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The Kenyon Collegian.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF KENYON COLLEGE.

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No. 3.

Editorial.

THE wearing of the cap and gown by the Senior class is one of the prettiest and most venerable customs of college life at Kenyon. Sanctioned by time and fitness, this practice has been fondly observed for many years, and until very recently the gowned Senior directing his stately paces along the "path" was a character quite in keeping with the fresh coming of birds and flowers. The quiet seclusion of the college in the woods, and its academic atmosphere, together with the formal tone inseparable from the Church and her institutions, have tended to foster a usage so becoming. It can not but be a matter of regret then, that this custom is being so carelessly observed of late, and at a time, too, when so many other colleges are just beginning to adopt it. With propriety and environment in its favor, the custom ought to be more carefully observed here, and the present Senior class, who have been especially lax in this matter, will have to look to their laurels if they would preserve their fair fame. We are usually jealous of our customs and shall not allow this one to die out; but we fear that succeeding classes will be persuaded with some difficulty to keep it up, unless a more potent example is set now.

OF THE more prominent events which make up the social life of the college, none is prettier and looked forward to with greater pleasure than the Junior Promenade. As the only event of the Easter term, especially conspicuous against the subdued background of the Lenten season, its annual recurrence never fails to leave many pleasant impressions. Since the origin of this custom, each year has seen the Junior class—guided by a very natural, and to a certain degree, a very commendable instinct—strive to outdo the preparations of the preceding class, and, accordingly, each year has recorded an added feature and charm to an event already brilliant. Now, this result, desirable as it undoubtedly is, has not been achieved without some objectionable conditions. Judging from the past, the dance becomes more expensive each year, and though the total cost of giving it does not reveal any alarming figures yet, the expense to the individual members of the class, has, nevertheless, become quite burdensome. And it is the individual expense—necessarily large when classes are small, which is felt and which is open to objection.

Not long ago the members of a Junior class were called upon to meet an assessment of twenty-five dollars, the cost incurred by them in giving the Promenade. So far as learned nobody objected to this assessment, and all paid it willingly. In this very fact lies the danger. Class spirit, in cases like this, all forcible in its appeal, has a tendency at times to become tyrannous by stifling opposition to its voice, and the individual glowing with the *esprit de corps* is only too likely to follow the unthinking crowd. In this instance, though it were heresy to speak above a whisper, it would have been a pertinent question as to whether youthful generosity had not parted company with the silken string of moderation. We can not afford to lose a custom so beautiful as this, but just as truly can we not afford to abuse it.

Realizing that the average student is essentially a conservative and not always most kindly disposed to changes, we have made some investigation as to the way in which the expense of the Promenade is met in other colleges. Accordingly, it is found that at Princeton, Amherst, Williams, University of Michigan, University of Wisconsin, and nearer home, at Western Reserve, invitations are sold. At the University of Michigan, for example, we learn that the "Junior Hop" was conducted at a cost of \$1,400, which was covered by the sale of tickets at \$6 each.

That such is the custom at the institutions mentioned is not of itself a good reason for introducing it here, but the fact is, nevertheless, worthy of notice. As an improvement on the plan operative here now, for this custom can easily be adjusted to meet our requirements, it is entitled to serious consideration. It is fairer than the present plan, since it happens not infrequently that men are not able to enjoy the occasion sufficiently to warrant the outlay demanded. For after all is said about the meanness of a soul which expends for self interest only, the momentary glory of sharing the class prestige is not an adequate recompense for those so unfortunate as not to dance.

Almost everyone, however, insists on sharing the class glory at whatever cost; and, therefore, the new plan with its diminished expense would make it more conveniently possible for every man in the class to attend, at least, his own dance, while those who were so disposed could attend every dance throughout the course at no greater expense than they are under at present. The plan proposed would also more satisfactorily and more justly meet the question of ways and means, which for each one must have a peculiar significance—a fact strangely overlooked at times. As the objections raised against the methods of conducting the Promenade can be urged equally against the management of the Senior Reception, the changes proposed can be applied in the latter case also.

As the college year draws to its close, it will not be amiss to comment briefly on the student life of the past term. To begin with, a wholesome tendency to divide up college honors and offices becomes noticeable, and it is more generally recognized that it is a mistake to thrust a great many responsibilities upon a single individual. As the enrollment of the college increases, it is to be hoped that this tendency will be developed more and more, and that the principle of special fitness will be strictly applied in selecting men for the various offices. No other principle is right, and in no other way are the best results to be achieved.

As usual, in the spring term, the Literary Societies, after one or two spasmodic attempts at existence, adjourned indefinitely. From the history of the past four or five years, this action, or want of action, may not be the calamity it seems, yet this record is poor at best, and one of

which we can not feel proud. The Literary Societies will offer a large and profitable field of work for one or two choice spirits next term. Who will undertake it? The Faculty ruling, according to which membership in the societies is not to be compulsory, gives to the societies ample scope for legislation. The "deadwood element" must be eliminated, and those who are left must show their interest in the societies by real work, while the officers of the societies must bear in mind, next fall, that everything depends upon the start. The willingness with which members of the Joint Debate were exempted from equivalent work in the course, is assurance that honest work in this department will be recognized by the Faculty.

Turning next to our Athletics we find, among many conflicting circumstances, one good and sufficient cause for our poor showing in base ball thus far. We have met no team this year but what represented a college of a much larger enrollment than our own. At the beginning of the season we were hopeful, and for a time our prospects seemed unusually bright. Nothing is easier, and, alas! more popular than to criticise a losing team — at least one would think so to hear persons not at all qualified comment without hesitation upon plays and players. Let those who question the expediency of having certain men on the team, remember that we have not ninety or even twenty candidates to choose from, and further, that those on the team are not there because they are expert ball players, but because of the limited number of men in college who can play ball at all, these are the best. It is by no means disgraceful for an unassuming team like ours to be defeated by that of the University of Michigan, for example; indeed, it almost seems unreasonable to expect any other result. It will be remembered that three years ago, when a college near by applied for membership in the O. I. A. A., the objection was raised that the athletics of the college in question, were far in advance of those of the colleges in the Association at the time, and that, therefore, she ought to be barred out. Happily that result was avoided by those wise enough to look into the future. The competition of the new and stronger rival was all that was needed to give our athletics the impetus required for the improvement of the past year or two. This season we were in about the same position — we have played against large and strong organizations, and have been defeated;

but judging from our past record, it is a mistake to say that nothing has been gained.

One or two criticisms, however, may be justly urged. In the first place, the team has suffered from lack of earnest and judicious practice—mainly through antiquated methods of practice. Kenyon teams have become proverbially weak at batting, and this year's team is no exception. It certainly does seem that the methods of practice used this season have been anything but useful for promoting the batting efficiency of the team, while the base running—for the same reason—has been correspondingly weak. Again, there has been a tendency to experiment in match games, and some men have changed their positions too often to play any one position well. So long as we have so little material, we must even up matters by developing what we have to the utmost, and this is to be done in but one way—by practice. And that is the best practice, we have repeatedly found, which reveals the weakness rather than the supposed strength of the team.

In this connection the COLLEGIAN would urge an improvement. It should be the duty of somebody officially connected with our teams—preferably the *official scorer*—to telegraph all games played away from home. Heretofore, failure to receive a telegram, has been sufficient evidence that we were defeated, but this is not enough. The official score, however bad it may be, should be sent to some member of the Executive Committee. This is a courtesy due to the supporters of the team.

Intimately connected with the Athletic Association and its interests, the Lecture Course Committee deserves more than passing remark. Whatever may be averred of the ordinary lecture course given here, against that of the present year, severe complaint can not be justly urged. In the past the aim to make money has been too prominent, and the lecture courses have accordingly been of inferior character. This year the effort to offer primarily a good course of entertainments has marked some improvement, while the financial outcome has also been good. The lectures were not of an uninteresting character, nor did the monotony of sameness once appear, to detract from the general excellence of the course.

Desdemona and Othello.

A. J. WILDER, BEXLEY.

EXTREMES always meet." Nowhere in literature has this proverb been more completely fulfilled than in Shakespeare's union of Desdemona and the Moor.

To many minds this union is a problem hard to solve. The condescension of Desdemona is too great to fit what seems to be the ordinary and commonplace of life. But nothing in life is ordinary and common. Could we but get a "peep behind the scenes" and see in its realness that which we call ordinary and observe its true relations, we would be startled beyond measure, and find, indeed, life to be more extraordinary than its pictures; reality more complex than ideality; "truth stranger than fiction." Especially would we find this so in the vital centre of all life—in the home. Nowhere, if search be truly made, can you find any pair of mortals where the problem suggested by this play of "The Moor" is not in some measure restated.

Shakespeare has taken two extremely divergent characters, and yet he has followed the rule, rather than the exception, in bringing together these contrary natures.

Let us follow a little further. The rule in the passion of life is not "that birds of a feather flock together;" the opposite rather is true. Natures diverse have a peculiar attraction for each other. The very feeling of the lack of qualities in the one is supplied by the superabundant strength of those qualities in the other. If this were not so the evolution of character in man would cease, and retrogression would be the law.

Frequently it is said that "Love is blind;" on the contrary, true love is never blind; rather it is sight intensified. The cry may be raised, "it is the imagination that illudes;" but Professor Tyndall has taught a scientific use of the imagination. If, then, imagination can arouse, stimulate and quicken us to a more careful collection and a more penetrating inspection of facts, why cry "distrust" against this faculty when it rouses the soul to flash its search light upon its object through the lense of love. We always see *the man* when his imagination has been touched and his heart moved; then and then only is the man's true self

revealed. That flash was from his soul and in its light the soul is read. That which has the power to reveal has, likewise, the power to discover. Hence it were better to say that love sees in others what otherwise were unseen, nay unknown.

Love creates not self-sufficiency, but rather self-criticism, and usually finds itself deficient in that very force of character which has proved to be the magnetism that has called it into being. In this way only can the power of Othello's attraction for Desdemona be explained. What could a creature such as she find to fascinate her in the Moor? The whole play propounds this question. The explanation lies in her own deficiency. While her character is pure, noble, and sublime, it lacks something. It lacks power, energy, force. It appeals to our tenderness, to our sympathy, but it fails to stimulate to action, to resolve; neither does it quicken the pulse nor excite to emulation in deeds. "Like begets like," and what she fails to arouse, she fails to possess. Desdemona thus lacks most what, without doubt, we shall find fully developed in Othello.

Here is a man who has risen by bravery in action; he has been the magnetic force which has stimulated men in the field, and turned the tide of victory. Trained by circumstances to realize that this power is his only fortune, he has ever guarded it, stimulated it, and sought adventure for the growth it brought. Certainly, when he visits Brabantio, Othello's strong nature manifests itself. There he tells his adventures; his blood warms again as his imagination pictures details and represents his adventures. We cannot describe the impression of such story telling; we only know its power when in its presence. It thrills our nerves; it places us in the adventurer's place; we are no longer hearing a story; we are living in a reality; we feel ourselves one with the narrator.

Sympathy is the key to all appreciation. Desdemona was a woman of sympathetic nature. She sat at Othello's feet and listened with rapt attention to his vivid stories of action, of escape, and death. Her soul is quickened; pictures are painted on its texture, and the central figure in all is Othello. Her "awakening" has taken place, and the dawning light has revealed a hero to her mind, who, seen in the clearer light of day, becomes victor of her heart.

Desdemona has been animated. She has felt the vacuum in her character for a time supplied. The Moor absents himself, the emptiness

is again felt, and in its void she reads her own poverty. There comes a yearning for fulness in her nature. She has found a well from which to draw. Why not sit at the fountain always and be forever satisfied? How great a bridge do we suppose necessary to span the chasm between such feelings and passion? Permit the imagination to supply the answer; the intuition of our nature can divine the shortness of the distance, and, perhaps, with some, experience will answer it knows not where the one ends or the other begins.

Shakespeare's strange union of these characters is the teaching of truth. Could we but open our blind eyes, we might see wonders more to be wondered at than this uniting of two contrary dispositions, but above all, we would at least learn that hearts are united by their opposite qualities, and that in their very diversity is to be found the secret of all true marriages in love's problematic world.

The *two* shall be *one* is the edict. Does this mean anything, if it merely takes two likes and unites them? It rather means that nature has never repeated herself; that most persons are only a half or part—hence “the worse or better half”—of the ideal character, and that somewhere in this great world the remainder is to be found. It is probably the frequent junction of the wrong halves which suggests that the marriage of Desdemona with Othello is an anomaly. Because things are not exactly what they should be the *right* sometimes startles us.

As reason demands unity and complete comprehension in unity for its satisfaction, so the moral qualities and affections require completeness to secure perfect enjoyment. In so far as character lacks in, so far its enjoyment falls short. These “lacks” equal the unhappiness in each life, hence happiness can only be found in proportion as the voids are filled. In this work the home has its province, and herein is the utility of love.

“The course of true love never did run smooth.” This adage was assuredly true of Desdemona's and Othello's love. The poet did not forget that great difficulties always beset strong natures, from the very fact that they are quickly incensed by seeming suspicious acts in the object of their passion. Neither did he overlook the outcome of a temperament, so strong in the knowledge of its own purity and integrity, and whose only argument with jealousy could be “Whom seek ye,” and could only answer, “I am she.”

Desdemona and Othello were both true to each other. From the machinations of Iago the latter was led into crime and to death. But with his last words he admits his error, yet in the same breath reiterates his passion—"One who loved not wisely but too well." These words are equally applicable to his wife, for she, when Othello commands that she "think on her sins," breathes from her broken heart the reply, "they are loves I bear you."

As to the future outcome of such love, after so sad an earthly end, it is for us to remember "That now abideth Faith, Hope and Love, the greatest of these is Love."

"Love *never* faileth."

The Defense of Antigone.

(From the Greek of Sophokles.)

C. C. WRIGHT, '96.

BECAUSE to me great Zeus did not bear this decree,
 Nor Justice, dwelling with the gods beneath the earth,
 Lay down for men such laws as these which thou hast made;
 Nor thought I thy decree of power or strength so great,
 That, tho' a mortal, thou couldst abrogate the laws
 Divine, immutable tho' written not with hands,
 For these are not the creatures of yesterday;
 But no man knows the time whence they began t'exist;
 Yet I would not, through fear of man's will, from the gods
 Receive the penalty of impious deeds. I knew
 That I must die; and yet, why should I not know that?
 E'en tho' I had not heard thy mandate. If I should die
 Before my time, I'll count it gain instead of loss;
 For he who lives in such a wretched state as I;—
 Is not death, premature, a blessed boon to him?
 And so to me to meet my fate would not be pain;
 But had I left my brother's corpse with rites unpaid,
 For that, indeed, I would have felt remorseful pain;
 And if I seem to thee one doing foolish deeds,
 Perchance I bear the charge of folly from a fool.

The Reveille.

L. A. SANFORD, '95.

THREE different times during the past two years have articles appeared in the COLLEGIAN on this subject of the *Reveille*, and no doubt the worthy subscriber did not take a great deal of pleasure in discovering from this article's title that another is to be inflicted upon him. We make the plea, however, that the annual is a comparatively new thing to the present generation of Kenyon men, and that, as such, it has given rise to enough speculation among alumni and students to justify a few words in regard to it.

The first of the above mentioned articles simply told the history of our annual, pointed with pride to the fact that Kenyon was the third college in the United States to publish such a book (at that time, however, but a small sheet of four pages), and closed with an exhortation that the publication, which we had supported so long and so well, be revived. The second was written at the time when ninety-four first undertook the task of awakening the *Reveille* from its long sleep, and the third was an exhortation to the student body to assist them in their work.

It is in regard to this last, especially that we wish to speak. We all know that the *Reveille* of last year was an experiment, and we are pleased to congratulate its editors that it was a successful one. But some of our readers may be surprised to learn that the ninety five annual is somewhat on the experimental order, too. It is true that we have had the experience of our Board of Editors to help us, but then we have tried to improve on their work and to branch out and make a few changes from the usual order of Kenyon annuals, and in this we have met with much difficulty. Along with the great mass of humanity, we feel that we are entitled to cry "hard times," for they have certainly played havoc with some of our most cherished plans.

So far as literary contributions and other assistance from the students are concerned, we are pleased to note that ninety-five has received more than any other class, though there are still many men in college, who have real talent in that line, but who have made no exertion toward improving the annual. To those who have assisted us we extend our

most cordial thanks, and to the others, the hope that their talent will help to grace the annual of ninety-six and its successors.

While this number of the COLLEGIAN is still in press, the *Reveille* will appear. We do not say that it will be a success in itself—we must leave that to the reader's judgement; but we earnestly hope that the student body, as well as the alumni, will do all in their power to make it a financial success. It is a most curious and (for I can think of no better word) a most disgraceful fact, that last year just thirty-three dollars were received from the sale of *Reveilles* among the students. It is not right that Kenyon, who boasts so much and—in most cases, so justly—of her college spirit and enterprise, should be found so sadly wanting in the support of her annual. It is very trying for the Board of Editors to go to the necessary expense and publish the *Reveille*, not knowing whether or not it can depend upon the support of the college.

We flatter ourselves that we have done very well in the way of advertisements, but it yet remains with the students to decide whether or not our book is to be a financial success. Every true Kenyon man should, at the very least, buy one copy of the *Reveille*, and only by each one's doing his share can our annual be supported. By insuring the financial success of ninety-five's annual, then, let us prove to next year's board that, in all the advancements which we hope and do not doubt, they will be enabled to make over our present *Reveille*, they may be sure of the cordial support of every man in old Kenyon.

On the Levee.

ALF. O'MEGA, '96.

SLEGGISHLY flows the river gray,
Under the leaden sky,
The tall ships grandly glide away—
And a wharfman is singing his song near by:
"Yo heave ho—
Yo he-e-e-e-ave ho—
Dey's always a rest when work am done!
After de rain storm come' de bright sun!—
Yo heave ho-o-o-o!"

And the pale young scribe, with the weary looks,
Out from his lair mid the dusty books,
Stands longing there, in the misty rain —
That his heart might echo that song again ;

"Yo heave ho —
Yo he-e-e-e-ave ho —
Dey's always de gladness after de pain,
De sunshine follow' de drizzling rain —
Yo heave ho-o-o-o!"

The Soprano's Story.

BY WILLIAM FOLEY.

HOW WELL I remember that day — the day of my last singing lesson, my dear. Yet it was long ago. I am older now than she was then, and yet she was every day of forty. I was nineteen, but I remember it all as well as if it had been yesterday. How plain it appears to me — the little room half-lighted for the coming night, the queer little windows, the old black walnut window seat with its side boards to keep you from falling out. And then Miss Ha — but no, we will call her Miss Soprano; perhaps I am doing wrong in speaking about her, even now and to you alone, my dear niece."

Aunt Betty stopped, sighed deeply, and looked carefully around the room; then she continued the story of her singing teacher, and I thought I saw a slight shudder pass over her slender frame.

"How it comes back, that fearful night. I seem to see again that blinding storm of sleet, to hear again the screeching and wailing of the gale as it blew about the old house. My lesson had been over a full half hour, and while I waited for the carriage, Miss Soprano sat listlessly playing on her old fashioned square piano. At first her music was only sad, but soon there came over it a touch of weirdness; minor after minor, queer, odd, fantastic chords struck my ear. Her music continued, even more strange, more uncanny, keeping wild accompaniment to the screaming of the wind outside, until, forgetful of everything and worn out by her transport, Miss Soprano's head fell into her hands on the key-board; and as the discord sounded, I saw that she was weeping.

"I went up to her and put my arm softly about her neck, when, to my surprise, her whole manner changed. As if overcome with anger, she dashed me aside, darted over to the window seat, and fell exhausted into the cushions, crying out: 'Leave me alone; leave me alone.' What did I do, my dear? What could I do? I left her alone, my child; and when, a few moments later, the carriage came, I was glad to have the opportunity to go away.

"When the time came for my next lesson, I was surprised to receive a note from Miss Soprano, telling me that she was going away for a short time, and asking me to resume my lessons on her return. Finally, after two or three weeks, a note, written in a strange hand, came to me. When I opened it, I found that it was written by the lady with whom Miss Soprano was living while on her vacation. I was distressed to learn that she was very sick, and had begged the writer to send for me. Of course, my dear, I packed up my little trunk and started at once, for Miss Soprano was very dear to me, and she had taken a great interest in me all my life.

"When I reached the little town of Preston, I found the writer of the note waiting for me, and was quickly driven over to the little home where Miss Soprano was lying ill. I found her much worse than I expected. How well I remember that sweet face as it lay among the white pillows of the old fashioned bed. How well I remember my heart-sick feeling as I saw the hectic flush rise higher on her wan cheek, and the thin hand extended to welcome me, as I entered the little room.

"The next day, my dear, Miss Soprano asked to see me alone. It was then that she told me her story, but it was not until later that I realized the cause of her interest in me, and her reason for telling me her extraordinary history.

"'Bessie,' said Miss Soprano to me, 'I am sorry I frightened you that last day at your singing lesson. I am sorry I acted so strangely and rudely to you, but, Bessie, nobody knew how much I was thinking at that moment; nobody knew the host of unwelcome memories that the half-lit room, the shrieking and howling of wind brought back to me. I am going to tell you, because you are dear to me, because you are sympathetic, and because for years my heart has been overlaid with these thoughts, and I must lighten it.

"'Bessie,' she said, 'twenty years ago I was the soprano in the First Church in Trentonville. I was not pretty, but I was sincere and true to my friends, which I fear is becoming a rare virtue. I had one friend in particular, but I shall not mention his name. He sang the tenor in our quartette, and I learned to love him much, and he loved me, until the new alto came.

"The first night she came, I dreamed a curious dream. In my sleeping fancies came a sweet fairy, who told me that, would I keep my lover, I must do it through my voice, who whispered sweet thoughts to my mind, and made life seem bright and hopeful. And then when she left me there came another, all dressed in black — black! but I tremble as I think of her. This one sat on the edge of my bed, and, looking at me with her yellow eyes, she told me that she was the fairy of insincerity, and that she hated me and would thwart the sweet fairy. Then she too vanished from my thoughts; but as her distorted shape disappeared, I saw perched on her shoulder a black cat, whose fiery eyes shot sparks of burning hate at me.

"Then I awoke, Bessie. That dream made a peculiar impression on me, and for a time was continually before my mind. But after that I sang as I never sang before. I sang to him at my side; perhaps I did wrong in that. Had I sung with all my heart to Him above, my life would not have been so dark. At that time, though, my life was my lover, and my religion my love.

"I could see that the new alto was attracted by my lover. I could see her use that mincing manner, that peculiar glance of the eye, that slight careless touch of the hand which a woman reserves to attract a man's thought and notice. With what pleasure I saw her efforts spent in vain, and I sang merrily, happily on, confident of my love and my lover.

"One Sunday, a little later, the tenor and I were to sing a duet. I remember too well how proud I felt as, standing there by his side, I took the first two notes alone; how sweet seemed life as his voice gladly joined mine and together rose among the beams of the arched roof. In a like harmony of life I saw our future. When we began the second verse, I felt a tickling in my throat; then I felt the cough coming which I could not repress. How well, too, I remember the look of chilling annoyance which he gave me as I tried to smother back the pressing coughs.

"That was the first time, but far from the last. My voice became less strong, and I was often seized with racking bursts of coughing. I could not fail to see that each time I did not sing well the alto bore a look of ill-concealed satisfaction, nor could I fail to see that each cough, each false or weak note carried me further from my lover. It was then that my dream came back to me, and I remembered the warning of the sincere fairy and the boast of the black one. Then it was that I recognized the black cat of my dream, and realized that those hating eyes lived in reality. They were the eyes of the alto.

"One night at choir practice, a fierce storm of sleet and wind came suddenly upon us. After we had finished our music, and were waiting for the storm to lessen, I sat down at the organ and started to play a peculiar minor air, which I had picked up somewhere, and which seemed to suit perfectly the storm of elements outside. Bessie, as I sat there, I looked into the mirror above my head. I saw the man I loved talking to the woman who hated me. I saw her carelessly brush her hand against his; I saw the peculiar light spring into his eyes as he clasped that hand in both of his. I saw him whisper in her ear. I saw the look of satisfied victory in her eyes—the eyes of the black cat.

"When, toward morn, I fell into a troubled sleep, another dream came to me. It seemed to me that a weight lay upon my breast. I thought I opened my eyes, and there upon my breast lay the black cat, sucking my very life, while with her human claws she tore my heart shred from shred, chord from tendon. Again I recognized it; the black cat of my dreams and the alto of my day-life were the same. I saw again that un pitying glance of victory. With a cry of fear I awoke to find myself breathing with difficulty. When my friends came to see me, they found me a very sick woman; for weeks I hung between life and death. When finally I left my bed, my voice had nearly left me, leaving but a poor travesty on my former power. It was then, too, that I heard my friends gossiping about the marriage of the tenor and the alto.

"So, Bessie, you will understand why the sleet and wind and my thoughtless playing of that same minor air brought back memories which I could not restrain."

"My dear niece," continued Aunt Betty, "I shall never forget that week I spent at her bedside; but there was yet a crowning surprise des-

tined to fall to my share. I did not leave Miss Soprano, for her cough grew worse day by day, and the hectic flush mounted higher on her wan cheek.

"Just a week from the day I left home, my mother came down to Preston to see me, fearing lest I was overtaxing my strength. That day Miss Soprano was much weaker and I could not go to meet mother at the train. I heard the train come in, and knew that mother would soon reach the little house. Miss Soprano was coughing very hard, and I sat at her bedside doing what I could to help her.

"Suddenly her eyes grew fixed and hard, then, with a cry of fear, she fell lower among the pillows. I felt that the end had come, and as I bent to kiss her a last good-bye, I heard her lips tremblingly murmur, 'The black cat.' The end had come; a true heart, a sincere nature had left this world.

"I turned to call for aid; in the door-way behind me stood my mother."

Wanted to Fill — A Vacancy on the Board.

ALF. O'MEGA, '96.

HE was an acquisition, was our new associate editor, although his fair young face bore even to the last the marks of guileless Freshmanhood, and now — alas! for the gnawing tooth of time — he is gone from us — gone, let us hope, to that other sphere where all good associate editors go, where COLLEGIAN work counts on daily grades, where the office goat grows fat and sleek upon hosts of contributions, "rejected for lack of space," and where everybody is Editor-in-Chief.

Well do we remember the first time he called upon us. Without it was black night, and the rain fell in torrents, as his timid knock sounded upon the door. The Board, alive to the possibility of its being some new subscriber, hastily struggled into its coat and cuffs, the Business Department almost swallowed its pipe in the confusion, and the Editorial Voice said, slowly and majestically: "Come in."

He did come in, and, deferentially addressing us, drew from the folds of his mackintosh a manuscript, which he placed upon the table. "I have here a c-c-c-contribution," said he, and waited.

The Editor-in-Chief picked up the roll of paper, and, unfolding it, slowly read the title, "A New View of Bonaparte"; then, as he read, his face grew darker, and, looking up, he spoke laconically:

"Hominywords?"

"Fifteen thousand, sir," said the young man, and he added meekly, "but it could be enlarged, if necessary!"

"Ah! could it?" said the Editor-in-Chief, musingly, as he stepped to the Manuscript Eater's cage, and thrust the roll of paper between the bars.

Nothing now disturbed the silence of the room save the "snip, snip" of the Exchange Editor's scissors and the splashing of the young man's tears upon the dusty floor.

"Ha!" said the Business Department suddenly, "WE HAVE A SCHEME!" and they and the Editor-in-Chief retired to a corner of the room.

At last the Editorial Voice spoke, and, addressing the wilted heap of freshmanity before it, said solemnly, pointing to a corner of the room: "Do you know what that is?"

"Yes," said the young man, "a broom."

"Good," cried the Board eagerly in chorus.

"Then we will take you in," said the Editorial Voice. "Let the initiation proceed."

The young man was given the broom, and used it well — for a new man on the staff. All that night he worked and delved in the dust shaken off the feet of discontented advertisers, while the Board labored at its own allotted tasks; and when the meeting adjourned to chapel, he meekly followed the rest — a grimy, dusty figure, with blistered hands, but on his face was the smile of those who see What Others Do Not See, and who aspire to scale the Ladder of Literary Fame.

Ten months he stayed with us, and for ten months he labored faithfully and well. Upon his tombstone no hand has graven "Dante" or "Shakespeare" (his name was Brown), but still he may rest at peace, secure in the consciousness that he was faithful to his charge, and that during his earthly life he got the paper free of charge. Upon the title page of some of our issues, moreover, his name is down as a member of the Board, and some day these will be bound and placed in the Library.

And what are the perishable laurels of earth to this?

One word more. His place at our Board and in our bosoms is yet unfilled. Let us hope, as our Collection Department claims (they are versed in metaphysics), that by some subtle metamorphosis, the gentle soul that once was his shall not have dematerialized; but shall rather have changed its abode to the living frame of some other of his species, who will come to us, some night, as he did, out of the Darkness into the Light.

For the nonce, the dust lies thick upon shelf and floor and table. The Manuscript Eater groans the hollow groan of utter starvation, and our ink fails us even as we write. The Business Department has grown haggard and pale, and the rest of the Board have an aching void beneath their note books. We sit in sadness now where once all was joy; but over the campus comes to us, faintly through the night, the sound of the chimes:

"He won't be long —
Ding-dong, ding-dong!"

Commencement Program.

JUNE 24 — JUNE 28.

June 24 — Sunday	Baccalaureate Sermon, by Dr. C. L. Bates.	7 P. M.
June 25 — Monday, Kenyon Day	Tennis Tournament	10 A. M.
	Field Athletics	2 P. M.
	Promenade Concert	8 P. M.
June 26 — Tuesday	Athletics at Kenyon Military Academy	
	Meeting of Trustees	2 P. M.
	K. M. A. Dance	8 A. M.
June 27 — Wednesday	Phi Beta Kappa Meeting	9 A. M.
	Foley Prize Orations	7:30 P. M.
	Fraternity Banquets	10 P. M.
June 28 — Thursday	Commencement Address, by Colonel J. J. McCook, '66	9 A. M.
	Senior Reception	8 P. M.

Athletics.

DEPAUW VS. KENYON.

THE DePauw base ball team played its first Ohio game of the season at Gambier on the 27th of April. Kenyon's "Jonah" about this time seemed to be particularly busy. Wolverton, our catcher, while riding a bicycle the night before the game, took a header, and his shoulder was so badly injured that he was unable to play. In the last half of the fifth Blake was carried off the field. His place in right field was filled first by Kennedy and then by Henderson, neither of whom had practiced in this position. Myers pitched under the disadvantage of having a strange catcher. The errors on both sides were frequent and showed lack of practice. The game looked quite favorable for Kenyon up to the seventh inning, when a wild throw by the right fielder let in three runs. This gave DePauw a lead too great to be overcome by the home team. Byard made the star play of the game in a long run and phenomenal catch of a high foul fly. Burnett and Byard for Kenyon, and Whitcomb and Hankins for DePauw, carried off the batting honors.

The score is as follows:

DEPAUW.	A.	B.	R.	1B.	S.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Meade, 3b.....	5	2	1	0	1	1	1	1		
Whitcomb, rf.....	5	1	3	0	1	1	3			
Hankins, lf.....	5	1	4	0	0	0	1			
Haskell, 1b.....	5	1	1	0	14	0	0			
Phillips, p.....	5	0	0	0	1	0	1			
Bearss, c.....	5	1	1	0	7	1	1			
Basve, cf.....	5	1	2	0	1	0	1			
Kibbie, 2b.....	3	0	1	0	2	3	1			
Woods, ss.....	4	1	0	0	0	5	0			
Totals.....	8	13	0	27	11	9				

KENYON.	A.	B.	R.	1B.	S.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Burnett, lf.....	5	1	2	0	1	0	0			
Blake, rf.....	3	0	0	2	0	0	0			
Kennedy, rf.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	2			
Henders'n, rf.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	1			
Byard, 3b.....	4	2	3	0	5	0	0			
Walkley, 2b.....	5	1	1	0	7	3	2			
Kunst, 1b.....	5	0	1	0	13	2	2			
Beck, cf.....	3	2	0	0	2	0	0			
Myers, p.....	4	0	0	0	1	6	1			
Follett, ss.....	4	0	0	0	0	2	1			
Newton, cf.....	3	0	1	0	2	0	0			
Totals.....	6	8	2	27	13	9				

DePauw.....	0	0	0	2	0	0	5	1	0	8
Kenyon.....	0	1	1	0	0	1	1	0	2	6

Two-base hits—Bearss and Kunst. Stolen bases—DePauw 2, Kenyon 5. Double plays—Kenyon 2. Base on balls—By Phillips 4, by Myers 1. Hit by pitched ball—Phillips 1, Myers 1. Struck out—By Phillips 4, by Myers 1.

We quote from the account of the same game, which appeared in the *DePauw Weekly*: "In passing we must speak of Kenyon and the Kenyon boys. A more beautiful place and a finer lot of young men you would seldom see. Every man in the crowd showed himself a gentleman. There was not a particle of guying. The good plays of the visitors were greeted with applause. We were royally entertained after the game, and we will long cherish pleasant memories of our visit to old Kenyon."

U. OF M. VS. KENYON.

The team, after a somewhat tedious trip, arrived at Ann Arbor at noon, on the 9th of May, just in time to snatch a hasty meal and retire to their dressing, before going into the field. The U. of M. team showed a wonderful improvement since their game at Kenyon, and put up a game that would have done credit to many a league team. Kenyon, on the other hand, was considerably weakened by Wolverton's partial disablement, and the consequent change of positions.

Lack of space forbids a very detailed account of the game, which was clearly lost for us from the start. Wolverton, however, made a good three base hit, and Byard and Kunst did creditable work at their respective places. For Ann Arbor, Shields, Hollister and Deans were conspicuous by their reliable work.

The score stood 14 to 1 in favor of the U. of M.

ADELBERT VS. KENYON.

The last game of the "Northern Trip"—Adelbert vs. Kenyon—was played on May 11 at the Adelbert Athletic Grounds, Cleveland.

Kenyon went into the field confident—overconfident, in fact—of success. Adelbert's hard hitting was as effective as it was unexpected, and Kenyon was furthermore crippled by the presence of a new man in the pitchers' box. Henderson, whose pitching of the first five innings proved wild, was relieved by Myers for the rest of the game. The other men on the team did unusually poor work in base running. The score stood 12-7 in Adelbert's favor.

The game with Case Scientific School, which was to have been played on the 10th, was canceled, on account of trouble between the Case Faculty and the students.

KENYON VS. OTTERBEIN.

Just what the mascot was has not up to this hour been discovered; sufficient it is to say that at noon, May the 14th, there appeared in Gambier, from somewhere, a nine confident of somebody's scalp. That same evening, disappointed with the afternoon's work, they went away as silently as they came.

The weather clerk being in a happy mood, the grounds were in an excellent condition, and a large crowd was out to see our boys bat out a victory from Otterbein.

Myers pitched a good game and received good support. It was anybody's game till the last out. In the last inning, with three men on bases, Myers struck out the last man, much to the relief of the spectators.

Timely batting, together with base running, won the game. Kenyon started their run getting in the fourth inning, when Kunst ran down to first while the first and second basemen were falling over each other; two other errors and two hits netted four runs. Otterbein started off the sixth with two singles, but both players were caught on second, and their chances of run getting were suddenly stopped.

For Otterbein, Horine and Williams carried off the honors, and for Kenyon, Beck, Myers, Wolverton and Foley did the best work.

Below is the summary:

OTTERBEIN.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	KENYON.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Miller, ss.....	0	0	0	2	0	Burnett, lf....	0	0	2	0	1
Stoughton, 2b....	0	1	2	0	2	Byard, 3b.....	1	1	2	0	0
Horine, 3b.....	0	2	4	2	1	Kunst, 1b.....	2	0	5	0	0
Markley, 1b.....	0	0	9	3	2	Wolverton, c....	1	0	9	1	0
Bennett, lf.....	1	2	2	0	0	Myers, p.....	1	2	1	5	0
Robinson, c.....	1	0	4	0	0	Beck, 2b.....	2	1	6	2	0
Williams, rf.....	1	3	0	0	0	Foley, cf.....	1	2	1	0	0
Ressler, F. J., cf..	1	0	2	0	1	Follett, ss.....	0	1	1	1	2
Ressler, E., p....	1	1	1	3	0	Newton, rf.....	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	5	9	24	10	6	Totals.....	8	7	27	9	3

Otterbein.....	0	2	0	0	0	0	1	0	2-5
Kenyon.....	0	0	0	4	2	0	0	2	*-8

Two base hits—Williams, Foley. Stolen bases—Otterbein 3, Kenyon 7. Struck out—By Ressler 3, by Myers 8. Bases on balls—By Ressler 1, by Myers 3. Umpire—Barnard.

Alumni.

'47. Mr. A. W. Griffith writes from Farm Ridge, Ill., denying that the late Judge Banning Norton, '40, made a vow never to cut his hair until Henry Clay was elected President. He says, however, that Judge Norton made a vow never to shave until Henry Clay was elected, and this vow he kept to the last.

'62. Rev. George B. Pratt is doing church work in Chicago, and will be glad to welcome any Kenyon boy at 19 Bishop Court.

'64. Rev. William Hyde officiated as assistant rector of Christ Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., during the Lenten season.

'69. Mr. Eben Lane, of Chicago, is spending the year on the Continent.

'70. Geo. W. Cass took his spring outing with his brother, Jos. K. Cass, '68, at the home of the latter in the Alleghanies, where well aimed hooks whipped the streams clean of the "finny."

'70. J. Scott Wilson, of the Mid-Winter Fair City, knows a fire risk afar off, and manages the most successful insurance company on the Pacific coast.

'70. Frank Compton has been at the Chicago bar for twenty one years, and celebrates the event by a change of offices to 171 La Salle street. He holds many interesting archives of Kenyon's history as the secretary of the Alumni Association of Chicago.

'74. Rev. H. D. Waller is associate rector of St. George's Church, Flushing, Long Island.

'76. Rev. E. M. McGuffey is rector of the old colonial parish, Newtown, Long Island, which was founded in 1704 and chartered under George III. in 1761. He is also working in the advanced courses in the University of the City of New York.

'76. A. F. Burrows is running a fruit farm at Catskill, New York. He previously conducted an orange orchard in Southern California.

'78. George F. Klock, who for some years was with the Murphy Varnish Co. of Cleveland, Ohio, is now resident manager of Berry Bros., varnish makers, in Philadelphia. His address is 26 North Fourth street.

'82. Mr. Irving B. Dudley was appointed to a position in the War Department at Washington in 1883, standing first in a competitive class of fifty candidates. "After a three years' course at the Columbian Law School at Washington, he was admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia in 1885. Three years later he came to San Diego, where he devoted himself to the practice of his profession until elected to the position which he has filled during the past three and a half years. Mr. Dudley is a prominent member of the Order of Elks, and during the past year was the Exalted Grand Ruler of the local lodge of that popular and excellent organization.

"Mr. Dudley has signified his consent to become a candidate for the position of District Attorney for this county, subject to the nomination by the Republican convention. * * * We believe Mr. Dudley thoroughly competent to fill this important position, and his record as Police Judge, in which capacity he has twice represented the citizens of San Diego, is a sufficient guarantee of his ability to discharge the duties of District Attorney."

The Kenyon College Alumni Association of Chicago is preparing for its banquet the last of June. The association is kept in close touch with the interests of Kenyon, and the work now being done in her behalf between the East and West was never more promising.

The News.

THE COLLEQIAN has decided to postpone the publication of the special number, referred to in the May, issue until some time next fall. As the *Reveille*, the college annual, has now appeared, it was feared that the sale of the special number might interfere with the financial success of the former.

The Kenyon Chapter of Alpha Delta Phi attended in a body the sixty-second annual convention of that fraternity, held with the Hudson Chapter in Cleveland, May 16 and 17.

H. A. Lozier, ex-'90, W. R. Gill, ex-'91, and K. B. Conger, ex-'85, paid short visits to Gambier the past month.

J. O'F. Little, '96, and A. B. Sullivan, '97, made the trip to Ann Arbor and Cleveland in the capacity of "heelers" to the team.

Several of the Gambier clergy attended the Diocesan Convention in Cleveland, May 15, 16, and 17.

As we go to press, active preparations are being made for the minstrel show, and we hope that before the appearance of this number of the COLLEGIAN, it will have been presented.

The Lecture Course Committee regrets to announce that Rev. Scadding has found it impossible to fill his engagement, so that his interesting lecture on "Life among the Poor in the City of New York" must be omitted from the course.

Billman and Sipher, '96, Byard and Hubbard, '97, were present at the annual district reunion and banquet of the Beta Theta Pi Fraternity, held in Columbus April 27.

Harcourt girls celebrated May day in the good old way. Miss Roberta Frazer was crowned Queen of the May, and dispensed the honors of the royal state with becoming grace. Struck by the resemblance between the May pole and the barber's pole, the ceremony was skillfully repeated by a few of the students about the new pole. Mr. Karl Kunst was installed King of the May.

Prof. Benson has recovered from his late illness, to the great joy of his many friends, and is hearing his classes once more.

President Sterling returned from his eastern trip, May 5. While in New York, he attended the reunion of Hobart College, his *Alma Mater*.

Barber and Harris, '96, and Hathaway, '97, attended the national convention of the Delta Tau Delta Fraternity, held in Indianapolis, May 8, 9, and 10.

On May 17, a party of Harcourt teachers and some ladies of Gambier gave an enjoyable picnic at Lepley's, one of the pretty spots near by. Some of the college students were among the gentlemen entertained. Those gentlemen who were gallant enough not to see the pretty face in the moon, will probably be invited to the next.

The annual gymnastic exhibition of the K. M. A. was held May 2, in the gymnasium. Though but few of the cadets took part, it was a pleasing culmination to the weeks of training. The exhibition was followed by an informal dance.

Exchange.

IN the University of Alabama there are only five students who do not subscribe for the college paper. — *Ecc.*

A professional foot ball league has been formed, consisting of six clubs in the National Base Ball League. The season will extend from October 1 to December 1. It is to be regretted that the game has ceased to be exclusively an amateur one, and it remains now to be seen how the professionals stand the strain of constant playing.

The new American University at Washington has already received \$4,000,000 in donations, besides a \$500,000 site given by the city. — *Ecc.*

The University of Michigan sends out a class of 731 this year, the largest ever graduated from an American college.

Mater — I really think we had better take John from college. The corporal punishment there must be something awful.

Pater — Why, what do you mean?

Mater — Well, in the last letter he said that one of the professors had roasted him like everything; that another had actually sat all over him, and that one of the tutors cut him every morning last week. I know he must be a fearful sight after such treatment. — *Princeton Tiger.*

A Junior wrote home to his father, "Dear Dadd:

It costs a good deal to live here;

Please send some more money." He soon got a check —

A check on his college career. — *Yale Record.*

The editors of the Colorado college papers are to be given credit for their editorial work. The editor-in-chief receives credit for two hours a week, the Senior and Junior editors one hour a week, while the work of Sophomore and Freshmen editors is taken as equivalent for essay work. — *Daily Cardinal.*

With apologies to Coxey:

"He left the woodpile and purloined the pie,
This tramp, who scorned all decency and law;
He said, and gayly winked the other eye:

'I come, I conquered, but I never saw.' — *Ex.*

MARTIAL MUSIC.

I can not sing the old, old songs,
 And when I try the new,
 The fellows arm themselves with clubs,
 And so my songs are few. — *Brunonian*.

Petrarch and Other Essays.

(Published by William Doxey, San Francisco, Cal.)

The above announcement, without further amplification, will be coveted intelligence to Judge Rearden's many friends, to Kenyon's Alumni, and even to those readers of *THE COLLEGIAN* who have made the acquaintance of this able author through the exquisite little poem "The Sea! The Sea!" in the May number. When the subjects, the erudition, the quaint humor and felicitous style of the essays, published under the above title, shall become known to lovers of good books, wherever their taste for English literature may have been acquired, the chief happiness of such readers will have been expanded by a fresh delightful volume. This is not an every day occurrence to the most diligent seeker for worthwhile books.

The subjects of these essays are: Frances Petrarch, Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureate; Ditmarsch and Klaus Groth, Fritz Reuter's Life and Works, Ballads and Lyrics. These unique and varied performances are worthily prologued by "A Man of Letters" — a brilliant eulogy of the author by Ambrose Bierce — and appropriately epilogued by the little poem already mentioned, which fell from the master hand just as its career closed.

The Petrarch essay is the projection upon a canvass of our time of a medieval literary picture enveloped, as it were, in the Florentine atmosphere of the days of Boccaccio. It is especially delightful to note that the natural sincerity of the author (born of our western Italy), which eschews all the euphuism of word or thought, so prevalent in the treatment of geniuses of other times, has furnished a picture more life-like and charming than could have been hoped for from older methods.

"I pray you in your letters, * * *
 Speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate,
 Nor set down aught in malice."

Is an Italian sentiment discerned by the great prophet of English letters, and piously heeded at the making of this mirthful monograph.

The other essays of the collection are as happy products of a mind fully stored with the — not common-place, but surprisingly interesting — facts and fancies relating to their subjects, and are in turn the deliverance of a writer forcible in his perceptions and fascinating in his style.