

The Campus.

"INTER SILVAS ACADEMI QUÆRIMUS VERUM."

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THE CAMPUS.

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

HAD we been gods, we would never have undertaken to edit the CAMPUS, in the first place, because we might have obtained a more perfect sinecure and, secondly, because we are opposed to deities going into journalism on general grounds. This bare statement and unconditional acknowledgment of the truth ought to satisfy those apparently semi-angelic critics, who are sitting on the fence and making faces. No, we are not divine, but simple mortals. If there is something unearthly and heavenly about you, you had better fly up among your equals; if not, if you are simply meat and bone, jump down off the fence, come over and have a chat with us in plain English. We are open to honest, well-put criticisms addressed to us as common mortals, by beings of the same descrip-

tion. It is characteristic of a critic, who feels the wings sprouting, to roost on the fence until his fans are sufficiently developed to warrant a flight to ethereal regions of perfection; and it is equally true of many of this same class, that they undertake the flight without waiting for a sufficient wing development, land with a bruised head on one side or the other of the fence, and again take up the march with the common people of the world. No, we are not gods.

* * *

ALLEGHENY, with one foot placed in advance, by virtue of her excellent Faculty, must thrust forward the other to keep herself abreast with the collegiate advancement which encompasses her. The practical is gaining an important position alongside the theoretical in the colleges of the country. And in these days an institution of learning must boast its physical culture department as well as its mental. Herein lies our weakness, and other institutions for this reason are attracting students who are properly Allegheny's sons. Athletics, in all its phases, is far below par. The only thing in this line which the college possesses is the Battalion. All things in this world, conforming to some fundamental law of human make-up, have their rise, decline and fall. The Battalion had its rise, began the decline long since and though the fall may be long deferred, yet it is certainly not an improbability of the not far distant future, unless the proper enthusiasm soon appears and condenses into tangible results. However, credit to whom credit is due, the Battalion under our energetic Major and by the hope of an encampment next spring and the promise of new equipage from the government, is getting energetic, and certainly the CAMPUS vies with its most

ardent supporters in wishing it success. But, at its best, the Battalion fills but a small portion of the field of necessity in the plantation of the student's proper exercise and physical development. What Allegheny needs and must have, to keep her abreast with the times, is a gymnasium. The subject has been agitated so much and with so little effect that its renaissance by us is made with a feeling of reluctance. The necessity, however, is mandatory. Allegheny is not favored, as are many of her rival institutions, with heavy endowments, but it is not the proper course to wait for some wealthy alumnus to die and bequeath a fortune to his *alma mater*. Alumni living are better than alumni dead, when all will lend a helping hand. The alumni of Allegheny are characterized by an ardent enthusiasm, and it is certainly within their power, by a little organization and co-operation, to decide the gymnasium debate in the affirmative. Would that it were in our power to say a word that would arouse all to the necessity of the occasion. The institution has reached a point where future advancement depends upon definite action. A little assistance on the part of each one would result in the attainment of the much needed end. Let us bestir ourselves, and let not Allegheny pass another year without the essential, long-looked-for and hoped-to-be-soon-realized gymnasium.

* * *

IN the last issue, we criticised the student's habit of thoughtlessly rushing through a course, hop, step and jump fashion, with a diploma as the final goal of his endeavors. A calm observation of the senior class however, not only that of the present year, but also those for several years back, naturally leads us to a consideration of the question whether or not the Faculty is doing its duty in graduating men as it does. If a student, by neglecting other work, unjustly obtains credit for the studies re-

quired by the curriculum and the Faculty graduates him, he is the maker of his own destiny and can censure nobody except himself for not having obtained the real benefits of a college course. But upon whom does the blame justly rest, when a man is graduated who has not honestly completed his course? Is there any justice in such action? Sheepskins of equal weight, before the world, are issued to the students who have been faithful in their college course and honestly completed it, and to those who have not. The man, who has behaved himself and worked, is placed on a level with him who has *slipped through*. The world has its standard of a graduate. One of two things is inevitable. The true graduate is pulled down to the level of the bogus one, or the bogus graduate is pulled up to the standard of the real. The former alternative is almost invariably followed. The man who does honest work and graduates with justice, shares in harvesting the wild oats of his careless fellow-student. A large senior class is an excellent advertisement for a college, but poor graduates are quite the opposite. A diploma should mean something more than that a man has run loose three years and then wheedled the Faculty to graduate him, to fill up the senior class or to satisfy somebody. These remarks are not to be taken as a citation of any particular cases, but as a simple statement of a general feeling against the practice of graduating men who do not deserve the honor. A degree should mean something. The truth will not injure anyone who is on the right side.

The subject is rather a delicate one. And we are only led to express ourselves pricked on by the deep conviction that in so doing, the CAMPUS is voicing the sentiment of the Faculty and student body in general. All the trouble lies in the fact that old ruts are hard to get out of, and the inertia of human nature is a powerful combatant.

Campus Sight Notes.

"In days of old," continued the sighing trees, "when the darkness of night was dispelled by bovine extract alone, and the student's flickering wick shot its feeble ray into the dark mantle of the campus, glinting through the window from his midnight study; when the city below was lighted by only now and then a little flash darting from the shop windows; ere we, ourselves, had broken the shell, it was proper and consistent with the times that darkness should hold undisputed sway upon the campus. But now all is changed. The waves of enlightenment are sweeping over all about us, while we are left in gloom and darkness. Still, this is as it should be. The *Chinese* fixedness that prevails here serves its purpose. When old graduates of fifty years ago make their *alma mater* the first visit after graduating, they are not shocked by the ruthless destruction of the ancient simplicity around which cling fond recollections of old college days. But here is the same old campus, almost the same old buildings, with the same old steps they were accustomed to mount, and the same old walls they used to chisel are being chiseled still. The introduction of campus lights would be a sacrilegious intrusion on the sacred and time honored fixedness of the college grounds. The wise men who have charge, perceive this and heed the warning, respecting the sacredness of ancient customs. Such a radical change as the lighting of the campus would be the projection of boastful ostentation into the very bosom of puritanic simplicity. No, my friend, you are wrong. Don't disturb the sweet repose in which things rest. The noisy world is rattling along, but not loud enough to awaken things here. "By the way," continued our informer, "since you are collecting news, you should be here sometime and listen to pandemonium that reigns in the Hall." "Certainly," interjected the scribe, "the Preceptress does not permit that." "No, she is away. She goes away, leaves things in the hands of

someone who has no authority, and when she is gone, the lower regions churned could not produce more confusion." "That is strange." "Yes, but true."

Literary.

The Method of Culture.

To man are committed the destinies of the world. Through his agency it is to be emancipated from vice, passion and sensuality. Slowly but surely he is solving the problem of the attainment of frictionless social conditions; gradually he is making the higher development an object of laudable ambition and worthy of industrious striving. Minds have become restless and clamorous for mental food; the stronger appetite has changed its seat from the stomach to the brain-cavity. Men are now being convinced that through their intellects their salvation from fleshly idolatries is to be wrought. The desire for learning has become irrepresible; and so, education is made a passion which forgets food and drink and raiment, everything but mind-perfection and pursuit of knowledge. By degrees the universe is growing nobler and the decrease of evil is compensated for by the influx of new intellectual power. The better part of mankind is regenerating the world and wherever a man of thought appears, there sensual pleasure and wanton desire find an energetic and uncompromising combatant. Long, long has the advocate of intellectual living as the highest mode of earthly existence labored for recognition and converts. Men of every age have reviled and scoffed at this seeming fanatic, who would have them derive their enjoyments from the training and exercise of their brains. Nevertheless the spirit which animated him lived on, denouncing the frivolous pursuit of material wealth and the vanities of life to the sacrifice of mind and immortality. The future has partially unfolded the realization of his fondest dreams and

prophecies. To-day his doctrines are embraced and reverently followed by the men who regulate the affairs of the world. The scholar, the student now have an acknowledged superiority. Brains and intellect are the insignia of power, the avenue through which all things must pass to become current and useful. In short, we have been metamorphosed into a race of thinkers, and he who is not a thought-producer is debarred from our social communion. And further, mental progress has brought in its train as a natural consequence, social progress. Society, the state, the individual have experienced the beneficent results of this intellectual interference with their affairs and so are moved to charter colleges, establish schools and fill them with youths of impressionable minds. Education almost everywhere receives a favoring eye and through its manifold influences we will elevate life into a nobler and happier sphere. Education is the means; culture, the end.

The function of the intellect is with careful discrimination to appropriate and assimilate knowledge, refining and reproducing it in other forms. However, our stupidity or, perhaps, our proverbial perverseness has somewhat warped the punctilious obedience due this law. The mind has been divorced from its predestined office and is transformed into a mere ungoverned machine or else its faculties are constrained to engage in ignoble and nefarious occupations. Thus the brains of many are simply absorbents and their contents depend wholly upon the conditions of their existences. Some convert them into garrets, storing them with rubbish and useless, lamed furniture; others into museums of antiquity, receptacles for ideas long-forgotten and passed out of current circulation. The mind is active and athletic, endowed with latent vigor. Its health is regulated by its food and unless there be a proper selection, intellectual distemper and mental debility arise. Too strong fare is as injurious as too weak. The mental nourishment must also possess the virtue of variety. For

the same diet makes a man a mere echo; his conversation becomes a rigmarole; his life, a monotonous repetition. He who covets brain-power must care more for his intellectual health than for the regular action of his digestive apparatus; his mind should be the object of more solicitude than his stomach.

The scheme of culture is the acquirement of mental symmetry, of uniformity of the divers powers of the intellect. It essays neither to exaggerate nor to neglect. It is the product of carefully directed study and selective education, requiring a generosity toward some thoughts and ideas and revulsion toward others. Judicious care and prudent choice must ever guide the true student so that his stock of knowledge may be an harmonious compound. The brain is consecrated to the sublime and noble only. All occupants that breed antagonism are interlopers and their admission into the thought-chambers necessitated an abrogation of the laws of intellectual living. Consequently omnivorous readers and book-worms never attain culture. They violate its fundamental principle. It is this exercise of the powers of selection that magnifies the capacity of intellect, enlarges its scope and puts within reach workable material to be smelted, refined and moulded into such forms as personal desire suggests. By psychological processes it is made our own, but not until we have stamped each fact with our individuality and re-issued it to the world.

The common practice of unalloyed absorption of facts is utterly at war with the spirit of culture. The man who devotes his energies to making his brain a mere repository for facts and who is incapable of deducing new ideas and fresh thought from them, is worth no more to the world than the space he fertilizes when his body re-combines with earth. We need no compendiums of facts bound in flesh and blood; our book-shelves hold encyclopedias. Culture is synonymous with broad mental activity and is the unbroken fruition of healthy thought-germs. The facts may be shoots plucked from

other people's gardens, yet in their transplantations they found a new vigor and additional hardiness. It is not pilfering to take these slips and re-plant them in our own soil, granting them a change of climate and, perhaps, conditions for more efficient growth. Facts are but seedlings of thought and he, who by assiduous attention and diligent cultivation gives them life and beauty and utility, merits the credit for their higher development and more lovely existence. Every thought has an expresser as well as an author, and they are, by no means, necessarily identical. Truth is everywhere apparent, but extremely few have genius sufficient to corral it in language. And, when it is uttered, each soul still holds it free and asserts his right to make it his benefit and use.

Culture is diametrically opposed to a rigid specialism. The sphere of knowledge is incomprehensible; so vast, indeed, that one brain is able to contain but little of the existent learning. Hence, in order to obviate scattered and diffuse intelligence, to prevent a smattering acquaintance with knowable things, the tendency of the present is to limit one's energies to research upon a single line. It is justifiable, its devotees claim, because time is wasted, mental vitality is dissipated and the age is none the wiser if persons ramble instead of concentrating their efforts on a particular branch of study. The theory is fairly good but the practice is abominable. When a man barter his soul to this dogma, unfortunately, he sells himself without reserve. Even in his own intellectual pasture-ground he is tethered by a very short rope and beyond the confines of his allotted territory he is unacquainted and can do naught else but play the part of an ignoramus. Like Dr. Holmes' naturalist, who first studied Nature, then animals, later insects, and finally spent a lifetime in investigating the habits of a solitary species of beetle, he sneers at liberalism of thought, broadness of culture and is skeptical with respect to the importance of subjects outside of his own ever-contracting circle. Such

an abject creature does not possess even common sense, which, in truth, is infant culture, intuitional education. He who is susceptible of the contagion of specialism is incapacitated for any other duties and by cloistering himself unwittingly blesses the world and frees men from undesired association with him. His constitution is not submissive to culture. His notions always remain few and trite, become so dry and parched that future germination and reproduction are impossible. He is a man of one idea and this he continually inflates, hoping to evolve a new fact. Blowing soap-bubbles makes them larger in size but never alters their composition.

The human man has a certain capacity for knowledge. It is a fine piece of wisdom for the young soul to keep pouring into it carefully winnowed thoughts, whose prime qualification is future usefulness, until the brain is more than full of precious streams of ideas; then the soul's plethoric condition will command an overflow of any surplus. He who is anxious to communicate knowledge barely for the sake of display shows plainly the shallowness of his mental acquirement, the ankle-depth of his soul-nature. He is a plane surface and his intellectual compass is easy to calculate. He has a panorama of thoughts and ideas, perhaps interesting at the first view, but completely devoid of attractiveness to him who happens to be a second time a spectator. He never introduces new scenes to entice future visits, but each examination evinces the entire length and breadth of his resources. Much rather to be preferred is the kaleidoscopic man whose thoughts may be sparse, yet each exhibition of them finds them differently expressed and by their varied combinations they almost assume the appearance of new and original ideas. However, neither of these characters is cultured. The powers of creating ideas and of fecundating latencies of thought and feeling are the essentials of the broadly educated man.

The beginning of wisdom is a consciousness of ignorance, of intellectual poverty. Simul-

taneously love of truth and desire for mental improvement spring up, which lead the aspiring mind to the true reservoirs of knowledge. The educational forces of the world, past and present, are bound up in its books and the intimate relationship of literature and culture naturally calls forth an inquiry into their mutual sympathies. Literature is the warp; culture, the woof. They completely interlace one another, the quality of each materially determining the character of the fabric. The web they form is the highest mode of existence the world knows, the broad, liberal intellectual life of the author or the patron of books and learning. They are indissolubly united. Literature cannot be without culture; culture, without literature. No one can be cultured unless he be literary in tastes and inclinations. Culture is the result of literary cultivation. In books is reposed the world's accumulation of learning from creation's time until to-day; they comprise and represent to us the intellectual beauty of all ages. Literature is the imperishable record of mind-power, the embalment of culture for eternal good and guidance. The literature of each epoch is the high-water mark of its civilization; for, peace or war, prosperity or calamity, religious attentiveness or the prevalence of atheism wonderfully affect the merit of books produced and radically rule the trends of thought. And so, with individuals the genuine character of their lives is reflected in their literary achievements. We know Shakespeare's mind, his secret thoughts, his highest activities. We do not care to know his externalities, but seek acquaintance rather with his inmost nature, his immortality, which, preserved in his literary accomplishments, he has transmitted to us and to all time. This, the main-spring of his being, the provoker of his sublime thoughts and feelings, is his culture. The story of his education and periods of intellectual striving would show its method; absolute dependence upon past performance and upon Nature. Past performance is literature; Nature, his individuality, or bet-

ter, his personal power in interpreting her manifestations.

Literature is seed-thought for future generations. It represents the best intellectuality of the grandest men who have ever lived. One century is the instructor of its successor. The experiences of yesterday govern the events of to-day. The Present receives its impetus to thought from the ideas of the Past. And thus literature, containing the experiences and the history of human endeavor, serves as an ever-flaming torch to guide the morals, thoughts and acts of men. By its lofty teachings and impulses to the right and noble, it is perceptibly reforming the ways of the world. When all men are taught to love books and to think, in short, to be rational beings, then will the state and society be rid of jeopardizing influences and gross immoralities. The student of literature always despises baseness and depravity. Seldom are the brains of a scholar sacrificed to enslaving passion and sensual desire. The hope of the world is enveloped in present and forthcoming literatures. They have an unmistakable potency, as this literary element of our life measures the political prosperity, the moral status and the intellectual power of the universe. Thus it re-asserts itself as the symbol of culture. As water, by mere contact with the mill-wheel, moves mighty shafts and pulleys, so does this unending stream of literature provide motive power for the mental machinery of all who but allow the influence of its current to touch them directly. Ideas, thoughts, opinions, all original, will spring up spontaneously, and the faculty of discovering the truths and unities of Nature, of explaining her phenomena, will be added unto them.

Culture does not insinuate itself upon us. It must be sought and dearly bought. Its deep attractiveness, its meliorating influences make it the *ultimatum* of worldly attainment. The privileges it confers, the peace and happiness it gives, the full exercise of well-balanced faculties it encourages, make it the glory of the scholar, the blissful realization of the student's hopes.

The world has been preservative of her standards of culture. Such brains as thought well and accomplished somewhat of good survive and are perpetuated by the impartial judgment of centuries. No compositions of passing glory or ephemeral fame have been transmitted. Books must bear an inward testimony of everlasting usefulness, or else be discarded and forgotten. Time makes no mistakes. In spite of the varying trends of thinking, the changing views of the true object of life, and the advance of enlightenment, some works of literary art have stood the test of widely different opinions and met the demands of the world in opposite phases. The pure, the celestial natures of many ideal, cultured men still have existence and continue to disseminate their irresistible incentives to mental elevation and to redeem the minds of men from sensual employments and enervating pursuits. They still sway power and as long as literature is known their immortal intellects will undoubtedly help to better the mental and moral aspects of the universe. Their undying fame is the result of their culture, and in the embodied culture they have given us, they have founded fountains of benevolent influences whose pure, unrestrained flowings spread out and whomsoever they touch becomes chaste, devoid of base desires and carnal longings. If we could trace the growth of culture from its beginnings and follow it through all its ramifications, we would find, no doubt, its essence deep-rooted in these master-minds, whose entire lives were spent in perfecting its outward expression or literature.

Communion with literature is the most efficient method of culture. He who would court this higher, intellectual life must study literature and with an earnest energy and engaged eye examine the world's literary treasures, permitting his soul to absorb the reflection of each gem, to be permeated with the edifying rays of each bright ornament. Here is the everlasting, undefilable wealth of the universe. Not the property of a favored few, but scattered broadcast with a profuseness almost verging upon prodigality, it becomes an

almoner to the destitute of knowledge, a physician to the mentally weak and misdirected.

Culture is not a sensuous æstheticism. It presupposes morality. An ethical purpose is the first ground for a book's existence and the primary reason for intellectual aspiration. The mind and heart are linked together and are comrades-in-arms in the battle against vice and sensualism. Catholicity of spirit, steadfastness to thoughtful convictions, harmonious conceptions of the Divine Spirit and, above all, a deep, unswerving faith in the religion of love ever characterize the true man of culture. He sees the origin of things, and assigns God as the pre-eminent cause of every display of Nature or the presence of every existing object. Unselfish and sympathetic, he makes it his mission to drive away the mists of ignorance and low, polluting lusts, which beleaguer the masses, and to lift man to his proper estate. Culture, combating carnal appetites, overthrowing prejudice, dismantling false and vicious ideas, is the van of the beneficent forces at work in the world. Disparaging the mean and the corrupt, eliminating all vitiating-influences, it constantly aims to refine and ennoble. As a sunbeam glancing into a darkened room discloses countless motes in the air, so culture reveals to man his many infirmities; and besides, not content with revelation, it provides an infallible cure for all weaknesses by incitement to higher efforts and more lasting usefulness. The signs of the times indicate the rightful recognition and due supremacy of culture. One by one the bonds which hold the world to an ignominious thralldom are being snapped asunder and man is emerging into that pure air where the attainment of full intellectual stature is possible. The higher we go the nearer we are to God. The age of redemption is come. The sky is overcast and clouds of promise, continually being re-inforced, skirt the horizon, gathering strength for copious showers. The drought of ignorance and iniquity has long oppressed the people but now the earth is to be cleansed and refreshed, and the atmosphere

purified. Under this revivifying influence the universe will teem with benevolences, awakening into an existence where love and not hate is present, where manliness replaces brutality, where spirituality overcomes sensuality, and where culture overwhelms and puts to flight mental neglect and intellectual shallowness. Then the prayers of the author, the scholar and the student will have been answered, and the re-appearing sun will smile upon a world, pure, free and tranquil.

The College World.

Exchanges.

Thousands of men and women in the United States recall their membership in the Greek letter fraternities as one of the most enjoyable and profitable features of their college life. Long after the last traces of memory of the Greek conjugation have vanished, after the Odes of Horace have faded into the irrevocable past; after all mathematics but the rule of three has elapsed into the secret recesses of the mind; after the finer classifications of the "genus" and "species" have given place to such everyday terms as "mud cat" or "dog kennel;" after all these and a hundred other once important departments of learning have been forgotten, still the recollections of the fraternity, the jolly meetings in the old hall, the exclusive picnics and parties; the dinners, cheap but seasoned with wit and warm geniality; the solemn advice to the erring brother, the sitting up at nights with the unfortunate of the number who fell sick, the anxiety to outdo all rival fraternities in securing good men who entered college, the throb of pride when one of "our boys" won a prize or some special college honor—these things remain as vivid and fresh in the memory as though commencement day were only yesterday.—*Ex.*

We have had impressed on our minds, recently, the value of "keeping a note book in which to jot down stray thoughts which pass daily through our minds." Many a bright thought passes our minds, but not having the means to put the thought in durable form, it is

lost forever. Those of the students who have never tried this plan, hardly realize what they have missed. In the study of language, for example, many peculiar forms are constantly springing up, and if we were to put them in writing and then review them often, we would soon master these peculiarities. The saddest thing about a college course is to hear students, after they have laid a study aside for a term or two, bewail the fact that they have forgotten all they ever knew concerning it. Now this would not be the case did we have note books for easy reference, and then apply ourselves. And to all the beginners in language we would suggest that you buy a small note book, jot down the new words in each lesson, and con them over in spare moments. It is wonderful what a success this plan can be made when properly handled. When reading poetry or prose, write down the beautiful and wise thoughts and commit them to memory; nothing will elevate your diction more rapidly.

If the lesson is hard and you know you are next,
And you think you know nothing about it,
Will you not look ahead a few lines in the text?
Well, maybe you won't—but I doubt it.

If some day a difficult word is found, and
There is mystery hanging about it,
If it's cribbed in your book, won't you hold up
your hand?
Well, maybe you won't—but I doubt it.

If by measures like these a high mark you should
take,
And your grade would be lowered without it,
Will you tell the professor it's all a mistake?
Well, maybe you will—but I doubt it.—*Ex.*

It seems as if students do not realize that they are laying the foundation of their characters now, while they are preparing for their life work. The habits that are being formed, both of act and thought, mean so much, especially since they are so difficult to break off. They are apt to forget what they are in college really for, particularly in taking into account that now is the time of preparation for the course to be pursued in the future.

As to what a person's character should be, a very good idea is given by Foster: "Character should retain the upright vigor of manliness; it should be like an erect yet an elastic tree which, though it may accomodate itself to the wind, never loses its spring and independent form."

At the University of Wisconsin, two examinations are held each term, but any student whose standing is eighty-five per cent or upwards is not required to undergo an examination.

Sophomores at Princeton recently took a number of members of the freshman class, with no other conveyance than the darkness, compelled them to climb a tree and sing, "Nearer my God to Thee."

The monthly review formerly known as the *College and School* has changed hands, and will hereafter be published as *The Louis Lombard*. The first number under the new management comes up to the standard of the *College and School*.

It was night. They sat at intervals upon the steps. She, softly—"I hope, Charlie, that no darkness will ever come between us." He took the hint.

"Why art thou here?" A stern sire quoth
To a youth whose face blushed red;
Removing his arm that circled her form,
"I was *waisting* a moment," he said.
—*Cornellian*.

Moral.

Rumors!

How about that letter?

Griffen is on the sick list.

"Peffer, how many Millers are in there?"

Why doesn't Prof. Elliot stay away?—Chapel skipper.

L. L. Knox, a former student, visited us for a day or two.

Dr. Hamnett has been on the sick list for the past few days.

Dr. Fields has of late developed a wonderful taste for bear stories.

Communicated—Whose heart is Pierced by the shaft of Er(ie)os?

Many new magazines are added to the library. Now for some new books.

Ask Peffer where he acquired his acquaintance with *Rum-cork* coils.

To the Faculty—Keep your promise and open the library in the afternoon.

D. W. Darragh, of Beaver Falls, was the guest of his brother over Sunday.

Griffen's mother came down last Tuesday to nurse him for a day or two.

No objection is raised by the students at the chapel roll not being called.

C. C. Freeman was called home last week by the illness of his father.

Hubbell, a former student, visited friends at Allegheny the first of the month.

Now is the time to bribe the *Kaldron* editors to keep out that good joke on you.

You are the first man that ever had the audacity to tell me that I would steal. Audacity!!!

Did you hear Will Carleton's "Drama of Life" on the 19th? If not, you missed something.

We understand two students were fined fifty cents by their landlord for misbehavior in their room.

Harry Dunn, ex-'90, who has been confined to his bed since Christmas, at his home in Connelville, is slowly improving.

Considerable vigilance should be and is exercised in seeing that the magazines borrowed (?) from the library are returned.

Be prepared to run when you ask Knox if there isn't any college in Texas, or if Allegheny is the college nearest his home.

Allegheny College news may be found in the columns of the *Pittsburg Post* now, as that paper has a special correspondent here.

Dr. M. in Geology—"If you will excuse me on Saturday, I will not skip another day—" Voice from rear seat—"Until it comes good fishing."

Miss Kate Christy, ex-'91, of Pittsburg, is at present visiting her Kappa Kappa Gamma sisters at Allegheny, having come to attend the anniversary reception of Rho chapter on last Friday.

Hist. of Philos.—Dr. W.—"McBride, what is the predicate in the sentence, 'He kissed her?'" McB.—"Don't know." Dr. W.—"Well, I must ask some one who knows more about kissing. Griffen!"

Dr. Montgomery has just completed a handsome stereopticon. The machine has what is known as the "dissolving light," and is made for two pictures. It is a piece of work of which the Doctor can justly be proud.

Drs. Montgomery and Thomas gave an illustrated lecture at the Dempsytown school house not long since. Those who are acquainted with Monty's efficient handling of the magic lantern and those who heard Dr. Thomas' brilliant address the evening of his serenade can justly appreciate the success of the undertaking and the hearty congratulations Dr. Thomas is receiving from his many friends. The same combine intend to entertain the College soon.

Graduates by Decades.

The growth of the College is very well shown by the following table:

Graduated, 1821 to 1830.....	10
1831 1840.....	47
1841 1850.....	75

1851	1860.....	188
1861	1870.....	139
1871	1880.....	142
1881	1890.....	281

The growth of the College was checked in 1861 by the Civil War, and this check reduced the figures two decades; but the last decade (1881-90) shows a most gratifying increase. During the 40 years ending in 1860, the classes averaged only 8 a year. During the next 20 years the average was 14; but during the last decade the average number rose to 28.

Fraternity.

McElroy is now the "baby" of the *Σ. A. E.* fraternity.

Mr. George W. Porter was initiated into the *Δ. T. Δ.* fraternity, last Friday night.

The furnishings of the *K. A. Θ.* rooms, in Hulings Hall, were almost entirely ruined last week by steam escaping from a bursted radiator.

J. A. Vance, '83, has been chosen by the General Council of *Φ. Δ. Θ.* to deliver the oration before the National Convention, to be held in October, at Atlanta, Ga.

Kappa Kappa Gamma.

ELEGANT RECEPTION BY THE YOUNG LADIES OF
GAMMA RHO CHAPTER.

The Kappa Kappa Gamma young ladies, of Allegheny College, added new laurels to their crown at their reception held in the Phos Club parlors last evening. The event was in celebration of the twenty-first year of the fraternity and the third anniversary of Gamma Rho chapter, under whose auspices it was given. The elegant apartments had been decorated and arranged especially for the occasion, and never looked more attractive. The reception lasted from 8 until 11 o'clock, and was attended by upwards of 300 members and members of sister fraternities and invited guests.

The young ladies were chaperoned by Mrs. President Wheeler, Mrs. J. H. Montgomery, and Mrs. David Hannah, and the guests were formally

received by the Misses Carrie Mount, May Whitney, Mary Warner, Virginia Davis and Miss Christy, assisted by Mrs. Wheeler and Mrs. Montgomery, who did the honors with exquisite grace and becoming dignity.

Among the early arrivals were President and Mrs. Wheeler, Dr. and Mrs. Montgomery, Professor and Mrs. Thomas and Professor and Mrs. Trueman. The tide of guests began to arrive promptly at 8 o'clock, and by 9 o'clock the rooms were filled. It was a full dress affair, and the costumes of the ladies were elegant.

The rich music of the Northwestern orchestra and the hum of happy voices, supplemented by the elegant dresses and flashing jewelry, was an inspiring combination such as is seldom witnessed in a small city, and if the Gamma Rho young ladies were proud, it was with good reason.

The refreshments, which were very elegant, were served by Trowbridge.—*Tribune of Feb. 14.*

Alumni.

T. M. Morrison, '90, was in town Saturday last.

W. P. McElwain, '85, is practicing law in Seattle, Wash.

W. W. Shilling, '80, is prospering in the law business in Sharon.

D. L. Terwilliger, '85, is in the real estate business at Fair Haven, Wash.

Rev. B. L. Perry, '88, of Centreville, led chapel exercises not long ago.

Miss Gertrude Merchant, '87, is assistant teacher of Latin at Grove City College.

Prof. W. A. Elliott, '89, attended the $\Phi. \Delta. \theta.$ alumni banquet, at the Duquesne, Pittsburgh, on the 18th inst.

Rev. C. R. Thoburn, '85, of Schone, Wash., in addition to his pastoral duties, edits the *Methodist Episcopalian*.

Major John B. Hayes, '58, is at the head of the Local Politics and City Hall departments of

the *New York Tribune*. He resides at 22 Prospect Place, Brooklyn.

Frank M. Kerr, '88, sends CAMPUS subscription for a year. Frank graduates in June from the Union Seminary in New York City, and has accepted a call to a church in Chester, N. J., about sixty miles from New York.

The following clipping from the Jamestown *Daily News* will be gratifying to Mr. Lindsey's friends:

Fred B. Lindsey, a graduate of Allegheny College, has been secured as an instructor in history and science at the High School.

S. S. Marquis, '90, who is attending the General Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church, Chelsea Square, N. Y., in addition to his student duties, is supplying the church at College Point, L. I. He has gained three scholarships in competitive examinations.

What the Class of '90 is Doing.

J. R. Anderson, studying law, Jamestown, N. Y.

L. A. Baldwin, Gov. Surveying Corps on Atlantic Coast.

H. M. Barrett, Prof. in Titusville High School.

F. L. Bullock, Prin. of Schools at Panama, N. Y.

A. L. Carr, Civil Engineer at Seattle, Wash.

Ellen Chesbro, now Mrs. John Bell.

Helen A. Clark, Union City, Pa.

F. A. Collins, Prof. Jamestown Seminary, Pa.

R. C. Crowthers, Reporter *Pittsburg Post*.

W. C. Deming, with an Electric Co., 45 Broadway, N. Y.

Frank Dice.

J. M. Dobson, M. E. Preacher, Rochester, N. Y.

V. F. Dunkle, M. E. Preacher, Guy's Mills, Pa.

R. W. Elliot, Prof. in Cameron College, Mo.

H. B. Espy, studying law with Judge Barker, Fredonia, N. Y.

A. G. Fradenburgh, Prof. in Dickinson Institute, Williamsport, Pa.

F. L. Gageby, Supt. R. R. Surveying Corps, Lewis, Ky.

J. S. Gibson, Prof. in Allegheny College.

W. G. Heiser, Maysville, Ky.

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ardent supporters in wishing it success. But, at its best, the Battalion fills but a small portion of the field of necessity in the plantation of the student's proper exercise and physical development. What Allegheny needs and must have, to keep her abreast with the times, is a gymnasium. The subject has been agitated so much and with so little effect that its renaissance by us is made with a feeling of reluctance. The necessity, however, is mandatory. Allegheny is not favored, as are many of her rival institutions, with heavy endowments, but it is not the proper course to wait for some wealthy alumnus to die and bequeath a fortune to his *alma mater*. Alumni living are better than alumni dead, when all will lend a helping hand. The alumni of Allegheny are characterized by an ardent enthusiasm, and it is certainly within their power, by a little organization and co-operation, to decide the gymnasium debate in the affirmative. Would that it were in our power to say a word that would arouse all to the necessity of the occasion. The institution has reached a point where future advancement depends upon definite action. A little assistance on the part of each one would result in the attainment of the much needed end. Let us bestir ourselves, and let not Allegheny pass another year without the essential, long-looked-for and hoped-to-be-soon-realized gymnasium.

* * *

IN the last issue, we criticised the student's habit of thoughtlessly rushing through a course, hop, step and jump fashion, with a diploma as the final goal of his endeavors. A calm observation of the senior class however, not only that of the present year, but also those for several years back, naturally leads us to a consideration of the question whether or not the Faculty is doing its duty in graduating men as it does. If a student, by neglecting other work, unjustly obtains credit for the studies re-

quired by the curriculum and the Faculty graduates him, he is the maker of his own destiny and can censure nobody except himself for not having obtained the real benefits of a college course. But upon whom does the blame justly rest, when a man is graduated who has not honestly completed his course? Is there any justice in such action? Sheepskins of equal weight, before the world, are issued to the students who have been faithful in their college course and honestly completed it, and to those who have not. The man, who has behaved himself and worked, is placed on a level with him who has *slipped through*. The world has its standard of a graduate. One of two things is inevitable. The true graduate is pulled down to the level of the bogus one, or the bogus graduate is pulled up to the standard of the real. The former alternative is almost invariably followed. The man who does honest work and graduates with justice, shares in harvesting the wild oats of his careless fellow-student. A large senior class is an excellent advertisement for a college, but poor graduates are quite the opposite. A diploma should mean something more than that a man has run loose three years and then wheedled the Faculty to graduate him, to fill up the senior class or to satisfy somebody. These remarks are not to be taken as a citation of any particular cases, but as a simple statement of a general feeling against the practice of graduating men who do not deserve the honor. A degree should mean something. The truth will not injure anyone who is on the right side.

The subject is rather a delicate one. And we are only led to express ourselves pricked on by the deep conviction that in so doing, the CAMPUS is voicing the sentiment of the Faculty and student body in general. All the trouble lies in the fact that old ruts are hard to get out of, and the inertia of human nature is a powerful combatant.

The Campus.

"INTER SILVAS ACADEMI QUÆRIMUS VERUM."

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

HAD we been gods, we would never have undertaken to edit the CAMPUS, in the first place, because we might have obtained a more perfect sinecure and, secondly, because we are opposed to deities going into journalism on general grounds. This bare statement and unconditional acknowledgment of the truth ought to satisfy those apparently semi-angelic critics, who are sitting on the fence and making faces. No, we are not divine, but simple mortals. If there is something unearthly and heavenly about you, you had better fly up among your equals; if not, if you are simply meat and bone, jump down off the fence, come over and have a chat with us in plain English. We are open to honest, well-put criticisms addressed to us as common mortals, by beings of the same descrip-

tion. It is characteristic of a critic, who feels the wings sprouting, to roost on the fence until his fans are sufficiently developed to warrant a flight to ethereal regions of perfection; and it is equally true of many of this same class, that they undertake the flight without waiting for a sufficient wing development, land with a bruised head on one side or the other of the fence, and again take up the march with the common people of the world. No, we are not gods.

* * *

ALLEGHENY, with one foot placed in advance, by virtue of her excellent Faculty, must thrust forward the other to keep herself abreast with the collegiate advancement which encompasses her. The practical is gaining an important position alongside the theoretical in the colleges of the country. And in these days an institution of learning must boast its physical culture department as well as its mental. Herein lies our weakness, and other institutions for this reason are attracting students who are properly Allegheny's sons. Athletics, in all its phases, is far below par. The only thing in this line which the college possesses is the Battalion. All things in this world, conforming to some fundamental law of human make-up, have their rise, decline and fall. The Battalion had its rise, began the decline long since and though the fall may be long deferred, yet it is certainly not an improbability of the not far distant future, unless the proper enthusiasm soon appears and condenses into tangible results. However, credit to whom credit is due, the Battalion under our energetic Major and by the hope of an encampment next spring and the promise of new equipage from the government, is getting energetic, and certainly the CAMPUS vies with its most