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## Kenyon Collegian - February 1896

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# The Kenyon Collegian.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF KENYON COLLEGE.

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VOL. XXII.

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No. 9.

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## Editorial.

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THE COLLEGIAN as well as other departments of the college regrets that Dr. Luther has thought best not to accept his election to the Presidency. We hope, however, that the Board of Trustees will not let this matter drop now until some one has been elected to hold the position permanently, in order that the college may adopt some definite policy as soon as possible.

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IT is the boast of college men that the college life gives opportunities for the development of all phases of the human character. The curriculum is designed for mental training; athletics make it possible that the "mens sana" may be in "corpore sano"; the various social events assist in the development of still another side of life. And yet very often the development is not symmetrical. We are all inclined to be carried away by one idea and to forget that our purpose here is neither to make ourselves into thinking machines nor to become physical prodigies, but to develop our manhood. Realizing this fact we find to-day, in all our colleges, organizations of some sort which foster the religious spirit of students.

This should be something more than the daily chapel exercises, which, when attendance is compulsory, are sure to be looked upon as, in a measure, a penance. It should be an organization within the student body. Such an organization we have in the St. Andrew's Brotherhood. It needs no introduction here, for its work and purposes are well known, but we wish to remind the students that it does not receive the support which is its just due. The force of this statement will be more fully recognized when we consider the peculiar fitness which the Brotherhood has for work here at Kenyon. It is the young men's organization of the Protestant Episcopal Church and its work is designed for young men. Thus it is the logical organization for a Church College, and yet we read in a recent issue of St. Andrew's Cross, among the list of directors of college work, that only one strictly speaking Church College is represented. There must be something fundamentally wrong in this. Although we feel that it is a part of a subject which is beyond the influence of the student body of any institution, a part of the same subject which makes it possible to say that there are more Episcopalians at Yale and Harvard than at all the Church Schools put to gether, yet the students must realize that they can not neglect this phase of their characters, and that we should support the Brotherhood as a college institution.

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WE mentioned in the news items of the last issue that a project was on foot to refloor Rosse Hall and to fit it up with gymnasium apparatus. The work of raising money for this purpose is completed and the actual work has been commenced. Few probably realize the great possibilities which this building contains and how much room has been going to waste in it all these years. The hall itself, as is now intended, will make an excellent gymnasium, and with the new floor will also be much better than Philo for holding the college receptions. The basement, which is already partially excavated, could be easily fitted up with baths and would also afford room for a base ball cage, so that with very little work we might have a gymnasium of which any institution might be proud. We hope that the work of improvement will not stop with the new floor.

REMARKS have often been made upon the regularity with which certain subjects recur in the editorial column, and yet we believe that, as long as the abuse of any privilege or custom continues, it is the duty of the COLLEGIAN to remonstrate, no matter how often the remonstrance has been made before. Thus it seems necessary to make at least one more protest upon the deception which is practiced upon the students by the statement that the reading room will be open every Saturday evening. The statement is true in the letter, but that is about as far as it goes.

We have a right to expect that the rules of the reading room will be as much in force then as at any other time. There is one of these rules which forbids any one to take the last issue of any magazine from the room, but this rule is continually violated, and to such an extent that the entire purpose of opening the reading room is frustrated. There are a number of students who find Saturday evening the most convenient time to become posted on the current magazines, and thus it is particularly exasperating to have all the latest periodicals removed as soon as the doors are open. If they were left until closing time there would be no objection offered, but so far as students are concerned, the present flagrant violation of the rule in this regard almost completely destroys the benefit which they might derive from the evening. We do not think that an official position warrants the violation of any rule.

THERE is another time-worked theme which is very apropos, in view of recent developments in our lusty infants of '99. This is the question of what is college spirit or class spirit. We usually have the subject of college spirit thoroughly drilled into our Freshmen by some dignified upper-classman, but recently we find that the Freshmen have tried to turn instructors and have attempted to force upon the college and town in general that class spirit consists in a series of yells occurring anywhere from nine o'clock till three. We had hoped that the loss of the rush this year might prevent any such infantile tantrums, but it seems that some other remedy must be adopted. What it will be remains to be seen.

## The Purposes of College Journalism.

J. A. S.

THE college periodical is peculiar to American institutions and, as is the case with everything else American, since it was once fairly started it has been developed to a very remarkable degree. Every institution of learning now has its own publication, some of them two or three. Yet with all this development there is still a great deal of controversy concerning the real position of the college paper; what is its reason for existence? With large institutions whose student roll contains names sufficient to form a considerable community this question may be very easily answered.

It exists in such institution for the same reason that a newspaper exists in any community. In such cases it may convey news directly to its subscribers, and by news we do not mean the records of events known to all the students two weeks before the paper publishes them. The existence of such a periodical is literally as a newspaper, such as we have in the *Harvard Crimson* or the *U. of M. Daily*. Then, of course, in these same larger institutions, there are always special features which logically have special publications to represent them. Outside of these instances, however, the question becomes a very complicated one, as to just why a college paper has a right to exist, and based upon this right, what should be its policy? The question is an old one and has been discussed many times, and a great many attacks have been made upon special lines of policy adopted by different periodicals, and yet it really seems no nearer a solution now than formerly.

Why is it that, where the numbers are so few that all the news is learned by word of mouth before it is a day old, where all announcements may be made on a common bulletin, we have what is called the college newspaper? Evidently it can not be strictly entitled to such a name, or else, according to all laws of economy, it has no right to exist. There is one explanation of the question which, although not flattering to the publication, has undoubtedly a great deal of truth in it. The conditions have been favorable, through ordinary reasons, to call forth the periodicals of the larger universities, and, with that spirit of emulation which is so prominent in the American character, the

smaller institutions have adopted the idea. This may be urged as the real reason for the beginnings of the college press in its present almost universal form, and yet there must be other and weighty reasons for its existence or the development would never have been so great as it has been. We can not explain the present condition of the college press on the doctrine of emulation merely. What, then, are the other reasons? For the most important we must go back to the student body and discuss some of the purposes of college life. In doing this we may ask, "What is it that distinguishes a college man after he leaves his Alma Mater?" Specialists excepted, we do not pick out a college man for his knowledge of logarithms or his theory of cosmology, but he is to be detected, if detected at all, by the use of his mother tongue. This is a fact which is appealing especially to a great many at the present time, and the educational world in general is awakening to the fact that this most important subject has been sadly neglected. In fact, too great emphasis can hardly be laid on its importance; and nothing should be omitted which may increase the possibility of advancement in it. In this line the college paper has a position. It should be the natural place in which the literary efforts of any student body should be expressed. It may be urged that the same advantages might be gained by regular class room work in composition, but there is a decided difference between writing an essay for the class room and writing an article which will surely be criticised by each of one's associates. The main advantage should be the increased incentive for thorough, careful work. Thus the college press should be a mirror of the work of the English Department. It should be the place where embryonic poets and story tellers may see their productions under that magic halo, "print," as well as the place for the learned criticisms of classic authors which any especially inspired student may produce during the course of his regular work. Here again, the knowledge that his article is going to help make the opinion which is held of his Alma Mater, outside, should make one doubly painstaking.

The other reason for the existence of the college paper is one which is often talked of and as often disregarded. It should be the organ which is to keep the alumni in touch with the institution. The alumni column should be one of the most important in any college paper, but it must be remembered that work in this line must necessarily be recip-

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rocal. Many times we hear of alumni who discontinue their subscriptions on the ground that it has nothing in it which directly interests them. They have no acquaintances among the present students and there is only an occasional mention of an alumnus whom they remember. Leaving aside the fact that there should be nothing so unimportant concerning their Alma Mater as not to be of interest to them, they should remember that the editors are far from omniscient, even in regard to alumni notes, and that they have no way of knowing, except they be told. Every college has a few ideal alumni who keep in touch with it, and through whom nearly all the scattering alumni notes are obtained, but if every alumnus would be as willing to assist as he is to find fault, each would find his college paper a source of information and of interest to him, and would strengthen this second reason for its existence. These two reasons are sufficient, but we must remember that there are limitations. In the first place the paper is printed for the benefit of the students and alumni, and should have no aspirations to become an oracle of wisdom for all generations. It has accomplished its purpose if it affords any incentive for literary excellence and presents a true picture of college life for the benefit of the alumni. Outside of this field it will get beyond its depth. It may be interesting for us to know what Sol Smith Russell thinks of the college man on the stage, but the question of the college man in being continually discussed in the educational magazines and is out of place in a college periodical, except it be discussed by some one of those whom the paper represents. With all deference to the excellent publication from the "Forest City," what right have such articles to space in any college paper? It may be that "students are tired of reading worthless stories by members of their own classes," it may be that such articles have no probability of becoming classic literature, and yet it must be remembered that the primary debt of a college publication is to its own college, that it bases its right for existence upon its reflection of the work of its own students, and that in going to outsiders for matter with which to fill its columns, it has forsaken the field of its own usefulness and attempted to invade that of the general periodical. We must remember our limitations and not try to overstep them.

## College Vagaries.

## THE SENIOR IN SHEOL.

"PILE on the coals," quoth the Devil,  
 In the place of damned souls,  
 "And place yon man  
 In the frying pan  
 To br-r-roil!—Pile on more coals!"

And the very elegant Senior,  
 As the fire grew hot and white,  
 And his flesh began  
 To hiss in the pan,  
 Asked: "Bitumen or Anthracite?"

—A. O'M.

## HIS LOVE.

She's a neat little thing, of complexion dark,  
 And an eye that is always aglow;  
 And we have sat often, alone in the dark,  
 An evening that you'd call "slow."

Then I've sat and watched her blushes start,  
 While her cheek grew warm to the touch,  
 Hoping that she could feel in part,  
 The love I felt so much.

You ask who is she, and who am I,  
 I'm a bachelor of years full ripe,  
 And you must have guessed that she—why,  
 She is my meerschaum pipe.

—'99.

## A FRESHMAN EFFUSION.

The "Prep." translates,  
 In accents bold,

"*ig' l'pov*  
*l'haivee eh,*"

Tutor remarks

"A fact you've told,  
 And it is true  
 That you do too."

—W. H. M.



### His Ideal.

D. L. B. G.

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A YOUNG man of twenty is reclining carelessly in one of the big chairs of the luxurious "Palatka," while he is being borne along almost without a jolt over the rails of the New England and Western road. A low, soft rumble, like the roll of a distant drum, lulls him and the graceful sway of the car as the train sweeps a curve adds to the drowsiness of the situation.

Through the window he sees the procession of trees and fences and houses, as they swiftly pass him clad in their winter dress.

The snow is newly fallen and has buried fences, blocked roads, and loaded the trees with a burden of crystal which bends their graceful boughs nearly to the earth.

Claude Winter felt himself a sultan as he revelled in the soft elegance of his surroundings and endeavored to persuade himself that this unwonted luxury must, of necessity, continue forever.

Five hours ago he had laid aside his books and cares among the Berkshire hills and had watched the tall spires of the old college fade away against the western horizon.

The tiresomeness of the journey to his own home in Wisconsin had decided him in choosing to spend his Christmas holiday in Vermont with an old classmate and talk over the good times of two years ago, when to see Claude Winter on the campus green was to know that Bob Berkley was not far away.

Together they had fagged as Freshmen and had gone down together in the rush. Together they had driven their well-worn pacers, parasangs without number, through the tangled swamps with Cyrus and had felt "black despair seize upon their limbs" when their faithful steed became entangled in the crooked roots of Homer. Together they had sought out the frequented haunts of the festive gobbler, and together they had feasted upon the fruits of these nocturnal labors. But all that was past; a time had come when Bob was forced to leave college, and so they had been separated now these two years, but frequent letters had passed between them and in a few hours they were to see each other again at Bennington.

Claude's allowance was but limited and he was forced to economize in order to be in the swim, yet not to be carried away by student life. It was not his practice to patronize parlor cars when traveling alone, but this time he decided to have the best the road afforded.

He had been reading a story in a "Christmas number" and was evidently satisfied with it, as he lay there in his cushioned seat in the most happy frame of mind. It was the story of a foot ball game, where the gods, especially Cupid, had taken a prominent part, and it brought back to his mind many pleasant memories and exciting experiences he had met in connection with the fascinating gridiron. But there was one experience which came up before him more vividly than the rest and which threw him into a happy reverie. It was the Thanksgiving game one year ago, and he, as full-back, had made some fine plays.

The game was played away from home and the grand-stand was filled with an enthusiastic crowd of fair spectators, nor were they alone the supporters of the opposing team that waved their colors as the two teams faced each other for the struggle. Little islands of more brilliant color, liberally interspersed among the spectators, showed him that although the Berkshire team was away from home, they were not away from friends and that victory, if victory it should be, would not go uncheered.

During the game, he remembered, Fortune, ever fickle, had wavered, now bearing them on her wings and again deserting them entirely. Once, in a scrimmage, he had bounded over the heads of the linemen, carrying the ball the full length of the field amid a cyclone of cheers and colors; but the next time he had attempted the trick he had been conscious of a heavy fall, and then everything swam before his eyes and he had known no more.

The game, they told him when he regained consciousness two hours later, had been won by a single point. How slight his injuries seemed, now that he knew that the game was won and that it was he who had scored the winning point.

But although Claude was soon able to shake off the physical effects of the game, yet he was continually haunted by a strange dream which had appeared to him during his comatose condition. But was it a dream or was it a vision?

He remembered to have seen dimly a great throng of strange and

unnatural forms, which seemed to stand forth in their unsubstantial bodies in the air, wrapped about with streamy varicolored mist, with faces deliciously sweet and dark, bewitching eyes; and there was one face, a woman's, that he recalled most vividly, which had hovered over him as he lay upon the grass, and touched his cheek and soothed his brow, a face which had ravished his soul, and, too, when he tried to detain it, it had gradually receded till it was lost in dark, enveloping clouds. How coarse and commonplace seemed now these mortal countenances since this rapturous glance into the ideal!

No doubt, as Plato teaches, these flashes of recollection which sometimes come to us of events unlike any which we have known before are the almost obliterated memories of experiences in a former state of existence, perhaps in another world, and that the mind, so calloused does it become by its cruder environment, is prevented from recalling these experiences, except unsatisfactory glimpses at rare intervals.

Claude Winter was not entirely a sentimentalist, his ideas on most subjects were cool and practical; but who has not, at times, given himself over to pleasant reveries, and what better place for sentimental dreaming than a parlor car, and what better time than Christmas eve? And then, too, Claude was a Junior.

That he might never see his enchantress again, whether she were mortal or visionary, he knew well; but that he was in love with his ideal he felt assured.

In his abstraction, he had paid little attention to the passengers, further than to notice that the car had become well filled, and also that the chair just behind his, but lately unoccupied, was now filled with a mass of furs.

Two miles farther on lay an open switch, left thus through the carelessness of an employe. Claude knew nothing about this, and would have cared little if he had known. Football had hardened him to injury, and instead of shunning danger he rather hoped that he might some time run into a real smash-up; feeling that he, at any rate, would come out all right.

A minute later and Claude was sent sprawling upon his face by a violent concussion, which seemed only equaled by the shocks which followed it in rapid succession; and then with a terrific plunge, which seemed enough to tear it to pieces, the car came to a standstill.

When Claude succeeded in dispelling the millions of stars that flashed across his vision as he lay beneath a broken chair, his first impulse was to yell, "Down," and then collecting his senses, he realized that he was at last in a wreck, and not killed; and so he resolved to be brave and quiet until some one should come and pull him out, but the thought of fire and a hundred other fears induced him to join his voice to the common yell.

When, however, he had extricated himself from his painful position, his next prompting was to jump from the window; but thinking it too commonplace to do what others were doing, he made for the door. The end of a little fur tippet caught his eye as he passed down the aisle and he resolved to see what it had to do with the case, even though the car exploded, burned, or jumped over the embankment. Lifting the bundle of furs, which lay in a heap between the chairs, he discovered a young woman of near his own age in a fainting condition. "I wonder who she is," thought he, as he ran quickly for some snow and began to sprinkle the pale face. "Surely that little jolt could not hurt any one very seriously."

It seems the open switch had received all the cars but the last and that it had left the rails and after bumping over several ties had dropped into a cattle-guard and remained there, while the rest of the train went on.

\* \* \* \* \*

An hour later the transfer had been made and the train, with the exception of the parlor car, was speeding along much as if nothing had happened, except that the seats were filled with invalids in various degrees of fright and bruises, but fortunately no one seriously injured.

Claude Winter sat in the smoking car, smoking and thinking. Things had turned out strangely for him since he had left those dear old Berkshire hills but a very few hours ago. He had been in a real train accident and had not been killed; he had played the heroic in the case of a beautiful young woman; but that was not all, he had discovered His Ideal.

Claude had finished his third cigar—two of which he had forgotten to light—but still he could not find courage to return to the other car. To do so was to encounter those eyes, and this was to betray a secret

which he did not at present care to reveal, for certainly this was no place for making love.

His destination, Bob Berkley, and all else, had faded from Claude's mind. All he knew now was, that wherever his star led, there he must follow. That fate had something to do with it, it had never occurred to him to doubt. At any rate, he determined that as long as this beautiful girl occupied a seat on this train, he was a passenger also. With such thoughts crowding through his brain he drew another cigar from his pocket and proceeded to find a match.

The train had stopped at a station before Claude had succeeded in lighting his cigar; then turning to scan the occupants of the next car, what was his surprise to see an empty seat where a moment before his ideal had been. Hastily catching up his coat and satchel he made for the door and was soon rushing up the platform.

"Hello, old man, don't run over a fellow."

"I beg par— Bob Berkley!"

"Good guess! but what was your hurry? looks as if you were trying to make chapel by your speed."

"Oh—I was just making for the lunch room. But what are you doing here? I expected to find you at Bennington."

"And so you have—but excuse me just one minute."

Claude was glad enough to be relieved from any further questions, and began looking around for a fur cape, for he was determined not to let this escape him, even if it was Bennington and he was the guest of Bob Berkley. But how was that! the girl in the furs had thrown her arms around Bob's neck and he was kissing her.

Here, Winter, I'm so glad you were not both killed. Carrie has been telling me all about your accident. Oh, yes—Carrie, this is Claude Winter. Are acquainted? Oh, yes, of course. Why those blushes, old man? you didn't used to do that."

\* \* \* \* \*

Two years have passed. 'Tis Christmas eve again; the bells are ringing joyously. Carrie Berkley stands at the window watching the snow-flakes, while her thoughts go back to college life and pleasures, and foot ball—yes, for Carrie, too, remembered that Thanksgiving game, and blushes as she thinks how soon she will see the one who scored the winning point. Claude Winter has decided to spend a few weeks in the South, and it is rumored that it is to be a wedding trip.

## Bernard of Clairvaux.

R. B. B. F.

AS WE look back from the nineteenth century of enlightenment and progress into the darkness of the Middle Ages, we often do so with a feeling of scorn, and say within ourselves as the Jews of old: "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" But there lived one man, at least, in those dark times, whose character, "noble thought, and superlative example" may serve as an inspiration for us by showing us the power of a consecrated life. This man was Bernard of Clairvaux.

The tenth century had passed, that century in which the lowest point that civilization has ever seen was reached; when Church and State were both so unutterably corrupt that it seemed hardly possible that men could sink lower. The years 1000 and 1033 had passed when men looked anxiously for the end of the world, and in this expectation of the final dissolution of all things temporal, left their work, neglecting even to cultivate their fields; when building ceased and when crime was everywhere ascendant. These years had passed without any unusual occurrence and a better order of things had begun. By the end of the eleventh and beginning of the twelfth century a deep religious feeling was stirring in the breasts of mankind. These religious impulses in many led them to enter the monasteries, where they thought they could serve God better under the rigorous discipline than in the ordinary pursuits of life. It was at this time, in the year 1091, that Bernard was born. The spirit of his age, the deep religiousness everywhere beginning to be prominent, may, to some extent, have helped to mould his character, but it was to his mother more than to any one else that he owed his deeply affectionate and religious nature. It was the result of her teaching and influence that led him at twenty-two years of age, when with his natural gifts he could have made his mark in some secular pursuit where he could command the admiration of men, to renounce these allurements and enter upon the secluded monastic life with all its austerities.

In his choice of monasteries he showed how little he cared for fame and how completely consecrated to his chosen mode of life he was. Instead of entering one of the rich, influential monasteries, where the rules

were liberally interpreted and where he would have abundant opportunity for advancement to high honors, he chose instead one that was poor and weak and almost ready to give up its existence because of the rigor of its discipline. The coming of Bernard gave a new impetus to this monastery, and in about two years it became so full that a colony had to be sent out to found a new one. Of this colony at Clairvaux, Bernard was made the abbot. Here he maintained the Benedictine discipline with all its rigor and also a high moral standard, and denounced severely the looseness of discipline and morals in some of the prominent monasteries of his day.

The austerity with which he treated his own body was such that it undermined his health, so that he became a physical wreck for almost the whole of his life. But though his body was weak, his mind and spirit were strong and unconquerable. He feared no one. Like John the Baptist he rebuked evils in the castle as well as in the hut.

Bernard was a zealous student of the Holy Scriptures, and in this, as well as in many other respects, was very much like the Puritans of the seventeenth century. With the Psalmist, he could say, "O, how I love thy law; it is my meditation all the day." The hours spent in meditation were without doubt a source of inspiration and strength to him.

It was his unique personality, united with his sincere and earnest faith and love toward God and for his Church that made him so influential among his contemporaries. When he gave his decision, men accepted it as if from the Lord himself. It was this power which he possessed over men which saved Europe from the horrors of a long religious war between two rival popes. He was the means of bringing about a settlement much sooner than at first seemed possible.

Honorius II. had died in 1130, and two men had been elected to fill his chair by the two contending factions at Rome. The question which of them should be accepted by the Church at large was a serious one, and involved great difficulties. Each had powerful adherents, and the acceptance of one meant curses, interdictions, even ex-communication from the other. Louis VI., king of France, was at a loss with whom to cast in his lot and to decide this question he called a council. To this Bernard was invited, and when he arrived, such was the confidence they had in him, the whole burden of the decision was placed in his hands by the assembly. We to-day can hardly realize in what a critical

position he was placed, and what far-reaching results depended upon his decision. He decided, finally, in favor of Innocent II., who was a man of much higher moral character than his rival, Anacletus. His decision was accepted by the king and the council as if God himself had spoken. So France placed itself on the side of Innocent. But this did not end the struggle. It was only begun. The two powerful nations of England and Germany had as yet taken no decisive steps in the matter. The English bishops were, most of them, in favor of Anacletus, but King Henry was undecided. While he was thus hesitating, "Bernard went at him," says Storrs, "like a knight in a tournament, with his lance aimed full at the breast of his opponent. 'Answer to God yourself,' he said, 'for your other sins; leave this one to me; let it rest wholly on myself.'" The abbot's arguments were too strong for him, and he yielded; England declared in favor of Innocent. Then turning to Germany, Bernard compelled Lothaire to accept, without conditions, the claim of Innocent. The emperor could not resist his powerful and persuasive utterances. Italy still remained rent by the two factions, and it seemed there as if the breach could not be healed. But Bernard conquered here also, making three different journeys to Italy for this purpose. Thus this one man, with his eloquence and irresistible spirit, accomplished what no one else could have done, and Europe was again united and at peace.

The last great work of his life, and one which, from disastrous results, weighed heavily on his mind, was his connection with the Second Crusade. At the command of the pope, he went everywhere, urging men to enlist in an expedition against the infidels, who were again on the point of retaking the city of Jerusalem. His eloquence so stirred society that even kings and emperors left their thrones and joined in the expedition. Not long after this, on August 20, 1153, he died, having finished the work given him to do.

"Here was a man," says Storrs, "with no station to give him prominence, only one of the many thousands of abbots, without any army or treasury, without crown or tiara, who, by spirit, by genius, by fervent purpose expressed in the eloquence of deeds as of words, and by an almost magical control over men, exerted an influence hardly less conspicuous, in some respects more wide and vital, than that of either emperor or pope. His was an office surpassing while completing theirs—



to compact Europe through a persuasive spiritual life; to make it one, not by encircling clamps of armies, not by commanding hierarchical decrees, but by exalting before it an aim, a spiritual experience, most signal in himself, but attracting admiration, and inciting aspiration from all on whom fell the lustre of his name."

### Harry's Sister.

J. J. D.

THE FALL term was drawing to a close and the boys were impatiently awaiting the hour when they should be able to board the train bound for home.

Harry Pemberton sat alone in his room packing his trunk, preparatory to his departure on the following morning. It was a cosy room—just such a place as a college boy enjoys. Bright-colored pictures adorned the walls and a few trinkets—valuable only for their associations—hung in various parts of the room. The bureau was covered with photographs and a table on one side of the room was littered with papers and books. A guitar in one corner indicated that the occupant might be musical.

As he sat there before his bureau tossing things from the drawers to the trunk, and pausing now and then to decide whether he should better take this thing or that, he heard a knock on his door, and before he could answer with a cheery "Come," the door had been opened and one of his classmates entered. "Hello, Harry," said he, "getting ready to go home, eh? I don't get away before Friday, you know. Have to take that Math. exam. Well, you're a lucky dog. I don't see how a fellow can pull such grades as you do, without any apparent effort."

Harry, having seen that it was Dick Brown, went on with his packing, paying little attention to his friend. Dick was in the habit of dropping in several times a day and Harry liked to have him do so, for Dick had a way about him that drove away a fellow's gloom, and Harry had been somewhat gloomy of late.

While he had been speaking, Dick had wandered over toward a photograph enclosed in a neat frame, which hung against the wall. He looked at the handsome face a minute and then said, "Poor Fred! Say,

Harry, have you noticed how Fred has been acting lately. He seems all cut up about something, and his grades have been falling ever since he left you to room by himself. He never has anything to do with the boys any more and I have tried in vain to find out what ails him. Have you any idea?"

Harry said "No," but something within him made him realize that he knew a great deal about it.

After Dick had gone, he too went over to the picture and gazed for a long time into the frank eyes. How Fred had changed! The Fred that smiled to him from the picture was certainly not the same Fred that he saw now and then going to recitations. The Fred he used to know was full of fun, bright and cheerful, and would have done anything for his chum and room-mate, Harry Pemberton. Now Fred roomed across the hall and once in a while Harry would catch a glimpse of him. He never spoke now unless he was spoken to, and seemed weighed down by some grief almost too heavy for him to bear.

Harry's mind wandered back to the time when he and Fred had separated. How angry they both had been, and yet how foolish had been the cause of the quarrel. An argument had become heated and each of the boys had indulged in some biting personalities. They had separated each feeling himself in the right, and the next day, while Harry was away from the room, Fred had taken his belongings and left his key on the table.

Both had afterward repented bitterly of their actions and longed for a reconciliation, yet Harry had never longed for it as he did now. He thought of an evening just a year ago, when he and Fred were preparing to spend the vacation at Harry's home. What a pleasant vacation it had been and what a fancy all of Harry's friends had taken to his chum! Oh, what good times they had had during those two weeks and how often, after they had returned and settled down to work, they had talked over that vacation. Now Harry was going home alone, and he wondered whether Fred was going to the home of his guardian, for he was an orphan and his guardian had little love for the boy. Harry put his hand in his pocket and drew out a letter which he had received from his mother a few days before. "Harry," she wrote, "I hope that you will bring your friend, Fred Atkinson, home with you when you come. We shall all be so disappointed if you don't. Ruth is as anxious as the rest

of us." Yes, they would be disappointed. Dear sister Ruth! How Fred had admired her and how she had liked Fred! How they would enjoy seeing each other again. Well, he was sorry, but what could he do? In spite of his efforts to free himself from these thoughts, the vision of Fred spending a weary Christmas as his guardian's would present itself. And he would contrast that dreary picture with the cheerful vision of his own cosy home—his loving mother, good-natured father, sweet sister Ruth, and his two younger brothers. Ah, he was sorry that Fred, too, could not join that happy group on the following evening. He heard a step in the hall. It was Fred's. The door opposite was opened and slammed back carelessly. Harry arose, shoved his hands deep into his pockets and commenced to pace up and down the room. The frown he wore presently merged into a smile; he said resolutely, "Well, I don't care, I'm going to do it anyway."

Fred, upon entering his room, had tossed his cap upon the window-seat and thrown himself into a chair before the table. There was a photograph holder upon the table containing the picture of a very pretty girl. Fred's eyes sought the picture, and as he looked, he bent forward, leaning his head upon his hand, and gazed tenderly at the face.

A third person might have noticed some resemblance between the face in the picture and that of the boy who had just entered. Harry paused but a moment. He went over and placed his hand on Fred's shoulder. Fred started and exclaimed, "Why, Harry, is it you? I was just thinking of—" "No, you weren't, old fellow," interrupted Harry. "I know whom you were thinking of." Involuntarily Fred glances at the picture and Harry chuckles.

No more embarrassment is felt, and they are soon talking in the friendliest way. Presently Harry changes the subject, by remarking, abruptly, "But say, old fellow, I haven't told you yet why I came over here. I want you to go home with me to spend Christmas. No, now, I won't take a refusal. Besides, Fred, Ruth wants you to come. I knew that would bring you. Well, we had better get to our packing."

Before they separated for the night, arrangements had been made for rooming together the following term.

### The Assembly.

AT A MEETING of the Assembly, February 6, Hubbard, '97, tendered his resignation as a member of the Executive Committee. This was accepted, and Commins, '97, was elected to the position.

The Executive Committee, acting as special committee to consider the advisability of joining an Intercollegiate Athletic Association, reported that they had been able to gain little information from correspondence; that the idea of a smaller league, as proposed by Dr. Canfield, O. S. U., seemed to have been dropped, and further, that, in their opinion, our delegate to the convention to be held February 8, should be instructed not to join any league unless Oberlin, Adelbert, and O. S. U. also joined. It seemed to be the opinion of the committee that the advantages to be gained from the Association were very doubtful and that it would limit the freedom of a few colleges, without giving them any substantial return. Straw, '98, was appointed delegate and instructed to act according to the advice given by the report of the committee.

In recognition of their valuable services in assisting the students in a number of enterprises recently, Professor Peirce and Professor Ingham were elected honorary members of the Assembly.

The Executive Committee reported that the funds were in hand for the improvements in Rosse Hall and that work would be begun immediately. Especial thanks are due to Professor Peirce for soliciting subscriptions.

Hubbard, '97, has been appointed permanent manager of the foot ball team for the ensuing year. Straw, '98, base ball manager, has chosen Nelson, '98, for his assistant.

### Alumni Notes.

THE following sketch of the Rev. Dr. H. G. Perry, M. A., '53, formerly of All-Saints' Church and St. John's Church, Chicago, officiating now, as for some time past, with the clergy at the Cathedral, under Bishop McLaren, of Chicago, is from the Inter-Ocean of that city, which we present in this number as of interest to our readers:

"Rev. Dr. Perry is Second Senior Priest of the Episcopal clergy in Chicago, coming to the original diocese in 1870. He is of the old Perry stock of naval repute, a native Philadelphian, and honor-man of Kenyon College, first practicing law in Ohio, where he belonged also to the United States bar at Cleveland, and licensed also by the Supreme Court of Illinois, and for years filled the chair as Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in Harvey Medical College, Chicago. In the civil war he acted as United States Chaplain in the South, going from there to California, where he served the Church, till in 1868, returning East, and finally to this city, since 1872 his home."

Rev. Dr. Perry, with Rev. George B. Pratt, '62, officiated at the funeral of the late John A. J. Kendig, and the COLLEGIAN is indebted to him for an extended account of Mr. Kendig and also for some interesting anecdotes of the first alumni meeting in Chicago, which we hope to give to our readers in the next issue.

'59. In our last issue there appeared a brief notice of the death of Mr. John A. J. Kendig. The following is clipped from an account of his life in the Chicago Inter-Ocean:

"In his profession he quite early left the department of advocate and pleader at the bar for the more congenial quietude of counselor and solicitor.

"He was the author of a well digested pamphlet called 'Intellect or Character.' He lectured many times upon philological subjects, was a frequent visitor to Europe since 1878, spending months at a time in Germany, which was to him an ideal land. From that country he imbibed a love and practice of studies upon a wide range of German literature. Few men in this land could converse more intelligently upon the Celtic race, their history, literature, and art.

"Of early college days there were many rich reminiscences. As an alumnus of Kenyon he was conscientious and faithful, loving the beautiful campus which he had trodden in days of old. There was always the pleasure of the privilege to repay his Alma Mater for the good she had been to him.

Add to these characteristics the fact that his philosophy, culture, and studies upon abstruse German rationalism were strenuously dominated by a belief in the divine revelation and immortality, with his last

charities given to the Church he indorsed, the memory of John Kendig remains just as his friends desire to think of him and remember him."

'59. Dr. Kellogg, formerly Superintendent of the Willard State Hospital for the Insane, is now practicing medicine in New York.

'60. Rev. John W. Trimble died very suddenly in a station of the Elevated Railroad in New York City, February 3. Until recently he has been in Tuckahoe, N. Y., but at the time of his death was connected with the work in New York City.

'62. Mr. Allan Napier, formerly New York correspondent for the Collegian, and always one of its most loyal supporters, has removed to No. 22 Strong Place, Brooklyn.

'70. Frank Compton, whose health has compelled him to abandon Chicago, has chosen San Diego, Cal., for his future home. He is quoted at length in a recent San Diego paper on his complete satisfaction with that beautiful section of country. We clip the following from the same article:

"Mr. Compton and his charming wife and daughter will be a decided acquisition to San Diego. He has been for over twenty years a member of the Chicago bar, winning a high place in the esteem of the men who are making history in the most wonderful city of modern times. Mr. Compton is the attorney and general agent for Rand, McNally & Co. He said yesterday that on account of his health he might not enter into active professional life here at once, but hoped to do so at an early day."

'87-ex. The following is clipped from the New York Herald. In speaking of Mr. Charles Hoyt's development of new comedians, it says:

"His latest discovery is Mr. Otis Harlan, who made his New York debut as an actor in an important role in "The Black Sheep." His humor is of the genial kind. He bubbles over with good nature, and seems to enjoy acting the part just as much as the audience do in seeing him. Had the role been written for him it could not fit better. Mr. Harlan's work has made the most emphatic kind of a success."

'94. W. B. Beck has a position with the Akron Chemical Company, Akron, Ohio.

'95. (Bexley.) Rev. E. S. Barkdull, of the Cathedral, Cleveland, Ohio, has been chosen editor of Church Life.

### The News.

**D**UTCH" DUERR, an old Academy boy and brother of A. E. Duerr, '93-ex., visited some of his college friends during the first of the term.

Nelson, '98, was visited by his mother, of Urbana, Ohio, for a few days the latter part of January.

Misses Fisher and Twiss, of Columbus, were the guests of Professor and Mrs. Peirce for about a week, the latter part of January.

President Sterling has not been enjoying his usual robust health this term, and was confined to the house for several days the early part of the term.

Philo bids fair to resume her old prosperous career. A number of men were taken in at the first few meetings of the term, and the Society has been greatly invigorated.

A Hare and Hounds Club was organized January 28, with Hollenbach, '96, as captain and H. F. Williams, '96, manager. It is planned to have a run every Saturday.

Rev. D. F. Davies, of Grace Church, Mansfield, is filling the position of Professor of Dogmatic Theology, left vacant by the resignation of Dr. Seibt. Rev. Davies is a graduate of Marietta.

P. B. Stanbery, '98, has been elected leader of the Mandolin Club, vice W. H. Clarke, '98. Mr. Clarke found it impossible, on account of the pressure of his regular work, to perform the arduous duties of the office.

The Earnest Workers' Society of the parish held a very enjoyable birthday social at the Parish House, January 25. Barber, '96, and Beach Clark, '98, of the college, G. F. Williams, '95, of Bexley, and Miss Bates and Miss Hills, of Harcourt, took part in the program.

One of those rare events, a Ninety-six Class meeting, January 17, was the occasion of an election of officers and the selection of caps and gowns. All the old officers were re-elected and steps were taken toward having the gowns in readiness for the Seniors' initial appearance in them, as usual, on the night of the Junior promenade, February 17.

Under the direction of Professor Ingham, some of the students have transferred the specimens comprising the Kenyon Museum to new quarters in Ascension Hall. The Professor's efforts in fitting up the new apartment deserve hearty recognition from all friends of the college. The collection is comparatively small, but contains some valuable specimens which may serve as the nucleus for a department of considerable educational interest.

A few weeks ago a half dozen Freshmen surreptitiously got possession of coffee instead of their usual evening beverage of milk or water, and as might be expected the unwonted indulgence rendered them slightly hilarious. Forgetful of all precedent, they proceeded about eleven o'clock to awaken the town with their ill-timed yelling. Then waxing bold at having escaped the vengeance of the wrathful townspeople, they dared to disturb the slumbers of the inmates of Old Kenyon. A Senior was the first to recover from the stupor into which their stupendous presumption threw him, and having seized one of the Babcock fire extinguishers, at last found a practical use for them in quenching the glowing ardor of over-enthusiastic small boys. Ganter fails to "see where the joke comes in."

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### Exchanges.

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THERE seems to be great carelessness among college periodicals in regard to the matter of giving credit for articles clipped from exchanges. There can be no excuse for this, for any periodical which reprints an article without giving credit for it carries the impression, whether intentionally or not, that it is original. There are a number of our exchanges whose pages are full of just such clippings. We do not wish to charge them with deliberately appropriating these items with the intention of deceiving their readers as to their own ability, and yet we ask them if it would not be more honest to at least add the conventional "Ex.?"

The *Oberlin Review* begins the new year with a weekly change in its cover. Each number contains a photogravure in color of some scene in the vicinity of Oberlin.



We take issue with two or three of our exchanges in their complaint that too much space in the college papers is devoted to athletics. Primarily the object of the college journal is to represent the feelings and actions of the student body; secondarily, to mold them. If the attack is made against athletics, well and good—that is another question. But we most strenuously defend a college paper in devoting its space to athletics in proportion to the importance of athletics in college life. By ignoring a subject which is of interest to the student, the influence of the paper is lessened and an opportunity is lost for directing the enthusiasm of the college on the subject within rational channels.

One of our latest exchanges is the *U. of M. Daily*. While we are not able to compare it with all of the seven college dailies published in the United States, we venture to say that it will not suffer from the comparison. Its editorials and leaders are well written and timely, its local news seems to cover the entire ground, and its intercollegiate information is fresh and reliable. Above all, it lacks that appearance which should be peculiar to a calendar of events or the college bulletin board.

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### Intercollegiate.

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AT CORNELL the training for the ninety-six crew has already begun. There is some talk of changing the four-mile course to a three-mile one.

Cornell will meet Harvard in a dual race, and Columbia and University of Pennsylvania in a triangular one.

The base ball season opened at Harvard on the 8th with one hundred candidates. Last year there were sixty-seven, and in ninety-four but forty-five.

The University of Chicago *Weekly* suggests the following as the all-Western team for the season of ninety-six: Ends, Senter, Mich.; Harrison, Minn. Tackles, Henninger, Mich.; Vila, Mich. Guards, Hall, Mich.; Larson, Mich. Centers, Allen, C. Quarter back, Ewing (captain). Halves, Van Doozen, N. W.; Potter, N. W. Full back, Bloomington, Mich. Substitutes, Roby, C.; Williamson, C.; Kull, W.; Ollen, N. W.; Gale, C.; Herbert, Mich.; Richards, W.