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The Collegian.

Devoted to the Interests of Kenyon College.

VOL. I.4

DECEMBER, 1887.

NO. 6.

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The Collegian.

Devoted to the Interests of Kenyon College.

VOL. 14

GAMBIER, DECEMBER, 1887.

No. 6.

The Collegian,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR.

EDITORS:

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All communications, contributions, and other matter for publication should be sent to C. A. Tappan, Editor in Chief.

Business letters should be addressed, and all bills made payable to H. C. Devin, Business Manager.

TERMS, \$1.00 PER YEAR, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

Editorials.

NEXT!—Vacation.

* * *

THIS being the last number of the term, the COLLEGIAN wishes all its patrons a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

* * *

WE would ask those whose three months' subscriptions are now up, to please renew immediately, as we are in need of all the money we can get.

* * *

It is hoped that the cover in which this issue appears can be retained throughout the year, but it can only be so done by increasing our subscription list. So let those to whom we have sent sample copies during the term, take the hint and help us to add to the attractive appearance of THE COLLEGIAN.

THE term is almost over and although it has been a long and hard one, yet from present appearances it looks as though the number "stuck" for examination would not be any greater than heretofore.

* * *

WHY should we not have a Toboggan Slide? It seems to us that one could be very easily constructed here, say down from Old Kenyon over the base ball grounds. This could be done at comparatively little expense, and would be a great addition to our winter sports. At least it would do no harm to consider the matter.

* * *

THERE is one thing sure, and that is that the fellows are bound to have dancing on the "Hill," even if they have to carry on the periodical "stag dance." We believe that this custom goes back to the early days of "Old Kenyon," and the present students do not intend to let it pass away, as was evinced by the dance held in Philo on the 9th inst.

* * *

THE Seniors have been for the last two weeks discussing the interesting subject of Free Trade, and under Dr. Jones' able manner of teaching have derived great benefit from it. Dr. Jones, after having spent some time in presenting to the class, in an impartial manner, all the arguments on both sides of the question, laid it before the class for discussion. This was opened by Mr. Devin on the side of Protection and Mr. Douthirt on the side of Free Trade. Both gentlemen presented forcible papers and we desire to commend them for the able manner in which both handled their subjects.

* * *

DURING the last few years the ax has been busy amongst our trees, and many of them have been cut down and turned into

stove-wood. We can ill afford to lose our magnificent trees, for they have always added much to the beauty of this locality. Tradition says that when Bishop Chase first saw this beautiful spot he was much impressed with the magnificence of the forest, which at that time completely covered the ground upon which the College buildings at present stand. Of course, some of the monarchs of the forest had to be removed, but now, when they are not *required* for fire-wood, or to make room for the erection of buildings, we think that their destruction should cease. We can not urge this too strongly for it is shameful to destroy the loveliest feature of the park, simply, as far as we can see, to open a pleasing view for the gratification of some dweller on the "Hill." If this is not the cause for their destruction, and if they are simply being used as fire-wood, then the destruction is not only shameful, but we can call it by no other name but by that of vandalism.

* * *

For some reason or other the Gymnasium is not run in the manner it should be. A gymnasium should be open at all times, so that the students should be able to take their day's exercise at any time most convenient to them. Now we know that we do not have what would be called a first-class one, but yet it would serve its purpose very well if it was only managed in the right kind of manner. We have considerable apparatus and the students could get a great deal of good out of it if they were only permitted to do so. We say permitted, because, if the Rosse Hall is always locked, we might as well have no gymnasium at all. We are not exaggerating matters in the least when we say that the building is not opened more than half the days in the week, and that there has been no fire in the stoves this term at all. We have an Athletic Association and Gymnasium Committee, and the duties of these is to have charge of the "Gym" when open; so that all the students ask is that the building be opened every day in the week, and that there be a fire at least on days when the

thermometer is hovering some place around zero.

* * *

✓
FOOT-BALL is rapidly taking possession of the colleges of this country, and why should Kenyon be behind her sisters in not having an Eleven. The game is more popular now than it has ever been and is rapidly coming to be the American College game, as it has long been the English. Kenyon at one time had a sort of a team, but following the lead given by the Faculty of Harvard, the game was dropped here, and fell into great disrepute. However, the closing season of the Inter-collegiate League has re-established it and made it more popular than ever. It is held in great favor amongst the Eastern colleges, and there is no reason why it should not be in the West. We have good material here for an Eleven and one cannot be formed too soon. Let Kenyon and a few other Western colleges form a Western League. The sooner this is done the better, for the foot-ball is bound to become the great college game, for as an article in the last number of *Harper's Weekly* says: "The future of foot-ball as a recognized game will never be in doubt if its best tendencies as a manly game for the development of manly qualities are carefully preserved and cherished by the only ones upon whom this responsibility rests, the college men."

(Communicated.)

Editors Collegian:

The writer wishes to express his approval of the sentiments contained in the article headed "The COLLEGIAN" in your last issue. It is written in an exceedingly forcible and straight-forward style, and should receive the careful consideration of every student, professor and alumnus.

Conscious as we are of the high standing and reputation of our College, we should use every means to preserve and elevate that standing and reputation, and to keep Kenyon prominently before the public.

Without presuming to criticise the policy of the COLLEGIAN, it would seem that rather too much space is devoted to literary productions and not enough to editorial and local matter, and the discussion

of current college events. If it is the desire of the COLLEGIAN to cater to the patronage of the college alumni, it should be remembered that they are likely to take less interest in essays—no matter how ably written—than in bright, terse comments on passing college events. A column of intercollegiate notes would be a feature of great interest to the undergraduate supporters of the paper.

There seems to be an idea prevalent among many of the students, that the whole burden and responsibility of conducting the COLLEGIAN should be thrown entirely upon the members of the Editorial Board. Some even go so far as to consider that in subscribing they are doing the Business Manager a personal favor. This is entirely wrong. The members of the Board are but the chosen representatives of the individual students and to expect them to conduct the paper unassisted is more than unjust.

The COLLEGIAN is constantly improving. Each succeeding number is superior to its predecessor and we hope that the improvement may continue.

UNDERGRADUATE.

KENYON COLLEGE, DEC. 10, 1887.

Now is the time to subscribe; \$1.00 per year in advance.—*Eds.*

The following communication we print as handed to us by one of our subscribers. Whilst it differs in sentiment somewhat from the editorial in our last number, yet we desire to give room for an honest expression of opinion of the students in general. But we do not wish to give our readers reason to think that the subject of Harcourt Place School is of such profound importance to us as to demand a space in every number of the COLLEGIAN. So it is to be hoped that this will close the discussion.—*Ed.*

(Communicated.)

Editors Collegian:

A somewhat extended inquiry among the students of our College, conducted especially among those who are generally thought to be most interested in the young ladies of Harcourt Place, has convinced the writer that the closing sentence of your able editorial, in the last COLLEGIAN, upon the existing relations of the College and seminary, is not a fair exposition of the wishes and desires of the majority of the students.

While freely admitting that certain individual members of the College have acted with great indiscretion, it is still maintained

and thought that a discrimination might and should have been made between the innocent and the guilty. By refusing to make such a discrimination the seminary authorities have plainly indicated that they consider that none of the College students are capable of deporting themselves as gentlemen, and in so doing have cast a reflection upon the character of the whole body of students. The writer does not wish to convey the idea that the College students feel sore over not being invited to call at the seminary, as they probably had no right to expect that in the case of such a girl's school. What they do object to are the remarks and opinions derogatory to the standing of the College and the character of the students, which have come to their ears as emanating from the heads of the seminary.

It is fair to say that the great majority of students have now no desire to associate with the young ladies of the seminary—not that they do not appreciate the young ladies themselves and would be glad to form their acquaintance; but that, while such opinions are expressed concerning them, they do not care to be placed under obligations to, nor receive favors from the seminary authorities.

Hence it is *not* "to be hoped that this barrier will be removed so that the students may join with the members of the other institutions in making social life during the winter more pleasant and agreeable than it has ever yet been."

STUDENT.

KENYON COLLEGE, DEC. 12, 1887.

THE MARCH OF MIND.

THE child of a few summers, confined to and wholly absorbed in his little world of home, knows nothing of the wide fields of knowledge which lie without. The youth just setting out upon life's journey, looks back upon his childhood with self-complacent satisfaction at its small circle of knowledge, compared with the wide horizon of his present great attainments, which he confidently supposes contains almost the whole catalogue of ideas known to man. He has, indeed, a vague impression that something lies beyond, of which a very few years of study and observation will give him full possession. As he advances to manhood, and thence through life, at every step of his upward and onward course, he sees the horizon of

knowledge enlarge, containing more than he can hope ever to know—and still beyond, the boundless realms of the infinite Unknown.

Then he is conscious of the littleness of his own feeble intellect, and is filled with awe by the vast plans of Jehovah—to fathom which, he sees lies utterly beyond his power. But yet, he is conscious that nothing but the shortness of his mortal life limits his mind's power for still acquiring more and more.

Thus it is with the human intellect at large, which has advanced from that state of rude and unlettered ignorance in which we invariably find it in early ages, through successive stages of progress in knowledge and enlightenment, to its present high position, and is pressing onward still with ever increasing vigor, in its conquest of that which is yet unknown. And when we consider this ceaseless onward march of the Human Intellect, and the vastness of the realms of knowledge, we are forced to the belief that we have, as yet, but entered the vestibule of Nature's mighty temple; and as we pass onward, lost in admiration at its magnitude and symmetry, the vast interior opens dimly to our view in all its grandeur and beauty.

At a certain period in the history of every portion of our race, (God's peculiar people, perhaps, alone excepted,) knowledge was confined to the narrow limits of the common affairs of life, with some vague traditions of the existence and character of a Superior Being—tribes of men have been found who have lived in a wild state, isolated from the rest of mankind, in whose minds the idea of a Superior Being had no existence.

It is interesting to trace the progress of the mind from this depth of ignorance, hardly to be distinguished from that of brutes, to the state of high intellectual culture possessed by the philosophers of Egypt and Greece, and thence to the present day, in its onward march of science and discovery.

In this rude state of society, man, having never possessed an abstract idea upon any subject, receives his first impressions of such a being through the medium of his senses. The phenomena of nature fill him with awe and dread—he sees a power superior to his own in the lightning's flash and the ocean's surge,—he hears it in the thunder's roar and the volcano's hoarse bellowing—he feels it in the trembling of the solid earth beneath his feet. But what this power is, or how great, he knows not.

His knowledge of natural objects is equally limited—he supposes the earth to be a circular plain, scarcely larger than the portion with which he is acquainted; beyond which his thoughts do not wander. He looks up to the heavens as to a solid dome, in which are fixed glittering globes of fire, performing their diurnal course above his head. By degrees the contemplation of the phenomena of nature, aided by the few discoveries which he makes, improve the powers of his mind, and stimulate it to still greater exertion. His ideas of a Divine Being, too, improve. But since all the manifestations of his power, which impress themselves upon his mind, are such as inspire awe and dread, his first notion of Divinity is a stern and terrible being, whose anger he is anxious to avoid and propitiate.

The same causes naturally lead him to a system of Polytheism. A great mind, expanded by knowledge, views at once the whole range of nature, and sees one grand harmonious whole. The savage, with his scanty stock of knowledge, sees, both in the natural and mental world, a thousand conflicting agencies—element at war with element—motive with motive—all is diversity and confusion—and thus, supposing each of these various agencies to be independent of the rest, he has a god for each. Having no fixed standard by which to shape its course, and unaided by Revelation, his imagination takes flight without restraint, producing the endless complexity of the ancient systems of natural philosophy and metaphysical speculation, and the complicated theology, with its thirty thousand divinities, of Greece and Rome.

Thus did the human mind, by slow successive steps, unaided by Revelation, grope its way slowly and painfully towards the light—through the fire-worship of the Persian Magi, the superstitious magic and astrology of the Egyptian temples, the ingenious speculation of the schools of Greece: some of which, indeed, approached very nearly to the truth. The mental and moral philosophy of Aristotle, Socrates, and Plato, has been improved but little by this our boasted nineteenth century.

But great progress in natural science was reserved for later ages. The ideas of even the most sagacious of the ancient philosophers, respecting the universe, are almost wholly false. Pythagoras taught that the earth is a sphere, immovably fixed in the center of the universe, around which the heavenly bodies revolve, fixed in separate concentric spheres; whose revolution produced

the music of the spheres—that fanciful and well-known theory—to which his enthusiastic followers added, that their master alone of mortals was permitted by the immortal gods, to hear the celestial harmony. Others suppose that the earth is a huge animal; whose breathing produces the tides, that trees are its hairs, that man is a microcosm—a little world cut off from the great one—and at death is absorbed by his great parent.

No improvement was made upon this speculative natural philosophy during those long centuries of ignorance and barbarism, the Dark Ages, until the thirteenth century. Then arose the illustrious Lord Bacon, to whom belongs the honor of turning the attention of philosophers from mere speculation and hypothesis to the practical study of nature. Thus was opened a vast field of inquiry, known to the ancients scarcely at all, the magnitude and richness of which almost exceeds belief.

(Continued.)

A NOBLE INSPIRATION.

Recently at a certain college examination a certain professor determined that he would make it impossible for any copying to take place under his supervision. Accordingly he kept a sharp watch upon the candidates. At last he noticed a man look from side to side to satisfy himself that no one observed him, plunge his hand into his breast pocket and, drawing something out regard it long and steadfastly, and then, hastily replacing it, resume his pen and write with obviously increased energy. The professor succeeded in getting behind the man unperceived, and then, waiting until he was repeating the suspicious action, he sprang forward and seized the hand in the very act of grasping the suspicious object. "Sir," he said, "this is the fourth time I have watched you doing this. What have you in your hand?" The man hesitated to reply, and this, coupled with his evident confusion, confirmed the professor's suspicion. "I must insist, sir, on seeing what it is you have in your hand." The man reluctantly complied, and, drawing his hand from his pocket, revealed the source of his inspiration—the photograph of a young woman.

A sign in front of a store in the city of Bari, on the Adriatic Sea, in Italy, recommends to the public the goods and services to be had from the proprietor: "Leeches, bread sold in slices or loaves, a tuition in mathematics."

The Poet's Corner,

OR,

THE COLUMN OF THE SCISSORS.

AN AUTUMN LEAF.

"You are the autumn leaf," said he,
"And my arms are the book, you know,
So I'll put the leaf in the book, you see,
And tenderly press it so."
The maid looked up with a glance demur'd,
And blushes her fair cheeks wore
As she softly whispered, "The leaf I'm sure
Needs pressing a little more."

—*Williams Weekly.*

A "CANE-RUSH" STUDENT.

We packed a big trunk with his toys and his books,
And we went with him down to the train;
There was Latin and Greek in his merry wise looks,
And our pride was as great as our pain.
The swift train snatched him away from our sighs,
But we knew he'd come back bye and bye
With scholarship, honor, medal and prize,
For hope and ambition were high.

They brought him back home a week and a day—
And the doctor who brought him said, "Hush!"
For the side of his ear had been rastled away,
His eyes they were blacked, and his nose went astray,
Two ribs were stoved in, did the doctor-man say?
And his legs they were bent in a corkscrewish way
"Collision?" we shrieked, but he shook his head,
"Nay,"
And smiled as he whispered, "Cane-Rush."

—*Burr.*

QUERY.

What means yon sad procession,
Coming slowly down the way?
Do they mourn a friend departed,
To whom death has come today?

Bowed their heads are as in sorrow,
And they step in measured tread.
Tell me, friend, who is the loved one
Who is numbered with the dead?

Scarcely had my accents fallen,
When my friend spoke with a shock,
"These are Seminary ladies
Going to Physics under 'Doc.'"

—*Chat.*

THE BRIDGE.

BY ONE OF THE GIRLS.

(NEW VERSION.)

I was down on my knees one midnight,
As the bells were chiming it in;
I wanted to pop the question,
And I didn't know how to begin!

saw my own reflection,
In the looking-glass over her head;
I was awfully scared and nervous,
And my heart was full of dread.

And far out in the kitchen
That lovely night in June,
I heard her father tramping around,
And I knew he'd be in pretty soon.

My tongue refused to utter
The words I wanted to say,
And it seemed as if the Very Imp
Had stolen them all away.

At last I managed to stammer,
All that I had to say:
She refused me and laughed the heartiest laugh
I had heard for many a day.

As she sat there looking at me,
And seeming so highly amused,
I grew as mad as a hornet,
And said I was glad she refused.

And like the waters rushing
Amid the stormy seas,
A flood of blushes came o'er me,
And I got up and dusted—my knees.

How often, O how often,
In the days that had gone by,
Had I sat in her pretty parlor
And let the hours fly!

But now it was all over.
Yes; and ended was my fun;
And to think of my hated rival
In the place I had almost won!

I siezed my hat and left her,
To pace in the quiet air;
And the burden of the "mitten"
Seemed greater than I could bear.

I leaned on the tumble-down bridge then,
And watched the summer moon;
O how I wished that morn would come;
It couldn't come too soon.

And I dropped the "mitten" over—
It is buried in the canal;
And I registered then a solemn vow,
That I'd get me another gal.

And now, whenever I cross that bridge,
I feel like shedding tears,
As I think of the money I've spent on her
In those sadly-wasted years.

And I think how many thousands
Of sad and "mittened" men,
Each bearing his burden of mittens,
Have crossed that bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro.
How disappointed they all look,
To think she'd treat them so.

And forever and forever,
Till that old canal runs dry,
The girls will continue to take all the treats,
That the boys can afford to buy.

But when it comes down to business,
It is quite another game;
They will not marry, (unless you're rich,)
But they get there just the same!

Personals.

[Communications for this column are earnestly solicited. Its success depends largely on the co-operation of old students and graduates.]

Mr. A. J. Wise, '90, is now a junior at Yale.

Mr. G. C. Phillips, '91, has gone to Cornell.

Mr. Will Nichols, '90, is working at Lima, O.

Mr. Wm. Addison Childs, '83, is in business in Canada.

Mr. Charles S. Crawford is now a practicing attorney.

Mr. Jos. Surdo, '90, is attending High School at Cincinnati.

Mr. Theodoré Cook, '90, is studying law at Cincinnati, O.

Mr. James Gallaher, '91, is working at Moundsville, W. Va.

Mr. Curtis Claypool, '87, is a book-keeper at Columbus, O.

Mr. F. Hal Ginn, '90, is still running his new coal elevator.

Will S. Taylor, '84, is an exceedingly successful Texas lawyer.

Mr. Sam. Kirby, '89, is engaged in business at Muncie, Indiana.

Mr. W. C. Moerlein, '88, is in business with his father at Cincinnati.

Mr. Alex. Crawford, '89, is in the hardware business at Terre Haute.

Mr. W. E. Wilson, '91, intends visiting Washington, this Christmas.

Mr. John Urquhart, '90, is working in an Omaha dry goods establishment.

Mr. Charles Lohr, '84, is a member of the legal profession at Norwalk, O.

Mr. George Urquhart, '91, is sporting a new \$10 overcoat and a pair of \$2.50 shoes.

Mr. Joseph Hays of Cleveland came to Gambier to take his sons from Milnor Hall.

Mr. E. M. Benedict, '85, is now instructor in Shattuck School, Fairbault, Minnesota.

W. F. Douthirt, '88, spent December 11th with Harry C. Devin, '88, of Mt. Vernon.

Mr. W. D. Washburn and wife of Kansas City visited their son, of Milnor Hall, lately.

Mr. W. D. Schultz of Zanesville was the guest of W. I. Douthirt, '88, Wednesday last.

Mr. G. B. Stolzenburg, '89, is now in partnership with his father at New Albany, Indiana.

Mr. Harry Banning, '91, is preparing for Yale, at the Yale Scientific preparatory school.

Mr. Sommers of Cleveland, O., spent a week very pleasantly with his son of the Academy.

Mr. E. J. Franks, '84, is now a member of the coal firm of Childs & Rinehart of Cincinnati, O.

Mr. J. P. Reid, '91, intends visiting his inamorata in Texas, this Christmas. We wish him much luck.

Mr. C. Alfred Neff, '88, is now buying quails for the purpose of establishing his reputation as a hunter.

The concert at Philo Hall, November 29th, given under the auspices of "Earnest Workers," was a success both financially and musically.

We are glad to hear that George A. Reid, '87, is much pleased with his position as principal of a Southern school and to announce his success.

F. D. Anderson, '82, has given up his position as Cashier of the Third National bank of Sandusky, to go into the brokerage business in the same place.

Locals.

The Ovid pony has "bucked."

The Juniors have made Mabley confess. His cheeks turned to a roseate hue, but he stood it like a man.

Thanksgiving Day passed very quietly. A few went home, or to visit; but the greater majority remained here.

There was fine skating on the river the week after Thanksgiving, which was made the most of by those who had skates.

Wilson, '91, spends part of the time each afternoon in the "Gym," perfecting his English walk. He has it nearly perfect now.

Stick a pin through here; or better, cut it out and paste it in your hat. Mabley has had his hair cut, and the community rejoices.

The reported lecture of Mr. Hills to the Harcourt girls on carelessness must have been somewhat ambiguous. *Diagrams furnished on application.*

The "theologs" are getting tough. They have been observed chasing the girls of the Seminary several times. Long hair and poetry always betray a tendency.

Prof. Southworth will return on February 15th and resume his work in College. Every student has regretted his absence exceedingly and will be glad to welcome him back.

Recitations close on the 20th and examinations end on the 23d. The college will remain

closed until the second Wednesday in January, the vacation lasting three weeks.

Harcourt Seminary was tendered a very classical life and drum serenade on the evening of the 9th. We hope it was received in the same spirit it was tendered, although the lights went out very suddenly.

The elegant new stone depot being erected by the C., A. & C. R. R. in this place, has been very nearly completed, and is considered to be quite an ornament to the village. It is the handsomest depot on the road.

The Harcourt Place Seminary was much elated on the 12th inst. by the generosity of Mr. Monsarrat, President of the C., A. & C. R. R. This gentleman gave the young ladies a ride to Columbus and back. What a pity it is that Mr. Monsarrat has no son at college.

Miss Sybil Carter delivered an exceedingly interesting lecture to the students recently, on the subject of Missions. Miss Carter is one of the most successful missionary workers in the Church, and a recital of her experiences is highly instructive.

Prof. Colville has gone to California for the holidays and will not return until some time in February. Owing to his early departure he gave his examinations on the afternoon of the 8th, and closed his recitations for the term. The French and German scholars felt very happy over the unexpected "snap."

A Missionary Society has been organized in Bexley Hall in connection with the General Theological Seminary of New York. It is called the Bishop Bedell Missionary Society of Bexley Hall and Kenyon College, the object being to promote a missionary spirit among theologues and college students.

The officers elected are: President, Rt. Rev. Bishop Bedell; Acting Pres., Rev. Mr. Walkley; Vice Pres., Mr. E. S. Hoffman; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Ed. Mabley; Directors, Rev. H. W. Jones, Rev. Fleming James, Rev. Jacob Streibert; Executive Committee, J. de Bevers Kaye, Owen J. Davies, D. I. Hobbes; Editor, Mr. E. S. Hoffman.

The society of Earnest Workers gave a concert in Philo Hall, Tuesday evening, Nov. 29, for the organ fund of Harcourt Sunday School.

The Hall was comfortably filled, and the program rendered in a pleasing manner, several pieces eliciting encores. Miss McMartin and Mr. Owen Davies carried off the honors of the evening, rendering their parts in a superb manner.

The following was the program:

PART FIRST.

Piano Solo—Mr. C. A. Kearns.

Vocal Solo—Miss McElroy.

Reading—Mr. Owen Davies.

Piano Solo—Miss McMartin.

Quartette Vocal—Messrs. Dudley, Bemiss, Lozier and Gill.

Vocal Solo—Mr. James de Bevers Kaye.

Intermission.

PART SECOND.

Violin Solo—Mr. David Kronacher accompanied by Miss McMartin.

Vocal Solo—Miss McElroy.

Reading—Mr. Owen Davies.

Vocal Solo—Mr. Chas. Bemiss.

Piano Solo—Miss McMartin.

Quartette—Messrs. Dudley, Bemiss, Lozier and Gill.

About \$40 was netted for the organ fund.

Exchanges.

The *American* has always a hearty welcome. Though not a college publication it possesses features which would make it interesting to anybody. Its choice of matter is excellent and discriminating.

We are glad to welcome to our table the *College World* of Adrian. Our chief interest centers in the transactions of the Plutonian Philosophical Society. Elder Toots and Giveadam Jones must have been twin brothers. Investigation would very likely reveal the strawberry mark.

The *Antiochian* favors us with an initial call. The eyes of a stranger would probably be attracted only by the article headed "De Censura." It is a fair treatment of the subject. The writer evidently had in his mind the occasional failure of public opinion or disapproval in correcting certain abuses. Concentration of public disapproval must always correct what law and authority cannot reach. It is the only means, and it is not always effective. The writer might have added a paragraph as his peroration concerning the power of general opinion in colleges. The best results in a college community are obtained where this principle is allowed to work freely and where superior and often odious authority is not made too strong and presuming. Nothing tends so much to rebellion as restraint; the means defeats its own purpose.

The recent dissolving of a literary society at Harvard, and of still another at Amherst, has called forth anew the discussion of the Greek Letter Fraternities and their utility. The editorial column of the *Williams Weekly* has an able exposition of the facts of the case so far as Williams is concerned, and a review of the general principles which apply to all institutions of learning. The writer strongly, and with good reason, defends the societies; still it should not be overlooked that they have been somewhat of a disturbing influence in many colleges. In accordance with a very common principle, however, the greater the pressure brought to bear against these fraternities, the greater and more determined the resistance. They have become a deeply rooted characteristic of American institutions and nourish the selfsame spirit which bound the ancient Greeks together and made them masters of the world.

The *Williams Weekly*, the *Pennsylvania Western* in fact about all college publications, are constantly defending and elevating the position of athletics in educational institutions. It seems strange that this should be necessary or that well known and accepted facts need reiteration. Unfortunately it is so and the state of things must be accepted and treated accordingly. We may be prejudiced, but it has always been our conviction that the cultivation of the body stands on a par with the culture of the mind. Of course the body is the perishable, the mind the immortal part of man; but on earth the two are so intimately connected and are so inter-reliant that they cannot be separated without death to the one and transition to the other. Injury to one means injury to the other. This is the natural condition.

Now this is a subject which should certainly command universal consideration, and so it does; but the difficulty lies here. There are so many who perfectly agree with such expressed sentiments, and who philosophize profoundly upon the

moral obligation to build up in health and vigor the rude tenement of clay, and who at the same time would be the very last to follow out their own ideas and beliefs. Advancement in mind is made only at the expense of the body and so mental acquirements are apparently limited. This is not the state of the case, however, for a mind sustained and invigorated by a healthy frame, made enduring and elastic by the reserve power of the body, such a mind is unquestionably capable of performing far more than the brain resting on a feeble support. Its own action will be healthier, quicker, more brilliant; its repose will be deeper and more refreshing; and it will always be untainted by that melancholy or gloomy sadness and skepticism which bodily pain is sure to bring forth. As symmetry is the highest form in all material things, so it is also the noblest and therefore perfect form of organisms and beings. The ideal man is symmetrical.

The *Earlhamite* for December contains a most excellent contribution concerning The Subjective Friends and Enemies of Scholarship. It is very readable and clearly shows that the writer has by no means forgotten the time when he was a student in college. He puts forth as the most striking impediments to good scholarship, fickleness of habit and mental dissipation, or the inability to concentrate thought. The latter is brought out very forcibly and freely. Often a student seems to be poring over a logical abstraction or a mathematical intricacy, or better still, perhaps, following the bend of vigorous Latin and melodious Greek, while his thoughts are a thousand miles away. In fact the farther away the better. Memories of innumerable places allure him and when he has seen them all again his steps turn toward the unseen yet longed for future. And often a face, the sweetest and most charming in all the wide world, is mysteriously placed upon the printed page, and it will not disappear. Surely no such day dreamer was ever made for a scientist or philosopher. Still it must not be supposed that the matchless power of a Newton is necessary. That was more natural than acquired. It is related of a French philosopher that he could so concentrate thought upon one single idea, that he lost for the time all notion of duration. The idea of time was destroyed by the absence of succession. But no such power is necessary to keep a student from thinking of his girl at the wrong time. That is comforting.

From such considerations the writer passes to faults which are not radiant with sunlight or redolent with flowers; faults which are not relieved and lessened by the poet's art. There is the concealing of ignorance by a pretense to knowledge; the wasting of the better part of the evening and then the bragging of the late hours necessary for the loss of the preceding. There is the peeping into books during recitation; in fact, the whole list of obstructions in the path of easy learning. But while the writer dwells at some length upon these, the impediments, he seems to have overlooked one of the most important friends and assistants. This valuable friend is the hand-edition. Could a vote be cast among the students of the land as to which is the most valuable aid to scholarship, the hand-edition would receive a startling majority, and as the majority rules disagreement is all in vain. The pocket-edition is the sworn friend and ally of the student.

We have received also copies of the *Record*, *Burr*, *Bates Student*, *Pennsylvania Western* and *Hiram College Star*.

INTERCOLLEGIATE NOTES.

[N.B. The editor regards it as unnecessary to affix the name of the Exchange to the clipping. Everything in the column comes either from personal knowledge or from contemporary publications.]

Dartmouth has 420 students.

Antioch College has 166 students.

Princeton is building a base ball cage.

Yale Glee Club has thirty-five active members.—*Ex.*

Harvard has a French debating society.—*Exchange.*

The University of Pennsylvania has 75 members in its glee club.

Columbia is contemplating some changes in the grading system.

'89 at Lehigh hold the championship of the University in foot ball.

Columbia has the spirit necessary for the support of two poker clubs.

Bowdoin will not enter the Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association.

The different colleges of Michigan want to organize a base ball league.

Harvard and Yale, it is said, graduate about 75 per cent of their students.

Hoosier colleges want the editors of their respective papers to form a State Association.

Some colleges have the custom of presenting a special prize to the best general athlete.

Earlham College grades its students equally in daily recitations and term examinations.

Lehigh is raising objections to the traditional custom of wearing dress suits on Commencement day.

There are said to be 18,000 female students in attendance at the various colleges of the United States.

Yale students have always had a peculiar fondness for signs. Recently nearly 300 were disgorged.

Princeton and Adelbert have each a new president. The choice of Adelbert is already undergoing some criticism.

Harvard, as usual, is still receiving additional endowments. She has added a sum of \$3,000,000 in the last half-year.

In the foot ball league of the eastern institutions Yale has won the championship, Harvard is second and Princeton third.

The *Burr* is authority for the statement that the world's record for putting the shot has been broken. It now is 43 ft. 11 inches.

No smoking is allowed on the grounds of the University of Pennsylvania. The step was advised by the physical instructor.

The faculty of Lehigh allow a student who has a term grade of 8.5 in any study to absent himself from the term examination in that study.

Cornell has a new building for the department of Architecture and Engineering. The University of Michigan has several new buildings in course of construction.

During the season of Thanksgiving Yale and Williams students enjoy quite a vacation. It extends virtually from Tuesday to the following Monday, nearly a week.

Franklin and Marshall College has recently received \$70,000 as an addition to her endowment fund. When in the fullness of time shall a friend remember Kenyon?

Buchtel College, Akron, clamors for a new gymnasium. It is only a particular instance of the tendency of modern intelligent thought toward athletics and physical training.

The "traditional college man," he who stands first in his classes, who takes first at sports, who is a popular society man, and who is never caught studying, is at last declared to be a myth.

The *Williams Weekly* has opened its columns to a correspondent in Amherst College. A similar relation has been established between the *Lehigh Burr* and the *Cornell Sun*, with this difference; that the exchange editors are the correspondents.

Williams is still protesting bitterly against the newspaper sensation in regard to the hazing scrape. It is simply marvelous to what an extent simple matters can be distorted. It will be next to impossible ever to counteract wholly the effects of that first wild report. Sister colleges alone can understand and appreciate.

Wichita, Kansas, a promising meteor on our Western border, is to be the seat of a new university. It will have an endowment of \$2,000,000 to start with. If it should happen to be like a good many other colleges, that is all the endowment it ever will have, and it ought to be satisfied with the amount it already has.

Representatives from several of the leading colleges were present at the foot-ball struggle in New York, November 19 and 24, when Harvard went down before Yale. The referee of the game was accused of partiality, but the Advisory Committee of the Association has fully and completely exonerated him from all such charges.

The sophomore class at Earlham have had a red-letter day. At their public exhibits, the stage with all its decorations caught fire and only the most vigorous action saved a general conflagration. However, after the flames had been subdued the class took its place upon the stage again and finished its exercises. The stage had been draped in imitation of a winter scene, and it was a heap of snow which first took fire. Thus is the eternal fitness of things.

The University of California, that is to be, is attracting much attention. It is built and endowed by ex-Governor Stanford. The building will be in the form of a hollow rectangle, 600 feet long and 200 feet wide. It will have a cloister 1700 feet in

length. It will be of but one story in height, modelled after the old Spanish missions so renowned for venerable beauty. The endowment is said to be \$20,000,000. The university will be ready to accommodate students in 1888.

The Juniors at Adrian College, Michigan, have made themselves immortal, and now wear badges of never-fading laurel. Recently in mockery of the sedate seniors, they entered chapel with old battered plug hats, and ties of scarlet hue fully a yard long. In defiance of the choir they started the hymn, "Just as I am without one plea," while the choir was singing "Hold the Fort." "See the mighty host advancing, Satan leading on." It was a test of endurance and lung power. Just as victory perched upon the banners of the juniors, the President arose and dismissed the students. The action was timely. Such scenes are rare in college annals. Yet they have occurred.

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