

3-1-1895

Kenyon Collegian - February 1895

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digital.kenyon.edu/collegian>

Recommended Citation

"Kenyon Collegian - February 1895" (1895). *The Kenyon Collegian*. 1334.
<https://digital.kenyon.edu/collegian/1334>

This News Article is brought to you for free and open access by the College Archives at Digital Kenyon: Research, Scholarship, and Creative Exchange. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Kenyon Collegian by an authorized administrator of Digital Kenyon: Research, Scholarship, and Creative Exchange. For more information, please contact noltj@kenyon.edu.

The Kenyon Collegian.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF KENYON COLLEGE.

BOARD OF EDITORS: ARTHUR DUMFER, '95, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
G. F. WILLIAMS, '95, C. C. WRIGHT, '96, A. N. SLAYTON, '96.
BUSINESS DEPARTMENT: HENRY STANBURY, '96, BUSINESS MANAGER.
GEO. STRAW, '98, ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER.

VOL. XXI. GAMBIER, OHIO, FEBRUARY-MARCH, 1895.

No. 10.

Editorial.

THIS issue completes the twenty-first volume of the COLLEGIAN, and brings the duties of the present board to a close. None of the editors have died, either through violence or by natural process; for which we are all duly thankful. As usual, we had proposed much, but faintness by the way and lingering illness have disposed otherwise. The dusty sanctum, filled with the editorial moan and wailing for time which was not and for contributions no less not, this, the pleasant memory, the retiring board will take with them. Still, in the words of pious Æneas: "*Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit*," who knows? In the meantime, bequeathing to our successors the finest constitution ever drawn up for the successful publication of a college paper, we step out to make room for the new administration.

STATELY patronesses, Seniors sable-gowned, the graceful fair, and the noble gallant, all were there, a gay assembly escaped from life's busier day; for a moment they played their parts in the brilliant scene and then departed not to return before another year, save in memory alone. A phantom, dissipated as the music died away, in the cold, grey

dawning of the East, seems the festive Junior Promenade viewed, from the sterner moods of Lent. Surely the shades of Kenyon's older days were abroad that night, marvelling at the transformation which drove them from the haunts of stormy debate long since ceased; while fled in confusion were the sprites—infinitesimal—from the fairy bower grown up in the once terrible "math" room. Then, if never before, did old Philo smile—the splendors of yore forgotten in a greater glory—while proudly the Juniors received congratulations as the visitors beheld their work, a thing of beauty. To the Juniors the Seniors are deeply indebted for the tireless energy and unstinted generosity which made this the prettiest and the most enjoyable of all the dances that have been held on the hill. The presence of so many visitors from out of town attests the attractive reputation which the annual dance is making for itself and the college. Year by year the Junior Promenade has become more brilliant as a social feature of the college life in Gambier, so that it is now, and will probably remain the most enjoyable event incident to the course.

AND again Fortune smiled. It goes without saying that the theatricals proved a decided success. Immediately following the Promenade, much was expected from the play, but the spirit of success seemed to be in the atmosphere, and all were fully satisfied. From no point of view can we offer a criticism, either on the play or the players, while we heartily endorse the praises heard on every hand. Practically speaking, the play demonstrated just what hard work can do, for of hard work these aspiring young Thespians found no end. After all, success deserved rather than chanced upon, must always demand "best licks;" and the element of success so rigidly applied to the department of theatricals, should be applied to and characterize every department of college life.

Best of all—for there was a motive here—artistic success was coupled with financial returns of most agreeable proportions. Accordingly, the '95 *Reveille*, for the benefit of which the play was presented, has been triumphantly rescued, and once more has a clean ledger. This must be good news to all Kenyon friends. The fate of the '95 Annual should not be too seriously interpreted, however, although it would be very unwise to try to get out a *Reveille* this year. From many colleges of larger enrollment than our own we learn of the financial failure of

last year's Annual — all due, probably, to a common cause — the financial stringency of the past year or two. It will be golden coin for succeeding classes to consult the experience recorded in the history of the '95 *Reveille* — in the meantime, '95's *Reveille* board retire from the college annual business sadder but wiser men.

THE student who can wisely use his spare moments has acquired not the least requisite for scholarship. To catch the fleeting moments and from them to snatch their transport of opportunity, offers a serious problem to the student alive to the truth and significance of the one chance. Time is ours only so long as we use it, and to say "I haven't time" is in most cases but the self-deceiving subterfuge of the man who does not use it. Probably there is no student in college to whom each day does not bring its margin of spare time.

The man who wastes his time is here as elsewhere, and his destructive influence is not without its evil effects. He is not necessarily stupid — on the contrary, he may be naturally bright; but he is vaguely well-meaning, though keenly thoughtless, hence our quarrel with him. Placing no value on his own time, the disposition of which is, of course, his own business, he generally helps himself to that valued by others. Probably every division in college has its "soldier" — not of the minute-men variety — the joy or the bane as circumstance orders of dormitory life. What a boon it would be if a schedule might be enforced which, while not overlooking neighborly courtesies, might secure certain hours of the day — say in the morning and early evening — free from interruption except to business!

For our military friend before mentioned, whose occupation would thus be largely gone, let us prescribe: One of the best ways to expend time margins is to get a "hobby," and ride it just as hard as you would any other steed. There is the hobby of extra reading, and the hobby of independent investigation and experimenting in the sciences. Another hobby will take you across the valleys and over the hills — a new found delight in botany, geology, or nature in general. Yes, and there is another hobby — the hobby of writing for the COLLEGIAN — why not? Whatever the hobby be, mount it quickly and spur away for a record. Then shall we hope to see our dormitory life established on a peace basis, when the "soldier" shall be no more.

A College Idyl.

D. L. R. G., '98.

I.

CRIBB, Cribb, Cribb, on my fair white cuff
So free,
Would that my tongue could utter
The "tens" thou hast brought to me.

II.

Caught, caught, caught, in the baneful act,
Ah me!
How I wish that those cuffs were afar
In the depths of the briny sea.

III.

Bluff, bluff, bluff, 'tis the only hope
For me.
It is only the names of the girls I met
At the Junior Prom., you see.

The Career of Napoleon.

C. C. WRIGHT.

ON the fourth of October, seventeen hundred and ninety-five, during the rule of the Directory of the French Republic, an uprising occurred in the streets of Paris, which might have resulted in one of those terrible scenes of bloodshed so common in the days of the Revolution, had it not been for the prompt action of the young commander of the city troops. He so disposed his men that the uprising was soon quelled. The action was in itself meritorious, but viewed in the light of subsequent history it was more—it was portentous. In recognition of this service, the young officer was made Commander-in-Chief of the French army, and thus was launched upon the stormy sea of European affairs, the man who for ten years piloted the ship of France through tempest and whirlwind, over a course which still shines with undiminished glory, though he—the Man of Destiny—is forever at rest.

Born in a land where the name of France was hated, strange indeed it was that he should be her greatest hero. But long before his birth Destiny had marked him for her own, and the world impatiently awaited his coming. France was well nigh exhausted with the terrors of civil war. Her enemies were already looking upon her fair proportions with lustful eyes. The vaunted rule of Reason had grown into the semblance of Insanity, and Liberty had given place to License. Everywhere was rapine and violence, and the lurid gleam of war and the distant echoes of her rumblings permeated the atmosphere with which this puny giant first filled his baby lungs.

Thus, in his very birth, was the great Napoleon surrounded with the "mighty trumpetings of battle," and his whole nature reveled in the sound. Four years after his appointment as Commander-in-Chief—years resounding with the names of Lodi and Arcola—he was made First Consul. Then began that gradual increase of popularity which, like a great wave, bore him forward on its crest till it landed him at last upon the long desired summit of his ambition, and historic Notre Dame saw the bullied school boy of Brienne crowned Emperor of France!

But scarcely had Napoleon placed the crown safely on his head before the distant sound of advancing enemies reached his ears. The great general did not wait—a hurried march—the fields of Austerlitz, Jena, Auerstadt, and Friedland—and Europe lay at his feet! The world stood agast at the wonderful genius and daring of the young Corsican, while France bowed her head in humble adoration of her idol.

But—fateful fact!—even while Napoleon was rejoicing in the fullness of his power, in Spain a man who would one day be his conqueror was slowly winning his way. Two short years of comparative quiet; the Russian campaign; and then the storm which had slowly been gathering on all sides burst upon France with irresistible force. Still the nation, though half dead with many wars, responded to the call of Bonaparte. Eagerly she gave her young men and her old men, and rallying round his banner, they made a brave resistance. But it was all in vain. On came the allies in a mighty host, and with the bloody field of Leipsic and the fall of Paris the glory of the Empire was extinguished, and the young lieutenant who had risen to be Dictator in the affairs of Europe, was forced to take for his domain the little isle of Elba.

But still the restless spirit was unconquered. Hardly had Europe

drawn a peaceful breath when Napoleon landed at Cannes. His former subjects, fired with the old zeal, flocked to his standard. Better a thousand times, it seemed to them, to die with Napoleon in all the glory of war than to live under the humiliating rule of a Bourbon! Better to die with him—yes, death it meant for thousands of brave souls, for in three short months came Waterloo, and with it came the end of that glorious career.

There, on the field of Waterloo, standing before La Haye Sainte, let us leave Napoleon, with the thunder of the charges of his brave cuirassiers and the deafening roar of his artillery sounding in his ears. There let us leave him, with the blackness of night coming and the wild chaos of defeat around him. There let us leave him, a dauntless figure amid the general confusion, glancing grimly at the glint of the Prussian bayonets on the distant hills, and, as the Imperial Guard moves forward—the last brave remnant of an Empire—hearing, as the death knell of his ambition, the dying echoes of that famous war cry, "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

Thought.

"BEXLEY."

IF man were born to spend an hour,
And then forget its pleasant power;
If he could think not of the past,
And minutes flown, or slow or fast;
A wretched mortal he would be,
Unfit for time, eternity.
As hastening through this world of woe,
Unthinking and unthought he'd go;
The cradle would receive his form,
The grave would be unwreathed with storm.
Just for the moment he would live.
Behind it thought could never thrive;
Before it dark and black the place—
An endless void of endless space.
No love is his, no favored dream,
Naught of the things that pleasant seem;
All black and bare, behind, before,
His only self—the moment's store.

But 'tis not so. Man can review
 The moments of the minutes few,
 That flit and quickly pass away
 And round complete life's little day.
 The bygone years he scans and knows,
 Their springs and summers, autumns, snows;
 He views the long gone past and sees
 How rapid flown; he feels and flees
 The pain or joy wrapped in their flight,
 The shadows, sunshine, day or night.
 The bitter and the sweet remain,
 The happy laugh and sorrow's pain;
 The joyous ring of manly mirth,
 True pleasure and the pleasure's worth.

Man thinks and thinks, thought is his friend,
 One clinging to him to the end.
 He goes to Heaven—thought first is there;
 To Hell, alas! he finds it here.
 He seeks to quench it in the wave,
 To crush it in the silent grave;
 It mocks and loves the watery womb,
 And saunters gaily through the tomb.
 It cannot, will not be denied
 To follow him whate'er betide;
 Come where he please, go where he may,
 By him 'twill stand and ever stay.
 In pleasure's round of idle joy,
 With beckoning fingers there to coy,
 In pain and grief and morbid gloom—
 Yet there it is to claim its room.
 It is his heaven, it is his hell,
 It is *himself*, life's heave and swell.

Milton—A Study.

A. J. W.

THE hardest things to delineate are human characters. As our knowledge of character comes by observation of the differences in men, variations easy to feel and see, yet hard to define, so it would seem that the simplest way to convey the idea of personal differentiation is by comparison.

Comparison of Milton with men appears to be the only adequate way of clearly distinguishing his characteristics. Milton's character is an odd one, and thus is difficult to contrast; in fact, as he reveals his individuality in his poetry he is almost "beyond compare." Yet, if we might unite two recent famous men of letters, we might embody Milton in nineteenth century material.

Take a Carlyle spirit with its positiveness, its rugged adherence to personal conceptions of truth, its isolation, and yet its sympathy with all which it sees as good; take such a spirit and incarnate it in the personality of a Macauley, make this personality the medium through which the Carlyle individualism shall manifest itself, and in this incarnation we would be nearer a true conception of Milton, the *man*, than by any contrast with the lights and shadows of other lives.

Both Carlyle and Milton held the highest of ideals; in truth, they were the martyrs of their own ideals, ever striving for but never realizing the truest standard of their souls. The sincerity of the men could not conceal this. *Paradise Lost*, when it is Milton, carries with it somewhat of the martyr's cry, and Carlyle, when he is his truest self, gives forth, even in his most brilliant productions, a partially suppressed shriek of pain—the pain of disappointed hope.

Macauley in his love of order, of stateliness, and of rhythm possesses qualities which were in Milton. Of course, the optimism of Macauley is lacking in Milton; and yet we can hardly say that he lacks this quality, but rather that he possesses much of it, only it is swamped repeatedly by his Carlyle-like pessimism.

Even in his imagination, Milton is a combination of these two men. There is that steady burning of Macauley, verily a burning flame; but there is also frequently that lightening flash of Carlyle, in which surrounding things are forgotten and burnt up in its intensest heat, and after which for the moment the mind is left sightless from the vivid brilliancy of the light.

Our comparison is not that of prose with poem, rather we compare one poet with two, and find in the one the peculiarities and charms of the others; not only in his products, but in his being. The burning fire of Milton is the consuming fire of Carlyle, and his diction proceeds from a memory as strong as Macauley's and a vocabulary just as great at command.

A man's work, if *truly* it is his work, is part of a man's soul — part of his life. Milton still lives and breathes in his *Paradise Lost*. The thoughts of the poem, rather the *poetry* of the poem, are the result of the man plus his experience.

Above all, the poet was a *man*; strong was his temperament; deep was his feeling; firm were his convictions; so intense were his sympathies, when once aroused, that he became the cause which touched him and the slave of the then present thought.

One feels as he reads Milton that here is a grand life wherein is all the correction of a tragedy, all the enjoyment of a poem, all the inspiration for a better life.

Away on the Mountain Wild and Bare.

"BEXLEY."

AWAY on the mountain wild and bare,
Away from the shepherd's watchful care, —
A lamb from the fold is dying there.

A bleat on the wind's cold mournful sigh —
The call for her young is the dam's sad cry;
Response there is none, though the lamb is nigh.

Two forms stiff and cold are lying there —
Away on the mountain wild and bare,
Away from the fold and the shepherd's care.

One form is the lamb's — the truant child
That wandered away on the mountain wild;
The next is the dam's — the mother mild.

MORAL.

Sin stops not at thyself alone;
Those whom thou lov'st — bone of thy bone —
Will feel its sting; thy friends, thy all,
Will tainted be when it shall fall
On thee.

A Paradox.

A. J. W.

THE changes ringing out from Time's belfry are ceaseless changes. Every new life brings in and rings out a difference—a something which before never was and never again will be.

Daily life differs. The life of yesterday would be death to-morrow. Beautiful as are present scenes the future must change them or they are beautiful no more. If indeed literally things in themselves are constant, then the inward perception must change; otherwise the eye must behold new visions or the soul is restless, peaceless, dissatisfied. Soul tires of rigidity; it finds peace and joy only in growth, and this comes through additions, differentiations, changes. As surely as solitary confinement dwarfs the soul, so surely will that soul wither which reads only in to-day the lessons of yesterday; seeing only in '95 the sameness of '94. Enjoyment, growth, life are the result of change.

So it is with affections. The Greek statue may seem to breathe, it may possess seeming motion, it may appear to be full of expression; but it is always the same seeming motion, the fullness of expression is the same expression. As aesthetically beautiful as it might be at length it would tire the soul. The statuette personality is not, cannot be loved. The life in which is expressed one characteristic always of the same measure and depth moves us not; we cannot love it. It tires all. Were the marvelous beauty of the lily ever present and permanent it would lose its attractiveness; were the fragrance of the violet always filling the air even this would become obnoxious. The changefulness of fashions expresses something deeper than a fad: it manifests a truth of the soul.

If love is to be loved its *appearance* must be always changing, then correspondingly affection for it will be always growing. Love's object, like a kaleidoscope, must be ever the same, its characteristics like the colors of the kaleidoscope ever the same colors; but the combinations must differ, presenting new beauties and changing lights. To the lover's eye change brings joy, because in each day is detected some new depth, some richer hue, some brighter tint, some happier blending, some deeper glow, some calmer serenity. If these continue love abides.

The once happy bride and groom taunt each other and say "You

have changed." The accusation is false. True, rather would be the complaint "You change not," hence we are tired, we stand still and therefore our affections have withered away.

Watcher, watch keenly, observe acutely, and you shall behold wonders in your beloved and love shall be intenser, deeper, permanent.

Beloved, hide not the various shades in the expression of your affection. Be natural and you will be changeful. Let life act upon your love as a prism breaking it into countless variations, then your devotee will be unwavering; he will not watch in vain and will ceaselessly cherish you as one in whom is all variableness, and yet not the shadow of a turning.

The Wanderer's Night Song.

BEXLEY.

OVER every mountain brow
Quiet rest is there;
In the lofty tree tops thou
Seest not the air.

Silent are the song birds sweet
Through the woodland wild.
Tarry! thou must also greet
Rest as calm and mild.

—From the German, by Goethe.

A Priceless Ruby.

G. F. W., '95.

I, EDWIN MURRAY, M. D., specialist in febrile diseases, situated in the village of Gugerah, in the hill country of Guhrwal, India, do hereby make the following statement, hoping that from the incident I am about to relate, some clue to the identity of my singular visitor may be found. A sense of duty, and a warm-hearted interest in humanity generally, also impel me to write, for by this means some one, perhaps, will

receive a true and faithful account of the last moments of one dear to them, in itself a comfort, because substituting an absolute certainty for that lingering maddening doubt, which all too frequently, shrouds from us the whereabouts of those whom we have once known. Who would not be glad to substitute exact knowledge, even if it be calamitous, for that unbroken silence, which bids us fear the worst, despairing in hope, and hoping in despair?

However, I am sure that some one will know my guest, for it would be impossible for a handsome, well bred, well educated Englishman to be entirely destitute of friends. On the contrary, he must have been well known, admired, and loved; and if this should meet the eye of his friends, I shall be pleased to communicate with them, and answer any questions that I can, both concerning the object of his visit to Gugerah and its melancholy termination.

The village of Gugerah is situated in the hill country of Gubrwah, one of the group called Sub-Himalayan. It stands midway between the snow clad heights of the gigantic Himalayahs and the torrid plains of the Indus and Ganges. It has the fruits and vegetable products of the temperate zone, although the word temperate is a misnomer. It is agreeable and cool six months of the year—i. e., from October to April, but for the remainder no words can describe to those who have not actually experienced its sultry and suffocating heat, the oppressive and enervating effect of its fierce and glaring summer. When the British Government first appointed me to come here, a glowing description of its eternal springtide made me anxious to reach this veritable garden of the gods. This, odd as it may seem, was a very apt cognomen, for the gods were here, hundreds of them, and, perhaps, what was more fitting, they resembled the climate. The cool, delightful half-year, bringing joy and philosophic content in the elixir of its magic atmosphere, could fitly represent Buddha, while Siva, the personification of all vice, cruelty, and crime, could not be better represented than by the half year of torrid woe, in which one could only succeed in dragging out a miserable existence. Doubtless the gods originated from the climate, which, in any case, was much older than themselves, and which, also, would seek personification by its alternate and pertinacious pleasantness and discomfort.

The 34th, an Irish regiment, is stationed here, and I am one of the surgeons of the regiment. When I arrived the cool season had rendered

Gugeraht a paradise, and I began to think that in the salubrious climate to which I had been transported, my skill as a specialist in febrile diseases would disappear from lack of practice. I was soon to be undeceived. Quarters were assigned me apart from the staff, as my duties would bring me as much in contact with the natives as with the soldiers, and I settled down with my laboratory and my microscope, to the humdrum life of regimental surgeon. Three months passed, and scarcely a case of fever appeared to demand my skill and investigation, and I began to doubt whether, after all, I had not been appointed to the wrong place. The doubt disappeared in a day. The hot season had fairly commenced, and Gugeraht had become unbearable. My duties had steadily increased, but no malignant cases had appeared, and I congratulated myself inwardly on my thorough fitness for the work which I had undertaken. One morning, however, my servant awoke me, and in hurried and scarcely intelligible language informed me that I must come at once. His eyes were dilated with terror, and thinking that one of my patients was worse, I bathed and dressed quickly and followed him. It was eight o'clock, and yet even at this comparatively early hour the heat was intense. The fierce glare reflected from the white sand was blinding, and the torrid calm enveloped everything as a funeral pall. In the shade of the bungalow, to which my servant led me, a man was lying. His dress of white linen showed him to be of the upper class, while his delicate hands and clear cut profile bespoke the purity of his Hindoo descent. Only one servant attended him, the others having fled. I gathered from this one that his master had been attacked with the fever only the day before, and I felt very grave as I stooped to examine the patient. This was my awakening. The fever from which he was suffering was of a type that I had never seen before. In malignancy and virulence it far surpassed the worst cases I had ever treated, and while I held my finger on the pulse of the patient, my inability to cope with the malady made me sick at heart. It was impossible to do anything for the man, and the gold held out to me by the servant was as dross compared with the beseeching glance of his earnest and pathetic face. Having made the patient as comfortable as possible, I started upon my difficult diagnosis with an energy born of despair. Hour after hour during that day, and many subsequent ones, I toiled at my microscope, endeavoring in vain to find the peculiar bacillus which gave to the fever its malignant and obstinate type.

The cases crowded upon me, and one cure which I succeeded in effecting, chiefly because I was able to treat it at the outset, brought me hosts of patients. In the face of this terrible scourge the native prejudice vanished and my bungalow assumed the appearance of a hospital. Only two rooms were left me besides my laboratory; but so close and exhausting were my duties that they seemed ample for my accommodation. No convict ever lived in a more settled routine of duty than myself. A few hours of deathlike slumber, and then the ceaseless care of my patients, and my exhausting study during the long, hot day, and then the tropical night again, when I would stretch my weary limbs and sleep, and sometimes dream, though not often. Visitors never troubled me. The fever was an effectual bar to intimacy. Every morning a smug red coated orderly would approach, and standing at a most respectful distance, would salute, and, after delivering the colonel's compliments, would ask after my needs and desires, with a too evident wish to depart as hastily as possible. I took a fiendish delight in delaying him, watching with cynical contempt his ill-concealed cowardice. One morning after his departure I had turned to my patients and was very much engrossed, when my servant entered and told me that a stranger wished to see me. I answered curtly that I could not see him, and turned to my patient. I soon forgot the occurrence in my interest, and did not notice the entrance of the stranger. As I placed my arm about the shoulders of my patient to administer some medicine, my unannounced visitor stepped forward to help me. My first feeling was one of annoyance, but a secret admiration for the coolness and courage of the man in thus entering the infected atmosphere concealed it, and when he had laid the head of the sufferer upon the pillow, with the soft ejaculation, "Poor devil," I felt a positive liking for him. He turned to me and shook hands in a perfectly natural and self-possessed way, and said that he would like to talk to me when I could find time. His bearing and manner were frank and sincere, and I forgave instantly his intrusion and promised that I would be at his disposal in a few minutes. He followed me from one cot to another, and the presence of an intelligent and cool witness gave me confidence and despatch. After completing my round I ushered him into my laboratory, and apologizing for lack of room and conveniences, found him a chair and a cigar and awaited his mission or message with interest. He coolly lighted his cigar and then said slowly, without even having told me his

name, "Could you let me stay here?" The absurd and unexpected nature of the request took me aback. A flat refusal rose to my lips; but a glance at my guest and the remembrance of his conduct in the hospital checked it, and before I could weigh carefully my words, the desire for companionship thrust itself upon me, and I had agreed upon his remaining. It seemed strange to me at the time, that of the two places, the barracks or my bungalow, he should choose mine, where he would be comparatively isolated. This, as I afterwards learned, was just exactly what he desired. And as I recall the days spent in his companionship, and the cheerfulness and quiet strength that his presence imparted, they seem to be as the delicate fragrance of a flower which can instantly transport one to the scenes of happier days. I learned to love him as one can learn to love a strong, pure man, a model of pure rightminded manhood, strong in its clear souled simplicity. I remember the alacrity with which I gave him a part of my room, and the sheer delight that I felt one morning when his splashing in his tub began to wake me, and his clear baritone swelled out into the very joyousness of song. "Ye Mariners of England" never sounded half so patriotic as when he trolled it forth with a deep vibratory tremolo caused by his vigorous scrubbing. All this appears so strange in retrospect, for I did not know his name, and was already in possession of the only credentials he ever gave me, his own sincere and honest face and the conviction that he was a gentleman. Though some years younger than myself, I never felt conscious of any disparity of age, since he talked of subjects which betrayed a complete and thorough education. Even when he talked upon medical topics, it was with a discernment and acumen which showed him to be an exact and careful observer.

And now I am sure I have written a great many unnecessary things, and to those whom it will concern to read them it will deepen their grief; but it will also, I hope, please them that I add my tribute to his memory, with assurances of the deep and lasting regard which he inspired. For a month he stayed and we were constantly together. The only thing that seemed to be of unusual interest to him was the geography of the place, and although he had a roll of maps, I could not for a moment believe that he was a geographer or surveyor except from choice. He wrote and received letters frequently and regularly. I shall never forget the effect which some letters seemed to produce. I could always

tell when he received one. His handsome expressive face would light up and his voice had a ring which made the heart vibrate. One evening we were sitting together in the open air smoking. He had received a letter that day, and his joy had been succeeded by a seriousness which I could not understand.

He was silent for some time, and I waited patiently for a revelation which I was confident was coming. "Did you ever go on a wild-goose chase?" he said at last, and without waiting for an answer went on, "because mine is one, and I wish it were over." and then he rose, and grasping my hand, thanked me for the kindness vouchsafed him, and drawing his chair close up to mine, sat down again. He seemed not to hear my reassurances and my hopes that he would allow me to be his host much longer, or at least during the cool season, which would now soon approach. I had hoped thus to lure him to stay. He thanked me again and said that he would be compelled to be in England during the following April, and that he had a journey to make which might take him some months, and that therefore he must leave me as soon as the cool season commenced. I was silent with disappointment. "You see," he said, "this is a wild goose chase, and I am almost ashamed of it; but let me explain a little more fully. One of my ancestors was a member of the East India Trading Company, and while engaged in trade became the possessor of a magnificent ruby, the gift of a rajah. The gem excited admiration and envy wherever it was seen; not so much for its size as for its perfect and even color, and freedom from flaws. It had been placed in the heart of a virgin (in accordance with the Hindoo custom) in order that it might never lose its color, and in consequence of this and other rites it was thought (in a credulous age) to possess certain good or evil influences. My ancestor did not long remain the possessor of the jewel. It was stolen from him, and so great was the fascination that the gem had exercised that he devoted himself to a search for it. He did not find it, but from the diligence of his researches several clues were handed down to posterity. These have been followed up in an incredulous and desultory manner by some of his descendants, and when arranging my affairs some months ago the papers which I have with me now, were handed to me by my solicitors, in accordance with a request in the will of my ancestor. I looked them over, curiously at first, and then with a half-romantic wish to possess the priceless ruby, scrutinized care-

fully the accompanying maps, and my romantic wish became a positive desire. One clue had not been followed. It was the one I am now following. It leads me into the Terai, the vast jungle which commences a few miles from here." I made a gesture of impatience, wondering what motive could lead to such a fool-hardy undertaking, or what good would result, even should he find the gem (to me a hopelessly impossible thing). I then reasoned with him, trying to dissuade him from entering the Terai, that pest-house of malignant fevers, which even the wild animals deserted during the hot season. I asked, in conclusion, what motive he could possibly have for possessing the gem. He was silent for a moment, and then grasping my hand he asked me to forgive him for going off on what seemed a fool's errand. "That is the reason," he said, "that I have kept my name a secret. My letters are addressed to me under an assumed name. If I succeed, anyone may know. If I fail, you at least shall know the whole story." He then bade me good-night. After he had left I racked my brains to find a cause for his strange action. Was he a monomaniac? or wherein lay this one weakness which was so much at variance with the rest of his strong personality? I could find no solution; and yet, with maturer thought, what motive but one could there be for such an erratic action? Did not Antony throw a world away for a smile from Cleopatra, and is he not a type of that madness which love infuses into the hearts of men?

In a few days my visitor began to prepare for his departure, although I still urged great caution in entering the dense and fetid Terai. The days were full of sadness for me. My duties were lighter, and I could the better enjoy the cheery presence of my guest. The time for his departure came all too quickly. He had told me that I should find sealed instructions in his breast pocket if anything should happen to him, and one morning, just after the cool season commenced, he started out on his ill fated quest. He was accompanied only by six servants, two of them my own. He bade me good bye with laughter and assurances of a quick return. I echoed his promises with as much cheer as I could muster, but my heart was heavy with forebodings. Six weeks passed and I heard nothing. I began to fear that he would never return.

One morning I was startled by seeing one of the servants which I had sent with him approaching. His clothing was in rags. With difficulty I learned from him that my friend had been robbed, and

that he was suffering from the fever in the Terai. My other servant had stayed with him and this one had come for help. In an hour I was on the way to him with a retinue of twenty servants. At the close of the second day we reached the miserable hut in which he was lying. My servant had meanwhile told me that they had wandered up and down in the edge of the jungle visiting many old temples and tombs, and that they were about to return when the sahib had been taken with the fever. I entered the hut. My friend, stripped naked by the thieves, was lying on a heap of straw. No vestige of his possessions or his clothing remained; but, by his side on the straw, the priceless ruby glittering on the third finger, lay a beautiful delicate hand. It had been severed from the wrist by some blunt instrument. The thieves would not touch the hand, whatever the value of the gem. My friend was still alive and in the last moments of his delirium I learned the story. My voice seemed to arouse him, and he struggled to raise himself. "This aromatic dust is stifling," he said. "The ring will not come off. I shall have to sever the hand from the wrist." My mind readily grasped the situation. He had entered the tomb, and failing to draw the ring from the stiffened fingers of the corpse, he had severed the hand from the wrist. In a few minutes he died, not having regained consciousness. I brought him back, and he is buried not far from my bungalow, and, as I write, the beautiful sun-kissed hand, with its delicate, tapering fingers, is before me. It is resting on a silken pillow, and as I glance at it, the ruby has a sombre malevolent gleam, and the faint aromatic smell of the spices, which so efficiently preserved the hand, comes to my nostrils; and what will a man not do for love?

THERE is in life, if it be rich or poor,
A something pleasant out of nature's store.
God gives to each, if there be sun or rain,
The joy in mourning and the balm in pain.

Whate'er life gives, we're always asking more,
And hoping daily to increase our store.
Perhaps 'tis this that gives to life a zest,
And makes us shun the bad and choose the best.

BEXLEY.

Letters.

ST. JAMES RECTORY, NEWTOWN, L. I., February 18, 1895.

DEAR COLLEGIAN—I am moved by your issue of January, 1895, to say a few things, suggested by its various items. And first, let me say that the COLLEGIAN is a very good paper, and very interesting to the alumni. For some two years, in connection with my classmate, Frank P. Wilson, I edited the *Gambier Weekly Argus*, printed by a most admirable but hump-backed little man, whose name, I think, was Edmunds, and who, as college printer, used to resist all attempts to get the examination papers, and was quite above bribery.

I regret to hear of the decline of the Literary Societies. From 1872 to 1876 I was a member of Philo. I believe I never missed a meeting. Both societies were then flourishing, and their open meetings were one of the features of college life. I can now testify that the best literary training I received at Kenyon was in Philo. It was there I learned to think and speak "upon my legs." The rivalry between the two societies was brisk, and the bidding for new members very warm.

I regret to hear of the injury done to the vines planted around old Kenyon. H. N. Hills, '77, C. C. Fisher, '76, and I, were largely the planters of those vines. We started the idea and planted the first vines. They should be carefully preserved, and it is to be hoped that the vandalism of carelessness will be checked.

It is interesting to hear of news of my two Chinese classmates. Zu Soong Yen was a dapper, bright little fellow, very fond of the ladies and of bright colored cravats, a good student and a good fellow. I regret to hear of his death—the first death, as far as I know, in the class of 1876. Kwoh Ah See was a sturdy, strong built fellow, quiet and good natured, but quite dangerous if pushed too far. Both men ranked fairly well in our class.

It gave me great pleasure, a few years ago, to meet President Sterling at the New York Kenyon Banquet, and to find he hadn't grown a year older than when I saw him in 1876. After President Tappan's resignation Prof. Benson acted as President, 1875-'76. There was much talk, of course, as to *who* would be elected President, but C. C. Fisher and I agreed then that "Sterling" was the man for the place. But it took Kenyon a

long time to open its eyes. How many changes come as the years go by! President Sterling and Prof. Benson would be the only familiar faces of the faculty were I to visit Kenyon to-day. Professor Strong, who should never have been allowed to leave Kenyon—now, elsewhere, "Proffie" Trimble, dear old interesting man, with his "Go you on, Mr. ———," now no more. What liberties did we not take with him—"Hickey" Mason reciting from the wood box, and "Business" Dun from the window-sill—while Sam Johnson and I were in like easy going places. About examination times "Buck" Damarin, the nimrod of the class, who could find game in abundance always, never forgot "Proffie" Trimble. The scene I can never forget—"Proffie" coming to his door, lamp in hand, to answer Buck's knock, and the Professor's high, excited voice, calling to his good wife, "*Kate! Mr. Damarin! Quails!*" It makes us old fellows sad to think how those old times and old faces have faded and gone forever. Hardly anything would be harder for me now than to revisit Kenyon. I should be tempted to cry, "Heads out! Heads out!" as of old, and look to see "Fatty" Dun, "Cheese" Dyer, "Dominie" Burroughs, Sam Johnson, "Hickey" Dun, "Pope" Wilson, "Business" Dun, Fisher, "Rarey" Aves, and a score of others. But now new and strange faces would greet me. Well, Mr. Editors, time flies, and in twenty years you will know how it is yourselves. But they were golden, halcyon days—the happiest of my life. Be good boys, do *some* studying, don't all go foot ball crazy, and do revive and work Philo and Nu Pi—it will be worth while.

My near neighbor, three miles off, H. D. Waller, '75, and I often Kenyonize. A few miles beyond is De Cormis, '71, and in Brooklyn, J. G. Bacchus, of the Class of '60 something. So on Long Island is quite a Kenyon colony, and, *mirabile dictu!* we are all parsons. If such a selection of men could have gone into the ministry, the Kenyon faculty should thank God and take courage.

Yours in Kenyon love,

EDWARD M. MCGUFFEY, *Class 1876.*

MT. VERNON, O., Jan. 18, 1895.

To the Editors of the Kenyon Collegian:

GENTLEMEN—I take pleasure in sending you an extract from an interesting letter written by William A. Hoey to his father, residing in Dublin, Ireland, dated in 1831. The letter was sent to me by his daughter,

Francis Hoey, residing in Washington, D. C. He was 17 years of age when he wrote the letter. He left his home in Dublin to enter Kenyon, and came over in a sailing vessel, consuming twelve weeks in the voyage.

York, referred to in the beginning of the letter, is now known as Toronto, Canada. Young Hoey is the youth referred to in Rev. H. Dyer's article in your October number. Dr. Dyer was misinformed in saying his father was an exile with Emmet. He resided in his home in Dublin until his death, at an advanced age. W. A. Hoey was a brilliant classical scholar, beginning his Greek and Latin at 8 years of age in the University of Dublin. It is said by those who knew him that he could converse readily in Latin or Greek. He was also a student in Hebrew. His literary attainments were of a high order. He was a member of the legal profession, residing in Mt. Vernon, Ohio, and died in 1852.

Very truly,

HENRY L. CURTIS, '62.

"KENYON COLLEGE, KNOX CO., STATE OF OHIO, 4th July, 1831.

MY DEAR FATHER — Mr. Dixon and I set out from York in the beginning of May, and arrived in eight days at Kenyon College. I shall not attempt to describe our feelings on our arrival, but shall only say they were none of the most agreeable. I confess we were not prepared for such a scene. The college in embryo, the centre building alone standing, not even a foundation laid for the wings, and the far famed Vernon, that "limpid stream" which we expected to see so beautifully meandering round the base of the college hill, faded on our approach and became contracted to a despicable rivulet. The 'flourishing town of Gambier,' to which emigrants were so cordially invited, proved to be a few straggling frame houses (nine in number, including the store, blacksmith's and carpenter's shop, etc.) built solely for the use of students who might not have accommodation within the narrow precincts of the college. The walls of Rosse Chapel nothing more than parapets, and, in all probability, likely to remain so. Such was the condition we found things in on our arrival, and under such circumstances, as you may suppose, this place was not very prepossessing. The scenery around might probably be considered handsome, but when stript of the embroidery of Mr. West's imagination, loses all its romanticity; and we, prejudiced as we were in favor of it, had to turn with disgust from this 'Modern

Arcadia.' I cannot conceive what could have been Mr. West's motive in standing up in a pulpit to proclaim aloud such bare faced lies in the face of God and man, knowing, as he must have known, that his gross misrepresentations of the college and everything connected with it, were calculated to ruin those emigrants who might become a prey to his deceit and their own credulity, by entailing such hardships and expense upon them. The fact is, the Bishop never intended laying out a lot for a town in the immediate vicinity of the college, for reasons religious, moral, and economical; in the first place, to obviate as much as possible the demoralizing influence of taverns and gambling houses, to which the American youth are generally addicted, and, in the next, to secure to the college the monopoly of all goods consumed in its vicinity, which, if I may judge from the prices, brings in no inconsiderable revenue at the close of the year. The college land, as you all know, consists of 8,000 acres, which are divided into two equal parts, called the North and South Sections. The North Section could be sold by the Bishop to one person for £4,000, to enable him to finish the college and chapel. However, he would prefer retaining it, if possible, as it would constitute, at some future day, a rich supply of timber and fuel for the college, and could not be disposed of without a sacrifice in consequence of the very low rate at which wild land is sold by Congress. But the South Section upon which the building stands is the unalienable property of the college and in common with the North Section is free from taxes. The soil is extremely rich and fertile and abounds with heavy timber, oak, chestnut, walnut, maple, etc., and the rich glens and bottoms along the banks of 'Owl Creek,' which the Bishop has dignified with the name of Vernon River, are, it is generally believed, as good land as any in the Union. At present there is about one-twelfth of the whole in a state of cultivation and pasturage, which does not afford one-half the provisions consumed by our 'present family' (160, including the Grammar School). If the buildings were erected so as to accommodate 500 or 600 students, which was the number originally specified, it would take about 2,000 acres in a state of cultivation and proportionately stocked with young cattle to supply them with provisions. I suppose you are aware that the original design was to build the college in the form of the letter H, allowing the connecting part of the letter to represent the centre building, which lies east and west, fronting the north, and is four stories high, the

basement story being all one apartment and answering the purpose of a dining hall. The other three stories (four rooms on each floor) are occupied by the Bishop, students, and Faculty. There are 80 berths in the college, something similar to those in the steerage of a vessel. The rooms are little better than half the size of your drawing room, and there are at present three students in each. In the rear, or immediately south, is the college kitchen, which, together with the college, is built of sandstone, of which there is a great abundance in the North Section. The Grammar (or Preparatory) School is a large frame building for the use of those who do not belong to the college classes. In it is a school room sixty feet long and forty wide, and ten feet above this is a dormitory, intended to accommodate boys, having an upper story with windows, similar to those in the nave of a church, intended for ventilation. It has two rooms for teachers, one for recitation and one for washing the persons of the boys. The school room serves on Sunday for divine service, and is situated immediately opposite Rosse Chapel half way between the college and Gambier."

Gambier in A. D. 1910.

ON Gambier hill I walked one day,
 And Nineteen-Ten was the year, we'll say.
 I looked about with a critic's eye,
 To see what changes I could spy;
 But, what do you think? There wasn't one!
 The electric road was not begun,
 The same old "Black Maria" rolled by,
 The same lean horses met my eye,
 The "Hall boys," passing by the score,
 Looked just the same as in '94.
 The "Harcourt girls," except in name,
 Were surely every one the same.
 And that's a change you'll recollect,
 Most girls are brought up to expect.
 The same old chimes rang out the hour
 From the same old ivy-covered tower.
 But stop—What's this? 'Tis five o'clock,
 I hold my breath, I've had a shock;
 'Tis time for college prayers they say
 And they're free to go or stay away.

—*Church Life.*

Athletics.

A. D.

THE time is at hand when our base ball problems should be considered in earnest. Practice has been going on all winter in the colleges about us, and they will be ready to play by the time we are getting down to practice, if we do not start soon. College spirit will not win games for us; that presumption has been a snare and an oft proven fallacy—nothing can take the place of daily, conscientious, well directed practice. Nor should we concern ourselves with the fact that such and such material is wanting—to make the best of what we have, and not to lose time in regretting what we have not, is a good working principle, however trite the statement. Every man in college should get into training and turn out for practice. This can do no harm and may do much good. If your chances for the first team are good, then so much more are you in duty bound to honest practice; but if you cannot make the first team, try for the second, or the third, or fourth. Indications seem to show that we shall have a better schedule of games this year than ever before; but there is no merit in this, unless we make up our minds to win some of them.

The offer made by our rural friend Joshua the other day to lease the ground at the foot of the hill for the spring potato planting is not at all surprising. His practical eye, seeing the field ready to receive the spring planting, was not more deceived than was the vision of a timid old lady who attributed the condition of the field to the last foot ball match. All winter long has gone up the midnight curse of some belated traveler as himself has gone down, down into snowdrift or mud puddle lurking between the furrows thrown up where was once our base ball field—smooth and fair to look upon. While skipping from ridge to ridge, or balancing upon some lonely peak, many an innocent has asked a sufficient cause for this evolution of mind and matter. Answer to the question is not forthcoming. This much, however, is certain; that horse, and plow, and driver were seen at work on the field some three or four months ago—purposes, if any, unknown—and that the disappearance of this interesting trio was quite as mysterious as their advent. What-

ever the purpose which led to the assumption of so much authority, it is now plainly the duty of some responsible party to put the field into shape for the base ball season.

A moment's reflection will convince one of the importance the Military Academy should be to the athletics of the college. A knowledge of the composition of our athletic teams shows the value of the men who come from our preparatory department, while there have been many instances of the services of cadets to our athletics. Last fall the Academy did not do much, if anything, in foot ball; why, we do not know, nor is it of much importance now. But the simple fact has a significance for the future of our own athletics too weighty to be dismissed without a thought. According to the college catalogue K. M. A. is our preparatory school, from it we expect to receive students; hence the importance to us of athletics at the Academy. Greater interest in the affairs of the the cadets, so far as comports with the regulations of the institution, would do much. There would probably be no objection, for instance, in coaching them in their athletics. The benefit would be a mutual one. In time this might bring more of the cadets to college, and, at any rate, insure us an income of athletic material of the best kind. To ignore the life of our preparatory department is little short of suicidal in policy.

One of the points agreed upon by those who, during the past two or three months, have been giving their time to rectifying some of the abuses of foot ball and athletics in general, is well worthy of our attention. A protest has been made against the practice of playing the semi-professional athletic teams which flourish in all communities. The college team, it is contended, can find its only natural and worthy rival in an opposing college team. There is danger that, in order to win a game, the college team may be tempted to lower its standards of honor, which are, or ought to be, much higher than that of the team about town. A healthful spirit of rivalry can exist only between college teams, and there is no particular glory in defeating the general run of athletic teams, so-called. The rowdism and semi-professionalism of an aggregation which purported to be the Mansfield Y. M. C. A. team, and which played here in base ball last commencement, was disgusting to many of our visitors, and more than offset the interest excited by a close

contest. Far more interest and excitement, to say nothing of fitness, attaches to the contest which is played between rival colleges than to that which is played between two teams without a ground of rivalry between them.

In the great controversy which foot ball has raised during the past winter, the sentiment of no one in the East would have more weight than that of President Eliot of Harvard. After summing up the possibilities of personal danger caused by the present rules governing the game, President Eliot comes to the conclusion that the game as now played is unfit for college use. Continuing in the same report, a little further on, he expresses himself thus: "It should be distinctly understood, however, that the players themselves have little real responsibility for the evils of the game. They are swayed by a tyrannical public opinion—partly ignorant and partly barbarous—to the formation of which graduates and undergraduates, fathers, mothers, and sisters, leaders of society, and the veriest gamblers and rowdies all contribute. The state of mind of the spectators at a hard fought foot-ball match at Springfield, New York, or Philadelphia, cannot but suggest the query how far these assemblages differ at heart from the throngs which enjoy the prize fight, cock fight, or bull fight, or which in other centuries delighted in the sports of the Roman arena." This report should contain much encouragement to the clamorous public which has been protesting against the brutality of the game. How far it is true, each must judge for himself.

On the other hand, the view taken by one of our Western college presidents seems to be the extreme in the opposite direction. President Harper, whose opinion in the Middle-Western States compares, we believe, very favorably with that of President Eliot in the East, says: "The question of a life or a score of lives is nothing compared with that of moral purity; human self restraint, in the interests of which, among college men, outdoor athletic sports contribute more than all other agencies combined." Evidently there is a difference in point of view and truth on both sides. Meanwhile, though players and public are convinced that a change in the rules which govern foot ball at present is necessary, yet the desired modification is not much nearer now than three or four months ago. It is doubtful if the rules can ever be changed so as to eliminate all the elements of danger, even if this were altogether desirable, and still leave to

us a game of foot ball which would bring with it a healthful enthusiasm. Much is being done, however, in the right direction, though improvement appears very slow. There is a determined and unanimous opposition to all professionalism, and a demand that none but *bona fide* students in good standing in their classes be allowed to compete, while contests are to be limited to college teams only, and must be played exclusively on college grounds. Nothing contributes so surely to dirty playing as the fact that a professional, no matter how inoffensive he may be personally, is playing on an opposing team.

Alumni Notes.

THE Rev. Henry G. Perry, '53, of the Cathedral, Chicago, read his poem, written by request, for the occasion of the valedictory banquet given February 4th by the diocesan clergy to the venerable Dean, Rev. Dr. Clinton Locke, retiring rector of Grace Church, after an honored incumbency of thirty-six years.

Some sixty clergymen of the diocese participated, several of the oldest speaking to sentiments announced by the Toastmaster; the Rev. Mr. Perry, second senior priest of the Church in Chicago, closing with his poem, *Arma Virumque Cano*, as appointed in the order. The concluding lines most happily received and endorsed by all, were as follows:

Sweet the thought to such one that never to part
With friends and the loved of home circle and heart,
His day of toil over, his record is made —
"Emeritus" crowned of the maximum grade.
Oh, peer, *inter alia*, all worthy of Grace,
Thine the chaplet heroic — to thee is the race.

Such greeting, God bless thee, we give thee with zest,
Rejoicing, sage senior, with thee as our guest —
The man that we honor, the priest we revere,
Not to leave, but ever be near us, and here
Let us love and live on — and so look to the "Rock
Of Ages" forever, like our good brother Locke.

'59. Gen. John G. Mitchell died in the early part of November last at his home in Columbus, Ohio. He was an ex-pension agent of the State, and one of her better known veteran soldiers. The following brief sketch of his life appeared in a Columbus paper shortly after his death:

"General Mitchell was a graduate of Kenyon College, and at the outbreak of the war was engaged in the study of law. He threw down Blackstone and took up the sword, joining the Third regiment, where he served as adjutant for some months through West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee. The beginning of the second year of the war found him Lieutenant Colonel of the 113th Ohio, and soon after he was appointed Colonel of the same regiment. For nearly a year he was with the regiment and was then promoted to the command of the Second Brigade of the Second Division of the Fourteenth Army Corps. This was the brigade of General Granger's corps that did such famous fighting at Chickamauga. General Mitchell had a relic which attested the narrow escape he had in this battle. It was a sword belt, the plate of which was deeply indented by a minnie ball, which struck with full force and unhorsed him. He revived from the shock in a few minutes and again plunged into the thickest of the fight.

"General Mitchell and his brigade were in Sherman's historical 'March to the Sea,' and did such valiant service that he was appointed Brigadier General and later brevetted Major General. In the desperate fight at Kenesaw Mountain, his field glass, hanging by his side, was shattered by a musket ball, which would have otherwise struck him in a vital spot. He was leading the most desperate charge of the campaign. He and his brigade were prominent factors in the battles of Jonesboro, Averysboro and Bentonville, in the latter action capturing nearly a whole regiment.

"After the war General Mitchell resumed the study of law, finishing with a year at Harvard. He then entered into partnership with James Watson for the practice of his profession, in which partnership he continued until 1878, when other interests demanded his attention and he withdrew. Railroad building now occupied his energies, the Scioto Valley Railroad having been constructed under his supervision, besides other enterprises in this line. He was Commissioner in Bankruptcy for this district while the United States Bankruptcy Law was in force. For a number of terms he was a member of the city council, and was president of that body during most of his terms of service. In May, 1890, President Harrison appointed him pension agent for Ohio, and he served four years in that capacity."

'72. On February 6th, the Rev. John Hazen White, recently of

Fairbault, Minn., was elected to the bishopric of Indiana, as successor to the late Bishop Knickerbocker. The Rev. Mr. White was one of the most prominent churchmen of the Northwest, and had been a rector for over sixteen years, and was more recently the Dean of Seabury Divinity School in the Diocese of Minnesota. Thus honor comes to college and alumni alike.

'80. Mr. Grove D. Curtis is a coal merchant, of the firm of Curtis & Blaisdell, with an office at the foot of 56th street. He has been a resident of New York City for many years, and is prominently identified with our loyal and active alumni in that vicinity.

'82. Ex. We have just learned of the death of Dr. Mathew Edmiston, at his home in Weston, W. Va., April 26, 1894. After leaving Kenyon he went into medicine, receiving the degree of M. D. from the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Baltimore, and also from Bellevue. At the time of his death he was Assistant Superintendent of the West Virginia Hospital for the Insane, at Weston, W. Va.

'83. Ex. Mr. Edward E. Foreman fell in with the westward course of our empire, and is located at Kansas City, Mo., where he is the attorney of a loan association.

'87. Ex. Mr. George T. Cox is at present State Chemist of the Wisconsin Dairy and Food Commission, and Professor of Chemistry in the Wisconsin College of Physicians and Surgeons in Milwaukee.

'92. Mr. W. S. Walkley has been chosen for one of the five Senior Class speakers at Boston University School of Medicine. This is considered quite an honor among the embryo medics.

'93. Bexley. Mr. W. H. G. Lewis, formerly assistant rector of Trinity Church, Toledo, became rector of Calvary Church, in the same city, at the beginning of the year. He also has charge of St. Andrew's Chapel.

'84. The Rev. Irving Todd is Professor of Latin and Greek in the College of the Sisters of Bethany, Topeka, Kansas.

The Junior Promenade.

THE evolution of the Junior Promenade has been so great in the last six years that instead of being a little dance introduced to break the somewhat tedious monotony of the winter term, it has become the most important social event of the year, and a Herculean task for those upon whom it devolves to make the arrangements. That the dance given this year was well planned and successfully carried out would be a statement unnecessary to all who were present. It has been the general opinion each year that "this Promenade surpassed all previous ones," and the last Promenade was no exception to the general rule. And so we say that we cannot tell whither the evolution of the Junior Promenade will carry us in the future. One practice we hope the future will thoroughly establish—a practice toward which a good beginning was made this year—is the practice of beginning early. Dancing began, this year, at least an hour earlier than last year, and if '97 will begin an hour earlier than '96 the reform will be complete. Another good reform instituted by '96 was that of having the halls and stairs covered with white cloth to prevent the ladies' gowns from becoming soiled at the bottoms. If the gentlemen would only wear gloves, so that ladies need fear no more for the backs of their gowns than for their hems, another great improvement would be made. It is to these small matters rather than to greater beauty in decorations that we must look for the future improvement of the Junior Promenade.

The decorations in Philo were exceedingly pretty and reflected great credit upon the taste and energy of those who had that matter in charge. As one entered by the north door a scene of rare daintiness and beauty met his eyes. The walls and ceiling were covered with cheese-cloth, as in former years, of the class colors. Shrimp pink, and Nile green were the colors this year, and they made a very pretty effect. The side walls were covered with the green, gathered at top and bottom, so as to hang in graceful folds, while pink hid the ceiling. The general effect was further enhanced by large bows of pink cheese-cloth at intervals on the side walls and garlands of pink roses gracefully festooned around the room a little below the moulding, with occasional wall baskets overflowing with roses. The alcove where the punch stood and the stand for the musicians were also gracefully draped in the class colors and lighted with

piano lamps. The lamp shades were all of pink paper and the screens for the stoves—a great improvement over former years—were covered with green cheese cloth.

The "math" room at the south end of the hall was similarly decorated in pink and green, and being filled with chairs, made a delightful resting place.

Refreshments were served as usual in Nu Pi Kappa. The caterer was Simmons, of Mt. Vernon. The music in Philo was stopped during the whole time that refreshments were served, thus avoiding the usual confusion at that time. The programs were printed by Dreka, of Philadelphia, and were tastefully gotten up, being printed in mauve with a pretty design on the cover.

At nine o'clock the grand march was begun and the Seniors presented, and at ten dancing commenced, and from that time till dawn waltz and two step reigned supreme. Music was furnished by the Big Four of Newark.

The patronesses were: Mrs. Geo. W. Foote, Mrs. Theodore Sterling, Mrs. Lawrence Rust, Mrs. H. N. Hills, Mrs. H. W. Jones, Mrs. Charles T. Seibt.

The following were present from out of town: Miss Kelly, Miss Fullerton, Miss Bow, Miss Kelton, Miss Laura Kelton, Miss Hardesty, Columbus; Miss Follett, Miss Urban, Miss Grubb, Cincinnati; Mrs. Alden, Miss Alden, Newport, Ky.; Miss Commins, Miss Alden, Akron; Mrs. A. L. Sanford, Portsmouth; Miss Wilson, Marion; Miss Moore, Circleville; Mrs. F. W. Baldwin, Miss Baldwin, Miss Kirk, Miss Israel, Miss Clark, Misses Fowler, Mrs. J. S. Braddock, Miss Braddock, Miss Mae Braddock, Miss Saxon, Mrs. Jas. Israel, Miss Jones, Miss Myers, Mt. Vernon; Miss Metcalf, Brockport, N. Y.; Miss Goodwin, East Liverpool; Miss Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. K. F. Gill, Cleveland; Miss Williams, Monroeville; and Mr. Ben Ames, Mt. Vernon.

Dramatics.

THE play "The Head of the Family," which was presented on February 26 by the Kenyon Dramatic Club in Nu Pi Kappa Hall, surpassed the most sanguine expectations of their friends. The cast of the play was as follows:

Dick Davis—A student of Kember College, fond of foot ball and girls	Mr. Burnett
Byron Makepeace Thornton—His room-mate, not fond of foot ball or girls,	Mr. Martin
Seth Wheatberry—Betty's Father	Mr. W. Beach Clark
Harry Augustus St. Clair—A Young Man of Fashion	Mr. Wright
Sam Slocum—Wheatberry's Hired Man	Mr. Blake
Betty Wheatberry—Seth's Daughter	Mr. G. F. Williams
Edna Tracey—Betty's City Friend	Mr. Babst
Rosilla Wheatberry—Wife of Seth and Head of the Family	Mr. Barber
Priscilla Haversham—Edna's Maiden Aunt	Mr. Henry Stanbery
Mr. Wright	Manager
Mr. H. F. Williams	Stage Manager
Mr. Hawley	Master of Properties

With the invaluable assistance of Professor Ingham, the club had been working steadily for two months previous to the play's production, enlarging the stage, constructing new scenery and adding other improvements. The laying of gas pipes from the laboratories to the hall for foot lights, for the flies, and for the auditorium, was perhaps their greatest feat. Many thanks are due the ladies also for the preparation of the club's wardrobe, and for much valuable criticism in interpreting their parts.

At an early hour the hall was packed, even to a point of discomfort, by the students, their Gambier friends and the many Prom. visitors. Certainly the club could not complain of lack of encouragement for their efforts, as every hit was applauded most heartily. Mr. Barber, as "Rosilly," undoubtedly scored the biggest hit. His part was a difficult one, but it was executed cleverly and with the utmost attention to the least detail. Mr. Williams and Mr. Babst, as the young ladies, though unfortunate in possessing rather low pitched voices, sustained their characters by perfect make ups and excellent acting. Mr. Williams well merited the ovation he received at his entrance in the last act in ball costume. It would perhaps be unkind to say that Mr. Burnett and Mr. Martin had only to act naturally to fill their roles, but at any rate, whether fitted by nature directly or by histrionic ability, that their acting was a complete success was sufficiently attested by frequent marks of the audience's approval. To say that Mr. Clark, as Seth, fully realized the expectations of his friends is testimonial enough of his excellent interpretation of a character in which he is well known to Gambier people.

Although Mr. Stanbery and Mr. Blake had only minor parts, neither their conception nor the execution of them could be improved upon in any way. Mr. Wright's appearance in the last act as a young man of fashion would have led one to believe that his clever manipulation of his monocle was the result of years of habitual use.

The success of the play lies almost entirely with its interpreters, for while it contained many amusing situations, the dialogue was not good, and offered a wide range for original conception. The production here on the Hill of another play and of a minstrel show after Easter, as the Dramatic Club have planned, and the repetition of their initial success in Mt. Vernon, will be looked forward to with great interest by all who have had the pleasure of seeing "The Head of the Family."

Personals.

ABOUT twenty-five men are practicing for the base ball team.

Mrs. Riley spent a few days in Gambier, visiting her son, Robert L. Harris, '96.

Miss Dewey, of Harcourt Place, received a small number of her friends on January 25th to meet Miss Collins of Covington, Ky.

Dr. Strong, formerly occupying the chair of English at the college, has been visiting in Gambier since the middle of February. He expects to stay until after Commencement week.

James A. Nelson, '98, received a short visit from his mother, about February 20th.

A. H. Commins, '94, of Akron, and Frank W. Alden, ex-'95, of Cincinnati, greeted old friends for a few days during Prom. week.

Robert Sheerin's Gambier friends will be glad to learn of his having gained first place in his class this year at the Starling Medical College, leading with high grades in all his studies.

Messrs. Mottley, Harris, Barber, Hathaway, Blake, Southworth, Youtsey and Alden, attended the Convention of the Eastern Division of Delta Tau Delta, at Meadville, Pa., February 20 and 22.

Miss Seibt entertained, January 31st, in honor of her friend, Miss Metcalfe, of Buffalo, N. Y. Cards were the order of the evening. A number of young people from Mt. Vernon were among the guests.

Dr. Lyman B. Sperry furnished the third number of the lecture course, March 13, with indifferent success. Aside from the faint savor of antiquity which pervaded his lecture, some of his remarks were in such evident bad taste that his audience was not as highly edified as might be.

Philomathesian Society, which has been defunct for almost a year past, has been resuscitated under a new constitution. There is a membership of about twenty, with the following officers: President, Arthur Dumper; Vice President, Robert B. B. Foote; Secretary and Treasurer, D. L. B. Goodwin; Program Committee, Howard Hollenbach, Earle R. Wilson, Robert L. Harris.

The Harcourt Dance.

ONE of the prettiest events Gambier has seen lately was the reception given on January 29th, by the girls of Harcourt Place, in honor of the Faculty and the Senior Class. No pains had been spared by the young ladies, in the arrangement and decorations of the halls, to make the affair the most successful of its kind ever given there. The gymnasium and the study hall, which were used for dancing, were very artistically decorated, the former in yellow and white, the Harcourt colors, and the latter in mauve, the Kenyon color; the refreshment rooms were draped in red and blue, the Academy colors. The guests were received in the parlors of Lewis Hall by Mrs. Hills, of the Faculty; Miss McCammon, of the Senior Class, and Miss Marion Austin, representing the girls. Dancing was then begun, and amid the enticing strains of the Cleveland Grays' Orchestra the hours sped quickly. Besides the students from the institutions on the hill and other residents of Gambier, a large number of visitors from Mt. Vernon and beyond were present, among them Bishop Vincent.

Exchanges.

The receipts for the Harvard-Pennsylvania game are reported at \$55,000, the expenses at \$20,000.

The reported receipts for the Yale-Princeton game were \$37,000.

The University of Paris has over 7,000 students, and in this, as well as other universities of France, there are no classes, no athletics, no commencement day, no college periodicals, no glee clubs, and no fraternities.—*Student Life*.

The University of Berlin has 8,343 students in attendance. This is the largest institution of its kind in the world.

One-third of the university students of Europe die prematurely from the effects of bad habits acquired in school, one-third die from lack of exercise, and the other third govern Europe.—*Ex*.

The *Antigone* of Sophocles was presented by the students of the University of the South during their last commencement exercises in August. It is said that they will produce this drama in Nashville this fall.

There are 119 elective courses open to seniors and juniors at Yale.

The college yell is purely an American invention, and is unknown in other countries. In England the students simply cheer or scream the name of their college or university, no attempt being made at a rhythmic yell as in this country.

At St. John's College the lectures are given in Latin, and even the examinations are carried on in that language.

All speaking by the students at Yale's commencement has been done away with and a new officer called the "Orator" will be elected, whose duty is to introduce the candidate to the president.—*Ex*.

An exercise that requires several weeks' work upon a speech that is limited to eight minutes, and delivered before people who don't want to hear it, and who are auditors only because they have to be, has no place in a college curriculum.—*Ex*.

A jolly young chemistry tough,
While mixing a compound of stough,
Dropped a match in the phial,
And in a brief whial
They found his front teeth and one cough.—*Ex.*

"I simply dote on Horace,"
Said the Boston maid, "don't you?"
And the maidens from Chicago
Wondering, queried, "Horace who?"—*Ex.*

PROPOSAL A LA MODE.

He does not kneel there at her feet
And for her love implore,
He would not spoil his trouser's crease
By stooping to the floor.
No words of love, no vows of faith,
He whispers in her ear,
But, twirling his mustache, he asks,
"Can you support me, dear?"—*Yale Record.*

WE HAVE ALL BEEN THERE.

"My boy, you look weary and wan;
You are working too hard with your Greek,
To try, from constructions obscure,
Some plausible meaning to seek."
"No, no," he wearily said,
"The meaning I plainly can see;
But I'm worn out trying to make
The text and the pony agree."—*S. W. P. U. Journal.*

A TERRIBLE CALAMITY.

Once a Freshman was wrecked on an African coast
Where a cannibal monarch held sway,
And they served up that Freshman in slices on toast
On the eve of that very same day.
But the vengeance of heaven followed swift on the act,
And before the next morning was seen
By the cholera morbus the tribe was attacked,
For the Freshman was dreadfully green.—*McMicken Review.*