We are bourne, bright seraphs sailing,
To our resting place, "sweet home."

ANON.

GRIF'S CANDIDATE.

[From the Beta Theta Pi.]

[CONCLUDED.]

Karl laughed, in a nervous, excited way, then growing sober again rose and walked slowly to the mantle, where he stood looking into the open grate for several minutes, with his hands in his pockets, and the firelight playing on his half averted face. Grif, who was watching him closely, was surprised at the change wrought in his usually plain and quiet appearance.

After a while—a good, long while, it seemed to his guest—Karl began speaking, without taking his eyes from the fire, and in a voice that he was clearly trying to force into its ordinary tone, but that had to be allowed to top from time to time as he went on:

"I think," he said, slowly, "that your fraternity has made a mistake. You have taken me so by surprise that maybe I shan't be able to make it quite clear as it seems to me, but I'll try. Please understand that—that I am very grateful to you all, and that I do not undervalue the honor you have offered me; the standing of the men of your fraternity here in college is certainly a very high one, and there is no student in Beth-peor who might not be proud to be associated with them. But I don't in the least understand why they should have thought of *me* in the light of a fellow fraternity man. I have never been very well acquainted with the men of your crowd: I know you better than any of the rest, and yet even we have not been thrown together much. And it seems to me I am not the sort of a man for a fraternity member, anyhow, to tell the truth. I am not very social by nature, I think, and have never been used to living on very confidential terms with other fellows." (Grif smiled a little, to himself, as Karl used almost his own words to the boys that night in chapter meeting.) "Not that I really dislike companionship; you know better than that. But it has just never been my way to have much of it. And I truly believe that I never miss it, in the way many people would. This has become to me 'the natural way of living,' you see."

"No," said Grif, interrupting for the first time, though there had been several pauses in Welling's speech before, "no; it *isn't* the natural way of living, at all, not even for you. It is true, perhaps, that you have never known any other way, but that makes no difference: you have simply missed something that you ought not to have missed, and that no one *ever* ought to miss. Now, listen to me a while." And Grif went on, in his earnest way, to tell what his fraternity friendships had been, and were, in his own life—how they made a sacred inner court in it, that seemed a centre of all sweet and strong influences—how the arms of brotherly friendship seemed always to be about him, making all delights dearer and all ills easier to bear. As he talked, there came, all unconsciously, a mist into his eyes, and a tenderness

into his voice; that affected his listener more powerfully than any logic into which mere words can be shaped could possibly have done. It was not an argument, but a revelation. And Welling began to feel that his whole nature was being made over in the presence of it. He was bewildered by the change, yet could not but wish it might go on, so acute and thrilling was the pleasure of it.

It was after midnight when they separated at last; and the long talk had brought them very close together indeed. To one of them it was the beginning of a new era. For Karl had given his word to the fraternity, and it had been accepted with a hand clasp that made him feel the new relation was already begun.

Grif never made any very detailed report of his mission to the chapter; the truth was, he couldn't recall just what *had* been said, and he answered all inquiries for particulars in a more or less unsatisfactory manner. When Roy Carter pressed him for some of the points of his talk with Karl; Grif only smiled, and said, in his most grandfatherly and soothing voice, "There, now! Don't you sprain that agile intellect of yours trying to probe into the deeper mysteries!"

The initiation came off the next Saturday night, and everybody said it was the best of the year. And before the "little spread" that followed had been disposed of, all doubt of the wisdom of their step had been banished from every mind.

Yet not even the bright and joyous aspect of his initiation night, dear as it always remained to his memory, did so much to complete and ratify for Karl the work Grif's talk had begun as did a little incident that happened a week or two later. It was hardly an incident, either; at least Karl never felt certain that any particular thing had *happened* so much as that something had *become*.

He had dropped in one evening after study hours, at Walter Bennett's room—for it surprised every one, himself most of all, to see how quickly he had acquired and come to enjoy that same "dropping in" habit—and found there two or three of the boys already engaged

in conversation. His entrance was but a momentary interruption, and soon the talk went on in its own channels, with Karl, at first, a silent but deeply interested listener. It was such a talk as, perhaps, only college men have. It moved from one topic to another, but slowly, gravely, and half in reverie. What struck Karl at once was that the speakers seemed almost to bare their very souls to each other; the odd fancies and vagaries, the half-formed thoughts and shadows of thoughts; the deep inward musings that all men, especially all young men, have, and yet that many a man supposes none but himself to know anything about—all these were spoken out quite freely and simply, as though it were a matter of course that it should be.

Did it mean this, then—the fraternity bond he had entered into? Did it mean that men came to know each other, not merely in their ordinary traits of mind and character, but in the very inmost recesses of their souls, where only their dreams abide? He had not supposed such things could be. It was as if a new world had been suddenly unveiled in void mid-air. Little by little he felt himself drawn into the current of the talk, timidly at first, as a voyager on an unknown stream, but with more and more of freedom and earnestness as the new, strange force took possession of him. And when he went to his own room at last, he knew right well that his real entrance into fraternity life had been made. Men who have had one such talk together will never be strange to each other again in all the world.

Grif Ormsby and Roy Carter had been working until late one night in the chapter hall, decorating it for the annual reception to be given the next day. This work had made them hungry, and they got a can of oysters and had a private stew all to themselves in the "chapter kitchen." As they blew their soup, Roy suddenly said, in his impulsive way:

"Grif, do you know you deserve a monument for that Welling business—a monument higher than the chapel spire?"

"Thanks for the hint," said Grif, tranquilly, "but I don't seem to feel that I've got around to monuments yet. If you'll just pass the pickles instead, we'll save the monument for the next course."

LOCAL.

Will the Sophs dare to have a play?

The Philo-Franklin Essay Prize was recently awarded W. H. Gallup, of the class of '85.

Dr. W—, (in Ethics class), Our recitation to-day begins with what?

Class—vociferously—Prayer!

A Tennis club has been organized and is putting in the vacant minutes practicing on the Athletic association grounds.

Kid Lindsey kindly passed the "proofs" of his last picture around the class the other day, much to the edification of those aesthetically inclined.

Just as we go to press, we learn that the Senior Reception is to be given on Thursday evening, June 4th, in Hulings Hall. In our next issue we will give a full report of the proceedings.

Senior vacation is to commence June 5th, and Dr. Wheeler has requested the Seniors to make no engagements for that evening, as he has something special on hand, which will be unfolded in the near future.

Murray claims to be in danger of his life. It seems that, by much eloquence, he persuaded a number of students to attend one of the brilliant (?) exhibitions of the Standard Dramatic Company; and, strangely enough, they are so ungrateful as to cherish resentment toward him.

The members of Pennsylvania Delta, Phi Delta Theta, celebrated the sixth anniversary of the founding of the chapter on the evening of May 30th. The short exercises, consisting chiefly of the annual history by W. H. Gallup, and the reading of words of greeting from many of the correspondent members, was followed by the annual banquet, songs and reminiscences.

The joint session of Athenian and Ossoli Societies, in the Hall of the former society, on the evening of Tuesday, June 2d, was one of the pleasant affairs of this college year. An exceptionally fine literary program had been prepared which was supplemented by an enjoyable banquet, given by the Athenians, in honor of their guests. Those who were present say that altogether it was the finest affair of the sort that has occurred this year.

"The CAMPUS is stuck on the Allegheny Browns."—*Meadville Tribune*.

Right you are and we have good reason to be, too. It is not very often that a set of amateurs can be gotten together who will play so faultless a game as our boys played in the last contest with the town club, and they had not had very much practice either; and that reminds us that another game with the town club will be played next Saturday afternoon. We understand that a prominent town player who ought to know, is urging his friends to "bet" against the college; so we may look for an exciting game as it will take some pretty good playing to change the record if our boys do as well as the last time.

And it came to pass that Binkley was sore troubled with sickness; and it took unto itself the form of Spring Fever; and he said unto his companions, "Arise! Let us go hence and let us sail upon the turbid waters of the canal, even until we come to the place which is called Dam." And they arose and followed him. And for three pieces of the coin of the country they leased a stately vessel and Binkley did propel the oars thereof. And it was about the seventh hour of the evening and exceeding chill. And when they had reached the place called Dam and Binkley was gazing in rapture upon its beauties, it came to pass that one of his companions stepped upon the side of the vessel and it upset and great was the spill thereof. And Binkley came up at some distance from shore and amused himself by repeating the name of the locality with great vehemence, that he might remember it forever. But as for his companions they laughed with exceedingly great mirth for they had worn their old clothes and had enjoyed a lark, which is being translated "high old time."

They were students at Allegheny college—she lived at Hulings Hall and he took his meals there. It was a balmy evening in early spring; the evening destruction of crackers had just been brought to a successful termination, and both were serenely happy as they strolled through the shady quiet of Lovers Lane and down North Main street. She looked exceed-

ingly sweet in her new spring suit, while he, alas! was clad in his aged winter clothes. Hence his brow was dark with anxious thought and the sweet cadence of her voice was lost on his unreceptive ear. Suddenly his brow cleared, a few hurried words explained to her the situation, and as they reached his lodging he darted in, leaving her pacing slowly up and down outside. A few anxious moments passed and then he reappeared,—a glorious vision,—in full war-paint, and two young hearts went gayly onward with—

“———single thought intent
And each to other all.”

Many of the students may not know that the college owns a lot in the cemetery, but such is the case. Allegheny has a fine lot in which are interred the remains of several who were stricken early by the stern messenger of death. Improvements have lately been made, and we understand that quite a sum is to be placed in the hands of Prof. Montgomery to further improve and beautify the spot. This is a step in the right direction, and we feel confident that under his efficient care the grave, already marked by appropriate stones, will be made neat and tidy. One buried here was drowned in French creek many years ago, while two died elsewhere, but were interred here by request.

FROM AJAX, OUR HULINGS CORRESPONDENT.

Special to Campus.

It had become quite a common thing for James, on passing the college buildings at night to imagine that he saw the doors of the buildings “wide open,” and thinking from the appearance of things that some one was attempting to perpetrate some deed, such as has been committed lately, hastened with all the speed possible to the house wherein one named Mr. P.’s dwells, a brave young man. Thus he quite frequently disturbed Mr. P.’s in the midst of his slumbers and caused no little excitement to the other occupants of said house. They say that the occupants of said house, on finding that James was subject to optical delusions, formed a league, and developed a plan, by which they concluded they would be able to frighten said James, when he came late at night, which was quite frequent.

On a certain night, when James remained out later than usual, they say that the boys concluded to try their plan.

It is said that the boys’ plan worked nobly,

and that James was seen prowling around in one of the vacant rooms of said house, during the lateness of the night, with all the firearms that would be characteristic of a western renegade.

The next time James, be sure he is there before you shoot. AJAX.

PERSONAL.

L. Eugene Haybarger, '87, spent a day or so in town last week.

Miss Florence Sullivan, '88, spent Sunday, May 23d, at her home.

Prof. Newlin occupied the pulpit of the First church, Erie, Sunday, May 23d.

Ernest A. Bell, '90, is writing some very interesting articles for the *Pittsburg Christian Advocate*.

Julian Kline, ex-'91, who left college during the winter term, has been in town a few days visiting old college friends.

Barkus, '90, was called home before the close of the term to assist his father in business, but will be back again next year.

It is reported that Lieutenant Webster, the former instructor in military tactics at this college, died recently at Leavenworth, Kansas.

F. J. Thomas, '85, will not be present to graduate with his class. He has left for the far west, where he will engage in educational work.

A. I. Goodfriend, '88, is delivering lectures on the *History and Future of the Jews*, in the neighboring towns, and his efforts are very highly spoken of.

The many friends of Miss Edith Rich were very pleasantly surprised to see her in chapel a few days ago. She has been spending the winter in Denver, Col., and reports having had a very pleasant time.

Missionary fever is running high in college just now. C. M. Miller and C. R. and D. L. Thoburn, all '85, will sail for India in the early autumn, and several others of the students have their eyes directed that way.

Private advices from Beaver, who went off on the *Royal Path* of book selling, indicate that he has already received a satiety of that exciting profession and would fain retire once more to the ranks of private citizenship.

The Rev. A. C. Ellis, class '79, and pastor of First M. E. Church, Meadville, Pa., was married to Miss Delia McMunn, at Caldwell, O., May 14th. They received a cordial welcome on their return to Meadville. The best wishes of the CAMPUS and many friends are theirs.

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