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The Kenyon Collegian.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF KENYON COLLEGE

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MAXWELL GANTER, '04.

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BUSINESS MANAGER,

THOMAS J. GODDARD, '03.

ASSISTANT MANAGER,

MAXWELL B. LONG.

VOL. XXIX.

GAMBIER, OHIO, MAY, 1903.

No. 2

Editorial.

THE holidays, known by courtesy as the Easter Vacation, will have been over for some time when this copy of THE COLLEGIAN reaches our readers. The numerous comments which we have heard every year, and our own sentiments with regard to the matter, lead us to express the hope, which we believe is the heartfelt wish of the entire student body, that some change may be made in the time of their occurrence. The occurrence of this exceptionally short recess in the Holy Week instead of Easter week leaves two alternatives: Either the student observes the season and refrains from the enjoyment which he naturally connects with holiday time, or, he has a good time and refrains from observing the season. If in the one class he is likely to feel that he is being unjustly treated, and if not, he is very likely to justify himself by the fact that the college gives him that time and no other in which to enjoy himself.

If only a week can be spared, why should it not come at a time when it would not look like a discrimination against such students as maintain a consistent observance of the year? That Good Friday would have to be a holiday anyway, is not necessarily true, as com-

pulsory chapel would prevent that, just as it does on Sunday. We do not wish to be understood as arguing against compulsory chapel. In fact, we are rather in favor of it, but no matter how willing a student may be to attend a service (or a lecture for that matter), the fact that he could not stay away, even if he wished, renders the term *holiday* inapplicable.

Even admitting the advisability of making Good Friday a holiday, a week of vacation beginning with Good Friday and including five days of Easter week, would be preferable to the present system. Perhaps it would be even more satisfactory, from all points of view, if the students were kept for Good Friday chapel and then allowed to be away until Easter Monday week.

SEVERAL letters have come to us during the last few months regarding the occupants of several of the college seats in chapel. For various reasons these letters have not been printed. At the same time, in spite of the fact that they are written in rather intemperate language, it seems to us that they are in the main deserving of notice. The points made in them are briefly as follows: First, that several men in the Theological department who are not graduates of Kenyon, and several of whom, in their undergraduate career, never advanced beyond the Freshman or special seats, have got into the habit of occupying the Senior seats (front row at that). Visitors and old graduates returning would naturally take them for Seniors. (A correspondent signing himself "Senior" "does not think the Senior class likes this.") Second, it is unpleasant to have men who are not Kenyon men and "never would be allowed to be Kenyon men" sit in the college seats, even those of the specials, where visitors may see them and get the erroneous impression that they are Kenyon men.

We have endeavored to set forth these points as nearly as possible as our correspondents have put them, eliminating, as far as possible, all objectionable features.

We will refrain from remark on this question except to say that the points above cited represent, in our opinion, the general feeling of the student body, and to remark also that there are enough of our own graduates at Bexley, whom we are proud to own, to fill the vacant places in the Senior seats.

IT certainly does seem strange, as a "Senior" remarks, that a body of one hundred men should be expected to keep themselves clean by the use of one shower accessible three times a week for four hours. If each man used the shower for half an hour a week and came in his turn on a regulated schedule this would place four men under the shower at a time. But as a matter of fact most of the men bathe more than once a week—and there is no schedule. Therefore—well, least said soonest mended. We should like to see the tubs put in order.

WE print elsewhere in these columns an article entitled, "Another View of the Mt. Vernon Liquor Question." Of course, as we did not attempt to discuss the ethics of drinking, or drinking as compared with any other conceivably legitimate pursuit from any point of view. The article is entirely irrelevant as to any bearing it may be thought to have upon our editorial in the April issue of this magazine. Since, however, the "Other Side" seems to be trying to place us among the champions of *drunkenness* (if there be any such), we feel ourselves reduced to the rather absurd necessity of saying that we deplore the existence of that vice. Neither do we care to place ourselves in the position of defending *red* as opposed to *white* wines.

Verse.

HANDEL.

A soul ungoverned by the mortal eye,
Having the echoes of the endless glory,
Meek, gen'rous spirit that returned to earth
Still comforting the people with thy story,
Thou sang'st thine anthem that the words divine
Might sing our hearts the song they sang to thine.

Fairer than all of the profaner song,
Who turned thy gentle note to Holy Word?
Surely the angels whispered thee their notes,
And round thee shone the Glory of the Lord.
The everlasting words of Holy Page
Bear thy sweet tune along from age to age.

Vain glory never prompted thy sweet soul,
No poet's words the blessed tale could tell;
But thy true note brings softly to the heart
The hidden sweets that in the story dwell.
Thou gentle voice along the halls of Time,
Singing the whisp'rings of a soul sublime.



FICTION

Civilization.

The air is soft and balmy, the breeze from down the bay died away with a gentle sighing in the grass. Overhead the thickly grown pink of the cherry blossoms showed prettily against the clear blue of the Spring sky, while the morning breeze has strewn the ground with a soft carpet of delicate petals. The bees hum among the blossoms, and the chanting of some bonze in a nearby temple penetrated the still air with its drowsy cadence. The pleasure seekers lie on the couches beneath the branches, about the tea stands, and the maids flit blithely about to wait upon them. Here and there some poet pens his verses to the adored tree and down the long avenue can be seen a policeman in front of his box, his long sword hanging lazily by his side, his white blouse harmonizing neatly with the pink of the blossoms and the matchless blue above.

An old man, half naked, his staff in his hand, his dress girded about his loins, his head shaded by an immense country man's hat shaped like an overturned soup bowl, and his feet in straw sandals, comes down one of the long lanes between the rows of trees. Over his shoulder is a stout pole. Laden baskets hang from either end. He stoops with the weight. He comes from the country to sell his produce—persimmons, pomegranates, oranges and what not. His face is wrinkled, rugged, honest in a way, and he has in his eyes the look that goes with a long life of hard, faithful, humble work. The look of the old dog comes home to his master. It is one of the finest expressions that a dog's face can wear.

He stops to speak to the policeman, who is a young man and is disposed to be gruff with the old fellow. He says that this is his first visit to the city—indeed he looks it. Generally his son has brought in his fruits. He has been wont to seek the hairy foreigners since they pay him well. A fortnight since he left the house with an unusually large supply, promising dutifully to return on the morrow. The old folk had waited. They were proud of their boy. He had been to the city school, he could read—he could even write the simple script of the commonfolk. He had seen and conversed with the wonderful white strangers. He was a son to be proud of.

The old folk had waited. The boy did not come back. Doubtless some evil thing had befallen him in the great city, in the strange settlement. At last the old man shouldered his burthen, took his staff in his hand and trudged along until he found himself in town.

The policeman smiled in pitying derision. No doubt it is odd to think that he, policeman of the capital, should be asked as to the whereabouts of a youth with nothing by which to identify him save an ability to read and write *kana*¹.

The old man bows his head and passes on. It is long since he has tasted food, but his heart is full of grief and he feels no desire to eat. His chin has sunk to his breast. His eyes are half closed and he walks along mechanically. The air is still soft and balmy, and the breeze from down the bay dies away with its gentle sighing in the grass. The chanting of the bonze has ceased and the great park is very still.

A root reaches across the path. The old man does not observe it. He stumbles and falls. His fruit baskets are upset and their contents roll helter skelter about. A reveller on a nearby couch gives vent to a loud roar of derisive laughter. Slowly and faintly the old man finds his feet. He stands upright. He is face to face with his educated and accomplished son.

¹ A phonetic script devised some centuries since by a native sage of kindly disposition for the benefit of "coolies, women and fools" and others who could not master the intricate Chinese characters.

Adonis.

"—Yes, at seven forty-five, so I expect I had better be leaving as I must breakfast before I go—there's no dining car on the train."

"Must you go, then?—Oh, please don't go yet,—really, I mean it. Sit down again, won't you please?—thank you—sugar? Oh, of course, and lemon, too. I ought to know how you take it by this time, oughtn't I?"

"Oh, yes, I've been here a lot, and enjoyed it a lot, but I'm taking coffee this evening, you know, it keeps me awake till late at night."

"Ah, then, Ned, may I not give you tea?"

"Flattered and tempted in a breath! What an artistic talker you are! But as to the tea, I cry you mercy."

"I hold here in my toga tea and coffee, which will you have, my brave Punic?"

"Whichever you will."

"Tea, then,—no,—coffee. I won't take advantage."

"Thank you."

* * *

"Oh, pray don't go! Just think, it was bad enough when you were away at college for three months at a time, but now—"

"Well, I shall be back next summer—and—I don't think I'll do much duelling at Heidelberg—so I expect I'll be back all right."

"Of course, of course, but I—but all your friends shan't be studying and making love to frauleins all the time, so we may find a few moments to think about an old acquaintance once in a while."

"That isn't fair—you know I do only a reasonable amount of studying, and as to making love to frauleins, did you ever know me to make love to anyone?"

"No,—no, I never did, but sometimes—"

"And indeed, you do me an injustice. I often think of old acquaintance, and am sometimes shamefully homesick for them."

"Well, then, sit down and make the most of what you yet may spend—"

"'Before I into (Heidelberg) descend'—eh?—well, thank you, thank you."

* * *

"—and then, when you went to college it left quite a blank about here. Every one noticed it and mentioned it, so of course I noticed it too—Oh, I beg your pardon, it wasn't such a matter of course thing as that, of course, for of course I should have noticed it anyway, for indeed I missed your calls, and, of course—of course—why Ned—Ned what has happened. Oh! *What* has happened, what can be the matter? Oh! Oh! Oh!—"

"Wha—what's u—up—time t'get up?—Oh, I *beg* your pardon, Nell, pray forgive me. Oh, you needn't hold my head, there wasn't anything the matter only—please forgive me—I fell asleep."

"Oh, Ned, it's my fault, don't mind it, I should have given you tea!" (smiles faintly.)

"Well, since I'm forgiven I expect I'd better leave before I fall into sin again—goodnight, Nell, don't forget me."

"Goodnight, goodnight—a long goodnight."





ESSAYS



Wife Selling in England in the Early XIX Century.

In an extremely interesting historical work, entitled "When William IV. Was King," (*John Ashton, 1896*) a few pages are devoted to the subject embodied in the above title. It is hoped that a subject so quaint and out of keeping with many of the supposed conventions of the nineteenth century, yet, to a slight degree, it must be admitted, in vogue at a comparatively recent date, may prove of interest to those of us who like to look into the lighter instances of sociological phenomena.

Perhaps it will not be *mal apropos* as a means of throwing ourselves, as far as possible into the spirit of the times under discussion, to set out by quoting at length one of the ballads of the period :

" A carpenter lived not a mile off from here,
Being a little, or rather, too fond of his beer ;
Being hard up for brass, it is true, on my life,
For ten shillings, by auction, he sold off his wife.

CHORUS.

Then long may he flourish and prosper through life,
The sailor who purchased the carpenter's wife.

" The husband and wife they could never agree,
For he was too fond of going out on a spree ;
They settled the matter without more delay,
So, tied in a halter, he took her away.

" He sent round the bell-man announcing the sale,
All in the hay-market and that without fail,
The auctioneer came with his hammer so smart,
And the carpenter's wife stood up in a cart.

- " Now she was put up without grumble or frown,
The first bid was a tailor who bid half a crown ;
Says he, ' I will make her a lady so spruce,
And fatten her well upon cabbage and goose ! ' ¹
- " ' Five and six-pence three farthings,' a butcher then said,
' Six and ten,' said the barber with his curly head ;
Then up jumped a cobbler, said he, ' In three cracks
I'll give you nine shilling and two balls of wax.'
- " ' Just look at her beauty,' the auctioneer cries ;
' She's mighty good tempered and sober, likewise.'
' Damme,' said a sailor, ' she's three out of four,
Ten shilling I bid for her, not a screw more.'
- " ' Thank you, sir, thank you,' said the bold auctioneer,
' Going for ten. Is there nobody here
Will bid any more ? Is not this a bad job ?
Going ! Going ! I say—she's gone for ten bob !'
- " ' The hammer was struck ; that concluded the sale,
The sailor he paid down the brass on the nail ;
He shook hands with Betsy and gave her a smack,
And she jumped straddle-legs on to his back.
- " ' The people all relished the joke, it appears,
And gave the young sailor three hearty good cheers ;
And he never cried stop, with his darling so sweet,
Until he was landed in Denison Street.
- " ' They sent for a fiddler and piper to play,
They danced and they sung, till the break of day ;
Then Jack to his hammock with Betsy did go,
While fiddler and piper played ' Rosin the beau.' "

We have quoted this ballad quite fully, because it shows by its levity the very casual way in which the commonality were wont to refer to such incidents, and in some ways, no doubt, the method of procedure had its advantages over the more modern system, where both parties pay a lawyer and neither makes anything by the transaction. As another instance to the peculiarity of many nineteenth century ideas regarding marriage, we may turn to a custom quite recently

¹ Slang of the day as to tailors. Cabbage means cloth stolen in making cloths to order when the customer supplies the stuff. The Goose was a flat iron.

practiced among the northeastern of the United States. It was quite the common custom among the vulgar of New England, in making arrangements for a marriage to stipulate that a certain amount (sometimes as much as three dollars a week) should be paid regularly to the wife, in lieu of her share in her husband's estate, should he be the first to die. In return for this she was to cook his meals, keep the house in order, and perform all the duties of a housekeeper as well as those of a wife. Not uncommonly this arrangement has taken the form of a written contract and has been held valid in courts of law.

It may be contended by those who are sceptical as to the real authenticity of the tale of the gallant sailor and the buxom Betsy, that the ballad has always been among Dame Gossip's proper domains, and one of the dearest of them all to her. Not so, however, the columns of the sober and conservative *Times*. The *Times* printed the following on February 25, 1832:

" * * * * * Smithfield Market on Monday last * * *
About two o'clock in the afternoon, a fellow came into the market leading his wife by a halter, and gave her to a drover, desiring him to tie her to the pens and sell her to the best bidder. The woman, who did not appear to be above twenty-five years of age, and not bad looking, suffered herself to be tied up very quietly. A crowd of persons soon gathered round, and a man of rather respectable appearance entered into a negotiation with the drover for the purchase of the wife; and, after some higgling, she was finally knocked down to him for the sum of ten shillings. The money was paid, but the drover refused to release her except on payment of two shillings as his commission for the sale which he had effected. Some confusion took place about the demand, but it was eventually paid, and she was released from the pens opposite the Half Moon public house, and delivered her to her purchaser who appeared highly pleased with his bargain. The parties adjourned to a neighboring public house, where the late husband spent the greater part of the money in brandy and water."

The *Times* of March 25, 1833, has the following:

"A grinder named Calton, sold his wife publicly in the market place, Stockport, last Monday week. She was purchased by a shopmate of her husband for a gallon of beer. The fair one, who had a halter round her neck, seemed quite agreeable."

The papers of the time, judging by extracts from the *Times*, the *Lancaster Herald*, *Blackburn Gazette*, *The Paisly Advertiser*, and

one or two others, seem to have taken various views of this practice, peculiar to the very lowest orders of society. Upon the whole, they regarded it with disapproval, the *Times* very decidedly so.

Very often the sale of a wife was carried on with a display of considerable humour,—of a sort,—as witness the following from the *Lancaster Herald*, of April, 1832:

"On Saturday, the 7th instant, the inhabitants of this city witnessed the sale of a wife by her husband, Joseph Thompson, who resides in a small village about three miles from this city. He rents a farm of about forty or forty-two acres, and was married at Wexham in the year 1829, to his present wife. She is a spruce, lively, and buxom damsel, apparently not exceeding twenty-two years of age, and appeared to feel a pleasure at the exchange she was about to make. They had no children during their union, and that, together with some family disputes, caused them, by mutual agreement, to come to the resolution of finally parting. Accordingly, the bell-man was sent round to give public notice of the sale, which was to take place at twelve o'clock. This announcement attracted the notice of thousands. She appeared above the crowd standing on a large oak chair, surrounded by many friends, with a rope or halter made of oak about her neck. She was dressed in a rather fashionable country style, and appeared to some advantage. The husband who was also standing in an elevated position near her, proceeded to put her up for sale, and spoke nearly as follows:

"Gentlemen, I have to offer to your notice, my wife, Mary Ann Thompson, otherwise Williamson, whom I mean to sell to the highest and fairest bidder. Gentlemen, it is her wish as well as mine, to part forever. She has been to me only a bosom serpent. I took her for my comfort and the good of my house, but she became my tormentor, a domestic curse, a night invasion and a daily devil. (great laughter.) Gentlemen, I speak the truth from my heart when I say, 'May God deliver us from troublesome wives and frolicsome widows!' Avoid them as you would a mad dog, a roaring lion, a loaded pistol, cholera morbus, Mount Etna, or any other pestilential phenomena in nature.

"Now I have shown you the dark side of my wife, and told you her faults and failings, I will introduce the bright and sunny side of her and explain her qualifications and goodness. She can read novels and milk cows; she can laugh and weep with the same ease that you can take a glass of ale when thirsty; indeed, gentlemen, she reminds me of what the poet says of women in general:

"Heaven gave to women the peculiar grace,
To laugh, to weep, to cheat the human race."

"She can make butter and scold the maid; she can sing Moore's Melodies, and plait her frills and caps; she cannot make rum, gin or whiskey, but

she is a good judge of the quality from long experience in tasting them. I, therefore, offer with all her perfections and imperfections, for the sum of 50s.¹

"After an hour or two she was purchased by Henry Mears, a pensioner, for the sum of 20s, and a Newfoundland dog. The happy people immediately left town together, amidst the shouts and huzzas of the multitudes, in which they were joined by Thompson, who, with the greatest good humour imaginable, proceeded to put the halter which his wife had taken off round the neck of his Newfoundland dog, and then proceeded to the first public house where he spent the remainder of the day."

It is this last extract which leads us to disagree with Mr. Ashton's conclusion that the practice was entirely confined to the most illiterate of the lower classes. Surely, a household where there was a maid to be scolded, and where the good wife could read novels when the ability to read at all was not very general with the children of the soil, was not of the very lowest order, though hardly to be ranked as high as the middle classes. The speech delivered by the husband, while not of the highest intrinsic merit, is considerably above anything which we would expect from the average countryman of those or, indeed, of subsequent times.

In justice to the *Times*, whose position on the matter we have already mentioned, we will close this cursory review with an extract from its issue of August 2, 1836, in which a very pronounced expression of opinion takes place:

"Yesterday morning, between ten and eleven o'clock, one of those disgusting scenes, the sale of a wife, took place at the New Islington Cattle Market. It appears that at about nine o'clock a man about forty-two years of age, of shabby genteel exterior, led a well-looking young woman about thirty years of age, with a halter round her waist, to Smithfield Market; and, having tied her up, was about to offer her to the highest bidder; but, several persons interfering, it was agreed to go forthwith to Islington Market to accomplish their object; and in order to expedite the matter, they jumped into a hackney coach, and were driven off at full speed to the spot where the marriage knot was to be dissolved. They were followed from Smithfield by a young man of plausible appearance, who, on seeing the wife tied up at Islington Market for sale, bid 5s. for her, but he was outbid by several persons, but subsequently became purchaser of the lot for 20s., and conveyed her home in a coach to his lodgings. The other man walked home whistling merrily, declaring that he had got rid of a troublesome, noisy woman, and that it was the happiest day of his life. Surely the police ought to have interfered to prevent such a disgusting outrage upon society."

Another View of the Mt. Vernon Election.

In the article on the Mt. Vernon Election in last month's COLLEGIAN, the writer seems to me to have ignored some fundamental facts of the Liquor Question. This question is perhaps especially pertinent now, when there is in session at Bremen the International Anti-Alcohol Congress, in which the great modern crusade is being taken up by scientists of Europe. I omit entirely, however, the important questions of physical injury (See, in the Library, Dr. Richardson's "Diseases of Modern Life," Chaps. 7:12) and of the logical probability of a moderate drinker's becoming an excessive drinker. These facts calmly faced, might startle our self-assurance. The true man's "strenuous life," however, is not something merely passive. The question of life is not "what harm?" but "what good?"

If, in the first place, alcohol as a beverage is a positive benefit, we might waive further consideration on the principle that "self-preservation is the first law of nature." The strongest argument which I have read against abstinence, however, (Dr. Searle, North American Review 145: 156) recommends alcohol only for those who cannot take sufficient exercise. In this conclusion practically agrees the well-known Arctic explorer, Gen. Greely, who has shown (Forum, 3:613) the baneful effects of alcohol upon endurance and ability to resist cold. Dr. Searle's argument has little force in these days of tennis, golf, bicycling and gymnastics. Dr. August Smith of Lubingen, has found, moreover, that "moderate non-intoxicant doses of alcohol lowered as much as 70% the ability to memorize." Finally, the latest and most careful investigator of the food-value of alcohol (Prof. Atwater, Harper's 101: 675,850), after maintaining that it performs *one* function of food (but no better than harmless articles which perform *all* the functions of food), says: "What is to me most encouraging is that not only thoughtful people in general, but also scientific specialists, are more and more inclined by precept and example to discourage the use of alcohol except where it is clearly beneficial," and "I should be

inclined to lay a little more stress upon the principle that in health at least alcohol is superfluous or worse, and to urge the importance of general abstinence from its use."

The physical, however, is not the strongest appeal. The Bible has been quoted in defense of alcohol: the same Bible which tells us (Proverbs 20: 1) that "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise," and (Proverbs 23: 31, 32) "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." One who knew humanity well, however, has told us who can quote scripture to suit his own purpose. The fact is, the Bible has been cited just as aptly by the polygamous Mormons and by the advocates of the "divine institution," slavery (See "Liberty and Slavery," by an able logician of the University of Virginia, Prof. Bledsoe). We, on the other hand, who believe in eternal progress in the evolution of moral ideas know that the high-water mark of morality was not reached by the people of Bible times. Special arguments fade away, moreover, in the light of St. Paul's great underlying principle (1 Cor. 8: 13) "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth."

I am glad that this question is brought before students; for student enthusiasm, although it sometimes goes to excess, is one of the unselfish things in this money-seeking age of ours. One need never hesitate, therefore, to appeal to the best in humanity; when one appeals to the unselfishness of students. At the risk of being trite, then, I say a word for the countless homes that are made hells on earth by the liquor traffic. To say nothing of the large Rip Van Winkle class of drinkers who put the burden of their support upon their families, physiologists and perhaps our own observation tell us that drinkers of a certain temperament can never become intoxicated without becoming practically maniacs; and these are the persons who cruelly mistreat those in their power. If one is not awake to this state of affairs, let one read Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' exquisite little story "Jack," (Century, 12: 220). We are not to suppose, moreover, that the

drunkards of Mt. Vernon are such paragons that they contain none like these; and if the people of Mt. Vernon are not capable of judging of the effects of alcohol in their midst, who is?

Of course no prohibitive or restrictive liquor law is free from violation, any more than are laws against stealing and murder; but common sense itself must show that there is inevitably less liquor consumed than when it is unrestricted. Whether from pride; the absence of enticing furnishings, music, and companionship of dram-shops; unwillingness to become law-breakers; or what not, certain persons who will step into a saloon for a drink will not slip around to get it clandestinely. There are moreover, well-meaning, but weak-willed persons (or, if you will, the "alcoholized brain-cells" of "Jack") who earnestly fight the drink habit, but are helpless before even the odor of the saloon. Noble souls, some of these; but like certain hermits of old they must find salvation only in the absence of temptation. We may laugh at the weakness; but what dramatist will ever picture the tragedy of some of these struggles?

Even if these classes be small, they contain the support and comfort of families, as well as the possibilities of great manhood; so is it not worth a sacrifice on the part of a chivalrous voter to help rescue even one man from his lower self, or lift an endless sorrow from the heart of one over-burdened woman, or brighten the life of one helpless child?

THE OTHER SIDE.



The Biological Society.

The society met in its rooms on April 20th. After a few introductory remarks by the chairman, a very interesting paper on "Variation" was read by Mr. MacNish.

Mr. MacNish opened his address by placing upon the board a diagram in one colour to illustrate the atom. The atom, he said, has but one attribute—it can move. He then passed on to the cell, the lowest form of organic matter, which he represented in these colours. The cell has three attributes: (1) Assimilation. It assimilates organic matter. (2) Irritability. (3) Reproduction. Passing from the simple to the complex we find increasing powers, and, along with them, increased facilities for variation.

Mr. MacNish remarked that animals have a greater tendency towards variation than vegetable because they have more choice as to their environment. He had heard assimilation suggested as a cause for variation. While fully realizing that any dogmatic utterance on the subject would be unsupportable, he was inclined to think it likely that irritability, rather than assimilation, induced variation. He thinks it more plausible to suppose that the giraffe's neck is long, not because of any chemical qualities in the leaves it eats, but because it has to strain to get the leaves; that the frogs hind legs are strong and large, not because it eats flies, but because it has to jump to get flies.

Mr. MacNish then recounted his own very thorough experiments with certain local specimens of plant life in support of his opinion.

His remarks were very interesting and many visitors as well as the members of the society were in attendance. At the close of his paper a general discussion arose as to the various phenomena of variation and the causes to which they might be attributed. Dr. Walton gave some very interesting information regarding some of the fishes found in the Mammoth Cave. The meeting adjourned after one of the most successful sessions in the history of the society. It is expected that Mr. Wyant will address the next meeting.

College News.

Dr. Reeves attended the meeting of the Ohio Athletic Conference which was held at the University Club, of Cleveland, April 15th and 16th. The next meeting of the "Big Six" will take place in Gambier early in the Fall.

Bates Burt, '01, visited the Hill for a few days during the last month.

The college enjoyed a very pleasant and profitable vacation from April 7th to 14th.

We are in hopes that by the next issue, the athletic field will have been entirely renovated. At the present writing the infield has been instituted with a modern drainage system and a new back stop has been erected, but as yet no signs of the new grand stand have been seen.

John H. Westrich, '05, recently spent a few days visiting his Gambier friends.

We are pleased to note that Dr. Newhall has entirely recovered from the unfortunate accident which he experienced last March.

Mr. Fletcher R. Jackson has left college for the remainder of the semester but will return in the fall.



ATHLETICS

Kenyon 7. Otterbein 3.

On Saturday, April 18th, Kenyon played and defeated Otterbein at Westerville in the first game of the season.

Both teams, despite a lack of practice, caused by the wet weather, played excellent games.

Kenyon excelled in both fielding and batting, and from all prospects has excellent chances this year.

Cromley pitched his usual good game and Fisher, on first, showed up well. The score:

KENYON				OTTERBEIN			
	AB	H	E		AB	H	E
Liddell, s. s.,	5	2	2	Bates, 1st b.,	5	2	0
Clarke, l. f.,	5	2	0	Flick, c.,	5	0	0
Fisher, 1st b.,	5	2	0	Hughes, r. f.,	4	0	0
Cromley, p.,	5	2	0	Warson, s. s.,	4	0	2
Babin, 3rd b.,	4	0	1	Funk, 3rd b.,	4	0	3
Oliver, 2nd b.,	4	0	0	Bookman, c. f.,	4	0	0
Jackson, c.,	4	1	0	Lloyd, p.,	4	1	0
Carlisle, c. f.,	4	1	0	Posthlewarte, l. f.,	4	3	1
Smith, r. f.,	4	0	0	Kring, 2nd b.,	4	0	1
	40	10	3		38	6	7

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Kenyon—	1	5	0	1	0	0	0	0	8—7
Otterbein—	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1—3

Hits—Kenyon, 10; Otterbein 6.

Errors—Kenyon, 3; Otterbein, 7.

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COLLEGIAN:

Your April number contains an editorial article on the recent decision of the people of Mt. Vernon to close the saloons in that city. In this editorial you quote an expression which I used in a recent sermon; but you use it in a sense the opposite of that which I clearly gave it. Therefore I feel entitled to express myself in THE COLLEGIAN upon this entire matter.

The editorial of which I speak is marked by what seems to be a tone of extreme personal irritation. Now it appears to me that your position is a *representative* position. You do not own THE COLLEGIAN. You are put forward by the students to conduct this magazine for them and for the good of Kenyon College. People naturally suppose that one so chosen must be a man whose views and character make him a fit spokesman for the student body. Here in Gambier it does not make much difference what you say: but THE COLLEGIAN goes abroad. Parents who are thinking of sending sons to college naturally turn to THE COLLEGIAN to get an idea of the moral and intellectual standards prevailing here. The newspapers sometimes quote your columns. Now people do not think of the editorials simply as expressions of the private opinion of Mr. So-and-so, but they say: "The KENYON COLLEGIAN says this." They treat the article as in some degree a responsible and representative utterance. This editorial obliges me to say that the Kenyon students acted unwisely when they gave you the opportunity to speak for them in a manner so prejudicial to their good name. For the article is thoroughly bad, both in substance and in tone.

You say: "Those acquainted with Mt. Vernon know that drink never interfered with the peace of mind of anyone except those hypersensitive individuals who could not bear to see others enjoy that which their own prudery or ostentation denied to themselves." Now I am well acquainted with Mt. Vernon, for I lived there a good many

years, and my acquaintance covers all sorts and conditions of men, women and children. I am well acquainted with the work which the saloons have done there, and I know that it has been an utterly bad and ruinous work. Those saloons have ruined many individuals and many families. I know of many boys who have easily obtained drink in them. One man who, until recently, was not opposed to the saloons, was converted into an opponent by finding his eleven-year-old boy in one of the saloons, under the influence of liquor. This interfered with his peace of mind. Was he hyper-sensitive? But his experience was substantially only that of many other parents. I personally know that young women have become intoxicated in Mt. Vernon saloons. I personally know that men who have made a brave struggle against intemperance, and have reformed, have been dragged down again to shame by the saloons. I could introduce you to many households where your airy talk about hyper-sensitive individuals would be quickly silenced by a contemplation of want and misery produced by drink obtained in the saloons of Mount Vernon.

You say: "The fact of the matter is that it has been found perfectly possible to permit saloons in a town and at the same time to prevent them from becoming an annoyance to those who do not patronize them." As applied to Mt. Vernon, this is preposterously untrue. Attempts to reform the saloons of that city, and hold them in check, have notoriously failed; and I do not feel very sure that this present effort to banish them will succeed. Some of those saloon keepers are honest, decent, law-abiding men, but most of them are not of that character. They do not want to observe the laws and will not observe them if they can evade or defy them. Experience proves this: Such saloons as these have been in Mt. Vernon must be an "annoyance" to decent men, and particularly to Christian men. If we pray daily for the spread of Christ's Kingdom among young men, must we not be "annoyed" by institutions that drag young men down to ruin? The late Charles F. Baldwin, editor of the Mt. Vernon Republican, was not a hyper-sensitive individual, but he said to me: "A saloon—any saloon—is hell."

You say that anti-saloon majorities are secured "as often as not by trickery." You cannot substantiate that statement. As regards Mt. Vernon, the saloons themselves, by their lawlessness and their indecency, created the large majority against them. Nor was it trickery which secured the great anti-saloon majority this week in Pleasant Township, which borders us in the west and south. The Pleasant Township people know what Mt. Vernon saloons are, and they did not intend that any of them should be transferred to their territory.

In closing I must express the regret which I have long felt that THE COLLEGIAN should publish saloon advertisements. But if this was to be done, why not do it honestly and openly? Those expressions "restaurant," "refreshments," etc., instead of the honest words "saloon" and "liquor,"—was it "prudery" or was it "ostentation" that dictated them?

GEORGE F. SMYTHE.

April 18, 1903.

It seems necessary, after printing the above, to make a few remarks explaining the facts of the case as to the stand taken by the KENYON COLLEGIAN in its April issue. In the first place we must remind our readers that we went out of our way to disavow any inclination to discuss the ethics of drink from a moral standpoint. Our "airy" remarks could be applied with equal force to a law closing public libraries or barber shops.

Now to take up the various points in the letter itself which suggest themselves for discussion. Our quotation from the sermon referred to, was not intended to be taken in any sense except that of our agreement with the preacher as to the fact set forth in the statement in question, though possibly "uncivilized" would have expressed our feeling more really than "heathen."

As to "personal irritation," the editors are as well aware as our correspondent can be, that the editorial columns of the KENYON COLLEGIAN are no place for its expression, and they have conscientiously endeavoured to make them thoroughly representative of expressed college

sentiment on all matters of importance. As a general rule, also, the correspondence columns of the COLLEGIAN are closed to personal attacks, nor do the editors care to defend themselves against them.

It is hardly necessary to point out that the selling of liquor to minors is to be attributed to the fact that laws already in existence are improperly enforced, and not to the lack of more rigid ones. The same applies to the sale of liquor to those under its influence. It is true that some of the saloon men are good men. If they were properly treated, would there not be more good men among them? "Call a man a thief and he will steal."

It is hard to see how a tendency to "evade and defy" laws is to be corrected by making more laws.

We are told that a late editor of the Mount Vernon *Republican* remarked that a saloon is "hell." If quotations from persons of eminence are of any value, we have to point out that we have already quoted the Bishop of New York, who, while he did not approach the border line of profanity by saying "the saloon is heaven," is quoted as having said that it is "the poor man's club."

Are not the results of most elections in small towns brought about with use of a greater or less amount of trickery? Did not Mt. Vernon vote in six precincts where as a matter of fact it has only four wards?

Finally, we may say that the liquor selling departments of such dealers in refreshments as advertise in the COLLEGIAN are omitted, *not* through prudery or ostentation, but out of deference for the opinion (expressed and personal) of various members of the faculty.



Alumni Note.

'68. The sudden and unexpected death of Charles B. Cowan, at Mt. Carmel hospital in Columbus, last Saturday, came as a great surprise and shock to the people of this community, where he spent so many years of his life. For some months he was a sufferer from herina of the abdominal viscera, and on Tuesday of last week made arrangements for admission to Mt. Carmel hospital to have a surgical operation performed, hoping in that manner to get relief. The operation was performed on last Thursday, and for a time he appeared to be gaining strength. A change for the worse soon took place, and he died Saturday afternoon.

Charles Bartlitt Cowan was born at Cleveland, Ohio, March 18, 1847, and died at Columbus, Ohio, April 4, 1903, aged 56 years and 16 days. He was the older son of David M. and Amanda (Bartlitt) Cowan.

In 1850 his father died, and his widowed mother and her two small children, Charles B. and David H., came to Canal Winchester and found a hospitable home with Mrs. Cowan's brother, the late Samuel Bartlitt. Later Mrs. Cowan again married and returned with her husband to Cleveland. Charles and David remained with their uncle Samuel who reared them in every way as if they were his own children. The boys attended the public schools of the village for a time, and in 1862, were sent to Springfield, Ohio, where they attended a private school conducted by Rev. Chandler Robbins. After two years spent at Springfield, Charles then entered Kenyon College, from which institution he graduated in 1868. Returning to Canal Winchester he entered his uncle's office and assisted in the management of his large grain business and other extensive interests.

After the death of his uncle, who had never married and who left his large property interests to his two nephews and his sister, Mrs. E. B. Pollay, the grain and milling business was conducted uninterruptedly for many years. In addition to their interests at Canal Winches-

ter, Charles and David Cowan some years ago secured the Exchange Hotel in Columbus and successfully conducted it for several years. Later they secured the Chittenden hotel, and shortly after, believing that Columbus should have a hotel first-class in all of its appointments, interested other citizens, and the result of their efforts was the building of the magnificent Chittenden hotel, which some years ago was destroyed by fire. This was a serious loss to them, but undaunted they set to work and the hotel was rebuilt on a larger scale than before. In the reorganization of the company the management of the hotel drifted into other hands by degrees, and several years ago Mr. Cowan retired to the farm owned by himself and his brother, near Georgesville, where he resided to the time of his death.

It can be said in truth that the building of the Chittenden hotel was largely due to the efforts of Charles B. Cowan, and in building up this magnificent monument to the enterprise of the Capital City, he devoted not only his energy and his business ability, but contributed his entire fortune as well. It is a serious question whether he ever received the reward that was his due, but if his confidence in his fellowmen was shaken in the sacrifice of his fortune, he was never known to complain to his friends about it. He was a man of brilliant mind, strong in his attachments to friends and always considerate of their interests and generous to them.

For many years he was a familiar figure on the streets of Canal Winchester, and was elected mayor of the village in 1875, serving two years.

His mother and brother, David H. Cowan, survive him.

The funeral took place Tuesday morning, April 7, 1903, from the chapel of Green Lawn cemetery, Columbus, the services being conducted by the Rev. Mr. Atwood of Trinity Episcopal church. Interment in Green Lawn, where his uncle, Mr. Bartlitt, and aunt, Mrs. Pollay, were buried.—*Buckeye News*.

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