The Campus.

"INTER SILVAS ACADEMI QUÆRIMUS VERUM."

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THE CAMPUS.

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

AT the opening of a new term the Editorial scribe is supposed to have collected a supply of new ideas to pour forth as an appetizing beverage for the unlucky reader who may undertake to gather an intellectual supper from his products. And it is considered an approved premise that progress in time and thought are concomitant and evolving time signifies the evolution of ideas. We acknowledge the principle of change, but hesitate to say whether it has been progressive or retrogressive on our part, assuming that, however the lapse of vacation may have affected the value or "out put" of pay ore of the Editorial Sanctum, the absorption of bipeds and miscellaneous nondescripts of saccharine nature by our reader during the past vacation has brought him to a stage of satisfied appetite, and no large demand for nutriment will be laid upon us. This logic of necessity assumes a close affinity between the physical and intellectual stomachs. Yet we make the hypothesis with a feeling of confidence that the psychologist and physiologist will agree with us in that a physical stomach loaded with holiday sweetmeats is not conducive to a ravenous appetite for research in the brain-racking sentences of Bacon, nor a translation of stumbling Hebrew. Moreover, our beloved, patient, and long suffering reader, we are mortals ourselves, strange as it may seem. The time-honored over-supply of physical supporter and physical demoralizer, which holds the throttle and sits in the caboose of the holidays, has exerted its debilitating influence upon us. The weary pen was laid aside in innocuous desuetude (we hope the ex-President will appreciate this highly honored use of his encyclopædic phrase), as we gave ear to the last crow and gobble of the murdered bipeds. We are recovering, yet be lenient and apply the Golden Rule.

* * *

DEPRESSED in general we took our first glance at those marks which adorn the classical "*thuren*" of old Bently, and immediately got a decided depression in several places in particular. What those marks wouldn't depress it is rather difficult to sink, and its specific gravity belongs to that of the seraphs above and not to a student who has put a hard term's work upon his studies, and then suffered with his many companions in the general slaughter-pen of examinations. We ask a pertinent question. When a professor fails, from one-

half to two-thirds of his classes, who is to blame, professor or student? Let the echoes answer, while we take the privilege of making a few suggestions. If the fault be the students, it leads us to one of two equally odious premises, either the students of Allegheny are very deficient in the capital department, where the intellectual powers are supposed, at least, to possess a sort of summer-resort residence, or they have been maliciously, self-contemptuously neglectful of their business. The first we reject as false to the core; we are prepared to apply no such epithet as numbskull to the students of Allegheny. The second explanation we do not countenance. It was our boastful statement at the close of last term that the students had been doing conscientiously good work and we still cling to it, examinations to the contrary notwithstanding. As we then stated, so we now reaffirm, that the drones are not all defunct. There has for a long time been a heavy run on the firm, but it hasn't yet closed doors. A few failures are natural and to be expected, but wholesale slaughtering is unnatural and abnormal. No, we do not expect this grumbling to affect anything, yet the safety-valve is a useful apparatus for letting off an over supply of steam, or something might be compelled to violate the bonds of molecular affinity and proceed to a series of disintegrations, which would result in a very unhappy condition of existing affairs.

* * *

BUT now, turning from this contemplation of the sad phase of college life, we take in a draught of its pleasantness to counteract the bitter gall of examination extinction. Since the last issue of the CAMPUS took the squeeze of the printer's quoins, another member of the Faculty has played the Benedict act, and the circle of Faculty celibacy is gradually shortening its radius. Dr. Thomas, the genial professor of modern languages, is the latest victim to Cupid's darts as hurled from the bulwark of Columbia's beauteous brides. He receives the hearty congratulations of the CAMPUS and also that of its readers, who recognize in Dr. Thomas a teacher of ability, endowed with those charms of personal magnetism that have proven so effectual in endearing him to the student body. Peace and prosperity be with you, is the chorus of your many friends. This series of matrimonial victims, headed by Dr. Trueman, leads us to look for weak places in the remaining shattered ranks of the Faculty bachelors. Others appear to be mortally wounded, but time alone will tell the tale. Ladies and gentlemen, we are waiting patiently to report any further "executions." Fall in.

* * *

IT IS a trite old saying that "one squeeze will not extract all the juice of an orange." If in our opinion it did, long ago would our pen have yielded to silence upon the Literary Society subject. We feel that too much can not be said in their behalf. We have no essentially new arguments to set forth, but wish to make a simple plea. In securing new members for the Literary societies, one is in much the same predicament as the old negro splitting gum tree rails: "Wen I'ze gits this one done an two moah, I'll hab three." A great number of new students last term put off joining any society by promising to do so this term. Now, then, is your golden opportunity. It is difficult to determine just exactly what is wrong in the atmosphere of society enthusiasm. Some seem to be possessed with the idea that society is a tiresome nuisance; that outside of any consideration of benefits to be derived, it is a *bore*, something to be shunned. This impression is most wide of the mark. A man who is interested in his society finds in it the most enjoyable evening of the week. He is wrapped up in its work, and thinks no

more of appropriating Friday evening to other work than of devoting recitation hours to other occupations. Society can be made more interesting, entertaining and instructive than any other college organization. By way of compliment it can be said that the societies are now more diligent and attentive in their work than they were during the preceding year. The lack lies not in the members individually, but in their number. And here allow us to direct one word to fraternity men and to preface it with a sentence from the most venerable member of the Faculty, who speaks from a knowledge of facts, "The Greek letter fraternities are to blame for the overthrow of the literary societies." It is not for us to make partisan suggestions on this line. But is it not very natural that such a charge should be made, since it is in the hands of the fraternities to ruin or make the societies? And especially is it not a feasible plea when it is taken into consideration that not more than one-third the fraternity men are society members of any worth, that is, who *work?* Should not the fraternites at least remove any chance for such a charge? We do not care to endorse the charge, but suggest that fraternity men take it upon themselves to see that no such an accusation is furnished proof.

* * *

THE recent declamation contest has again brought the seemingly irrepressible "small boy" into the field of consideration. The time is ripe and long since harvested for the suppression of the wildcat pandemonium that customarily reigns outside of Ruter hall while the contest holds dominion within. It is certainly all-sufficient humiliation for the student to be taken daily as a target for the snow balls of nine hundred and ninety-nine imps of thraldom who range their phalanx on the opposite street corner, and "*pepper*" the unlucky passer-by. This, however, can be endured, but the interruption of a contest, by a more than camp-meeting uproar, overtaxes the powers of studential forbearance. We have no very great words of compliment for the city policemen, whose business seems encompassed by a circle fifteen feet in radius at the corner of Chestnut and Water streets, and not less than thirty-eight feet from the nearest saloon, yet the societies might prevail upon them to adopt some means of removing this nuisance. There should be at least sufficient inventive genius in a body of three or four hundred students to discover some process of annihilation and extinction for this being of unlimited vocal eruptions. The street urchin is not very large, but can emit more noise per square inch than any other known animal, and completely defies the trite old law of physics by his capability of being in several places at the same time. If no other means can be devised, let the societies appoint a committee to guard the building, with full power to kill any "small boy" that can be found in the neighborhood. A committee thus empowered would certainly be able to effect something. Let us not have another contest without in some way providing against this disturbance.

* * *

OUR notes on "The Electric Lights in the Campus" have been omitted from this issue, owing to lack of space. They are, however, on file, and will be given due notice in the future.

Why is a Freshman like a telescope? Because he is easily drawn out, easily seen through and easily shut up.—*Ex.*

"Oh, Mr. Dolbey," said Freddy, "won't you please stand right here a minute on the rug?"

"Certainly, Freddy," replied Dolbey, much amused; "but why do you want me to stand there?"

"Oh, sister Amy said you were ugly enough to stop a clock, and I wanted to see you do it."—*Ex.*

Literary.

George Eliot.

In studying George Eliot we must consider her works as interpreted by the light of her life, and therefore I have chosen to make this essay biographical as well as critical; noting the circumstances which surrounded her and the people who influenced her literary career.

Mary Ann Evans, or George Eliot, as the world has decided to call her, was born in Warwickshire in 1819. Here her early life was passed in one of the most beautiful parts of England.

From her home at Griff Cottage she could see the oaks of the forest of Arden; Shakespeare's country was all about her, and with her earliest breath she drew in impressions of English rural scenery, its green meadows and blossoming hedge-rows, which afterwards she described so well. As a child, George Eliot was grave, quiet and very fond of reading; at school she made rapid progress, but in her sixteenth year her mother's death and the marriage of her elder sister made it necessary for her to remain at home.

For six years the devoted girl lived alone with her father, doing all the work of the little household and studying German, Italian and music. During these years she became deeply impressed with a sense of her duties as a Christian. She engaged in charity work, was very careful about what she read—novels were excluded, even Shakespeare must not be read, and on a visit to London she refused to attend a concert. But this quiet life was brought to an end by their removal to Foleshill, near Coventry, in 1841. Here she found new friends, and, what was better, those interested in literary pursuits, who sympathized with her and helped her.

Still the influence of her new-found acquaintances was not wholly for good; her most intimate friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bray, of Coventry, were Atheists, and by association with them and by reading books attacking Christianity, the rigid Churchwoman became a Freethinker. Her conversion was sudden but complete; she never afterwards showed any desire to return to the faith of her early life.

At Foleshill they spent eight years, during which George Eliot kept up her reading and studying, and translated from the German Strauss' Life of Jesus. In this, her earliest work, written at twenty-six, she showed the patience and thoroughness which marked everything she did; spending three years at a task for which she received only one hundred dollars. In 1849 her father died after a short illness. Having been so constantly associated with him, she felt his loss very deeply, and to lighten her sorrow, her friends arranged a tour on the Continent. On her return to England, she made her home with her old friends, the Brays. To their house came Dr. John Chapman in September, 1851, to ask George Eliot to become assistant editor of the Westminster Review. She accepted his offer, and went to live in London. This was a significant step in her life, for not only was she constantly associated with writers such as Herbert Spencer, J. S. Mills, Ed. Forbes and Harriet Martineau, but there she first formed the acquaintance of Geo. H. Lewes.

Her work here was mainly editorial, although she contributed several reviews, and at the close of 1853 she resigned her position without yet having found the work for which she was fitted. Almost immediately after severing her connection with the Review, she assumed the duties of wife to Mr. Geo. Henry Lewes. This was undoubtedly the most important event of her life, and one which has occasioned a great deal of remark. Briefly stated, the circumstances were as follows: Mr. Lewes' former wife had proven unfaithful, had twice deserted him, and they were then living apart, but through a technicality of English law, he could not obtain a divorce. So matters stood when he met Miss

Evans; the talented man of the world fascinated her; she took pity upon his Bohemian life and the neglect in which his children were growing up, and when, after an acquaintance of three years, he asked her to share his life, she consented.

Lewes was a man possessing talents in no small degree; the founder, and for a time editor, of the Fortnightly Review; a scientist, the author of poetry, novels and biography. Yet with all his gifts he lacked perseverance; slight misfortunes depressed him, and the firm character of George Eliot seemed to supply what was needful to make his life complete. They went together to Germany in 1854, and during their travels she finished translating Fuerbach's Essence of Christianity, a book which had made a powerful impression upon her.

Returning to England, they lived quietly in London, George Eliot contributing an occasional Review to the magazines, until in 1857, at Lewes' suggestion, she wrote the first part of Scenes of Clerical Life, and sent it as an anonymous contribution to Blackwood's. It was an immediate success, and after a few numbers had appeared, everyone in literary circles was asking, "Who is George Eliot?" for that was the *nom de plume* she had chosen. The Scenes of Clerical Life, although her first original work, has none of the crudity of a first book about it; she was then thirty-seven, and had attained perfect mastery of the easy, smooth, yet never careless, style which is found in all her works. The book consists of three sketches, all of clergymen's lives, all full of sadness, and showing in the pictures of half-starved curates and poor parishes a thorough knowledge of provincial life in England.

Encouraged by the success of this book, she began to write her first novel, and in 1859 Adam Bede was eagerly purchased and read by the many who had found so much to admire in her former book. This is probably the best known and most widely read of all her works. It made the name of George Eliot a household word in England and in the United States, where it was at once reprinted, and like many of her other books, was quickly translated into French and German. It is a story of rural life in England, a tale of sin and sorrow, and of souls grown strong through suffering. The characters are well drawn, and the gentle, saint-like Dinah, the sturdy independence of Adam Bede, and Mrs. Poyser's biting wit, are familiar to all her readers.

This book secured her place among the first of English novelists, but her fame was to rise still higher, for in the same year appeared the Mill on the Floss. With this novel her identity was revealed, yet how great was the reputation of Adam Bede is shown by the fact that people still called her George Eliot, and to-day she is always spoken of by the name that she signed to Adam Bede.

The Mill on the Floss, which, like Adam Bede, has its scene laid in rural England, contains much autobiography. The early life of Maggie Tulliver, the heroine, is a close picture of George Eliot's own youth. While it does not hold so high a rank as some of her other works, yet the tragic story of the impulsive, affectionate girl, her stern, practical brother and the famous aunts, is finely told.

Her next work did not appear until two years later, but when it was read, it was seen to be a perfect little gem, and the time consumed in polishing it had been well spent, for the book was Silas Marner. It is the story of a poor weaver, who, driven away from his home and from religion by a friend's duplicity, becomes a solitary miser. One dark night his gold is stolen. He can hardly believe it and goes about as one in a dream; then entering his cottage a few nights afterwards, he sees a mass of gold lying on the hearthstone. But it is not his lost treasure—it is only the golden locks of a little child who has wandered in, leaving her mother dead in the storm outside. He takes the little girl for his own, and in caring for her, forgets his lost treasure. She is a bond between him and

the world outside, and he becomes a man again. It is the shortest, but as many think, the most perfect of her novels. It is perhaps her most finished work, and may almost be called a poem in prose. The scene at the Rainbow Tavern, where a group of rustics sit over their ale and pipes, has been compared to Shakespeare for its art in drawing the characters to the life.

In her next novel, Romola, published two years later, she leaves English scenes and people, and gives us a sketch of Florentine life in the days of Savonorola. This is regarded by many as her best work, and indeed the characters of the pleasure-loving Tito, the upright Romola and Savonorola are the work of a master. The life of the principal character, Tito, may be called a sermon on the text.

"A man may smile, and smile, and be a villian."

The gradual developement of the darker side of his character, his falling lower and lower in moral degradation, while outwardly the same, is described as George Eliot alone could describe it. The heroine, Romola, is one of the noblest characters in fiction, and the story of her slow loss of faith in her false husband, Tito, her flight from the city, and her kindness to the woman who had unconsciously wronged her, is almost sublime. George Eliot, herself, said of this book, "I began it a young woman; I finished it an old one."

Her next book, Felix Holt, is the only one having an elaborate plot, and in this case it is a detriment. We read the story for the people in it, not to fathom the depths of the Transome family difficulties. It is a story of the labor troubles in England, and the hero, Felix Holt, in a speech at the polls, makes some apt remarks upon efforts to better the condition of the working-man by making laws and sending their representatives to Parliament, instead of making the change come from within.

In 1871 appeared Middlemarch, one of her best works. In strong contrast to Adam Bede, it is a story without a plot. At the beginning we see the heroine, Dorothea Brooke, young, and with lofty aspirations. She yearns to do something great and noble, and marries a pedant of twice her age that she may assist him in his labors. Of course the marriage is a failure, but the recital of Dorothea's trials, of the fortunes of Lydgate, the young physician, and the career of Fred Vincy, is deeply interesting. This, perhaps more than any of her other books, is remarkable for fine character drawing. The people of the story are all flesh and blood people; each has a distinct individuality.

Daniel Deronda, her next book, is generally conceded to be her poorest, although some critics, notably E. P. Whipple, place it higher than all the rest. In this book the central figure is that of a young man, brought up as a scion of a noble house in England, who discovers himself to be of Jewish birth, and devotes his life to the task of re-uniting the Jews into a nation and gathering them together in Palestine as of old. The book is very long and dull in parts. In the heroine, Gwendolen Harleth, a frivolous girl, with her heart set upon social eminence, George Eliot said she meant to draw a girl of the period.

But George Elliot was not a novelist alone; we have a small volume of poems from her pen, and they are difficult to judge. We confound the merit of George Eliot, the poet, with that of George Eliot, the novelist. But considered apart from her other works, we must acknowledge that although her poems are full of noble sentiments, and contain the rich thought which crops out in all her later writings, yet the true spirit of poetry is lacking. The Spanish Gypsy, a long dramatic poem, contains many fine passages, but as a whole is deficient.

All these years, from 1863 to 1878, she had been living quietly in London, taking frequent trips abroad and seeing but little company. But this life of quiet was brought to an abrupt close by the death of Lewes in 1878. She felt his loss very deeply, as Lewes had not only acted the part of a faithful and devoted husband, but by his cheery words he gave her con-

fidence in herself, he attended to all her correspondence, protected her leisure moments, and kept all unfavorable criticism from her sight. At once she threw herself into the work of editing some posthumous papers of his, and preparing for the press her last volume, the Impressions of Theophrastus Such.

This book, published in 1879, is a series of essays upon various topics—the faults and trials of authors, the abuse of wit and of words, while the last one treats on the same problem as Daniel Deronda, the future of the Jewish nation.

In these we find logic and satire used by a trained hand. She shows no sympathy with Utopian reformers who plan happiness for future generations, but encourages one to do what he can to make his own contemporaries wiser or better. In many of these she makes a man the representative of a class whom she wishes to reprove, and then shows him up in the darkest colors, heaping irony and argument upon him. As her last work, setting forth the decided views she held upon many subjects, it is of interest, but as a literary production, it falls below her other works. The next year after the publication of this work, she married J. W. Cross, and retired from her literary labors. But not long did she enjoy her well-earned repose, for in December of the same year she died.

Her place in literature is in the first rank of novelists, and at the head of the female authors. Nobly has she established the right of her sex to rank equally with men in the fields of fiction.

Her strength lies in the depicting of character—not as already formed, but in its development. In this she is unexcelled, and to this the ordinary plot is subordinated. The interest of the reader centers not in outward events or the unfolding of a complex web of difficulties, but in the persons themselves. There is no deep winding plot, no stage denouement preparing behind the scenes to surprise us in the last act, but only the portrayal of ordinary events—yet how interesting she makes them!

And not only is she a novelist but an artist; Silas Marner is a perfect little sketch, while the Poem to Romola suggests slow and majestic music.

The introductions to her works are artistic. In Felix Holt we take a ride upon the top of a stage coach, while the garrulous driver tells us about the people along the road with whom the story is concerned. And once the story is begun, it goes on smoothly, no skipping, always perfectly natural; indeed, in one of her letters she says: "My stories grow in me like plants." She was very fond of the Greek tragedians and poets, and never sat down to write without reading a few lines from Homer to take away the taste of the world. She possessed the power of epigrammatic expression, and here and there in her novels we meet with keen observations upon life, couched in brief sentences, which flash out without warning, both surprising and delighting the reader. The moral tone of her novels is always high, there are no half-way people among her characters, good and evil are clearly defined, nor did she, although a professed Atheist, ever attack Christianity in her books. She wrote novels with a purpose, as did Dickens and Charles Reade, but with a difference. They aimed at reforming some specific evil of the times; she wrote books which will be read and have an influence for good as long as man is tempted, as long as woman is weak.

The great lesson that she lays down again and again in her novels is that among the poor and lowly, among the humble as well as among those in the higher walks of life, there is yet much to interest us; that they have their trials, their love and sorrow, remorse and hate, as well as others, and in the story of their lives we may find something to comfort us, something to make us better.

The story of her life can have no more fitting close than this noble appeal, taken from a poem of her own:

"Oh may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again

In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end in self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars
And with their mild persistence, urge men's search
To vaster issues."

Her prayer is answered.

B. A. HEYDRICK.

The College World.

Exchanges.

Some time ago there was a movement among colleges to have in their curriculum a goodly number of "elective studies," but in the light of experience it is a little doubtful whether this was a good move or not. It would be all right if the students were always careful of their choice, but how many choose their "electives," not because they will be especially helpful, but because they are easier. The fact of the matter is that the average student, however he may think about it, is not to be trusted in selecting his college electives. Concerning this the editor of *The Oracle* says: The fact is that the average student, with several electives before him in making up his year's work, will select those branches which are easy for him. He will often do this under the false impression that he is selecting simply those subjects for which he has a natural aptitude, and is therefore making a wise selection. The athlete must develop his whole system of muscles, must do hard work, must keep his traning in mind at all times and in all places. The mental athlete must do the same, and his trainer must see to it that he does not select such exercise as is easy, avoiding the difficult. * * * Dr. Harper's plans, for the great Baptist University to be located at Chicago, will cause many a conservative among the educators to start, for it will seem to them little short of anarchy.

"Harvard College has established a course of systematic reading for the years of college life." This seems to be a good expedient for turning out the "full man" who ought to result from college training. Perhaps a course consisting of the various authors, illustrating the studies pursued, might occupy college time, the reading for general culture being postponed to post graduate years. Reading is now so vast a subject that some aim and system is necessary from the very first years of education.—*Exchange.*

It was noticeable that comparatively few of the new students joined any of the Literary Societies last term, giving as a reason that they wished to ascertain which was the best society. It is to be hoped that by this time they have attained the knowledge necessary for them to decide. There seems to be nothing that would give them better results for the time and labor bestowed. An exchange says:

We can mention no calling in life for which we are not better fitted after the training received in a literary society. If we would be successful in leading and directing others, this kind of mental culture becomes a necessay part of our education.

If any failed last term in their examinations, let them not be "cast down," but read the following and take courage. It is taken from the columns of the *Annex:*

There are some people who seem to get some enjoyment from brooding over past failures. They have failed in recitation, examination or society performance, and they in consequence wear a long face for a week. And one would think from their actions that hope was a stranger to them. True, there are lessons to be learned from failures. But can we not learn the lesson in an easier way? The old saying is, "It's of no use to cry over spilt milk, for it cannot be gathered again." Then, fellow student, don't let a failure hold you down. Look forward and not back. Study the future and not the past. Hope is one of the greatest boons to mortal given. But those who continually worry over the past have not known what hope is. She comes to us in failure and leads us forth to victory. She comes to us in the darkness and sorrow

of to-day and leads us into the light and joy of to-morrow.

Boston has made the discovery that the original of Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith" who stood beneath the chestnut tree, and the muscles of whose brawny arms where strong as iron bands, is Henry Francis Moore, a blacksmith still living at Bedford, Mass. The poet was often in Bedford previous to writing the poem, and was fond of chatting with Moore. The blacksmith is now seventy-one years old, and is himself of the opinion that Longfellow had him in mind when he wrote the poem.

A very able article appears in the *Geneva Cabinet*, comparing Socrates and Christ, the one as the bearer of the lamp of learning, and the other as "The Light which Lighteth Every Man." It shows considerable ability and through it all runs such a reverence for scholarship and morality that one is repaid for its perusal.

Local.

What is T. N. E.?

Did you "resolve"?

How did you spend vacation?

Would Campbell rise upon perishing?

Ossoli Hall has been thoroughly renovated.

Miss Foster spent her vacation in Chicago.

Where is the immortal Varner and his "flow of spirits?"

Knox, Grace and Adams spent the holidays in Meadville.

G—— spent most of his vacation at the home of Prof. Bates.

Ehrenfeld has returned to college after a term's absence.

Miss Thrasher does not expect to be in college this term.

Ellis Chesbro, '93, has taken up his abode with us once more.

D. L. Starr, who has been out of college a term, is again with us.

Harry Cotton, who rusticated in and around Philadelphia, has returned.

Ask Prof. Thomas to translate "Dans tuition." If he can't, Dr. Wheeler can.

Miss Ida Frisbee, with her father, visited friends in Hornellsville lately.

Of course you watched the old year out and the new one in, with your best girl.

What's going to happen? A Soph really got off something original the other day.

"Wish you fellows would quit, I must get up to college at 8 o'clock in the morning."

During vacation, Will Youngson preached in the Smithfield Street Church, in Pittsburg.

Miss Carrie Mount and Miss Virginia Davis spent part of their vacation visiting in the city.

Miss Margaret Donley was the guest of Miss Maude Kepler for a while after college closed.

Mr. Townsend, from Pennsylvania University, a brother of Paul, visited Karl Zinck recently.

Dr. Fields has established an inquisition process of ascertaining who helped whom in exams.

D. F. Simons, a former student who is now at Oberlin, spent the holiday vacation in this city.

After the refreshing vacation, we trust that all returned with renewed determination to do good work.

Ed. Cramer, ex-'90, is head clerk in the Johnstown Postoffice, with a salary of $1200 per year.

Arthur Staples prepared and published a directory of the M. E. Church in Sharon, Pa., during vacation.

George Bumgarner, ex-'91, who is at the Jefferson Medical College, spent New Years calling upon his Meadville friends.

E. P. Harper, '93, who left Allegheny last year to attend the Ohio Weslyan, has taken up with his first love again.

Tracy Farrell and George Shryock have again entered college. Several new faces are noticed this term. Room for one more.

Prof. Dutton is about the happiest man we know. His wife presented him with a bouncing girl as a New Years present.

The college Y. M. C. A. has appointed a committee to procure a gymnasium and Y. M. C. A. building. Its forthcoming is certainly insured.

About thirty of the college "braves" and some of the ladies assisted the home talent in presenting the "Drummer Boy," during the holidays.

Our supply of Grove City College (?) students is continually being increased. We welcome these boys and congratulate them upon casting their lot with a *college*.

At the close of last term, the usual complaints against the "exams" were indulged in. In some of the branches they were enough to create terror in the minds of the careless student, requiring about three hours to answer the questions.

Invitations are out announcing the marriage of Miss Helen Thompson, of this city and Major J. F. Kreps, military instructor for the past three years at Allegheny, on January 21st, at the Episcopal Church. The CAMPUS extends its heartiest congratulations.

Dr. Wheeler and family spent their Christmas vacation in the West. They ate their Christmas dinner at the residence of Dr. Wheeler's father, in Rockford, Ill., with four generations at the table. The Doctor's father is nearly eighty-five years old and in good health.

The first contest of this college year, the Polyhymnian Declamation Contest of the Philo-Franklin Literary Society, was held in the Chapel on Thursday evening, January 15th.

The program reads as follows:

Prayer.
Music.

J. C Spencer....."The Old Actor's Story."
Harry R. Patchin....."Tammy's Prize."
E. E. Miller.."How the Gospel Came to Jim Oaks."
A. O. Davis....."Revenge of Hamish."
Fred. G. Wineman....."Shamus O'Brien."

Music.
Decision of the Judges.

As no minister could be found around the college, prayer was dispensed with. The young men are to be congratulated upon the manner in which thy handled their subjects. Careful study and more than a superficial knowledge of elocution was evinced. While awaiting the decision of the judges, Dr. C. P. Woodring, Mr. A. M. Fuller and Col. Lewis Walker, Mr. Jaynes rendered two guitar solos. In a neat speech, Dr. Woodring presented the prize to Mr. E. E. Miller. Mr. A. O. Davis received the vote of one of the judges.

W. H. Stenger, '90, has accepted the management of a Concert Company and will leave in a few days for South Dakota, the new field of his labors.

The Evanston life-saving crew is composed of students from the Northwestern University. This crew has acquired more than a local reputation, and is recognized by the naval board as one of the most proficient in the country. Last year the crew saved more lives than all the other stations on the lake combined, and each member has been awarded a gold medal for gallant work.

Fraternity.

Keep your eyes open for "material."

C. J. Helm has been initiated into the mysteries of the Delta Tau Delta fraternity.

J. M. Kurtz has donned the Delta Tau Delta pin.

The Phi Psis have taken unto themselves two new brothers, C. W. Luce and Tom Parker, ex-Delta Tau Delta.

Miss Maud Johnson received a handsome opal, crown-set fraternity pin from her brothers as a Christmas present.

C. C. Freeman, S. H. Wood and John A. Gibson attended the general convention of Sigma Alpha Epsilon at Cincinnati during vacation.

Alumni.

T. M. Morrison, '90, was in attendance at the Crawford County Institute.

A. L. Carr, '90, is located at Seattle, Wash. He takes the CAMPUS.

John Bell, '88, of Irvine, Pa., made a flying trip to Meadville this week.

E. P. Couse, '89, is at present on the editorial staff of the Pittsburg *Commercial-Gazette.*

"Del" Fradenburgh, '90, spent a few days about Christmas time in Meadville.

Fred C. Howe, '89, and Chas. Haskins spent the holidays with their parents here.

Harry Barrett, '90, of Titusville, attended Teachers' Institute here, Christmas week.

W. W. Johnson, '90, is lying at his home in West Middlesex, with a low form of the typhoid fever.

Mr. Albert Williams, '85, of Buffalo, visited his parents in this city the latter part of last month.

E. E. Baldwin has removed from Cleveland to New York, and is practicing law at 45 Broadway.

C. B. Hawk, '90, is Manager in Western Pa. for the New York Mutual Savings and Loan Association.

Dr. J. M. Scoville, '82, of Sharpsville, Pa., is slowly recovering from a severe attack of the typhoid fever.

During the holidays, F. E. Russell, '90, who is with the Pittsburg Supply Co., made a flying trip to Meadville.

Frank Bray, '90, is now on the staff of the Middleton (Conn.) *Daily Herald.* He was formerly on the *Hartford Courant.*

Homer S. Bodley, '85, writes an enthusiastic letter from Baton Rouge, La., and encloses a year's subscription to the CAMPUS.

Alexander Dight, '70, sent $1.25 for the CAMPUS and wrote and enthusiastic letter. His address is 61 Grove street, Lowell, Mass.

The following is taken from the *Tribune:*

FUNERAL OF DAVID M. FARRELLY.

The funeral services of the late David M. Farrelly were held Wednesday afternoon at the family residence, No. 469 North Main Street. Court adjourned during the afternoon, and the members of the Bar attended in a body. Among them was Judge Thos. Van Horne, Mr. Farrelly's law partner fifty-five years ago. The casket in the parlor contained the clay of the venerable sleeper, and the face presented a natural and life-like appearance. Potted plants were arranged on a table near the casket, and this was the only attempt at floral decoration. The solemn services were conducted by Rev. Rogers Israel, rector of Christ P. E. Church, and were very impressive. The hymns, "Just as I Am, Without One Plea," and "Thy Will be Done," were sung." At the conclusion of the services the audience was dismissed with the benediction, and the announcement was made that the interment would be private. Later the casket was borne to the hearse by six of the older members of the Bar, and conveyed to Greenville cemetery, where the mortal remains of David Mead Farrelly were laid to rest.

Mr. Farrelly was, at the time of his death, the oldest living graduate of Allegheny College. He was the only member of the class of 1824.

The Chautauquan,

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A KODAK WINTER SCENE.

Send to The Eastman Company, Rochester, N. Y., for a copy of "Do I want a Camera," (illustrated) free by mail.

half to two-thirds of his classes, who is to blame, professor or student? Let the echoes answer, while we take the privilege of making a few suggestions. If the fault be the students, it leads us to one of two equally odious premises, either the students of Allegheny are very deficient in the capital department, where the intellectual powers are supposed, at least, to possess a sort of summer-resort residence, or they have been maliciously, self-contemptuously neglectful of their business. The first we reject as false to the core; we are prepared to apply no such epithet as numbskull to the students of Allegheny. The second explanation we do not countenance. It was our boastful statement at the close of last term that the students had been doing conscientiously good work and we still cling to it, examinations to the contrary notwithstanding. As we then stated, so we now reaffirm, that the drones are not all defunct. There has for a long time been a heavy run on the firm, but it hasn't yet closed doors. A few failures are natural and to be expected, but wholesale slaughtering is unnatural and abnormal. No, we do not expect this grumbling to affect anything, yet the safety-valve is a useful apparatus for letting off an over supply of steam, or something might be compelled to violate the bonds of molecular affinity and proceed to a series of disintegrations, which would result in a very unhappy condition of existing affairs.

* * *

BUT now, turning from this contemplation of the sad phase of college life, we take in a draught of its pleasantness to counteract the bitter gall of examination extinction. Since the last issue of the CAMPUS took the squeeze of the printer's quoins, another member of the Faculty has played the Benedict act, and the circle of Faculty celibacy is gradually shortening its radius. Dr. Thomas, the genial professor of modern languages, is the latest victim to Cupid's darts as hurled from the bulwark of Columbia's beauteous brides. He receives the hearty congratulations of the CAMPUS and also that of its readers, who recognize in Dr. Thomas a teacher of ability, endowed with those charms of personal magnetism that have proven so effectual in endearing him to the student body. Peace and prosperity be with you, is the chorus of your many friends. This series of matrimonial victims, headed by Dr. Trueman, leads us to look for weak places in the remaining shattered ranks of the Faculty bachelors. Others appear to be mortally wounded, but time alone will tell the tale. Ladies and gentlemen, we are waiting patiently to report any further "executions." Fall in.

* * *

IT IS a trite old saying that "one squeeze will not extract all the juice of an orange." If in our opinion it did, long ago would our pen have yielded to silence upon the Literary Society subject. We feel that too much can not be said in their behalf. We have no essentially new arguments to set forth, but wish to make a simple plea. In securing new members for the Literary societies, one is in much the same predicament as the old negro splitting gum tree rails: "Wen I'ze gits this one done an two moah, I'll hab three." A great number of new students last term put off joining any society by promising to do so this term. Now, then, is your golden opportunity. It is difficult to determine just exactly what is wrong in the atmosphere of society enthusiasm. Some seem to be possessed with the idea that society is a tiresome nuisance; that outside of any consideration of benefits to be derived, it is a *bore*, something to be shunned. This impression is most wide of the mark. A man who is interested in his society finds in it the most enjoyable evening of the week. He is wrapped up in its work, and thinks no

The Campus.

"INTER SILVAS ACADEMI QUÆRIMUS VERUM."

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

AT the opening of a new term the Editorial scribe is supposed to have collected a supply of new ideas to pour forth as an appetizing beverage for the unlucky reader who may undertake to gather an intellectual supper from his products. And it is considered an approved premise that progress in time and thought are concomitant and evolving time signifies the evolution of ideas. We acknowledge the principle of change, but hesitate to say whether it has been progressive or retrogressive on our part, assuming that, however the lapse of vacation may have affected the value or "out put" of pay ore of the Editorial Sanctum, the absorption of bipeds and miscellaneous nondescripts of saccharine nature by our reader during the past vacation has brought him to a stage of satisfied appetite, and no large demand for nutriment will be laid upon us. This logic of necessity assumes a close affinity between the physical and intellectual stomachs. Yet we make the hypothesis with a feeling of confidence that the psychologist and physiologist will agree with us in that a physical stomach loaded with holiday sweetmeats is not conducive to a ravenous appetite for research in the brain-racking sentences of Bacon, nor a translation of stumbling Hebrew. Moreover, our beloved, patient, and long suffering reader, we are mortals ourselves, strange as it may seem. The time-honored over-supply of physical supporter and physical demoralizer, which holds the throttle and sits in the caboose of the holidays, has exerted its debilitating influence upon us. The weary pen was laid aside in innocuous desuetude (we hope the ex-President will appreciate this highly honored use of his encyclopædic phrase), as we gave ear to the last crow and gobble of the murdered bipeds. We are recovering, yet be lenient and apply the Golden Rule.

* * *

DEPRESSED in general we took our first glance at those marks which adorn the classical "*thuren*" of old Bently, and immediately got a decided depression in several places in particular. What those marks wouldn't depress it is rather difficult to sink, and its specific gravity belongs to that of the seraphs above and not to a student who has put a hard term's work upon his studies, and then suffered with his many companions in the general slaughter-pen of examinations. We ask a pertinent question. When a professor fails, from one-