The Kenyon Collegian.

Devoted to the Interests of Kenyon College.

VOL. XVI. OCTOBER, 1889. NO. 5.

CONTENTS:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CONTENTS</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Editorials</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shakspere—The Man and His Mind</td>
<td>By Wm. Clarke Robinson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Communication</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Personals</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Locals</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Exchanges</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

TERMS:

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VIEW LOOKING TOWARDS THE CHAPEL BUILDING.
The Kenyon Collegian.

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Vol. XVI. Gambier, O., October, 1889. No. 5.

EDITORS:
F. H. Ginn, '90, - - Editor in Chief.
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Communications and contributions solicited from everyone connected with Kenyon College, and especially from the Alumni.

TERMS, $1.00 PER YEAR, SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS.

Editorials.

An apology is due to the subscribers of the Collegian for the delay in the mailing of the September number. It was owing wholly to the tardiness of the printer, as the edition was ready two weeks before it finally went to press. The bad arrangement of the contents and the bungling and loose manner of printing, as well as the poor quality of paper used for the edition, will, we trust, not be repeated. We gladly take the responsibility for any deficiency in the contents of the paper, but for the mechanical arrangement and printing we must divide the responsibility with the printer.

**

If it is intended that the bulletin board shall be of any use to the student, it should have a glass front to protect it from the pencils of those given to scribbling on anything and everything that presents an inviting surface. As it is at present, a bulletin has scarcely been issued before it is attacked and the true sense is very hard to be understood. We notice, however, that the recent "resolution" has not been disturbed. If vandalism of this nature must be practiced, at least let the bulletin in regard to demerits alone.

**

The graduate members of old Philomathesian will no doubt be glad to learn that the society has at last been revived and placed in a position that at least bids fair to be a permanent one. With the literary exercises of the college and the active fraternities at Kenyon, it is very hard work to place a literary society in a position to command respect and interest. The first meetings of the society have been given to preliminary proceedings, such as adoption of Constitution and By-laws. The Constitution occasioned a number of long-winded and not very pointed speeches, but was finally adopted as approved by the committee.

There seems to be an inclination on the part of some of the students not to become members of the society. This is not as it should be, for a student who can not see the great benefit to be derived from voluntary literary work, had better remain one more year in a preparatory school. Some again, may see the benefits connected with the society, and still not care to join, owing to some difference of opinion with those in authority, as to how such a society should be conducted. The best organization possible under the circumstances, has been secured, and with time and patience this
The receives about admonition as new, to prominence and power among the students of Kenyon.

**

A resolution recently passed by the Faculty to the effect that any student who receives twenty demerits and a second admonition any term shall be liable to suspension the following term if he shall receive twenty demerits, seems to the Collegian to be rather strong and exacting. The system of limiting students to any certain number of demerits is comparatively new at Kenyon, having been followed only about two years. Moreover, to limit the number of demerits to twenty-nine is about as low as it can be put and still give students a chance to enjoy life. Suspension when it does come for such a cause amounts to comparatively nothing. A certain finely drawn sense of shame is supposed to be felt by the one suspended, and the Faculty have exercised their prerogative. The student is expected to return the following term and make up any work that may have been missed. In this way students are often kept back a year when fully prepared to advance with their classes. Nobody gains thereby, and the student suffering the rigor of the rule will in all human probability repeat the offense, for a vacation in the middle of the term is often welcome even if it be by request of the Faculty. Moreover, nine times out of ten the demerits are in a great majority the result of absence or tardiness at chapel. In many institutions attendance at chapel on week days is made optional and not compulsory. In state institutions with a few exceptions this has been done, for cases of suspension have been met by successful action at law. A student may be absent twenty-nine times from chapel and still lead his class, which fact alone shows that the best students are not always leaders in prayer meetings. Although the object of college education is mental, moral, social and physical improvement, the social and physical factors are not compulsory and in most cases the advancement gained in these two branches exceeds that gained in the other two. The system of daily chapel is merely an accessory and not a principal in the advancement of moral training, for the best morals are gained by judiciously chosen associations. Therefore we argue that the recent action of the Faculty in reducing the number of demerits necessary for suspension is straining a decaying system more than it can stand.

**

The Collegian would call attention to all those connected with Kenyon College to the importance of maintaining a college journal. It is a question that should be of equal importance to faculty, alumnus, student and patron. The part that such a journal plays as a college factor is of no small importance. Through the columns of such a journal, published and edited by the students themselves, much insight can be obtained in things pertaining to college life that can be obtained in no other way. Again, by such a journal communication is held with the other colleges of the country, for the exchanges are of the greatest importance. Colleges are thus connected and bound together, while otherwise but little of the doings at educational centers could be known in common. The columns of college papers are always open for use by the Professors and much information can be given the students which could not be imparted in the class or lecture room. We very much regret to say, however, that the opportunity thus offered is too seldom used. However, a college journal cannot live and thrive on love and criticism. Both are very important to keep the editorial conceit from assuming too vast proportions. But we must admit that to hear a sponging reader criticize us is more
than human nature can stand. And when we recognize that an editor is not more than half human, and the other half not clearly defined, certain non-subscribing students will at once see how dangerous it is to tamper with us too far. This is merely our gentle way of asking for hearty support from the students. From our alumni we also ask and expect support. If you would keep yourself posted in regard to matters of college life in the halls that you once made hideous with yells, subscribe and pay for the college paper. Outside the college circle very little interest is taken in a paper published by students, and so, from inside this circle or not at all, the paper must get its support. The editing and publishing of such a paper is great fun, that is fun for those not on the editorial board, for each issue furnishes an excuse for the discharge of many a bright and witty (?) remark at the expense of the paper. But for those that write against space and pay the publisher at the end of the year out of their own pockets, it is quite a different job.

Paid up subscriptions from both students and alumni, and nothing else, will prevent the publication of another such an article as the above. In other words, the Business Manager must have money.

***

We clip the preface from an editorial in one of our most valued exchanges, the Bates Student. "There are three factors in college life the disregard of which lessens greatly the benefits of the course. These are the use of the library, the interest in the literary societies and the proper conduct in recitation." There can be no doubt but that the truths as stated above are patent to everybody, but too much emphasis can be laid upon them. The use of a library, that is of course the judicious use, can be one of the most important agents in forming the character and shaping a course for the after life of the student. At this stage of life the mind of the student is easily impressed by whatever is read and digested, The faculty of reading and not being impressed comes only with age and experience. A judicious choice of books, a choice embracing not one line of reading, but rather many lines, broadens and develops the mind. Particular attention may be given to some special subject, but this should not be to the detriment of other subjects. Topics that we least delight to learn about and would prefer to leave to somebody else, are the very ones in which we need instruction. Subjects that we call "dry" are as a rule "dry" because we are not sufficiently acquainted with them. We condemn them through ignorance. True, the natural adaptation of the mind toward some special branch of knowledge is a good criterion for us to follow; but let us not forget that as the mind grows full on one subject, it becomes so at the expense of some other subject. If students could but recognize this when they first enter college, many an hour wasted on some miserable "yellow back" would be employed profitably. One hour a day in good solid reading, continued throughout the four years of college, stores the mind with an immense fund of knowledge. There are about 375 colleges and universities in this country, and in this great number Kenyon has a library that, in number of volumes ranks as twenty-third. This one fact should be enough to impress upon students forcibly, that right here we have a library the great advantages of which can be slighted only at the risk—and great risk—of the students. The library has recently been renovated and the books catalogued according to the best system of the day, so that subjects and titles are easily found, and is therefore easily accessible to all.

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SHAKSPERE—THE MAN AND HIS MIND.

BY PROFESSOR WM. CLARKE ROBINSON
M. A., PH. D., B.SC.

IT IS WITH some misgivings and a knowledge of my inability to do justice to his name, his poetry, his universal talents that I approach the subject of "Shakspere, the Man and his Mind," in an article like this. It is like attempting to explain in a single lesson all that is comprehended in the word "England," or "Rome," "Humanity," the "Bible," or the "World."

We have many other English poets, and other writers, modern and ancient; but in Shakspere we have a man who could take all the poets and sages of England in his left hand, and all the writers of the rest of Europe in his right, and could walk off with as much ease and triumph as Sampson did when bearing away the gates of the city of Gaza to set them, bars and all, on the top of the hill. Shakspere stands alone in the history of the human mind.

The strongest words that I can use will fall far short, and be inadequate to express what the profoundest students of Shakspere have declared and felt of his universal and almighty genius, his exhaustless and unfathomable art; and nobody less than a Shakspere will ever fully expound this Shakspere to the world.

Libraries have been filled with books about the man and his works, and it is hardly possible to say aught new about him. But I have little wish to seem original or to venture forth alone on this fathomless deep of Shakspere scholarship. Some of the strongest assertions that follow are therefore drawn from the dicta of the greatest authorities, so that their opinions may be the more readily received.

All that I can even hope to do at present is to point here and there to the fringe of the prophet's garments; and while this line or that appeals to my eye, quite another part may appeal to yours; for we can best perceive and appreciate that which we feel and know in ourselves; and in one part or another of his works Shakspere appeals to everybody, and hits off every possible disposition of mind and character.

The power of entering into the minds of other people and truly representing them, making them speak and act for the time with the utmost naturalness, is one of the highest tests of genius and art, and in this respect Shakspere has never been approached by any other writer.

Kings and clowns, priests and statesmen, lawyers, lovers, beggars, idiots, maid and mistress, school-girl, duchess, queen, and nun, each and every individual and type and class that any age or nation of the world possessed, are, as it were, turned into transparency before us; we see them as they are at heart, without their slightest effort to reveal themselves, and so that each would probably be astonished at the truth of the portrait; and yet with such sinking of self does Shakspere enter into each of his characters in turn, and never tries to vapour his own sentiments or theories, that in all his dramas we never once see the poet's own opinions.

His characters are all as consistent as they could have been in real life. His transitions from the silliest pun to the deepest piety, the keenest wit, or the fiercest indignation, is but a line, and changes instantly as the different persons or passions appear. He keeps his characters all in hand, and moulds their actions with a silent power which inspires us with awe.

Such was Shakspere's genius, such his insight into the soul of man that (sic me thinks) he could have told his characters all things that ever they did. His knowledge of the men of his own day, and of every age and nation, his knowledge of arts and sciences and places and things, and of the ways and
nature and heart of man, is so astounding that now for some three hundred years the question has still been asked in vain: *where did this man learn these things?*

I know a very wise and learned American who told me he was just prevented from becoming an infidel by studying Shakspere's works: for when he saw how Shakspere, a man of ordinary flesh and blood, could see through all the ways of

*(To be Continued.)*

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**Mr. Editor:**—All great literary men are shy men—so I read the other day. *Any one who deliberately sits down and writes an article for publication about himself cannot lay claim to bashfulness. Therefore any contribution from such an one, must pass for little literary value. But Mr. Editor you have kindly solicited me for an article, and have assured me that something relative to a trip which I made to England this summer would be of interest to some of your readers. I take your word for it. I did not go to England expecting to publish it. Unlike every other American tourist I did not make a diary. I'm very sorry. We are always resolving to write diaries, and then regretting we didn't. So I must trust to my memory. Our memories though, are such wilful children, they bring nothing to us complete, all their gifts are broken. I remember that I landed on the 26th of June. I remember too, how welcome and how dear Mother Earth seemed to me on that day. That queer sort of up and down motion filled me not many hours after I left New York with the notion that I never was meant for the sea. From Liverpool I went direct to London, a distance of 250 miles in four and a half hours, including stoppages. The garden-like scenery of England seemed a novelty to me, in spite of the fact that I had spent nearly twenty years of my life in England. The perfect roads and winding lanes, the wild flowers by the roadside, and the poppies in the corn-field, the smock-edfrock haymaker plump and contented looking, equalled in this respect only by the heavy draught horses, the thick-wheeled wagons in the tidy fields, the gaunt looking towns and villages with their narrow winding streets and miniature houses, the churches with their ancient square built towers covered with ivy, or if of more modern build, lofty and pointed; these were some of the scenes which whirled by me as in a dream, and helped to make that pleasant journey up to London, pleasanter. I know London well, nor has six years of absence made me love it any the less. About a week after my arrival Messrs. Arndt and Skilton, graduates of Kenyon and well known to all, wrote me of their landing at Liverpool and asked me to meet them upon their arrival in London. I went as far as a place called Willesden to meet them and rode back with them to the London terminus. I wonder whether they ever felt happier in their lives than they did then. Two happier looking tourists never rode in English railway carriage. The other occupants of the compartment were startled—they looked so at least. English people are not accustomed to these cordial public greetings. They say their "How d'ye dos" in a more subdued manner. They do everything quieter. I remember on one occasion standing up in a drawing room with Arndt. We were conversing with a young lady; unconsciously he had drawn his arm through mine. "Why," she asked, "do you American gentlemen stand holding each other's arms and hands?" We said we thought it was perhaps a habit formed through college friendship, indicative certainly of no animosity existing between us. "But Englishmen are not so demonstrative," she said, "however great their friendship may be, and Englishmen are not incapable of it, they take more pains to hide it than to exhibit it." Certainly we did not do this in that railway carriage. Excitement was so high that when we were a mile away from the station they discovered that some of their luggage, including the camera, had been left in the railway
carriage. We returned and found it carefully shelved in the “lost parcel office.” We spent three weeks together. We explored some of the most interesting parts of London, lying within and without the precincts of the city. Excursions were made out of London, rambling through Kew, Richmond, Hampton Court, Virginia Waters, Windsor, Bagshot, Crystal Palace, Kingston, Greenwich, &c.

Our first London outing together looms up pleasantly through the haze of time. I remember with what gratification I walked along with John on one side of me and Dutchy on the other. I was guide. Folk might pass and turn and stare. That we were in the fashionable streets of Kensington no more checked our exuberant conduct than if we were on the middle walk here in Gambier. I remember we strolled into Hyde Park. These parks of London are what ennoble the city. They have been called the lungs of London. Of vast extent, these successive ranges of restful green in the midst of the vast city sweeten it with country air; and though in the heart of the metropolis of the world one gets glimpses of real England from their spacious country walks; and

“Of all parts of England Hyde Park hath the name For coaches and horses, and persons of fame,”

Here we were in the height of the season and at a fashionable hour. The most brilliant spectacle of the kind the world can show, a large open drawing-room which London in the season holds daily. A spot for the critical and analytical is Rotten Row. All is fashion: the splendid mounts and turn-outs, fine carriages and fine horses, plum colored coaches and plum-dour liversies. Perfection is absolute. Whilst we sat admiring the brilliant processions and the dazzling of the ladies mounted on the proudest of horseflesh, the son of Mr. Harrison passed us. He had crossed the Atlantic in the same vessel as my companions; and now beheld us standing in Hyde Park, the theater of so many notable events, shaking hands with America’s President’s son!

From Hyde Park corner we took an omnibus and rode along fashionable Picadilly towards the city via the Strand. The best way to see London is on top of an omnibus. There is nothing more wonderful to a visitor in London than its immense traffic and its wonderful regulation. Fleet Street is said to be the busiest thoroughfare in the world. The pavement on either side is a mass of living humanity. The roadway surges with two great contrary waves of traffic, one flowing eastward, the other, westward. And this is only one of the hundreds of roaring currents which swirl through and through London, and which never show any sign of dying out. Yet the total number of casualties per annum is less than five hundred—not two a day. I must not, however, permit the thoughts of this vitality and activity to make me unmindful of items perhaps more interesting.

I did not start out to write a description of London—there are books above number which are so much more satisfactory. I pass by St. Paul’s, with its mighty and lofty dome, the great Anglican cathedral, although we spent a whole day here, and attended a few of its services. We hustle along busy Cheapside, take a glance at the at the Bank of England, and pass along through this quarter of financial establishments, this ground overflowing with gold and silver, elbowing men who deal in money, influential capitalists.

We must halt, however, on London Bridge. Another of those enormous currents of traffic meet us; the same eternal tread of footsteps; and yet, on this bridge, and in this crowd, we essayed photography. Picture Skilton standing upon a parapet with this suspicious looking black box (suspicious, for a reason mentioned later) trying to get a focus. Scarcely has he had time to look at his camera before his group of two has grown into a large London crowd. We block up the traffic; the current is checked.
Arndt, with hat on back of his head, energetically commands the crowd to move on. But matters grow worse every second, and our negative results in a bunch of hats.

On another occasion we visited the New Law Courts, the Great Parnell and Times trial was being heard, and we were fortunate enough to gain admission. Three Lord Chief Justices of England surrounded with all the dignity of English law—counselor for the prosecution, Sir Charles Russell, and for the defense, Sir Henry James, law with its wig and robe—all were there. Mr. Parnell undergoing rigid cross-examination, looked anxious and worn. Here was a grand opportunity for the amateur photographer. The "kodax" was leveled at the Irishman. The snap shot clicked like the trigger of a gun. Now Irishmen and dynamite machines go together in the minds of many. We were under suspicion. The eye of the English law was truly upon us and for a moment the great historical trial ceased and we were removed! In vain did Arndt expostulate. "I want you to understand, said he, "that I am an American citizen, and a correspondent of the Sandusky Register. There's my card."

Fruitless efforts. Satisfaction must be given as to the contents of the box. We were introduced to an official who soon assured himself that we were not dynamiters. He gave us tickets for admission to the trial for the next day. This is why our camera looked "suspicious."

Much more, Mr. Editor, could be written if time and space allowed, of our visits to the Tower, in company with Mrs. Hills and where we met Mr. and Mrs. Rice and our visit in a body to the Kensington Museum. I recall especially the useful trips we made to the British Museum. Equipped with the three or four hundred paged catalogue we started with a resolve to make a thorough survey of the wonderful contents of this wonderful museum. So interested were we that a whole day was passed here with only nineteen pages of the catalogue checked off. At this rate we saw we had mapped out a month's work. Harry and John turned artists. Lycian antiquities were sketched, friezes, and slabs representing battles between Asiatic warriors transferred to paper, but there was no time to develop our artistic genius. So much seemed to be before us we could not sit and gaze too long at these soul-inspiring antiquities, however much we longed for it. Forward was the word.

Whether it was the Elgin Marbles, the Babylonian tablets of 700 years B.C., Mausoleums erected 300 years B.C., the two statues representing the god Nebo, made by the sculptor of Minond for the King of Assyria 900 years B.C., the manuscripts, English, Roman, and Greek, the Codex Alexandrinus or the famous Rosetta Stone—these, full of moral lessons, were little more than glanced at. Of our jolly trips to Windsor, Hampton Court, and the Crystal Palace, of the grand Cathedral services and of those in the sacred Abbey, held by Englishmen as the greatest sanctuary and rendezvous of devotion of the whole island, the glimpses we had of Royalty and of the Shah of Persia convincing us that loyalty towards the Crown is not lacking in the Queen's capital, of our rows upon the Thames, our visit to the great London docks and Greenwich and Woolwich, I can only make this mention. Memories of these are for a life time. At the expiration of three weeks, when our time for parting came we were unanimous that no other three men in London had seen more in that time than we, and we defied any one to assert that they could have had a better, a happier or more profitable time. The last time I saw them, was on a social tricycle, pegging away with their backs towards London and their faces towards Chester. They left me in London, where prince and beggar, saint and sinner, butcher and baker, and candlestick maker, tinkers and tailors, soldiers and sailors, all jostle along together.

Yours faithfully,

Owen Davies.
Personals.

Craighead, '92, is at Princeton.

Prof. Colville and wife are at Leipsic.

Gill, '91, was home for a few days lately.

Ganter, '92, was home over Sunday, Oct. 13.

Ricks, '91, is travelling for Standard Oil Co.

Hugh Sterling, '87, teaches at Stamford, Conn.

Reeves, '91, is in the class of '91 at Amherst.

Mabley, '89, is studying theology in New York.

Harnwell, '89, is in Arkansas practicing farming.

Wilson and C. Walkley are slowly recovering.

Trimble, '91, has entered the Cincinnati Law School.

Loomis, '92, entered the Freshman Class at Ann Arbor.

C. Kearns, '90, is attending the Cincinnati Medical College.

Dudley, '88, is taking a theological course at John Hopkins.

G. H. Harris, '90, is studying at Cincinnati law school.

G. W. Harris, '87, is teaching at St. Paul's Hall, Salem, Mass.

Dr. Rust has been shooting on the Sandusky River near Fremont.

E. S. Hoffman, tutor in Greek, '87-8, spent a few days on the Hill.

Bope of Lancaster has come to add one more to the Freshman Class.

Walkley W., '92, who was kept at home by sickness, returned Oct. 14.

There are now ten Kenyon men studying law at the Cincinnati Law School.

Thurman, '91, now plays short stop in University Nine at University of Va.

Owing to the absence of all the ministers Prof. Devol lead prayers Monday morning.

A. C. Whitaker, '88, was married Oct. 8, to Miss Jessie E. Parks of Wheeling, W. Va.

Dr. Bodine is attending the General Convention of the Episcopal Church at New York.

H. C. Plimpton, '84, who spent the spring and summer abroad, returned early in September.

Dr. A. L. Ganter, '56, and the Rev. A. B. Putnam are delegates to the General Convention at New York.


W. H. Foley, '91, of Harvard, having seen the disadvantages of attending a large college, has come to cast his lot with '91 at Kenyon.

Davies, '91, Matoda, '91, and Williams, '92, attended the convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, held at Cleveland, Sept. 27-8-9.

Rev. A. B. Nicholas, who has been General Missionary for the Northern Diocese of Ohio and lived in Gambier for the past few years, has accepted a call to New Albany, Ind., and preached his farewell sermon Sunday, Oct. 13.

Locals.

Time Table—C. A. & C. R. R.

Trains at Gambier.

Going North. Going South.

No. 35—7:35 A. M. No. 2—12:33 P. M.

27—2:05 A. M. 28—12:24 A. M.

3—3:06 P. M. 38—5:52 P. M.

7—6:20 P. M. 8—6:40 A. M.

Two interesting games of ball have been
played recently between the college and Hall nines. The first was a score of 7 to 5 in favor of the Hall. The second, 9 to 12 in favor of the college. The nines are very evenly matched as the college nine is very much in need of practice and good players.

The first fancy dress ball of the season was held Saturday eve, Oct. 12, at Harcourt, but unfortunately it was a very one-sided affair, only the girls of the Sem. being admitted. The costumes were all interesting and the dancing continued until a late hour (9:30 p. m.).

A two-page sheet called the Gambier News has suddenly burst upon the startled community. The exact purposes of the paper have not as yet been discovered, unless they are to bring before the public the interesting proceedings of the editor’s relations and friends.

A ball in honor of the dedication of the new armory is to be held at Kenyon Military Academy Oct. 30.

Since the last issue three loads of stone have been taken off the tennis courts.

We notice that gravel is being spread upon the paths—a much-needed improvement.

For the first time this year the yell and songs of ’93 were heard at a late hour on the middle path.

**Exchanges.**

Our exchanges come to us this month crisp and fresh, showing a free use of the summer’s stored energy. Many commence the new college year with brand new boards of editors whose hopes for success and good resolutions for improvement are refreshing. We sincerely hope, dear friends, that you will make our duties more pleasant by successfully carrying out these little plans, but there is danger that your leaves, like those about us, with the advancing season may receive “that consumptive bloom which marks them for the tomb.” And in this connection we would venture a few words of advice to our frisky brother in the exchange department of The Owl of Ottawa College, Ont., who “crowds through the fanlight of the sanctum,” calls his predecessor “a vile and fallacious innendo, also a lie, which is to say a ridiculous falsehood,” rips a hole in the brussels carpet into which he places his feet, falls, sticks his head in “a huge mass,” regains consciousness a few weeks later, pulls a quill tooth-pick from his pocket, tears a “morsel of paper” from a note book and “begins upon that which he finds nearest at hand.” Now just why, he crawled through the “fanlight” in preference to the “mellow light of the silvery moon,” or more appropriate still the “creeping light of early dawn?” why he tore up the nice carpet, and remained unconscious so long, and what use he made of the tooth-pick and morsel of paper, will always be a mystery to the people in this section of the sphere, unacquainted with the after effects of alcoholic stimulants.

Be careful, young man. Don’t let your flights of fancy demolish the furniture of your sanctum. Be circumspect, don’t put into words for the public eye every ingenious idea that enters your head. The tooth-pick may be used at Ottawa as a subject of imaginative discourse, but here it is used only for the teeth.

The University Courant is rife with good things this month. Its editorials are strong and to the point. Especially good is the advice to new students to join a literary society, which will give them logical, clear and forcible speech in public assemblies; make them familiar with parliamentary law, and increase sociability among the students of all classes.

From an article headed “A Good Conversationalist” we culled the following rules: Avoid affectation, anecdotes, and a too free use of jokes and puns. Be a good listener. Be sympathetic. Choose topics of interest.

The local department is rather weak.
We are much pleased with the September number of the *Owl*, which we find among our new exchanges. Its articles show a maturity of thought and a literary sobriety far in advance of the average college publication. Its literary matter is good, the editorial department is well sustained.

The *Wittenberger* for September is a very interesting number.

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