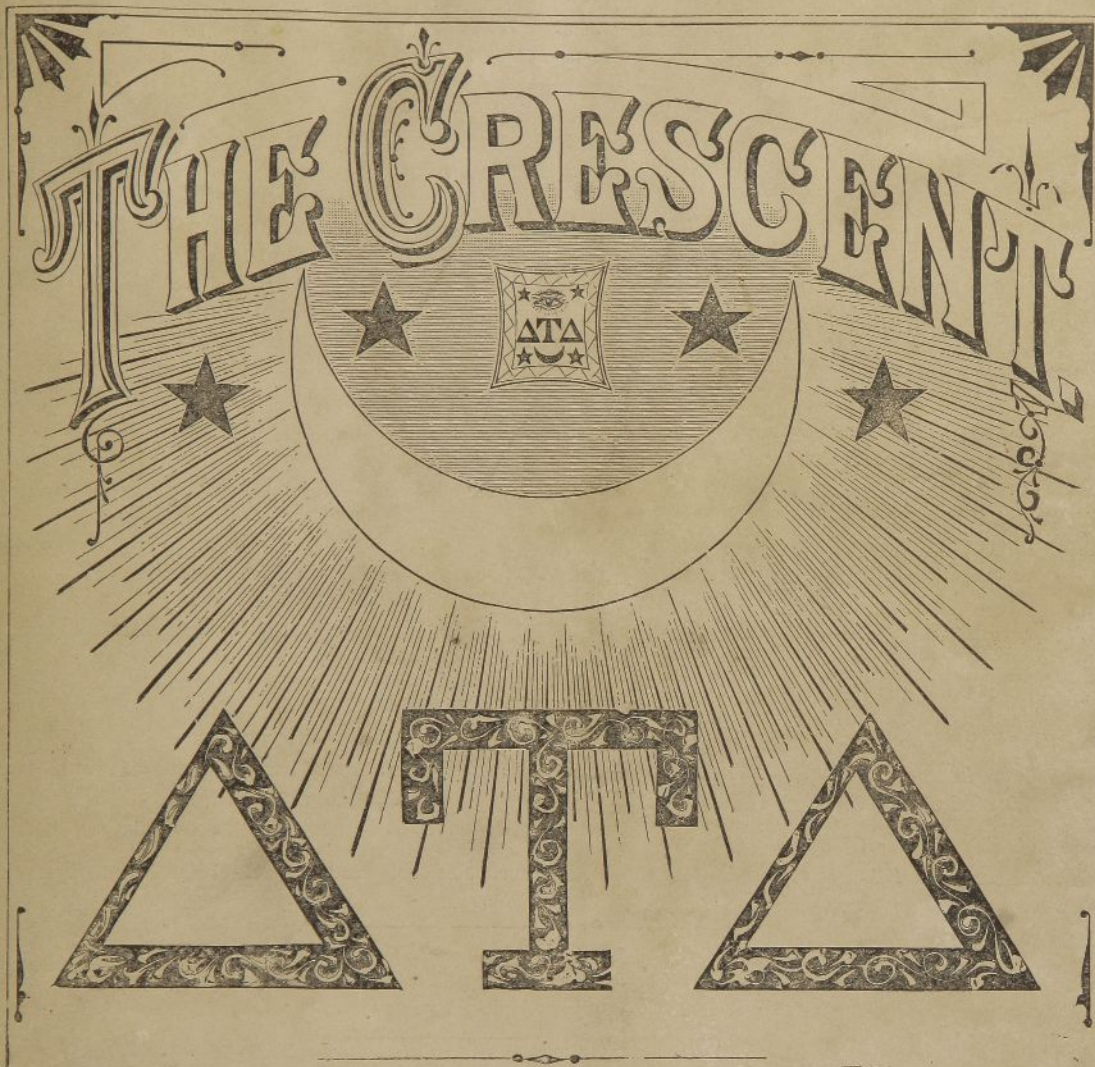


Vol. III.

MEADVILLE, PA., OCTOBER, 1879.

No. 1.



A MONTHLY JOURNAL PUBLISHED BY THE  
DELTA TAU DELTA FRATERNITY,  
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF  
CHAPTER ALPHA.

C. EDWARD LOCKE, Editor-in-Chief.

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All communications concerning subscriptions and advertisements should be addressed to

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Meadville, Pa.



Alumni News 12-28 44 65 79 96 112 139

A Word or Two 120

Board Membership J. S. Hartzell 7

Constitution of Twenty-first C. E. K. 5

Chapter Officers, Pi 35

" Correspondence Ch. McCurdy 53

" Letter

Alpha 28 41 50 78 93 109 120

Iota 10 27 10

Lambda 11 44 54 75 111 130

Rho 26 51 113

Sigma 27 45 77 130

Tau 28 64 129

Upsilon 42 62 94

Phi 42 63 126

Chi 43 74 131

Psi 43 78 95 109 128

Theta 43 78 109

Eta 43 63 75 128

Omicron 43 75

Sigma 63 77

Phi 79 117

Pi 120

Kappa 47

Chi 130

Mega 131

carelessness 120

Correspondence

H. L. McCurdy 36

C. B. Mitchell 37

J. P. L. Harris 40

G. M. Zacharias 45, 53

J. F. Kozly 87





Editorial	9 25 41 60 76 92 108 125
Fraternity Work	J. F. Marchand 123
Greek World	8, 24 40 58 73 91 107 124
Getting Beta	C. E. R. 88
History of Alpha	C. E. Richmond 7, 39, 57, 74, 89
" Beta	Wilbur Colvin 22, 38
" Gamma	R. C. Bowling 23, 55
" Sigma	A. L. Elliott 56, 75 91 104 121
" Eta	H. J. Wilson 105
" Delta	Geo E. Brock 106
" Theta	121
" Delta Brother	He. H. Damber 19
Our Past History	J. F. Marchand 51
Once a Member	Always a Member J. P. L. Morris 53
Obituary of	Fred E. Kilgard (also 76) 96
" "	John C. Noble 123
Poems	
Call, the	J. S. Kartzell 119
Constitution Poem	John R. Scott
Dirge, a	J. S. Kartzell 87
Delta Day Delta Song	A. S. Elliott 119
Life, What	Russell 87
Our Brotherhood	A. J. Culp 91





Poems —

Our Voyage H. W. Callingham 103

Our Delta Girls J. R. Deatt 119

Student, The A. S. Livingstone 130

Song of "The Pi" J. H. Hardcastle 110

"We meet upon the Level & We part upon  
the Square" J. B. Hartzell 87

We Still as Brothers Meet A. J. Driscoll

Quality & Beauty 122

Wails of a Delta A. 20

Thoughts By the Way J. S. Hartzell 35, 71

Status of Pledged Men 123





# THE CRESCENT.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

*"May no cloud obscure the Crescent  
Of our good old Delta Tau."*

VOL. III.

MEADVILLE, PA., OCTOBER, 1879.

No. 1.

## DELTA TAU DELTA. CONVENTION POEM.

BY BRO. JOHN R. SCOTT.

When, after many years have flown,  
The wanderer returns  
To greet the faces for whose light  
The heart within him yearns;  
To clasp again the kindly hands  
That upheld his baby feet;  
To hear the well-remembered tones  
That in old times were sweet—  
That faltered as they spoke "Good-bye,"  
Upon the parting  
That falter now, for ver' joy,  
As "Welcome home!" they say;  
To stand beneath the moss-grown roof  
That sheltered him of yore—  
The world of memory to him  
On every sea and shore—  
To such a one, at such a time,  
The power of words is small;  
The thrilling clasp, the starting tear,  
The look, are all in all.  
The present borrows glory  
From the beauty of the past,  
And they are merged together  
In a thought will always last.  
Old scenes revive old memories,  
The blissful, bright, and tender,  
Such memories as, in passion's hour,  
Are virtue's best defender.  
Henceforth, in all his future years,  
This present and that past,  
Will halo all his holiest hopes,  
An inspiration vast.  
A soul-pervading glow from them  
His happier hours will borrow,  
They will light a rainbow bright  
On the clouds of sorrow;  
His life speeds onward  
And the farther bourne,  
The joys to see his journey's end,  
For he is travel-worn,  
His dearest image of Heaven  
And of God's eternal care,  
Is the home he knew in childhood,  
And the love that blessed him there  
A wanderer for many years,  
I'm home again to-day;  
The storms out-weathered are as naught,  
Now I'm in Put-in-Bay,  
Long absent from the roof-tree  
Of our good old Delta Tau,  
I hail with joy each brother  
Who has taken on her vow;  
But, while I meet and greet you,

The thoughtless memories come;  
All thought is drowned in feeling,  
And your poet's tongue is dumb.  
Your poet? Flat misnomer that!  
There was a time, indeed,  
When I could write smooth verses,  
Which no one cared to read;  
Despised, prosy, boyish thoughts  
Were turned to mincing verse  
Poetical as Calculus,  
And cheerful as a hearse.  
Some breadings of the spirit divine  
Inspired my efforts then  
In rhythm and rhyme; but not the fire  
That melts the souls of men.  
How many years ago that was  
Had better not be told—  
My wife don't like that Rumor's tongue  
Should call her husband old;  
All this was in the callow days  
When I was fresh in college—  
The days when "genius" spurns the lamp  
And plodding ways of knowledge.  
A tragedy or epic then  
Were well within my scope;  
To live in fame with Shakespeare  
Were an easy thing to hope.  
Ah! yes, my early, piping muse,  
Unfledged, but self-reliant,  
In splendor blazed, prospectively,  
O'er lesser lights—as Bryant,  
John Milton, Byron, Keats, and Burns,  
And Pope, and Poe, and Howard;  
While Tennyson and Longfellow  
And Shelley were no good.

This frost-work dream that glorified  
The dawning of my day,  
The beating hearts and storms of life  
Full soon dissolved away.  
My Pegasus came down to earth;  
No more aloft he goes,  
Cleaving the clouds with rhythmic wing,  
But jogs along in prose.  
Will Shakespeare's muse still sit supreme,  
And the smaller fry, God wot,  
Have had no cause to be dismayed  
At a second bay-crowned Scott?  
I think, and dream, and write in prose,  
I've changed my youthful plans,  
And when I yearn for poetry,  
I sport some other man's!

And now, to grace this meeting  
Of our chosen ones this eve,  
You bid me take my lyre again,  
The lofty rhyme to weave;  
You bid me strike a sounding strain  
In praise of friendship's beauty,  
And thrill each loyal frater's heart,



To deeper love of duty,  
You bid me weave a chaplet  
For our oracle's radiant brow,  
Who peerless stands among her peers,  
Our matchless Delta Tau!

If willingness were poetry,  
If striving were success,  
If feeling could find language fit  
Its ardor to express,  
Then would my swelling verse rush up  
On winged words of flame!  
My every line a heart-throb,  
And my crown, immortal fame!  
But ah! my harp is broken now,  
Its wires have long been rusted;  
My credit on the golden bank  
Of Helicon is busted!  
The flattering glamour from my eyes  
Has passed with youth away,  
And here and there among my hair  
Are ominous tufts of gray.  
Not young enough for poet, quite,  
Nor old enough for sage,  
A man will rightly think himself  
When just at middle age;  
Dull lines and moral platitudes  
Are very apt to mix  
And dim the glow of sentiment—  
And I am thirty-six.  
Nay, could I string such facile rhymes  
As once my pen would seek,  
To offer them as poetry,  
Alack! I lack the cheek!  
The youthful Pegasus too oft  
Turns out to be an ass;  
What passed for gold, Time's touchstone proves  
To be but sounding brass.  
If, then, these strains so vex your souls,  
That you're constrained to show it,  
Be free to damn the poetry,  
But don't include the poet!  
My thoughts are naught but common-place,  
My phrases might be neater,  
And I have chosen for my verse  
The very commonest meter:  
But only common place is safe,  
For such a humble bard,  
If he don't fly so very high,  
He will not fall so hard.

No theme exalted must I choose,  
To sing in lofty fashion,  
With dainty turns of sentiment,  
And stormy bursts of passion;  
No olden tale, no prophecy,  
Have I to lay before you;  
My muse would falter in her strains,  
And all her faults would bore you.  
I take the subject nearest me,  
Which needs but little art,  
For, if imagination fail,  
I sing them from the heart.  
O Memory, Angel of the Past!  
Brighten my backward gaze,  
Disperse the mists that lie between  
These and my College Days!  
Help me forget all present cares  
Of hazard or mistake,  
The brown-stone front *in posse*,  
And the fortune—yet to make!  
Renew the spirit of my youth;  
Let me the happy student be,

Whose brilliant dreams seemed possible,  
Even when he knew they couldn't be!

'Tis done! The magic spell is said!  
The mists are backward rolled;  
The happy past revives again,  
In tints of green and gold.  
Far in the dim perspective  
Of twenty vanished years,  
The first day of my student life  
In halcyon hues appears!  
And looking down the slope of life,  
How fair a day it seems!  
As sweet as cradle-lullaby,  
Or undyspeptic dreams.

But, *then*, I looked the other way,  
With doleful doubts and fears;  
Before me stretched a dismal waste  
Of five dull, plodding years  
Five weary years of digging roots  
Of Latin and tough Greek;  
Five years of weakly chapel prayers,  
Made seven times a week.  
Old Mathematics, protean fiend,  
Loomed tortuous, grim, and hazy;  
His stern, relentless stare transfixed  
And drove me almost crazy.  
The Ologies, a sober group,  
And other natural sciences,  
Threatened to rack and torture me  
With all the new appliances.  
In the vague distance, too, amid  
An atmosphere refrigerant,  
Belles-lettres, weird and motley, stood  
In attitudes belligerent.  
No quiet paradise of thought,  
Of fairy song, or story,  
Did college-life hold out to me,  
But gleams of purgatory.  
While all these dreadful images  
Daunted my brain and eyes,  
I coveted no parchment broad,  
With all that it implies;  
But my path was marked out for me,  
And I was fain to follow it:  
It was a bitter, bitter pill,  
But I must choke, or swallow it.

I swallowed it. Nor can I now  
The dose at all condemn,  
Since, through its blessed influence,  
I write myself A. M.  
Then, too, the dread chimeras  
Which prospective studies seemed,  
When singly met and fairly known,  
Were not what I had deemed.  
Distorted, huge, and sinister,  
Seen through the mists of error,  
They dwindled soon to mortal size  
And lost their mien of terror;  
Nay! all transformed to angel shapes,  
They took my hand, to guide  
Gently and firmly up the slope  
Of Learning's steep hill-side.  
And student-faces, college ways,  
At first all strange and hard,  
Became most dear to soul and sense,  
As up the hill we fared.

From many a home, in many a State,  
Yeomen and darlings curled,  
We walked on equal footing there,



And formed our little world,  
 Station and wealth were nothing worth  
 In measuring of merit;  
 Our only aristocracy  
 Was that of brains and spirit.  
 The luckless wight who sought to lead  
 By airs and graces pretty,  
 Found with our fierce democracy  
 Neither respect nor pity;  
 The false veneering must remove,  
 The borrowed crest must fall;  
 There was no mercy for the youth  
 Who seemed to "know it all."

The earnest mind, the generous heart,  
 These were the passports true  
 To manly love and high regard,  
 And always won their due.  
 Such friendships die not with the dead,  
 They fade not with the years,  
 They vibrate with the harmony  
 Of the supernal spheres;  
 Such friends may lie beneath the sod,  
 Or dwell beyond our ken,  
 But never to our yearning hearts  
 Are they as other men.  
 While busy brain and beating heart  
 In life's wild whirl shall move,  
 The friends we made in college days  
 We love, and still must love.  
 Whatever other love we gained,  
 Each learned that worldly pelf  
 Has naught to do with friendship true,  
 And learned—to know himself:  
 Learned what his real stature was,  
 While standing side by side,  
 And reaching after lofty things,  
 With compeers true and tried.

The college joke, the college song,  
 And eke the college story,  
 Renew their youth with every year,  
 And grow in grace and glory.  
 What steed renowned, of ancient days,  
 Or modern times, has shown, a  
 Time-record like our gallant steed's,  
 The dashing college pony?  
 What shallow joy, in after years,  
 Does piled-up wealth assume,  
 Compared with that which thrilled us  
 When we piled Old Prex's room?  
 Where is the meerschau or cigar—  
 I'd roam the world to learn—  
 Can pour such fragrant clouds as rose  
 From the brier root smoked in turn?  
 No! Though success of latter years  
 So full of rich suggestions  
 As thrilled the soul the day we stole  
 The examination questions!  
 And nothing that was ever told  
 Has sounded half so well  
 As the toll to chapel, on the morn'  
 After we tared the bell!  
 Those diamond hours of innocent fun,  
 Those golden hours of study,  
 Will bless us still, while hearts are true,  
 And heart's-blood warm and ruddy.  
 Ah! happy days! ambrosial nights!  
 While Memory lives, she'll hover  
 About that scene of rare delights,  
 And we shall live them over!

But the goldenest memory of all

That gladden me to night  
 The tenderest and the sweetest thought  
 That wings its happy flight  
 Is that whose mystic benison  
 My heart to yours has bound,  
 And renders this, our meeting-place,  
 A spot of holy ground.

For ever live the happy hour  
 When first her vows were taken,  
 And never be our Delta Tau  
 Forgotten or forsaken!  
 Many who spoke those vows with us  
 Are with the dead and gone,  
 But in our lives and memories  
 Those dead ones will live on.  
 Raise, then, our royal standard high,  
 Though carping foes revile!  
 While we are led through woe and weal,  
 Our dead look on and smile,  
 Away with factious word and deed,  
 Leave bickering to others:  
 Let all the world look here and read  
 That Deltas are all brothers!  
 As our advancing Crescent glows  
 Bright and more bright above,  
 So ever glow and brighter grow  
 Our holy fires of love!  
 The frater's love of each for each,  
 Love for our sacred vow,  
 Love for the Good, the Beautiful,  
 And our glorious Delta Tau!

St. Louis, July 1, 1879.

TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL CONVENTION HELD  
 AT PUT-IN-BAY, AUG. 6TH, 7TH  
 AND 8TH, 1879.

The Twenty-first Convention of the Fraternity has been held, and though we are still young as a Fraternity in comparison with some others, yet we are now of age, and the condition of the Fraternity, as shown by the several reports, is excellent, and the standard rapidly advancing.

The Convention was called to order at ten o'clock on the morning of the 6th of August, Lewis Walker (A, '77), presiding. The necessary officers were chosen, and the Convention settled down to work, choosing the committees necessary for arranging and laying the business before it.

On calling the roll sixteen chapters were reported as represented, all from the First, Second and Third Divisions, the Fourth not being represented, even by a visitor. The reports of the various officers showed the affairs of the Fraternity to be in a very prosperous condition. The G. S. A. reported that four applications for charters had been refused during the year and one granted, viz: to Ohio Wesleyan University, where our former Alpha was situated. This chapter was placed on a firm foundation and if it proceeds as it has started, will be a prominent chapter before the assembling of the next Convention. Though a new chapter it was



represented by a delegate. The charter of one chapter, T, had been withdrawn because of refusal to pay its dues, and another, Y, had been rendered weak by the defection of a majority of its members, who left because it was insisted that they should fulfill their obligations. This chapter will, however, soon be placed on a good footing, as the men left are those accustomed to living up to their promises. The G. S. A. also urged that decisive measures be taken in regard to delinquent chapters, recommended a more thorough study of the Constitution, and still more conservatism in the granting of charters, and proposed the appointing of a Committee to look after extending the in. of the Fraternity.

The reports of the various Grand Chapters, and Chapters, showed the large majority of them to be in a most vigorous condition; and as having carried off a fair proportion of honors at the various institutions where they are situated. The Committee on Arrangements reported that the Hon. Godlove S. Orth would be unable to attend and deliver his oration, as the extra session of Congress had caused his private business to fall behind greatly. Jno. R. Scott, Poet for the Convention, would be present. The Treasurer's report showed that the Catalogue Fund had met the expenses incurred in publishing the new catalogue, and had a surplus remaining. The drain on the Extension Fund had been greater the last year than ever before, but there was still a large enough amount to meet all expenses until it was replenished by the incoming payments.

A committee was appointed to devise a plan for distributing the catalogues, and ordered that each chapter should receive a catalogue for every dollar credited to it on the Treasurer's books, and also one additional, as its special property. It should be the individual chapters' duty to ascertain those of its members who were entitled to a book and distribute them accordingly; all other members wishing copies would be charged fifty cents. This plan was authorized by the Convention and Alpha instructed to act accordingly in distributing the catalogues.

The Convention also received the report of the Committee on Badges, viz: that the manufacture of the badge known as the Star badge, be discontinued, and that hereafter the Fraternity recognize only the Square badge.

The Committee on Constitutional Amendments, reported an entire revision of the whole Constitution, and reported it to the Convention for consideration. It was taken up by articles, and with a few minor changes was adopted and ordered to go into effect by Oct. 1st. ALPHA was also instructed to have the new Constitution printed as soon as possible. The Initiatory Ritual presented by the TAU, was adopted, after being considerably

shortened. On motion, each chapter was instructed to select one of its alumni, who shall be authorized by the ALPHA to act as an agent in soliciting subscriptions for THE CRESCENT, among the alumni.

THE CRESCENT was recommitted to the care of the ALPHA, and that chapter thanked for the manner in which she had conducted its affairs.

On motion, the plan recommended by the G. S. A. was adopted, and an Extension Committee, consisting of Henry T. Bruck (P, '78), Chairman, W. L. McClurg, (A, '79), Sec. and Treas., Wilber Colvin, (B, '80), J. H. Geissinger, (T, '80), and H. S. Slaughter, (Φ, '80), was appointed.

On motion, the ALPHA was authorized to withdraw the charters of such chapters which have not paid the dues of the year '79, by the 1st of Dec., 1879. This motion was first worded, that the ALPHA was ordered to withdraw these charters, as it was the expressed will of the Convention that all useless members be cut off, but at the suggestion of the delegates from ALPHA this was changed in order that she might act according to circumstances.

The officers chosen for the next Convention were, President, Jas. L. Allen, (Θ, '67), Vice-Pres., Fred H. Stone, (K, '76), Cor. Sec., Chas. A. Ensign, (A, '80), Sec., Wm. B. Baldy, (P, '76). Rev. D. H. Geissinger, (A, '71), was elected Orator, Adam J. Culp, (Σ, '79), Poet, and C. J. Strang, (I, '79), Song Writer. Chicago, and the second Wednesday in October, 1880, were chosen as the place and time for holding the next Convention. After the usual preliminaries the Convention adjourned *sine die*.

This is the condensed form of such parts of the minutes as may be made public. They will be printed in the usual book form entire and presented to the chapters as customary.

W. L. McC.

Yea! Verily! It was a glorious success! A Convention to be proud of, because of its many particular excellencies. The amount of business transacted; the number of Chapters represented; the number and quality of the delegates present; the enthusiasm; the progressive spirit of the innovations, all in all, made it the most successful convention yet held.

Indeed, our task is a most pleasant one. To go back and call up anew the faces and forms we met there. Yes! next to the pleasure of indulging again, is the pleasure of telling to the brothers, who were unlucky enough not to be there, the fun we enjoyed. Who were there? Well, let us see. There was Bro. John R. Scott the poet, the elocutionist, the genial companion, he was the one with his "specs" and his "tortle;" and there was Bro. Buchanan, of THETA, the father of the Convention;



"Buck" was there, acting as the drive-wheel of the entire affair. There were Bro. Lou. Walker, of ALPHA, the G. W. P., with his eye on the business, and Bro. Ginn, the fostering star of ETA, he was there with his quiet laugh and his college songs. There was Bro. Stone, of KAPPA, with his legal renown and college reminiscences; and also Bro. Slaughter, the dignified; Bro. McClurg, the worker; Bro. Bruce, the G. T.; Bro. Geissinger, the poet; Bro. Wetherill, with his pleasing ways; Bro. Jones, of IOTA, with his large Delta heart, Bro. Van Meter, of THETA; Bro. Chaney, of NU; Bro. Baldy, of PI; Bro. Richmond, of THE CRESCENT; Bro. Boyle, the jolly good fellow from Zeta Beta; Bro. Morris, the ladies' man; Bros. Robinson, Remington, Colvin, King, Petit, Dilworth, Thomas, and many others whose faces are portrayed upon our mind, but whose names we have forgotten. Of the work that they did and the effective manner in which it was executed, I leave to be explained in another column.

#### THE CONVENTION BANQUET

was held on Thursday night, at ten o'clock, at "Gill's Palace." The menu was excellent and the boys did it effective service. W. C. Buchanan acted as toast-master; and Judd Wann, the musical lad from Meadville, acted as the leader of the singing. The music was furnished by the Beebe House orchestra. When the eating was done, Prof. John R. Scott read the poem, which was received with mingled sentiments of laughter and pathos. Bro. Scott and his poem are inseparable, and to be appreciated one must hear him read it in his inimitable manner. After the poem, the banquet song written by Bro. Geisinger was sung, after which were the toasts of the evening; which as well as we can remember were, "The ALPHA: may she ever be worthy of her high trust," reply by Bro. Bruce; "The Twenty-first Convention; a most successful one," reply by Bro. Walker; "College Reminiscences," reply by Bro. Stone; "The Ladies," by Bro. Van Meter; "Our Absent Brothers," by Bro. Slaughter; "Our Brothers-in-law," reply by Bro. Richmond; "Going over the Delaware," reply by Bro. Scott; "The Tillers of the Soil," by Bro. Jones; "Night Brings Out the Stars," by Bro. Baldy; "Our Fraternity," by Bro. Geisinger, and "THE CRESCENT," by Bro. Richmond. The toasts were interspersed with Delta and college songs, prominent among which were forty-nine verses of "Timothy Fluke," by Bro. Wann.

It was late in the night when the boys separated to get a little sleep in order to be ready for the

#### DELTA DANCE,

which took place at Stacey's Party Rooms, Middle Bass and, on Friday night. This was the crowning event of the Convention, for the large and magnificent dancing hall was filled with over a hundred couples of the elite

of Detroit, Toledo, Sandusky, and some from Cincinnati. Indeed, it was a beautiful sight for one standing on the broad, high balconies, with the waves dashing against the rocks below, and Erie's cool breezes fanning his cheeks, to look through the large, brilliantly-lighted hall and see the fluttering dresses, the flashing eyes and rosy cheeks of the "belles of the lake shore." The soft strains of the Great Western orchestra floated languidly on the air, and as we look back now, it seems like a dream—a beautiful dream, too pleasant to be true.

The last we saw of the Delta Convention was Bro. Buchanan waving his hand from the forward deck of the Detroit steamer, and silently we turned about to pack our own trunk and dream of the pleasures gone by; while through our mind was continually coming the tune of that familiar song—"The Same Old Game." *"In hoc signo vinces."* C. E. R.

#### BASTARD MEMBERSHIP.

J. S. HARTZEL.

*College Days*, the organ of Franklin and Marshall College, in noting the several Fraternity Banquets held at the late June Commencement, says of the  $\Phi. K. \Psi.$ : "Letters of regrets were read from Phi Psis throughout the United States, the most prominent of whom were: Carl Schurz, Theodore Tilton, Robt. J. Burdette, of the Burlington *Hawkeye*, etc." The account, of which this is an extract, was furnished by a  $\Phi. \Psi.$  I do not wish to cast any reflections on  $\Phi. K. \Psi.$  Fraternity, in this article, for, whatever others may think of me, I think more of honor, than to make capital, in a sportive way, of things and matters in which I have not been called to meddle, and with which they are perfectly satisfied. But I do wish to make capital of a matter which is entirely foreign to the "Fraternity Idea," a weakness to which too many Fraternities are given—I mean Honorary Membership.

Theodore Tilton gave up school life before the  $\Phi. K. \Psi.$  Fraternity was established; Mr. Burdette never went to College; and who does not know the history of Carl Schurz. These, then, must have been elected to honorary membership in spite of  $\Phi. \Psi.$ 's unwillingness to acknowledge this illicit practice of their Fraternity.

A bastard, in law, is "a person born without lawful parentage," "one born of an illicit union." What, other than this, is, in the sphere of Fraternity, one who enters its "mystic circle," and assumes membership, in a way that is not mapped out by the "Fraternity Idea," and that is not its proper channel? What can one else be than an illegitimate son of the Fraternity, who has not resided at the institution where the Fraternity has a chapter, and at a time when said chapter was in work-



ing order, and who did not enter that chapter through regular initiation and actual participation in its meetings during a period of active membership?

Spurious membership is a thing which the true "Fraternity Idea" derides and spurns. The good sense of every person that is at all familiar with the principle of Fraternity, must be turned against this innovation. We read of nothing like it in the history of the "ancient mysteries," from the earliest down. Every one, in order to become a member, had to undergo severe scrutiny in physical, intellectual, and moral fitness; suffer the most trying ordeals, some of them the most painful. Each one entered upon the task with the greatest willingness, and to reach full membership was the highest ambition of the ancients. This could be reached only in one way—by the proper channel. He who, after presenting himself, shrank from it was cast out with scorn and ever after despised; and he who, after accomplishing a part of the task, was exhausted and failed to proceed farther was rejected, and forever cast out of society, and treated with the utmost contempt; or, in some instances killed on the spot—an act which was sanctioned by law. The later secret organizations, which, by their teachings, by the influence they wield, and by their extension, have come to take the place of "Ancient mysteries," have inherited a share of this scrutiny, reserve, and independence. It is only when we come to the circle of College Fraternities that we find instances of departure from this rule.

Academies of science, philosophical societies, and associations of like character and purpose, elect honorary and corresponding members. Are organizations that claim to be *Fraternities*, no higher, more secret, more reserved, than these? Is membership in them of the same kind as membership in these associations? Do they lay claim to no better *attachment*, to no firmer root, to no deeper principle, to no purer notion of *brotherhood*, than exists among these public bodies? Are their secrets and mysteries of no more value than that they need not be legally sought after and *striven* for? Has the "Fraternity Idea" fallen so low as to fall a prey to *solicitation* and *flattery* done up in *red tape*? Must this idea be dragged from its ancient and honorable independence, and depend for members on the outside world—known to the ancient orders as "the profane," "the heathen"—gobbled up, in a spurious way, indiscriminately by the wholesale? Has this ancient idea become so base as to depend on illegitimacy? Do these orders deserve the name *Fraternities*?

Abortive methods of gaining membership are not the best ways to make a Fraternity useful, and influential; and abortive members are not the most likely to give credit to a Fraternity. How familiar are they with the

secrets and ways of the Fraternity, how much do they know of it, how much do they concern themselves about it? When they are honorary members of a number of such so-called Fraternities, how much do they care for the minor ones that claim them as sons? How readily they send "regrets." It seems these honorary members have no regard for the feelings of their brother members. It seems they do not appreciate "the honor the committee has in extending an invitation," or the *honor* he has in having an opportunity of attending.

Surely, when judging from the "Fraternity Idea," without reflection on the men who bear such relation to these so-called *Fraternities*, this spurious, abortive, bastard membership, should not be called honorary, but *onory*. The "Fraternity Idea" itself gives this sentence upon it.

### GREEK WORLD.

X Ψ's Convention was held at Springfield, July 2d.

K Σ has founded a chapter at Alexandria High School.

X Φ held its Fifty-fifth (?) Annual Convention in Cincinnati, July 2-5, 1879.

Α Γ had a chapter at Washington, Lee University, which went over to X Φ in 1874.

Δ Β Φ desires exceedingly to found a chapter at Steven's Institute of Technology.

K Α (Northern) has revived its New York Beta, first founded in 1844, which has been extinct since 1851.

Φ K Α's Beta Chapter, at Rochester University, which became a chapter of Α Σ X in 1878, no longer belongs to the latter fraternity.

Φ K Ψ has got into trouble at the University of Missouri, and the latest report was that her chapter there had disbanded.

Φ K Ψ and Σ X will both attempt to gain a foothold in Richmond College this year. Σ X expects to establish its chapter this term.

Ψ Υ has a second time refused a charter to the University of California. It expects to establish a chapter at Trinity College this term.

Α Τ Ω has placed chapters recently at the Universities of Louisiana, North Carolina, and California, also Mercer University, Georgia.

Z Ψ. The last chapter established by this fraternity is at University College, Toronto, Canada. It is not probable that it will be long lived, or of much benefit to the fraternity while it lives.

Trinity College, N. C., has put an end to the fraternities there, and they accordingly will not be in organization this year, i. e. *openly*. The trouble was that Φ Δ Ο went in there without the consent of the faculty.

Θ Δ X. This fraternity stands well at Hamilton, Dartmouth, and Boston University; it also had a fair reputation at Kenyon while it existed, but it is now reported as extinct at that place. At the other institutions where it has chapters it holds a very second rate position. The Chi Chapter, founded in 1866, at Rochester University, became extinct during last year. Its Phi, at Lafayette, is in a weakly condition, and most of members of its Beta, at Cornell, are enrolled in American Missionary Society. Its latest charge is at Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Ind.



# THE CRESCENT

\$1 00 per year. Single copies 12 cents.

C. EDWARD LOCKE, *Editor-in-Chief.*

W. W. SHILLING, *Vice Editor-in-Chief.*

F. S. CHRYST, *Chairman Com. on Ads. and Sub.*

CHAS. M. SKYDER, *Chairman of Com. on Mailing.*

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REV. D. H. GEISSINGER, Orator.....Lancaster, Pa.  
ADAM S. CULP, Poet.....Ohio.  
C. J. STRANG, Song Writer.....

Dear Brother Deltas:

Most of you are permanently settled and satisfactorily proceeding with the duties of college life. The pleasant vacations are past. It seems but yesterday since the farewells were said, and the college halls no longer resounded with the tread of happy students. Our pleasant sojourn with friends and relatives seems but a creature of Morpheus. But "life is real, life is earnest;" we must not linger too long upon the mouldering ruins of the past,—the present has employment for us. Yes, brother Deltas, our beloved organization has demands upon us, which require our utmost effort. Fraternity duties should not, and need not conflict with college duties. We are seeking knowledge. Our first duty is to our studies—this is paramount. The agreeable associations of fraternity life will make lighter the burdens and strew a few flowers on the path of the energetic student. All persons want, need and must have friends. Away from the attractions of home, our beloved Fraternity satisfies this desire. It gives us those in whom we can trust implicitly, with whom we can advise, and for whom we have a warmly reciprocated affection.

Since the Fraternity proves such a source of happiness to us, we can well afford to sacrifice, if it may prove necessary, some things, in order to the growth, development and advancement of our society.

What we most need is enthusiasm. The most successful workman is the enthusiastic one, and the most successful orator is the enthusiastic one; so the most successful Delta will be full of enthusiasm for all things which pertain to the improvement of the Delta Tau Delta.

It becomes our duty to accept the position, which was so well and satisfactorily filled by our predecessor, of Editor-in-Chief of the CRESCENT. True, we are placed at the helm, and on us depends to a great extent the success of this volume, but without the co-operation and

assistance of each individual Delta, our CRESCENT cannot attain the glory which she deserves, nor send forth rays which shall shine out on our whole brotherhood, leading and encouraging all by the brightness of its light.

THE CRESCENT can be no possible source of light in itself, but it appears in grandeur from the reflected light which is given to it from the harmonious workings of the general Delta Tau Delta Fraternity. The CRESCENT is the index of the true inwardness of the Fraternity. If the CRESCENT dies—the Fraternity dies! Support our official organ and all our interests shall prosper. Our organization is assuming conspicuous proportions through the increased efforts of the past year. Shall this acquisition of strength and reputation continue? From the East to the West the answer comes to us in hearty affirmative tones. Full of the ardent zeal which pervaded every session of the last Convention, we will make the Delta Tau a grand success during this year, being assured that the CRESCENT will but indicate the warm and tender feelings which each brother is nurturing in his loyal breast.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

THE MINUTES of the Convention at Put-in-Bay are now in the hands of the printer.

SOME of the brothers have egregiously erred in making the Editor-in-Chief to be joined by the ties of relationship to the notorious Petroleum V. Nasby.

MUCH credit is due our business manager, Bro. F. S. Chryst, for the systematic and careful manner in which he is executing the laborious duties of his responsible office.

It is very necessary that each chapter should send, without delay, the new subscription list to THE CRESCENT. Brothers, whose duty it is, please attend to this promptly.

ON ACCOUNT of the full report of the Convention, which we publish in this issue of THE CRESCENT, we shall be compelled to hold over some valuable manuscripts until our next issue.

THE assistant editorial staff is composed of the S. A.'s of the different chapters. Will each chapter please send immediately the name of this newly-elected officer, in order that we may revise the list of Assistants.

MANY of the subscriptions of last year are still unpaid. Those who know themselves to be in arrears, upon the receipt of this number will please forward the amount due. Unless otherwise notified we will consider all the subscribers of last year as desiring THE CRESCENT for another year.



Let there be no delay in choosing the different chapter poets. Our Delta Song-Book must be published as soon as possible. Select your poets immediately, that the Muse may be courted simultaneously. Calliope will certainly send an inspiration where it is so well deserved.

THE CONVENTION poem by Bro. Jno. R. Scott is published in full in this number. It is unnecessary to say anything as to its merit. It is full of wit and humor. Read it and enjoy it. We should congratulate ourselves that there is a brother of such marked poetical ability, who is willing to give us the benefit of his productions.

WE TAKE pains to send to many of our Alumni, copies of the present number of THE CRESCENT. We solicit your support. Be dutiful to yourself and your Fraternity by sending us your subscription. Do not allow the only tie which may bind you to scenes of other days, to be broken.

THE IOTA sends a novel and practical idea. She has appointed Bro. Bamber to the general charge of all Alumni Correspondence. Every chapter should keep well posted as to her Alumni; this can only be done by creating the office of Alumni Secretary. Iota in this experiment will undoubtedly be successful. We suggest this, and desire the brothers to give it consideration.

BRO. C. B. MITCHELL, the former editor of THE CRESCENT, immediately upon the close of the last College year, entered into his ministerial duties in Southern Kansas. We congratulate our friend upon his success. May the discouragements of the first few years strengthen and invigorate him for the duties of life. The many friends, who remain behind, will sympathize with him in trouble and rejoice with him in success. To the untiring efforts of Bro. Mitchell, is almost entirely due the success of the last volume of THE CRESCENT. The Fraternity will ever be indebted to him for his manifested zeal in all things which interested our great brotherhood. May heaven watch over our far-distant old chum and roommate.

#### ALPHA LOCALS.

Brothers we greet you!

The boys have nearly all returned, but we miss the dignified forms of our seniors, who are now out fighting their way in the cold, cold world. Bro. Bruce is studying for the ministry at Pittsburgh; Bro. Mosier ditto at New York; Bro. McClurg is in a Chicago book house, and Bro. Mitchell is preaching in Kansas. We also miss the smiling, jovial faces of Bros. McJunkin, Davis and Kimmel. The first is in a drug store at Mercer, Pa.; the second intends to enter Eastman's Business College, and the third—well! we give it up. What are

you doing, anyhow, "Park?" Remember boys, that the best wishes of Alpha always attend you.

#### ALPHA BANQUET.

"There was a sound of revelry by night."

On the 25th of June when "night had thrown her sable mantle" over the hills and valleys of old Crawford, just as the brazen hands of the great town clock were pointing toward the hour of ten, the boys of Alpha, and visiting fraters from other Chapters, commenced to collect in the parlors of the Commercial. What joy was there! The smiling faces told of the commencement on the morrow—the laugh—the joke—but why attempt to describe a scene so joyous. Were my pen dipped into the ecstatic liquor with which the Gods did once baptize their banquets, it would be impossible to do it justice. Simply

"All went merry as a marriage bell;"

But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

But it wasn't the "cannon's opening roar." No! it was the Northwestern Band orchestra, which had just struck up its gayest strains as the doors were thrown open into the dining hall. So after "girding up their loins" these "Greeks of Modern Times" marched, arm in arm, to the attack. Of the feast we can but say that our genial host, Mr. Mechling, outdid himself. The menu was grand, excelling even the fabled "feasts of the Gods," and many of the Greeks who marched so valiantly to the attack were compelled to "ungird their loins" and acknowledge their defeat before they had fairly entered upon the elegant mysteries of that bill-of-fare. When each had done his best, and the knife and fork were laid aside, Bro. Bruce, the presiding officer, called the banquet to order. After a few words, well befitting the occasion, he gave way to Bro. Homer J. Mosier, the valedictorian, who was followed, in turn, by Chas. A. Ensign, the replier. Both of the speeches were good in sentiment and eloquent in delivery, causing the Delta hearts to throb with renewed warmth. The boys then adjourned to the parlors, where they whiled away the merry hours with toasts and songs; finally ending up the evening's enjoyment with the great and the only "Choctaw walk-around." The brazen hands of the great town clock pointed at an early hour when the parlors were deserted. But then, "when youth and pleasure meet, there is no sleep till morning."

### THIRD GRAND DIVISION.

#### THE IOTA.

Editor Crescent:—Another college year has begun, another year's work for Deltaism has commenced, and Chapter Iota wishes to greet her sisters through the columns of "Our glorious CRESCENT," and pledge anew earnest work for Δ T.



IOTA, to some extent, is at a disadvantage, from the fact that the college is in session during the hot summer months, yet the energy of her members never flags, being prompt in their work, and with one or two exceptions, attending the meetings regularly.

Monday evening, August 25th, found Iota's hall well filled by brothers and invited guests, the occasion being the re-union of the college alumni, consequently, a Delta reunion and banquet. Invitations were extended to several chapters to participate, but EPSILON only responded personally. *Actives*, elder brothers and "sister Deltas" made up a happy sixty.

The exercises of the evening were opened by music, followed by an address of welcome by Bro. M. W. Jones. "Morse" spoke in an earnest, enthusiastic manner, so characteristic of him, especially when speaking for Δ. T. Δ. After some more excellent music by the Chapter orchestra, all partook of a bountiful supper. With Bro. C. L. Ingersoll, of '74, as toast master, and the presence of such brothers as Nevens, Davenport, W. L. Carpenter, and many others, it is unnecessary to state that all enjoyed themselves.

To show you how dearly our alumni love the Fraternity, and above all the IOTA, we need but speak of the present which they made the Chapter. When Bro. Breck arose, and, in his usual happy manner, announced that the Chapter was owing for an organ to the amount of \$75, and asked the brothers to help pay the debt, Bro. "Bart" Nevens put his hand into his pocket and said: "Come on boys, I have a 'five,' and I am not a sixteenth part," followed by Bro. Gates Stannard with a "seven," and others in like manner. We are pleased to say that before ten minutes had expired the chapter owed less than five dollars on her instrument. Once only during the evening was the merriment hushed.

When Bro. Davenport, in response to "our elder brother," spoke of him who was with us, maybe, for the last time for months, and perhaps years, who had been with the chapter from her infancy; knew her when striving to gain a foot-hold in the college, when adversity was about her on every side, when her sons had no other place of meeting than in their private rooms, had watched and guarded her interests through all these years; and now beheld the fruits of his labors, a pleasant happily furnished, with prosperity greeting us at every step, surely, though Bro. Davenport's heart was too full of love to allow him to say all he wished, yet each of us felt that by the absence of Bro. Ingersoll, the Chapter loses good counsel, and a true and honored brother.

Bro. Ingersoll has resigned his position as Professor of Agriculture at this College, and has accepted a like position at Perdue University. In Professor Ingersoll

the Fraternity-at-large has an earnest supporter, and one who will ever labor zealously for her interests.

Our membership numbers 18. The Freshman class, which was admitted September 2d, furnishes material for a few additions. At our last meeting we initiated two of Φ Δ Θ's chosen candidates.

CHAS. W. McCURDY.

## FOURTH GRAND DIVISION.

### THE LAMBDA.

The Lambda begins the year with the brightest of prospects. Indeed her outlook for good, substantial work has not been so good in many a day. To all appearances she has a most pleasant and successful year before her, and well may we rejoice. At the date of writing, her membership is eleven, with a fair prospect of a slight increase this term. The members are all good students and worthy wearers of the purple.

We regret to be compelled to chronicle the death of Mrs. Josephine Kirk Kerr, wife of Bro. Samuel Kerr, of Chicago. She was a member of the Class of '68.

Bro. Jno. W. Grubb, '79, is teaching school in Barry, Ill. If anybody can make the young mind shoot straight, it's Jno.

Bro. O. P. Bostwick, '78, is principal of the 7th Ward public school, in Galesburg. We presume his ministrings to the heathen of the "bloody seventh," do not in the least abate his interest in his medical studies.

Bro. Eben H. Chapin, same class, still continues in the Theological Department of Tuft's College, Mass. He has already preached several times.

A short time ago, while "down town," we heard a familiar voice pronounce our name, and turning beheld Bro. Frank E. Mariner in martial habiliments. He was on his way to a reunion in Springfield. Frank will be remembered as a good fellow, a good student, and a good Delta.

Contrary to all expectations the Lambda was totally unrepresented at the Put-in-Bay Convention. Owing to court being still in session Bro. Brown, much to his regret and that of his chapter, was unable to be present. The writer, who was also a delegate, early found that it would be impossible to be present and accordingly appointed another brother who, he confidently believed, would attend as delegate in his stead. The time came and he could not go. Bro. J. E. Webster was at Put-in-Bay shortly before the Convention, but being telegraphed that he must be at home at a certain time, found it impossible to remain.



## MARRIED.

MCNEAL—WILLARD.—At the residence of J. C. Hall, in Cherokee, September 3, 1879, by Rev. W. T. McAdam, D. W. McNeal, Esq., and Miss Jennie D. Willard, both of Cherokee.

Quietly and without any fussing, Dan and Jennie have brought about this happy consummation, and the one chief wish of the heart has been realized. Both parties to the contract are well and favorably known in Cherokee and start out on the voyage of life under the most auspicious circumstances. The happy couple started for Des Moines immediately after the ceremony to attend the State Fair, returning on Saturday morning. We trust they will never have occasion to think with the poet that

Marriage is like a flaming candlelight,  
Placed in a window on a Summer's night,  
Inviting all the insects of the air  
To come and singe their pretty winglets there.  
Those that are out butt heads against the pane;  
Those that are in butt heads to get out again.

—Cherokee (Ia.) Free Press.

A married man and a lawyer, Dan is now fully equipped for life's battles. We tender our congratulations.

Bro. C. C. Maynard, the old S. A. of the 4th Division, is now Deputy City Assessor of San Jose, Cal. He also trots on his knee "a young female Delta," who entered this world of earthquakes and misery on the 28th of August, all of which is very gratifying to the Lambda's lone Western representative. Notwithstanding the changes and chances of time, Charley still loves and thinks of the Delta Tau Delta.

H. S. L.

GALESBURG, ILL., Sept. 28, 1879.

## NOTICES TO CHAPTERS.

## SONG BOOK.

The last Convention appointed a committee consisting of Bro. Jones of Iota, Bro. Geisinger of Tau, and Bro. Richmond of Alpha to edit a song book of the Delta Tau Delta Fraternity. All chapters wishing to be fittingly represented in it should immediately stir up their poets to write for them a chapter song, to some favorite tune. Any information desired can be had by writing to any one of the above committee.

## RESOLUTION OF EXPULSION.

At the regular meeting of Chapter Iota, of the Delta Tau Delta Fraternity, held on Saturday evening, Sept. 20th, 1879, the following resolution was adopted:

WHEREAS, Ed. A. Clark, a regularly initiated member of Chapter Iota, of the Delta Tau Delta Fraternity, has wilfully violated his solemn Fraternity oath, and,

WHEREAS, He has been guilty of conduct exceedingly dishonorable to the Fraternity, therefore be it

*Resolved.* That he be expelled from the Fraternity.

By order of Chapter Iota,

CHAS. W. McCURDY, L. T.

## ALUMNI NEWS.

Chas. H. Bruce (A '79) is pursuing his studies at the Presbyterian Theological Seminary, Allegheny City, Pa.

W. L. McClurg (A '79) may be found in the business firm of Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.

John F. Patterson and Geo. R. Wolf (Σ '78) are taking a course in the Theological Seminary at Allegheny, Pa.

Chas. B. Mitchell (A '79) is riding a circuit in Southern Kansas.

Homer Mosier (A '79) is preparing for the Episcopal ministry at the General Theological Seminary, New York.

Zeta—Monmouth College. James L. Dryden, attorney-at-law, is circuit clerk at Monmouth, Ill.

Zeta—Wm. C. Norcross and W. K. Stewart are members of the legal fraternity at the same place.

Zeta—W. E. Blake, D. M. Hammack and John M. Howard, are members of the bar at Burlington, Ia.

Zeta—Dr. G. A. Patchen is a successful physician in the same city.

Gamma—Rev. David Nichol, founder of the Zeta chapter at Monmouth College, is preaching at DeWitt, Iowa.

Gamma—Rev. W. J. Bollman is teaching in the public schools at Burlington, Iowa.

Lambda—G. W. Blake, attorney-at-law, is practicing in the same place.

Lambda—Prof. J. C. Stockton is principal of the public schools at Kirkwood, Ill.

Chi—N. E. Carpenter is studying law with Hutchinson and Mast, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Chi—R. E. Ingraham is book-keeper for a firm in Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Theta—A. T. Gunnell is a successful attorney at Lake City, Col.

Bro. Harry S. Pope, formerly of Chapter Rho, is at present a member of the Junior class at Yale, the Sheffield Scientific School; while Bros. A. L. Talcott, Sigma '77, and M. G. Norton, Sigma '78, are members of the Senior class in the Yale Law School.



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