

2-1-1890

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The Kenyon Collegian.

Devoted to the Interests of Kenyon College.

VOL. XVI.

FEBRUARY, 1890.

NO. 9.

CONTENTS:

	PAGE
EDITORIALS	82
SHAKSPERE—THE MAN AND HIS MIND.....BY WM. CLARKE ROBINSON	83
COLLEGE DISCIPLINE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY—A MISSING CHAPTER FROM "LOOKING BACKWARD."	85
EXCHANGES.....	91

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Single Copies, 10 Cents.

Entered at the Postoffice at Gambier, Ohio, as Second Class Matter.

same that says in its threatening manner, "We will take our little school-boys and school-girls and put them in a church by themselves."

SHAKSPERE—THE MAN AND HIS MIND.

BY PROFESSOR WM. CLARKE ROBINSON,
M. A., PH. D., B.S.C.

(Continued from the Collegian for January.)

IN ORDER to come at Shakspeare the MAN, so that we might see him as he was in real life among his own contemporaries, see him in his many-sided business transactions, in his buying and selling, in his making friends and becoming rich and honored, I have not been able to do better than to repeat all these old traditions, all these contemporary records, and all these items of his family and his will.

But I think all these things show us the MAN, show us "Shakspeare at home" and at heart, as well as anything could. How much might be read between the lines of these apparently dry annals: See how he toiled and struggled at his occupation in London, enduring and overcoming the sneers of rivals like Greene, till he was admitted as partner and "a deserving man" in the best London company; how he reinstated his old father at Stratford, assisting him to purchase heraldic arms; how he helped on his brothers and Stratford friends in London; how he saved his earnings and looked after his property; how he formed just and honorable alliances for his daughters; how he won the respect and support of gentry, peers, and sovereigns of England; how he was honored and beloved by all good people who knew him; how he was remembered in the wills of his old acquaintances in Warwickshire and in London (certainly the last place, but perhaps the best place after all, to be remembered); how he remembered in his own will all his friends and relatives—his children, and grandchildren, and god-children, his wife

and sister, and nephews; how in his regal retirement, as possessor of the ground rents and as practical prince of Stratford, he mentions with pride, in his last document, a list of London actors as "my fellows," and bequeaths to each of them a sum to buy a memorial ring; and how he remembered almost everybody else he had known, including in his will even the poor of Stratford!

Truly the friendship of such a man must have been worth more than gold though seven times refined. All these facts speak volumes for the true and large and kindly heart of the man, and corroborate all the traditions of his lovable and generous disposition.

But with his Works before us we require little help from traditions, documents, or wills, to see that Shakspeare was a man of a strong and straight and sterling nature, with an overflowing store of humour, wit and geniality, combined with the utmost tenderness and the gentlest, most devoted, and womanlike love for his friends. Even his rival dramatist, Ben Jonson, said: "I love the man and do honour his memory on this side idolatry. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature, had an excellent fancy, brave notions and gentle expressions." And then, breaking into exultant song, as he thinks of the undying glory gained Britain, Jonson exclaims:

"Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe, homage owe.
He was not for an age, but for all time!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakspeare, must enjoy a part.

Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see in our water yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of
Thames,
That so did take Eliza and our James!
But stay! I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanc'd, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou *Star of poets*, and with rage,
Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn-
ed like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light."

SHAKSPERE'S MIND.

II. Now let us turn at length to Shakspeare's dramas, where his MIND is best reflected and preserved. In the business transactions, previously chronicled, we do not mean to say that there was no evidence or revelation of mind. Far from it. In all this poet's doings there is evidence of a far-seeing, sharp, subtle and practical mind and genius.

But all the previous statements about Shakspeare the MAN, only show us what he was in a material, practical way, separated, as it were, from his inner and higher life. Every man has two sides to his character: what we might call a material side and an ideal side, or an earthward and a heavenward bent. This is especially true of poets—and sometimes also of preachers. The material side is shown in a man's practice; the ideal side is shown in a man's preaching, or teaching, or writing. In very few men are these two sides equally and harmoniously balanced. The material, or practical side, is that which is seen and judged by the outside vulgar world, and is illustrated in the man's dress, form, face, dwelling, words, friendships, doings. Such items make up the "man," to a large majority of those who meet him. And yet all these appearances are only outward "actions that a man might play." "These indeed seem," merely seem. But the real man is not this outward show, with all its shortcomings, weaknesses and failings; the real man, the abiding element, is that bright, unchangeable ideal, after which the outward man is striving; that perfect, peaceful, harmonious and God-like character, without spot or wrinkle, which he hopes or wishes, some day, and in some state, to become and to be.

But this higher, deeper, inner man, "this soul that knows itself," which lies cribbed, and cabined, and hidden behind these outward trappings, can not be recognised so quickly by the world, nor measured so exactly. Doubtless the outward actions

often are an index to the inner man; but the outward man perishes, while the inner man is renewed day by day. And after all is done, the MIND, or inner self, remains "the standard of the man." Indeed, the word "man" etymologically means a "thinking," "minded," being.

Few and happy are those individuals whose mind and actions have been brought into unison and perfect harmony. But the effort is generally a life-long conflict, and is seldom wholly successful. Frequently the man breaks down in the struggle. Burns could not bring his life into harmony with his aspirations; his passions ate into his very bone and marrow and dragged him to the tomb. Greene and Marlowe likewise perished miserably. Goethe's judgment on the poet Gunther,—“He never practised self-control, and thus wasted both his life and his poetry,”—might be applied to thousands of poets and other men.

But all that we have said, and all that is known, of Shakspeare, goes to show, that after struggle and trial, material and mental, which must have often brought him to the verge of violence and despair, he at length succeeded in bringing his actions and his mind, his living and his writings, into a high and rapturous harmony and a perfect self-control. Not in playing only, but in living and in thinking and writing, he learned to "suit the action to the word," and the word to the action. His powers of expression had become equal to the finest shades of his thought.

In studying Shakspeare's dramas, therefore, we shall be studying the MAN in a higher sense—in the highest sense of all, that is, his MIND. All the facts of his life find their exact counterparts and parallels in his writings.

Thirty-seven plays, three narrative poems, and a hundred and fifty-four sonnets, are his great legacy to the world. Their composition extended over some twenty years.

His plays were first printed on single quartos, and generally undated. By the

closest study and most scholarly criticism, however, the date and chronological order of all his plays have now been pretty firmly established. The foremost scholars in Germany, England, and America, have rivalled with each other in this study and labour of love, in the exposition of the works of this greatest genius and greatest honour of their common Teutonic race.

By establishing the order in which the plays were written, and by studying his dramas as a connected whole, we can perceive a gradual development in the mighty poet's mind; we can see that each play is an advance on the preceding one, and a stepping stone to the following. We can perceive, that in all the multifarious and opposing characters he assumed, Shakspeare is a unit, and that his whole plays together tell one story of his mind.

We can now see that his mind has gone through four acute, and clearly defined stages of development; and his thirty-seven plays can be classed in four corresponding groups. Each of these four groups of plays forms the true and natural reflex of the state of the poet's mind at the time he composed them. We see him:—

In the First stage, as an apprentice in the literary workshop;

In the Second stage, as an accomplished master dramatist;

In the Third stage, as a doubter, plunged in anguish, revenge and reckless despair;

In the Fourth stage, as a conqueror, upon a throne of power, love and peace.

These four stages of his mental growth will now be taken up in chronological order, as well as the plays belonging to each stage or period. The four periods of this gradual unfolding of Shakspeare's mind, occupy, roughly speaking, some five or six years each.

(To be Continued.)

Cornell etiquette requires that no lady recognize a gentleman acquaintance on the University grounds.—*Ex.*

COLLEGE DISCIPLINE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY—A MISSING CHAPTER FROM "LOOKING BACKWARD."

GEORGE AUGUSTUS STRONG.

THANKS to two articles lately read at our club and the discussion that followed, I went home to read for the first time, Mr. Bellamy's book, and dropped asleep over its pages into dreams in which the romance and the talk it suggested, blending vaguely together, shaped themselves to such result as appears in this paper—enough like a missing chapter of "Looking Backward" to take for title, "Dropped Out."

Call it what you will, and call me Mr. Bellamy or Mr. Blank as you please, it is a glimpse into the future of college life through the door of another chapter of dream.

Doctor Leete, or somebody else, met me at the chapter door as I entered and, in the character of President of whatever college it was, seated me down with a pipe and launched into exposition of the twentieth century system for training young men.

"The higher education of these days rests," he began, "on three grounds: 1 The right of each man to have it. 2 The right of each man to insist that other men have it. 3 The right of every descendant of somebody to insist that his progenitors shall have had it, before him. This last right is the hardest, of course, to secure, but we do all we can.

We term it the higher education, for reasons not very definable, which may appear as we get farther on; reasons which in your day the boldest could not have grasped without committing the sin of anachronism. It is higher as being 'advanced,' lifted up above the low level of previous periods, and is yet, at the same time supremely accessible; higher in a figurative,

or if I understand your old word, a 'Pick-wickian' sense. Anyone can get into our kind of college, and can stay in it as long as he likes, and nobody can rise above anybody else while he stays."

"You do not mean, of course, that no qualifications are needed for entrance?" I said. "None whatever," he replied. "The higher education is above subjecting its candidates to invidious catechism. A college is to find out what a man is by the test of intimate intercourse, not by requiring him to take off the cover and show what he contains. His coming is proof of his fitness. His inclinations are credentials. Where the will is, the way is, to full share of our educational privileges. The only question we put is, 'How are you?' which means, how are you intellectually, spiritually, physically; and the natural comprehensive response, 'Very well, I thank you,' is considered to cover the ground. The college knows what it intends by the question, and if the answer falls short, the candidate himself bears the blame. It is a lonely and solemn responsibility, not to be evaded or shared; and indeed a responsibility of this kind is about the loneliest thing that there is."

"You have a prescribed curriculum, so called, I presume?" "Not at all, quite the contrary. To prescribe is to restrict, to restrict is to enslave. The administration has nothing to do in determining what studies, if any, a man shall take up or lay down. Everything in the system is elective; nothing compulsory. Freedom, in the high view, is of far more importance than mere knowledge of facts or mastery of philosophical principles, and a college is an organization for mutual admiration and encouragement, not for enforcing habits or rules. It seeks to lift the life up to a loftier plane and thus expand its horizon. Think, to how many the necessity of doing any particular thing is intolerable, and to how many more the doing of anything well is impossible. Under the new régime of this

century it is not too much to claim that the whole process of education is reversed, revolutionized.

Each is left to find out for himself what his natural aptitudes, if he has any, are; and the great aim of the college is to give him free field for such self-exploration. The experience of old centuries shows how often a college failed to discern in its students any aptitudes at all; whereas, the man whose aptitudes they are, if there are any, may possibly find them, or at least settle the point whether to look further or not for what he seems more and more unlikely to find. No discipline is more severe than the search for what does not or may not exist; and the failure to find anything is distressing enough to a sensitive nature, without the added humiliation of being turned off or dropped down. Sensibilities, I may remind you in passing, are most acute in those who have nothing else to go on but these, and for such the generous charity and sanctified freedom of four collegiate years are unspeakably precious and soothing.

The principle underlying our entire scheme of study and discipline is, that no man's work ought to be harder for him than another man's is for *him*—the individual himself being the only legitimate judge. Competition, I need not say, is killed dead under this system, crushed down by its weight; for competition is another word for dissipation of energy, while combination, co-operation, is the secret of productive result.

From the moment men begin to live together so, self-support is impossible. A complex, mutual dependence becomes the universal rule. Every one who knows anything in the class-room tells the rest what he knows, so that brisk, reciprocal interchange takes the place of surreptitious consultation of 'ponies.' It is a gracious and beautiful spectacle at a class recitation, to watch the way the slips of paper flit round and the information circulates as on the white wings of angels. The very air

seems to pulsate with hallowed, half invisible presences, each student being himself one of a host knit together in mystical fellowship—a *ministering* or a *recording* spirit as he passes his own notes to a neighbor, or receives and copies down *his*. The effect is, you perceive, a vast economy of labour—all working to one end, as either hand-workers or brain-workers, with the single high aim of getting through the hour or the year with the least possible physical strain or waste of intellectual energy.

The student's part and the professor's part, by this method, are made equally simple. Close questions are avoided as tending on the one hand to embarrass those who are not prepared at the moment to answer, and, on the other hand, to flatter the conceit of those who can answer, or who fancy they can. Each class-member is asked if he has mastered the subject, or can translate a particular passage; and if he says 'yes,' is credited intellectual maximum—in the mind of the professor, I mean, for the grade-plan is obsolete; and if he says 'no,' is credited moral maximum, for confessing his ignorance. So far as any distinction is recognized between the two kinds of excellence, precedence is given, or would be if there *were* any precedence, to the ignorant man, as displaying a moral virtue of honesty more honorable than any natural acquisitions or gifts.

I would not be understood as insinuating dishonesty against such as claim to be up in the lessons; on the contrary, lying is believed to be out of vogue in the college, as it has long been in the world—owing in part to the fact mentioned before, that the science of law having ceased to be practised there are no lawyers left to set a baneful example, and still more to the fact that under the present dispensation lying loses its motive and proves sheer waste of time. Any self-respecting person would prefer a maximum credit for acknowledging what he does not happen to know, to a parallel credit for insisting he does know what he

does know or doesn't, if he doesn't or does. You catch my meaning, no doubt. I replied that I did,—with a feeling that lying was not so much out of fashion in me as it was in the century.

"For the same reason, that grades have been dropped, there are no promotions or 'honours,' because unwise and unneeded. A man who does twice as much, or twice as well *what* he does, as another, is simply watched as one whose abilities overshadow inferior men and tend to depress them. As in the new political economy, so in the new scholastic economy, the amount of resulting product has nothing to do with desert; for desert is a moral quality, and the amount of Latin, Greek, mathematics acquired in a day or a year is mere material quantity, not worthy of note or reward. By this rule all who do anything are held to be equally deserving, and emulation is discountenanced as philosophically absurd and in essence and tendency altogether demoralizing.

"But surely you have prizes of some sort," I said; "I was told only yesterday, that 'human nature is so constituted that special incentives in the form of advantage to be gained are requisite to call out the best endeavors of the average man in any direction,' and human nature is the same, is it not, inside a college and out of it?"

"You forget," he replied, "the root-principle of our system, that not higher wages, but the hope of men's gratitude and the inspiration of duty, are the right motives of action. The value of one's services to the scholastic community fixes one's rank in it. The gratitudes are the wages one gets; the inspiration of duty is both the impulse and the reward of every service one renders. And remember that the standard of excellence in a college should be higher than elsewhere in an age. We look to future results and advances; to the day when the thought of mere recompense shall send a blush to the cheek of a man or a century.

At one time we did offer prizes—I am pained to confess it. Years have worked a

reform, and it came, let me say, from within the students themselves. The prizes were books, presented to such as were most unselfish and helpful; books like Macpherson's 'Ossian' and Tupper's 'Proverbial Philosophy' and Tickleton's 'Insuperable Objections'—this last work comparatively recent,—but the practice ceased by request of the students, expressed in terms that left us no option beyond trusting their instincts or closing the academical doors. Our reliance now is on these instincts alone, and they justify the confidence placed in them. Each year adds fresh testimony to the truth that 'the passion for humanity' is the one incentive that calls out the best endeavors of the average man."

"Laying such slight stress," I said, "upon brain power and scholarship, you doubtless emphasize all the more the importance of *physical training*."

"Yes, we do, though not by such mechanical methods as you probably have in your mind."

Gymnastics have gone out with the lawyers and lying. The same objection holds against this form of exercise as against undue devotion to text-books, that it provokes rivalry and fosters conceit. Muscles vary as brains do, and we aim to reduce to a minimum the risks of over-development and of consequent ill-feeling between the weak and the strong. Indeed there is an obvious absurdity in measuring twentieth century manhood round the arms and legs with a string.

The establishment of a young ladies' seminary at the upper end of the avenue, has simplified wonderfully the problem of physical culture. You can note any day for yourself what persistent activity our young men display, in their honest desire to see and be seen. Physicians now, as of old, declare the most effective exercise to be that which we get on our feet; not close shut in a room with rope-weights and clubs and swing-poles and parallel bars, but out under

the blue sky where the free winds are blowing. Here the lungs and limbs have full play, as well as the susceptibilities and affections. Watch the faces you meet, and observe how they glow with healthy excitement at sight of a fluttering figure sailing down in the middle distance, even before the features are faintly discernible. What expectancy gleams through the eyes—both sets of eyes! Belles are more stimulating, believe me, than dumb-bells, and hearts count more than clubs in this game of progressive euchre up and down the maple-arched promenade between college and school. It is a sight to make a boy wish himself older, and an old man wish himself young." The President took off his glasses and wiped them.

"From the day the female seminary opened," he went on, "the gymnasium began to decline, and thus the way cleared for another much-needed reform—the turning of the gymnasium into a bar-room."

"A bar-room!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, that building with pillars that looks like a bank, used as chapel before the new one went up, and refitted years after for physical drill, has been converted at last into one of the best-furnished bars in the land. Nothing does away so completely and quickly with distinctions of intellect, or with pride of position and character, as a bar. It is the sure leveller of claims and assumptions, the ideal liberty-hall. There all meet on one floor and share a common privilege at one counter. There the clear wits are muddled and the dull wits are warmed. Whatever conceits cross the threshold are left behind as the step passes out at the door. "Your face tells," he remarked, "that you are suffering from inherited prejudices derived from Puritan ancestors, but observation will teach you the world wags in spite of the prejudices. Everything is done by fixed rule. Packages of credit-cards signed by the President, are furnished the student on the day of matriculation—one package for every collegiate

term, and each ticket good for but one glass at a time; the size of the dram determined by the occasion that calls for it, as approved by the bar-man in consultation with the applicant and in consideration of the circumstances of the particular case. The responsibility if not lonely as in meeting the question 'How are you?' is just twice as large because there are two of them—two single responsibilities 'rolled into one.' Being two, also, there is just half as much chance of mistake."

"Are there no conflicts," I asked, "between the candidates and the bar-keeper?" "Very seldom. We select pretty muscular keepers, and the candidate takes his choice between having his head punched or his ticket. I ought to add that the bartenders are students of our theological seminary, present or past, in good standing, and of some previous experience in the business; men with a conscientious pride in their office, as well as a realizing sense of accountability to the Board of Trustees. Words feebly express the change that has come over the spirit of our life here since the establishment of this attractive resort, an earnest of further changes to be counted upon in the good time coming."

"Does your system of discipline still require attendance at chapel on Sundays, and at morning prayers each day, as in my time at college?" "You will bear in mind," he replied, "that sermon-hearing is no longer obligatory on anyone, and still less should we wish it to be so upon the youth of an institution like this. Sunday attendance is one of the optionals, and sermons are not specially addressed to young men for fear of offending their sensibilities at this critical period of life."

They hear discourses on general themes if they choose, but they are apt to be cautious about it. Such sermons as Mr. Barton's, which you listened to t'other day—thirty-five minutes long, and dull in a degree not told by the clock—keep most men, except perhaps, an occasional Fresh-

man, from dropping in at the services. The best preaching, let me say, is furnished to clubs, the whole matter of subject and length being regulated in advance by a committee sure to get what is wanted because they have control of the funds. Ministers dependent on salaries grow circumspect as to the length and dryness of discourses to clubs. I can think of nothing so well calculated to raise the standard of preaching.

With regard to morning prayers the rule is more strict. They are held every other day, on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. The student is not expected to be bodily present, indeed, but the telephone system, which you saw adapted to houses for transmission of sermons on Sunday, works in the same beneficent way in the rooms of the college on week days. The student touches a button at his bedside when the chapel bell stops, to show he is there, and at the close of the service says 'amen' through the tube—if he wants to. The amen is, of course, optional also; for worship of this sort must be spontaneous to be worship at all, and the freedom for which our forefathers battled and toiled is not to be trifled with in a college. The presumption is, that there are as many responses as telephone pipes, though no right-minded chaplain would be guilty of eavesdropping at the moment of pronouncing the benediction—even granting he had ears enough to fit all the tubes. In extreme zero weather the amens are faint, owing, they tell me, to the action of cold on the buttons."

"Am I to understand then, that academic discipline is not attempted at all," I inquired, "in this century?" "Life itself is discipline," he replied. "Somebody asked somebody else after the Franco-German war in your day, what part he took in it. 'I lived through it,' he said. The student lives through his four years. The experience comes, and the discipline comes with experience. 'Vires acquirit eundo.' He gets understanding by promenading the path

where the girls are—understanding of girls. 'Solvit ambulando,' you know. He learns the habit of touching the telephone button, or the opposite habit of closing the mouth of the tube. He learns economy in the use of his bar-tickets, or the sterner lesson of self-abasement, if the tickets give out before the end of the term. He learns the sacred 'friendship of books,' especially text-books with liberal footnotes, and the sacred friendship of men who slip ready-made translations into his hand in the class-room. Even at the mess-table he learns the effect of weak tea on the temper, and of jam on digestion, the relative weight of cheap muffins outside the stomach and in it, the spirit result of canned lobster in combination with pie. Everything helps to mastery of the science which begins and ends in self-knowledge.

This discipline stands first in our system, and leaves little to the Faculty beyond letting the pupil alone. His adolescent experience grades him. His intuitions and vitals reprove him. His perceptions admonish him to make some more good resolutions each time, and, by revelation of his personal weakness, warn him how little other men can be trusted. This is self-evolution, that kind of historical development which, as Professor Bryce remarks, 'is wiser than any wisdom of teachers,' which is more effective than black marks or credits, and solves the problem, what freedom is worth, in the recitation room, dining hall, bar-room and dormitory, as in the large school of the world. Besides, it is the only mode that secures a professor or president against the risk of removal. I meant to say sooner that the administration is really in the hands of the students.

The theory of college government prescribes rotation in office, but theory and practice seldom agree. One unconsciously tries to make one's own office, if one happens to like it, as little rotatory as one can. I have been bar-keeper myself and may be again, but the tenure of office, from bar-

tendency to presidency, practically depends on the will of the student-body to drop or retain. They can put a man out by majority vote conveyed to the Board of Trustees, who are individually removable in the same way, themselves, if they oppose the popular will. The charm of the system is its perfect simplicity, particularly for one who has the knack of conciliating majorities, and knows how to get most out of a system by respecting the liberty of brother-aspirants to office only so far as their claims do not conflict with his own."

For the last few minutes I had grown more and more drowsy, and at this point the tones of his voice must have sent me off into dreamland. For I remember a vision of the college rose before me as a monster mill or machine at the far end of the avenue, into the hopper of which the youth of the land were silently dropped, to re-issue in such 'questionable shape' as they got from the educational process presumed to fit them for active work in the world.

It was not a pleasing picture, I thought, as they came out by classes again into view, looking as nearly alike as so many shelled peas, and sounding like a mob of convicts let loose from a jail. The air was rent with whoops and halloos that drowned the voice of my moralizing; and while I wondered what next, they fell into line, class after class, and up the broad path through the maples

'Came marching along
Twenty score strong,
Rip-roaring graduates
Singing this song:'

I. College life is up, ho! ho!
Up ho! ho! up ho! ho!
Training days are done;
Lucky wights, what lots we know
Now our goal is won;
How much gained, how much forgot,
More forgot than not, we wot,
Underneath the sun.

CHORUS:—Roll the chorus! ring the shout!
Fling our dragged banners out!
Humbugs of one pedigree,
Heirs of Twentieth Century;
Ho! ho! boys, he! he!

II. Thro' the mill we've run, ho! ho!
Run, ho! ho! run, ho! ho!
Out we drop, he! he!
Precious set of fools we show,
Like as pin-rows be;
Let him boast his brains who dares
Fret o'er follies past who cares—
Not a jot care we!

CHORUS:—Roll, &c.

III. Four years freedom had, ho! ho!
Had ho! ho! had ho! ho!
Now hip! hip! it's through;
Here we come and here we go,
Done for, each halloo!
Higher education's got,
Now you've found it, ninkums, trot!
Nothing's left to do.

CHORUS:—Roll, &c.

IV. No more pranks on prexy, O!
Prexy O! prexy O!
No more sickness-shams;
No girl-ogling down the row,
No more class-room crams;
No fence-daubing, hazing, fights,
Bedlam discords thro' the nights,
Bar-room ticket-drams.

CHORUS:—Roll, &c.

V. Bye bye, Alma Mater, O!
Bye bye, O! bye bye, O!
Live long, prosper well!
'Yep' boys! march to music so
Of old chapel bell;
Toss the cup and tip the can!
Toast the Twentieth-Century plan,
Troop away, pell mell!

CHORUS:—Roll the chorus! ring the shout!
Fling our draggled banners out!
Hi, ai, ai! and he! he! he!
Heirs of Twentieth Century,
Hi, ai, O! hi O!

As the chorus swept up nearer and nearer, a cry of 'Heads out!' from the windows of the Young Ladies' Seminary swelled the tumult beyond endurance, even in sleep. And at the same instant the President startled me with a little burst of his own: "Excuse me," he said, "I spoke rather louder, under the impression that your attention was wandering."

"I *did* lose myself for a moment," I answered, "and having found myself now, will take myself off to bed. Tomorrow I shall be glad to listen again." (As large a 19th century lie, by the way, as ever was told.)

Shaking hands over the lie as if we both

understood it, we exchanged friendly good-nights.

I had learned something of the inner working of 20th century scholastic machinery—wheels within wheels,—and had dreamt something more of the outcome of it all—a dream inside a dream.

Exchanges.

Abundant and excellent verse is the leading feature of the *Brunonian*.

The *Buchtelite* devotes much space to its literary department. It is a creditable number.

The *Hamilton College Monthly* is always a month behind time, but we are always very glad to hear from the girls.

The editorials in the *Antiochian* are interesting and well written. There is room for improvement in the local department.

The literary department of the *Miami Student* is rather weak, but the length and excellence of its editorials counterbalance the defect.

The *Delphic* abounds in good things. The masterly production, "Some Thoughts on the Nebular Hypothesis," is particularly deserving of perusal.

The *McMicken Review* in its new cover and revised form is a great improvement. The addition of an exchange column has been long needed in it.

Besides an account of Nellie Bly's trip around the world, the *Wooster Collegian* contains a very commendable essay, "Are Language and Thought Identical?"

The *Southern University Monthly* is a new arrival at our table. Its column of Literary Notes is excellent, but the Personals treat a little too much of the love affairs of the students.

The *Current* is endeavoring to arouse an interest in College affairs. It advocates a "college yell, colors, anything, everything that will increase the college spirit."—May success crown its efforts.