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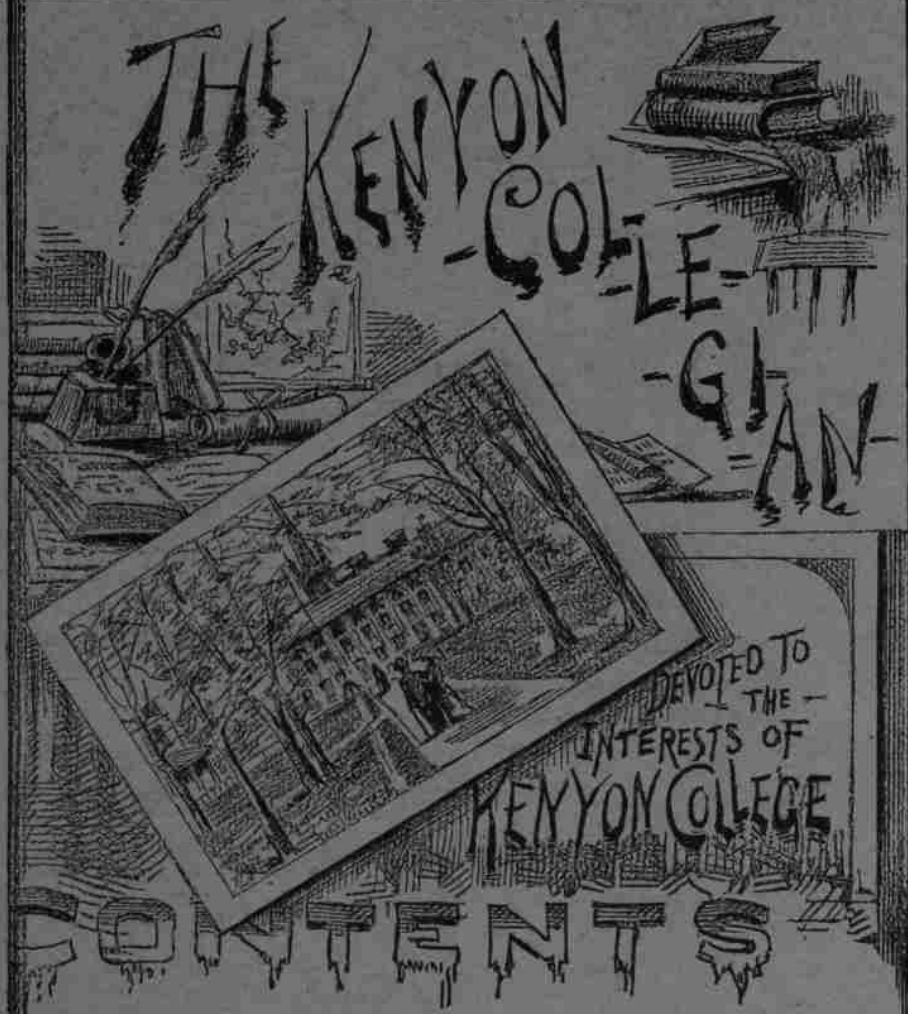
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VOL. XX.

DECEMBER, 1893.

No. 7.

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College Calendar.

1893.

CHRISTMAS TERM.

Sept. 12—Tuesday	Examinations for Admission.
13—Wednesday	Term opens at 5 o'clock P. M.
20—Wednesday	Preparatory School opens.
Oct. 5—Thursday	Theological School opens.
Nov. 1—All Saints Day	Founders' Day.
29—Thursday	Thanksgiving.
Dec. 20—Wednesday	Term Examinations begin.

1894.

EASTER TERM.

Jan. 10—Wednesday	Term opens at 5 o'clock P. M.
Feb. 7—Wednesday	Ash Wednesday.
22—Thursday	Washington's Birthday.
23—Friday	Good Friday.
Mar. 25—Sunday	Easter.
28—Wednesday	Term Examinations begin.



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The Kenyon Collegian.

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VOL. XX.

GAMBIER, OHIO, DECEMBER, 1894.

No. 7.

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All communications, contributions, and other matter for publication, should be sent to Clay V. Sanford.

Business letters should be addressed, and all bills made payable to F. J. Doolittle.

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Communications and contributions solicited from every one connected with Kenyon College, and especially from the alumni.

The Editor-in-Chief is personally responsible for everything that enters into the columns of this paper.

TERMS—\$1.00 PER YEAR (IF PAID IN ADVANCE).

EDITORIALS.

As the term closes, we begin to "hear" from home on the subject of admonitions. Letters are pouring in on all sides informing us that our parents have received a warning from the faculty, and that we are on the point of expulsion. This sentence, of course, is followed by a lot of fatherly

advice, parental threats, mother's tears, etc., etc., all intended to gladden the heart of the shameless offender. And all this happens all on account of a little slip of paper carrying an extract from the laws of Kenyon College, which says that "when a student is absent from church, he shall receive two demerits; when he is absent from prayers, he shall receive one demerit. Tardiness counts as absence. When a student shall have received thirty demerits, he shall be suspended for the rest of the term. When he shall have received twenty demerits, he shall be put upon probation, warned of the fact, and his parents shall be notified."

No wonder such a stir is made! The words "probation" and "suspension" are forcible terms, to say the least, but not nearly so forcible as those that make up our parental acknowledgements of the receipt of these little notes. In reality, no one is put on probation for demerits. An admonition only means that we have taken twenty out of thirty possible demerits. We only know of one case of suspension by the demerit rule, and that could have been easily avoided.

Formerly we were allowed to offer excuses to the faculty for our demerits. Now even this is denied us, so that it is next to impossible to get through a term without getting an admonition. Still we are held responsible for what is not to be avoided. Is this right?

At the beginning of the year, the President stated in chapel that he did not wish

to be bothered with excuses. He said that cuts were not to be excused at all, and that, as for absences from church and prayers, our demerits were allowed us for use in cases where attendance was impossible. We received them as a free "gift" from the faculty, and they were intended to be used. And all of this fuss over an admonition is the penalty for their use.

We notice another thing that doesn't look so well. On our term reports, sent home to parents and guardians, we see an account of our unexcused absences from prayers, church, and recitations in each study. Has our faculty ever been so gracious as to excuse *any* cut? Death in the family fails to furnish excuse for a cut from recitations. Perhaps the word "unexcused" had better be eliminated.

We know that the faculty, in spite of their desire to know the student's wants, seldom allow our editorials much weight. Perhaps we make a mistake in not italicizing the whole thing in the present case, for this is intended to be read.

TENDENCIES.

There is an adage which says, "The healthy know not of their health, but only the sick." This is true of nations as well as of individuals; for the healthy state of a government is that in which its health is never doubted, but when doubts do arise, the wise physician knows that there is some hidden malady in the system, and hastens to apply the remedy. But we live in an age when nothing is the subject of more doubt and skepticism than government, and especially is this true of our own government. Carlyle says, "The deep, strong cry of all civilized nations—a cry which everyone now sees must and will be answered, is: Give

us a reform of government!" If this be true, it is needful for us to pause a moment and gaze around us, and to ponder well the tendencies of the day, for tendencies will warn us of results.

Edmund Burke, speaking of the American Colonies before the British House of Commons, said: "The Colonies emigrated from you when the love of freedom was the most predominant part of your character, and they took this bias and direction the moment they parted from your hands." And Abraham Lincoln, touching on the same thought, said at Gettysburg: "Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." A grand proposition, truly, and a thought which has been prominent in the Teutonic breast from the beginnings of the race. But liberty may degenerate into license, and the government "of the people, by the people, for the people," into a government of misrule.

How often do we hear it said that our country is ruled by the masses, and that officials are mere puppets—jumping-jacks—to be pulled with a string or "wire!" Every loyal American should blush at the name of Tammany Hall. And when we think of the rough and uncultured hordes—"the scum of Europe"—which Castle Garden daily receives, and in turn pours forth over the fair realms of our Fatherland, we shudder and exclaim: "What are we coming to?" Says a writer in *The American Journal of Politics*: "Is it our duty to sacrifice the welfare of our own citizens in attempting to better the condition of the citizens of other nations?" Surely it is not!"

If we are to be ruled by a class, would

it not be better to be ruled by a cultured class than by an uncultured class? But our present tendency is in the opposite direction. There has crept into our midst such a hate of all aristocracy—the natural result of the perfect freedom of all classes—that the very thought that any one could be better than we are is hateful to us. The natural results of this tendency will be socialism and anarchy—terrifying spectres of our age! But the “survival of the fittest” is a law which has never failed heretofore, and we see no indications of its ever failing. The classes which might be called “our aristocracy” are, most truly, creatures of this law, and this hatred of them finds its source chiefly in those who have not the ability or the ambition to become what their hated brethren have become. Carlyle was fond of deriving our word king from “*kœnig-man*,” or “*cunning-man*,” that is, “man that is able,” and this was to him a creed for his hero-worship. There may be more in Carlyle’s doctrine of individualism than we sometimes think.

There are many reasons for this hatred of the upper classes—the partial rise of the lower classes and their inability to rise further; the knowledge of the power which they wield; the looseness of our general government; demagogism (if I may be allowed the word); and lastly, *too much* free thinking. When such men as Governor Altgeld, of Illinois, hold high offices in the State—men who cater to the very lowest classes, men whose only ambition is to hold public offices and to make them stepping-stones to other offices—when such men as these are the “servants of the people,” then there must be something rotten at the very core of our system.

But there appears to be a remedy for

this lower class tendency in another class tendency. It is a well-known fact that those who are most intolerant of the arrogance of the lower classes are the very ones who, by their own ability and ambition, have risen from the lower classes themselves. Hence, by a natural process of evolution, these two tendencies are continually opposing one another, and according, as one or the other shall triumph, shall we have either a stronger central government or total disruption.

Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and next to self-preservation comes the preservation of liberty. And so, when liberty calls to us, as she is even now calling, to preserve her from the rude assaults of those rough classes which have been truly called the “off-scourings of the nations,” where is the loyal son of this fair land who will not say with Patrick Henry, “I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death.” C. C. WRIGHT.

DICKENS, THE PORTRAYER.

Of the many phases of Charles Dickens’ writings, that in which he paints the peculiarities and weaknesses of human nature is the one in which he especially excels, and is by far the most interesting. He portrays all classes of people, “all sorts and conditions of men,” and goes from the sublime to the ridiculous in such a way that the reader is often uncertain whether to laugh or to cry. He rouses our interest alike in the fun-loving Mark Tapley, who was continually despondent because he was so jolly, and in the sad fate of Little Nell. Mr. Dickens can hardly be said to shun any class of people, yet it is a noticeable feature of his works that he rarely meddles with the higher

classes; he confines himself almost entirely to the poor and wretched. Perhaps it is just as well that this was the case, for he always succeeded when he dealt with the poor, while on the other hand his pen pictures of high life are not so good as they might be. It is not difficult to find a reason for this; perhaps the best way to do it would be to look at his early life and habits.

John Dickens, the author's father, was a clerk in the navy pay office, stationed at Portsmouth dock yard, and Charles was the second of eight children. The father was a conscientious man, industrious, and punctual in his business, but too easy tempered and unpractical to provide for his rapidly increasing family. He soon moved to Chatham, and then to London, where he lost even the few possessions he had already had, and while the family lived in the most abject poverty in one of the poorest of London's suburbs, young Charles went to work in a blacking warehouse for the sum of six shillings per week. His mother, during all this time, had made an earnest effort to brighten the family's prospects, but had met with no success. She was rather a talented woman, had taught the boy the beginnings of Latin, and had even tried to conduct a boarding school in Gower street.

All this time, the boy Charles, a poor, half-starved, delicate little urchin, was being thrown into contact with the very lowest class of people that even that great London could produce, and was associating daily with the basest little vagabonds to be found in her streets: No, not associating with, either, for, though he was obliged to be with them, yet, in a way he held himself aloof and merely watched them from a distance. The habit of observing the actions of those by whom

he was surrounded, was one that Charles Dickens never lost, and it is to it that we are indebted for his most interesting characters—interesting because they are *real*. He certainly had enough opportunities to indulge this habit, for, while not at his regular work, he spent his time running errands, carrying things to the pawn-shop, visiting his father in the Marshalsea, prowling round cook shops, beer shops and coffee-shops, a very shabbily clad and not at all well fed little wretch seeking to invest his livelihood of a shilling a day to the best advantage, and fixing these experiences and the many odd scenes and characters with which they brought him in contact more and more indelibly on his memory.

As for the rest of the boy's history down to the time when he began to be known to the world, we have only to read the story of David Copperfield, for that is, in the main, merely a history of the author's own life. It is not hard to recognize in our friends, Mealy Potatoes and Mick Walker, the boys by whose side Dickens worked in the blacking warehouse, and Mr. Micawber is nothing more nor less than the author's father. Young David's struggle for fame is but young Charles' re-enacted. And, now, from the time of the publishing of the "Sketches by Boz" to the end of his life, the story is one of repeated successes.

It has been said of Charles Dickens' writings that his characters are very much overdrawn, but this, I think, is not true. Although we may not have had the pleasure of meeting many Micawbers, or Fagans, or Smikes, or Boffins, or Tom Pinches, still we have not had the opportunities to do so, and we must believe Mr. Dickens when he affirms that they are actually real, for he is certainly in a

position to know what he is talking about. And, although there are many who see little or no human nature in the outward appearance and dress of these wierd and so-called overdrawn characters, yet there is not one who does not recognize the artist's great power of painting the feelings and passions of humanity which underlie the curious exterior. His ability to bring out the strong and weak points of man's nature is especially surprising in that he seems so utterly unconscious of any thing of the kind. As we follow the thread of his stories we find that it is not merely in drawing pen pictures of man's outward characteristics that he excels, but that his greatest work lies in his finally showing us, almost imperceptibly, too, the queer mixtures of selfishness and charity, dislikes and likes, evil and good, which make up human nature.

There is one small part, however, of Mr. Dickens' works that had much better been left unwritten, and that is the one in which he makes such a savage and utterly uncalled for attack upon the people of the United States. When he made his first visit to America he was received with the wildest enthusiasm and welcomed everywhere with a cordiality that sometimes became, perhaps, a little tiresome. This, however, furnished no excuse for his writing, immediately upon his return to England, his sarcastic attack upon the United States and his ridiculous and utterly untrue account of our manners and customs. It is a noticeable feature of our friend, Martin Chuzzlewits's visit to America, that he meets but one man who can, by the wildest stretch of imagination, be called a gentleman, and that that man is ashamed of his native country.

It is true that Mr. Dickens makes an explanation in regard to his pictures of

American life. He says that since he "has never, in writing fiction, had any disposition to soften what is ridiculous or wrong at home, he hopes (and believes) that the good-humored people of the United States are not generally disposed to quarrel with him for carrying the same usage abroad." It is true that he has never softened what was ridiculous or wrong at home, and we would certainly be the last to find fault with him for not doing so in our country, but we, "good-humored people" though we are, can scarcely be expected to approve of one who returns our hospitality by saying that "that Republic but yesterday let loose upon her noble course, is to-day so maimed and lame, so full of sores and ulcers, foul to the eye and almost hopeless to the sense, that her best friends turn from the loathsome creature in disgust." A poor return, indeed, for the kindness he had received at our hands.

This first visit to America seems to have been productive of but little good, looking at it from any side, for the American books brought the author little or no reward at home, and nothing but dislike abroad, while above all they showed that even Mr. Dickens' great knowledge of men and things could be at fault, and that his love for painting the ridiculous could lead him into very great mistakes.

With the exception of the one chapter of Dickens' works, there are but few parts which are subject to much criticism. Although it is true that the plots of his stories are often faulty, and that almost every book could easily be shortened by cutting out matter having no bearing whatever on the subject, yet his style as a whole is so captivating that it easily over-rides all minor faults, and leaves little room for criticism; and the more we read

his writings, the more we realize that for those who have the slightest interest in the common virtues and foibles, or sympathy with the common joys and sorrows of humanity, a greater writer than Charles Dickens never lived.

LOU A. SANFORD.

"DREAM LIFE."

To those who have read "Dream Life" the idea of reviewing it may seem almost sacrilege. It is not a book which one analyzes, but is rather absorbed into one's being, for its mission is not to produce intellectual pleasure, but to awaken the sympathies of the heart.

As the name suggests, it is a "history of dreams." Our author believes that the life of every one is made up of dreams, which, coming to him continually, are ever shaping the purposes and ambitions of his life. "No man's brain," he says, "is so dull, and no man's eye so blind, that they can not catch food for dreams." They extend from the earliest boyhood up to the very threshold of the other world. This is the doctrine of the book, and, indeed, the challenge is very frankly given in the introduction: "Married or unmarried, young or old, you are still a dreamer, and will one time know and feel that your life is but a dream." He does not, however, attempt to prove this by any system of cold logic, but by the warm and sympathetic tale of the dreams—the hopes and fears of his central character. And this is a method of proof to which there can be no answer, for the reader *feels* its truthfulness rather than understands it.

The plan of the book is quite original. Life is divided into four periods, each of which is compared to a corresponding

season of the year. The central character of the book, although he is given a name, Clarence, is more generally thought of as referring directly to the reader, for, as the author says, "the story belongs more or less to every man of us all," and some of the experiences will "draw you unwittingly into the belief that *you* are indeed the hero."

The spring time of life is passed among the safe pleasures of home, where Clarence dreams, as every boy does, of going to sea and being cast away as Robinson Crusoe was; and of the surprise and wonder which he will arouse when he returns home and relates the adventures which have befallen him. These dreams are soon lost in the busy school life, and as the sphere of the boy's acquaintances and knowledge widens, different persons in turn excite his admiration and emulation, but there is always some one to be like whom he thinks would be sufficient glory for him. Even love has its dreams in the spring time of life, but they are less tangible than the others. There will be, of course, the snug little cottage, and someone—a very indefinite someone—will be the mistress of the cottage; but no one would dare to suggest to Clarence that that "someone" would be his little playmate, Madge. There are cloudy days also in spring, but no matter how dark the clouds may be the elasticity of youth seldom allows them to bring more than April showers. Thus Clarence in his early boyhood is grieved by the loss of that little brother, who has been his playmate through all his young life. Even this brings dreams—dreams not of ambition, nor of pleasure, but of great purposes and noble resolves. "It seems as if the little brother, in going to heaven, had opened a pathway thither through

which goodness comes streaming out over the soul," and soon the pangs of grief are lost in the plans for making the best possible use of life.

Summer, the time alike of the most dazzling sunlight, and the most destructive storms, finds the youth amidst the labors, the pleasures, and temptations of college life. The boyish dreams are now superseded by those of the ambition which has a more definite aim. Formerly only a vague hope of attaining some desired position, the dreams now include the means for the end, and inspire the dreamer with the noble purpose to work in order that he may reach the goal. But this is not the only side of college life; there are detracting influences as well. Clarence made the acquaintance of a flashy young fellow, and could not help admiring his ease and self-possession. In trying to attain these, he acquired some of the less desirable qualities. It is in the gayeties and aspirations of this new life that some of the home bonds seem loosened. "The affection for a mother is not gone or blighted; but it is woven up as only a single adorning tissue into the growing pride of youth."

Here the dreams of love also take a different form. Love is taken from the heart, its natural abode, and made subservient to that cold faculty, reason. The affection is the result of a careful analysis and comparison with some "Greek ideal," some fiction of the mind, and yet it seems strong and true, for it is entirely in keeping with the manner and ideas of college life.

The influences of this love extend, as do the other college influences, far beyond the college. Then, as a period of travel is considered the best finale for one's education, what was more natural than that

Clarence should soon meet again his "Greek ideal," and join himself to her party. But amidst these pleasures, just when life seemed brightest, a thunder-cloud that had been slowly gathering, broke with full force. Then came the realization of the vanities of learning, for no wisdom can console one who has just suffered the greatest grief that comes to young manhood. The home circle had again been broken, and this time the mother "who made that home so dear—so real to your after years—a holy beacon by whose guidance you always come to a safe haven and to a refuge from all your toils—is gone, and gone forever."

At home again in the lonely house, in the depths of the night, come visions of that other death. "That was the boyish vision of death; and this is the youthful vision. Yet there is little difference. Death levels the capacities of the living as it levels the strength of its victims." There are new resolutions, new determinations to become noble in character, but the cares and duties of the world soon shake these determinations, too, hallowed though they be.

The college love is still wakeful, and, although Clarence can no longer behold its object, he turns to it for solace in his bereavement. Instead, another disappointment came to him, but, although the wound at first seemed deep, it was soon cured by that all-powerful remedy, work; for Clarence was then preparing himself for admittance to the bar.

It is autumn now, the time of the harvest when the "fields of maize show weeping spindles, and broad, rustling leaves and ears half glowing with the crowded corn." It is the time of substantial return, of preparation for the winter; it is the "manhood of the year."

"And has manhood no dreams?" If it had none, there would be no incentive for work, no "beckonings that bid us ever onward." But these are dreams "of practical results, of hard-wrought world-success." There is a desire to be "a man of the world," the continuance of the ideas imbibed from the gay companions in college. But there are other traits and better aims that trace their beginnings back to the old home. During a visit to that old home, the ambitious projects were disturbed by the lingering memories of the childhood days and dreams. Madge was there, and the old boyish love—the true love of the heart returned, and after awhile the reunion of the "split sixpence."

Then came the realization of some others of those boyish dreams, especially the home life with its quiet peace and joy. "And thus manhood passes on into the last season of our life, even as golden autumn sinks slowly into the tomb of winter."

The dreams of old age are retrospect, dreaming over again the scenes of long ago. The old wife slowly passes to her grave, and soon, after a farewell visit to his childhood's home, the old man follows her, still dreaming of the olden times and of the reunion in the better world with her who has been his consort in this.

With this story of hope and ambition, of success and failure, the author seeks to show his reader that all life is full of dreams.

His hero, if it is possible to call him a hero at all, is not a remarkable man in any respect. He has no eminent qualities to arouse our admiration, no adventures to excite our wonder. He gains our sympathy by being one of us—by exhibiting the purposes and ambitions which are

common to us all. The sympathy is so close that the idea of personality in the hero is lost, and the reader feels, as the author says, that *he* is the true hero.

As the life treated of is a very ordinary life, the plot and action of the story are necessarily very simple, and the characters are very few outside of Clarence's immediate family. Pathos is one of the author's most striking qualities. What can be more affecting than the half-restrained sorrow contained in the letter which Clarence received from his mother a short time before her death? "Clarence," writes that neglected mother, "you do not know how much you are in our thoughts, and how often you are the burden of my prayers. Oh, Clarence, I could almost wish that you were still a boy—still running to me for those little favors which I was only too happy to bestow—still dependent, in some degree, on your mother's love for happiness."

His sarcasm may be judged from a passage about one of Clarence's early "loves." "As for Jenny, your first fond flame—lively, romantic, black-eyed Jenny, the reader of Thaddeus of Warsaw, who sighed and wore blue ribbons on her bonnet, who wrote love notes, who talked so tenderly of broken hearts, who used a glass seal with a cupid and a dart, dear Jenny, she is now the plump and thriving wife of the apothecary of the town! She sweeps out every morning at seven the entry of the apothecary's house; she buys a 'joint' twice a week from the butcher, and is particular to have the 'knuckle' thrown in for soups; she wears a sky-blue calico gown, and dresses her hair in three little flat quirls, each one pierced through with a two-pronged hair-pin. She does not read 'Thaddeus of Warsaw' now."

He is very much alive to many common

houses, and often uses such sarcasm against them.

The author is evidently one "who, in the love of nature, holds communion with her visible forms;" for, in the description of the seasons, he paints for us a perfect picture, building it up stroke by stroke till at last, when we read, "the grass at your door grows into the color of the sprouting grain, and the buds upon the lilacs swell and burst. The peaches bloom upon the wall, and the plums wear bodices of white. The sparkling oriole picks strings for his hammock on the sycamore, and the sparrows twitter in pairs"—when we read this and the rest of the picture as he has painted it, even though the snow be lying on the ground without, we can see before us all the fullness of a country spring-time.

All his figures of speech are from this source—a large majority of them similes or metaphors—carrying out the same analogy between man and nature that we find in the division of life into the four seasons.

His knowledge of man's inner life seems to be just as true. Why is it? Because his treatment of life is subjective; he describes it as it appears to himself, not as he thinks it appears to someone else. He speaks from his own inward knowledge, not from outward appearance.

In the dedication, the author speaks of his indebtedness to Washington Irving. Throughout the book there is a noteworthy resemblance in style, one chapter, on "A New England Squire," reminding us especially of "The English Country Gentleman" in Bracebridge Hall.

It is a book which no one can read without emotion, for it glows with an intense, quiet fervor which burns into one's nature and makes him feel that the

author is in earnest and the book real. Indeed, aside from the extreme simplicity of the language, the distinctive features are the earnestness of the author and the *reality* of the book.

J. A. SIPHER, '96.

IN A NUTSHELL.

I.

"Where are you going for the holidays, Harry?" said Porter.

"To Talcott," said the person addressed.

"Where in the world is Talcott?"

"Oh, it's a little town in the northern part of Ohio."

A grunt was the only reply to this remark, and soon after Procter left.

"Well, that's a blessing," sighed Harry. "And now to pack up."

You see it was this way: Harry Waite's mother and sister were in Europe, and so, when a letter came from old Mr. Deland, saying that he and his wife would be glad to have Harry come and visit them during the holidays, he accepted the invitation. Perhaps Mr. Deland's last sentence had much to do with this decision. "The girls," wrote Mr. Deland, "both send regards." (Mr. Deland always spoke of his daughters as "the girls.")

So it happened that the next day Harry was speeding northward, thinking of the old Deland homestead and "the girls." He had met "the girls" last summer at a resort, where they had come under the guardianship of their mother, who was sometimes vulgarly called a "match-maker." In fact, it had sometimes seemed to Harry that Mrs. Deland had found many opportunities to leave Marian, her eldest daughter, alone with him—but there, we are anticipating.

When the train pulled up at Talcott,

and Harry, stiff and sore from the uncomfortable ride, stepped down to the platform in front of the dilapidated "station," he was greeted by a mingled chorus of feminine voices, saying: "How do you do, Mr. Waite? So glad to see you!" "How is old Kenyon?" "How is Mr. Porter?" "And Mr. Drake." "Oh! yes, do tell us about *him*." "Awfully glad you brought your mandolins." "When does the Junior Prom. come off?" "Here, let John take your traps." "John, take Mr. Waite's things." "Papa couldn't come to meet you, so he sent us." There were only *two* young ladies. Harry shook hands with both of them, gave his luggage to John, and all seated themselves among the robes of the Deland's big sleigh, and were soon spinning along over the creaking snow. Miss Katherine, the younger of the sisters, rode beside the driver.

A half-hour's ride through the barren, bleak country, relieved now and then by big square farm houses, with still bigger red barns behind them, brought our friends to the Deland place—an old-fashioned, red-brick house, with white stone trimmings and wide rambling porticos, set back among the snow-covered pines and oaks, and surrounded by a well kept hedge. Following the winding drive through the trees, they drew up at last before the great front door, which was standing wide open, and seemed to emit a flood of warmth and Christmas cheer very welcome to the half-frozen passengers of the sleigh. Mr. and Mrs. Deland stood on the doorstep and warmly welcomed Harry as he stepped from the sleigh, and hurried him in to the great open fire-place at the farther end of the old square hall.

It had been several years since Harry

had last seen Mr. Deland, and he had aged a good deal in that time; but he was still a hearty old gentleman of sixty or thereabouts, with a genial good-nature that made him a favorite with all. I will not say how old Mrs. Deland was, for she never liked her age known, but she was certainly well preserved, and quite handsome, too. "The girls"—well, they had inherited all of their parents' good looks—some people say more, and were stunning girls, surely. Both were tall, both were dark, both were exceedingly well-bred. Marian was, perhaps, the more stunning, but Katherine was the jollier.

After our hero had removed his ulster, and had steeped himself thoroughly in the warmth of the blazing wood fire, he followed a servant to his room, which was large and had high ceilings and windows, which offered a charming view of the beautiful valley. Miss Deland remained with her mother after the others had left the hall.

"Now, Marian," said that estimable lady when they were alone, "this is your chance. He is rich and will graduate in June, so he is eligible. You must put forward your best efforts."

"I will, mamma," said Miss Deland.

II.

Harry was enjoying his visit immensely. The Delands were charming people, and then there was magnificent sleighing and skating, and some pheasants in the woods about. The farm life was all new to Harry, and he often accompanied Mr. Deland's overseer in his trips over the place. He became acquainted, too, with most of the men on the farm, and would go out and help them cut the timber in the woodland. And then "the girls." They were jolly companions for skating

or sleighing, and in the evening they would all sit around the fire-place and roast chestnuts and tell stories, or Harry would play the mandolin and Katherine would accompany him. Mrs. Deland did not favor this last proceeding. Marian didn't play.

But apparently she had no cause for fear, for Marian was doing very well, even if she did not play. When she said, "I will, mamma," she meant it. Katherine was not always able to go skating or sleighing, but Marian never failed. She "stood to her guns," as they say in the army, like a man. Mrs. Deland thought she observed a certain warmth in Harry's manner when he was speaking to Marian, and confided the fact to her husband, but got only a rather gruff "all right" in response.

The day before Christmas, however, Mrs. Deland's brother James arrived with his wife, and to this lady Mrs. Deland told all her hopes and fears, ending with a magnificent account of the fortune which Mr. Waite had inherited from his father, a rich banker in Chicago. In Mrs. Gray (for that was her name) Mrs. Deland found an appreciative audience. The account was interspersed with frequent exclamations of "You don't say," and "I want t' know." (Mrs. Gray was from New England.)

That evening was spent by the entire household in arranging and decorating an immense Christmas tree, which Harry had cut, and to see which, and to receive their gifts, all the farm hands, young and old, were invited for the next day. Mrs. Deland and Mrs. Gray noticed with rapture, and communicated the fact with rapid glances to one another, that Harry seemed to be always near Marian.

III.

Harry declared afterwards that his Christmas dinner at the Deland's was the best he had ever had. I am not going to tell you how many courses there were or what they consisted of, for I have forgotten, but it was a grand affair. Mrs. Deland had determined that it should be a grand affair, and Mrs. Deland *always* accomplished what she determined upon. The turkey was certainly a wonder of his kind, and so was the goose, and how they ever sat through all those courses and did justice to them all, is more than I can understand — but they did.

Harry was given the seat of honor, and beside him was Marian Deland, looking more handsome than ever.

Mr. Smith, the "country parson," of Talcott, was seated beside Katherine Deland, at the other end of the table, and opposite Harry and Marian were Mr. and Mrs. Gray. There were other guests, too, but we are not concerned with them. The true Christmas spirit filled all, and many good stories were told — yes, and some poor ones, too. Mr. Smith being usually the offender in that respect. He even had the audacity to tell that story, which Mark Twain says, antedates King Arthur — you know the story, or if you don't you are happy.

But at last they came to that course, when humanity, well-satisfied with himself and all the world, desires to tell those of his fellows who are within hearing, all the "good things" which he knows — I mean the nuts and coffee. All had done much good to humanity, on this occasion, except Harry, and so Mrs. Deland said, "Mr. Waite, can't you tell a story, too?"

"Well, Mrs. Deland," he replied, "these hickory nuts remind me of one which I found the other day, in a place where the

snow had been blown away by the wind. I have kept it, for I once heard of a queer custom connected with hickory nuts of such a peculiar shape."

He took the nut from his pocket and held it up to the gaze of all. It was exactly the shape of a heart.

"An old grand-aunt of mine once told me that in her early days, young men used to hunt for hickory nuts of such a shape and give them to the young ladies whom they loved, and their acceptance of the gift signified the acceptance of the young man; but if the nut was returned, it meant that the lover was refused."

Mrs. Deland and Mrs. Gray exchanged significant looks during this tale, and Marian Deland blushed.

As they rose to leave the table, Mr. Smith, who was not very well-bred, hastily seized Mr. Deland by the arm and began to talk earnestly of the prospects for the winter wheat, leaving Katherine to gaze after him pityingly. But as she started to leave the room, she stepped on her shoe-lace.

"Oh, Mr. Waite," she said, "will you please tie that for me?"

"Certainly," said Harry, and bent down to tie it.

Marian Deland turned away for a moment and, as she did so, Harry slipped the hickory nut into Katherine's hand.

"Thank you, Harry," she said, and—kept it.

"I think you are awfully slow, Mr. Waite," said Marian.

"It takes some time to tie that kind of a knot," said Katherine.

About an hour after, Harry went out to the barn to order the sleigh around. When he had left the room, Katherine Deland said, "Harry gave me that hickory nut."

"He did?" And you kept it?" said her mother in amazement.

"Yes," said Katherine, between her blushes.

"Well, I want to know," Mrs. Gray ejaculated.

And so did the rest.

C. C. WRIGHT.

COLLEGE POLITICS.

Politics is an influence, the existence of which for the most part students fail to recognize, but which when recognition has been forced, is denounced as an evil, and pernicious agent which is to be put down if it can be, and, that failing, to be shunned by such as have not already allied themselves with factions, and adopted as their own factional interests. Notwithstanding that there is an honest effort among the students of Kenyon to overlook systematic attempts to control collegiate elections, no one can fail to recognize that efforts of this sort play a not important part in determining the experiences of almost every student. Verily, college politics must be an evil when operated by such methods as characterize those student meetings wherein factions come together to vote under organized leadership, and each faction supports its "slate," previously made up in the privy council of candidates pledged to mutual support.

There is no other thing tending to demoralization and destruction of student organizations which exerts so strong an influence. Nothing else makes so sure the fact that the COLLEGIAN is not and, in the future, can not be as credible as it might under more favorable circumstances. Policy—the sequence, if not indeed the result of politics—cramps the work of Reveille boards, because the annual can not afford to court the disfavor of even a

very few. In the Athletic Association its bad effects are so evident that all concede its ends must be defeated before even moderate success can be approximated. The results of team work are determined so completely by the character of the work done and the rigidity with which it is pursued that to attain to any considerable degree of perfection it is not only important but necessary that those who are to decide upon and to direct training should merit the trust such offices imply.

It is not to be expected that political methods will ever be abandoned, nor that anything effective will result from the majority of students refusing to become factional voters and thereafter remaining inactive. The progressive measures of an organized minority will very generally do much as it pleases under such circumstances. To defeat it there must be agreement and organization, which are themselves signs of politics. It is seen, then, that where this evil exists it can not be annihilated, because in order to so do there must be formed another and a larger party.

Having arrived at this conclusion, we may well ask whether if college politics were done away with we should be benefited, or whether if such a thing did not exist it would be desirable to introduce it. Whenever there is any one student peculiarly fitted for any trust at the disposition of the student body, and his services or other circumstances have carried to all conviction that he is pre-eminently the best choice possible, it is invariably the case that his election meets with little or no opposition. That much, certainly, must be said for the honor and frankness of students generally and in all collegiate institutions. Difficulty arises only in cases of several deserving candidates.

They may not be equally deserving—in fact, never are—but personal preference and party influences are here the controlling motives of most voters, and more frequently than otherwise determine the election. Unfortunately, cases of this kind are so much more numerous than of any or all others that, for the purposes of discussing this subject, the others may be discarded.

Which, then, is to be desired? That the student body meet without knowing who wants the trust, and without discussing who is best qualified for the position, or that the supporters of each should make known his willingness to accept, and place his demands in the most favorable light? In the former case students vote in accordance with a decision hastily arrived at, often without regard to an equitable distribution of favors and without any thought upon what should decide the question. To whom does the position in justice belong? Nothing could be much worse than such a complete absence of rivalry and interest as is sometimes seen in those elections at which the first man nominated is reasonably sure to be elected without opposition. We must conclude that previous discussion, even electioneering, in a legitimate college way, is better. College politics we must have in some form or other, and if it is an evil we arrive at the somewhat anomalous conclusion that it is a necessary evil. '93.

XMAS, 1893.

Long years have flown with fast and fleeting wing,

Since first was heard the Heavenly Choirs sing
The anthem sweet that woke the winter morn
With richest strains of Christ, a King new born.

Long years have sped since shepherd's homage paid

To Him who once was in a manger laid;
The sands of time have many seasons told,
Since from the East the Sages brought their
gold.

A hamlet rude is Bethlehem to-day;
And set the Star that shed on it its ray;
The Infant King, the Savior, Son of God,
No longer now imprints its holy sod.

Tho' time with tread hath hurried by so fast,
With veil so dark from us hath shut the past;
Yet, to the heart believing, true, sincere,
Such memories old are by it held most dear.

Each Christmas Day but serves as landmark
new,
On life's rough road to note that love so true
That made Jehovah, from His Throne on high,
Send Christ His Son for mortal man to die—

To come not with the drum-beat, martial
sound,
Nor pennon gay, as royal child and crowned;
But as a babe of humble parents born,
Despised, forsaken, destitute, forlorn.

A year hath flown to join the many past,
Since Phœbus woke the Christmas morn the
last,
And bade it go to mortal man and bring
The tidings glad of Christ the new born King.

All hail, sweet morn! we welcome thee again;
Thou bringest joy to poor and dying men;
Thou sing'st to us, in cadence loud and long,
That sweet, immortal hymn—Salvation's Song.
J. A. H.

ST. SYLVESTER'S NIGHT.

The winter wind is moaning through the hall,
The fire burns low,
And on the sombre hangings of the wall
Fantastic shadows, tapering and tall
And ghostlike, come and go.

Over the vast expanse of chilly snow—
The old year's pall—
The clock-tower bell rings faintly, sad, and slow,
As if it ushered past, in tattered woe,
Some pauper funeral.

Another year gone by; and is this all
I have to show—
Twelve months of life gone—spent beyond re-
call?
There is no answer in the flakes that fall
Without, and who may know?

ALF. O'MEGA.

A RECIPE FOR MAKING AN ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.

Two cupfuls each of raisins stoned,
And currants cleanly picked and washed,
Beef suet chopped and sugar white;
Three cupfuls bread, fine grated—smashed.
Eight eggs, quite fresh; of citron chipped
One cup, and almonds skinned by heat;
A lemon peel as fresh can be,
And pinch of salt as much as meet.
Mix all these up as well you can
In large and open kitchen bowl;
Then run and press it firmly in
A greased and nicely buttered mould;
Then set to steam five hours in
A pot with water two-thirds up;
Then carefully on dish turn out,
And, just before you go to sup,
Pour any spirit that you've got
Right over all and set alight,
And bring to table while it burns,
And help while it's aglow and bright.

J. A. H.

BEFORE THE OPEN GRATE.

Before a grate of glowing coals,
The ancient monk sat dreaming;
His dull monastic life to him
A burden great was seeming.
He saw a picture in the fire
Of ruined cloisters falling,
And in their stead the modern school,
And monks of nobler calling.

Before the grate at even-tide,
The modern monk sits dreaming;
His wall alive with dancing forms,
Of mystic, ancient meaning.
The cloistered monks in solemn garb
Appear in shadows changing;
Monastic walls of massive form
Loom up in silent ranging.

And thus our dreams in waking hours
 Are on the future dwelling,
 Until we in the future stand,
 Then dreams of past are telling.
 But happy be who in his fire
 Beholds the living present,
 And in the shadows on the wall
 Sees Duty ever pleasant.

— R. D. WOLFE.

THE NEWS.

The college library has received a beautiful and valuable addition in Appleton & Co.'s "Art at the World's Fair." It contains engravings and photogravures of the paintings and statuary of the great art exhibit.

At a meeting of the foot ball team held December 14, Herbert F. Williams, '95, was elected captain for next year, with Hollenbach, '96, and Kunst, '97, as advisory committee. Hollenbach will act as captain in Mr. Williams' absence. The team could have made no better selection.

The list of candidates for examination was an unusually large one. Dr. Sterling expressed himself as confident that those to be examined would not get lonesome.

The Junior class has finally decided to make no change in the editorial board of the *Reveille*. It will stand as follows: Lou A. Sanford, editor-in-chief; C. P. Mottley, business manager; Asa R. Williams, assistant business manager; Arthur Dumper, George P. Atwater, and Albert J. Bell.

Miss Fanny E. Marsh, formerly of Gambier, has been visiting the Misses Curtis, of Round Hill, Mt. Vernon.

The Mt. Vernon lodge of Elks will give a benefit early next term, in the shape of a genuine Midway Plaisance. Kirk hall has been chosen as the scene of the extor-

tion. The Kenyon musical clubs will appear on the programme for one of the three nights.

Hazzard, our photographer, should apply for an agency for the Kodak. The skating would bring quite a sale for them. We understand that Harcourt is up in arms at the injustice paid the girls, and that they feel the want of snap shots keenly.

E. M. Phelps, ex-'94, and W. F. Moore, ex-'96, are studying medicine and dental surgery, respectively, at the University of Cincinnati.

Mr. Laughlin and his brother of the Freshman class were called home recently by the death of their mother. Burt will not return to college.

December 26 quite a large crowd of students were present at the meeting of the Church Temperance Society held in Philomathesian hall. Dr. Sterling delivered the address, not one of the old fashioned "bores," but a sound, sensible talk. This is the kind that really does good, and its effects were shown by the large increase in the membership of the society.

The much talked of "Courtship of Miles Standish" and "Minnet" at Harcourt will not come off till next term, if at all. This will greatly disappoint the *Reveille* artist, who had counted upon a great field for work.

Prof. C. M. Fisher has been acting as rector during the recent illness of Mr. Denslow.

EXCHANGE.

It is said that for fifty years no smoker at Harvard has graduated with the honors of his class.

The editors on the Chicago University Weekly are paid for their services.

The library of the University of Wisconsin is used at night by the students, the building being thoroughly lighted by electricity.

The garden gate has ceased of late
It's load of love to bear,
But double weight is now the fate
Of many a parlor chair. — *Ex.*

It is said the oldest university is at Fez, Africa. Scholars from all Europe studied there as early as the ninth century. — *Ex.*

It is reported that Chicago University is tending toward that of a strictly graduate school, such as will rival the highest universities of Europe. — *Rose Technique.*

Johnny — "Papa, I looked through the key hole last night while sis and her beau were there."

Papa — "What did you find out, my boy?"

Johnny — "The lamp."

A fund of \$2,000 has been raised by the class of 1842 of Yale, the income of which is to be used to encourage extemporaneous speaking.

"Yes," said the sweet young girl, "my brother at college sings first base on the foot ball team, I believe." — *Cardinal.*

Prof. in Law — "Mr. Blank, what are the preliminaries in marriage?"

Blank — "Getting a girl and procuring a license." — *Transcript.*

It is said that Vassar girls are so modest they will not work upon improper fractions.

Iowa College undergraduates have published a book of verse.

The senior class of the University of Minnesota will graduate in cap and gown.

One thousand dollars has been contributed by the class of '88 of Brown University, to be used as a library fund.

Williams College has its library open on Sunday.

The girls of the University of Chicago want a running track in their gymnasium.

Cornelius Vanderbilt is building a dormitory at Yale in memory of his son who died there last year. It will cost \$500,000, and will provide accommodations for 130 students.

HIAWATHA UP TO DATE.

Thus departed Hiawatha
To the land of the Dakotas,
To the land of handsome women;
And in ninety days returning,
A divorcelet he brought with him,
To his wife he gave the hu ha,
Sent her back unto her ma ma,
In the outskirts of Chicago. — *Ex.*

Teacher — "How is the world divided?"

Small Boy — "Between them that's got it and them that wants it." — *Ex.*

Although the foot ball team was supposed to be in strict training, one man was full every game. — *Cardinal.*

Three hours systematic gymnasium practice counts one hour in the course at Iowa University.

Why urge so many girls to take a college training? To make them nobler, more interesting women; to make them more pleasant and agreeable company for themselves and for others; fuller of resources for a life alone or domestic life with an intelligent apprehension of events; so make them purer and better fitted to exercise an ennobling influence over others; to inspire them to be on the side of everything good and beautiful; to make them true, sincere, and sympathetic, and to make them conscientious. — *Thielensian.*

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SOUTH BOUND.

Miles	Central Time.	2	28	38	4	8
0	Cleveland.....Lv.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
5	Euclid Avenue.....	8.52	8.14	1.12	3.40
9	Newburg.....	9.04	8.29	1.27	3.53
26	Hudson.....	9.40	9.13	2.05	4.35
34	Cuyahoga Falls.....	9.55	9.30	2.20	4.50
39	Akron.....(Ar.)	10.09	9.40	2.30	5.00
46	Barberton.....(Lv.)	10.37	10.45	2.35	5.05
53	Warwick.....	10.22	10.01	2.55	5.21
63	Orville.....	10.36	10.16	3.07	5.38
81	Holmesville.....(Ar.)	10.53	10.35	3.30	5.55
87	Millersburg.....(Lv.)	10.58	10.42	3.37	5.58
93	Killbuck.....	11.35	11.27	4.20	6.32
107	Brink Haven.....	11.48	11.40	4.33	6.41
111	Danville.....	12.16	12.10	4.58	6.59
120	Gambier.....	12.22	12.45	5.00	10
126	Mt. Vernon.....(Ar.)	12.40	12.50	5.40	A. M.
133	Mt. Liberty.....(Lv.)	1.00	1.00	6.00	6.30
139	Centerburg.....	1.25	1.28	6.19	6.53
149	Sunbury.....	1.25	1.28	6.39	7.02
158	Westerville.....	1.40	1.43	7.24	7.34
170	Columbus.....Ar.	2.15	2.30	7.40	7.40
	Cincinnati.....	6.00	7.15	V. M.	A. M.	P. M.

NORTH BOUND.

Miles	Central Time.	3	27	35	9	7
0	Columbus.....Lv.	Noon	N. H.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
12	Westerville.....	12.10	12.05	1.45	12.30	1.45
21	Sunbury.....	12.30	12.30	1.09	12.57	1.49
31	Centerburg.....	12.57	1.09	1.45	1.40	1.50
36	Mt. Liberty.....	1.19	1.19	1.55	1.50	1.50
44	Mt. Vernon.....(Ar.)	1.17	1.37	2.10	2.15	2.10
50	Gambier.....(Lv.)	1.22	1.47	2.15	Ar.	2.15
59	Danville.....	1.32	1.59	2.26	2.32
63	Brink Haven.....	1.42	2.17	2.42	2.42
77	Killbuck.....	2.18	2.30	2.51	2.51
83	Millersburg.....	2.31	3.17	3.38	3.38
89	Holmesville.....	2.37	3.27	3.48	5
107	Orville.....(Ar.)	3.05	4.05	4.25	A. M.
117	Warwick.....(Lv.)	3.12	4.15	4.38	7.15
124	Barberton.....	3.33	4.37	4.51	7.34
131	Akron.....	3.44	4.52	5.08	7.52
136	Cuyahoga Falls.....(Ar.)	3.57	5.10	5.25	8.09
144	Hudson.....(Lv.)	4.02	5.20	5.30	8.14
161	Newburg.....	4.27	5.30	5.55	8.45
165	Euclid Avenue.....	4.50	5.30	6.00	9.20	P. M.
170	Cleveland.....Ar.	5.10	5.40	6.10	9.30	Ar.

138	114	Miles	Dresden Branch.	135	113
P. M.	A. M.			A. M.	P. M.
4.20	7.40	0	Lv. ... Millersburg.....Ar.	8.38	7.15
4.45	4.30	0	" ... Killbuck.....	8.10	4.30
5.10	5.15	10	" ... Blufffield.....	7.40	5.10
5.28	5.00	18	" ... Warsaw.....	7.28	5.00
5.52	5.09	27	" ... Cooperdale.....	7.09	5.09
6.00	7.28	29	" ... Wakatomika.....	7.03	7.28
6.10	7.38	33	Ar. ... Trinway.....	6.50	7.38
7.25	7.35	50	Ar. ... Zanesville.....	7.40	7.35
P. M.	A. M.			A. M.	P. M.

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