EDITORIALS.

With the March number of the Collegian, the management of the present Board of Editors will cease and the newly elected Board will at once assume complete charge of the publication. From necessity the student publications of Kenyon have been limited to one periodical appearing monthly. We have for the past year striven to unite in this something of what belongs to a purely literary monthly with much that would be presented more appropriately in the columns of a College newspaper. The result is that justice has not been done either. That there might be presented more than one literary article in each issue, the sketches of that nature have necessarily been so short that in every instance thoroughness has been sacrificed for brevity, and much of the local matter that would have done credit to a weekly paper has appeared so late as to be neither instructive nor entertaining. These objections are for the present, however, irremediable; they can be obviated only by the establishment of two publications, neither of which could be properly supported. The nature of the paper must then continue much as it is, but if it would be successful in its sphere it must be supported by the undergraduate body. Hitherto this has not been done. The students have subscribed for the Collegian and the majority of them find an opportunity of paying their subscriptions, but they see many articles there which are by no means faultless, and their critical eye discerns much in the appearance and tone of the paper, which another Board, chosen from among themselves, would doubtless improve upon. These very students too are the ones who do not feel themselves qualified to prepare matter for publication, so that if they could produce something better, how very much could others ameliorate its standard if they would. They will not because it requires some effort on their part, which they will in no wise make,
unless it shall receive recognition and recompense from our Faculty. Perhaps if acceptable work on the College paper should be taken as an equivalent of classroom work, these men might be induced to contribute; if they did not, they must take as an alternative that which is now required of them, so that no less work would be necessary than there now is. Desiring only that thing which will most benefit the Collegian, we ask that this be considered, and trust that it may meet with approval.

The chief social event of the mid-year has passed most agreeably and beneficially to all. The Junior Class is not alone to be congratulated upon the successful realization of its plans but also to be honored and thanked for the elegant and magnanimous scale upon which it undertook the work of the Promenade. In no other way has class pride made itself so manifest of late years as in the friendly rivalry which has shown itself in the last three promenades. The present Senior Class introduced several innovations at their Promenade, which every indication would seem to prove fixtures in future years. The success of the present Junior Class has been no less marked, and should future classes profit by their experiences, the nature of our social events cannot be other than most pleasing and beneficial. Since this event has taken place, however, Lent has begun and instead of the ballroom and concert-hall we retire to our modest but beautiful Chapel twice in every week to participate in evening prayer and to hear the words of instruction and worship that fall from the lips of our Chaplain. If we would all attend these services the good done us would be very great, and the trouble of giving up an hour from other work would be more than compensated for by the knowledge we should there acquire. The fragments read at these services are from the addresses of the most noted clergymen in the Church, and none can well afford to miss them.

Among the many disagreeable things to be borne with in connection with the existence of a Freshman Class in College, is that desire and longing on its part to make itself noticed. Through lack of ability and of experience there are very few who attain a position of any prominence whatever until after they have begun the work of the Sophomore year. Uncomfortable as this would be to any of us, it seems to effect young men just entering College even more strongly. It takes much of their time and energy. They invariably spend many hours in consultation over schemes which are intended to bring themselves into prominent notice. Either because it is the only one, or because it is the best, they have for some years decided upon that of wielding the paint brush.

To the present Freshman Class belongs more credit than to many who have preceded it. Its members restrained themselves throughout their first term. Many in College, trusting too much in this recommendation, had concluded that they might continue in this course and thus draw unto themselves the admiration and respect of their instructors and fellow-collegians. The desire was too strong, however. Their presence might otherwise have been forgotten. At night, with brush and scarlet paint, the representative of '06 in brightest symbols (doomed to fade the sooner because more brilliant) advertised his class as one no wiser nor more valiant than many of its predecessors.
Damage and offense—from both a collegiate and a civic point of view—more marked than in this vandalic act has, however, been seldom effected in the history of Kenyon. Not content with emblazoning the figures of the class upon all accessible buildings, this young artist thought to amuse spectators by adding jests, directed at those who had striven to dissuade him from committing this act. The affair had been carefully planned and skillfully executed, yet it has injured the otherwise good name of the class and it has elicited few smiles of appreciation. The reason for this is most plain. The spirit of the College is against such work and the student body cries out against it.

The much talked of change in the rules governing the students of Kenyon has at last come, and in its requirements it is as novel as any could desire. Compulsory attendance at recitations and lectures is done away with, but attendance upon a certain percentage of the religious exercises of the institution is required of all. A “late” at, or absence from morning prayers counting as one demerit, and a “late” at, or absence from church counting as two demerits, the student is allowed thirty demerits in one term. If before the close of the term his demerits shall exceed that number, he will be required to leave Gambier and not return until the opening of the following term. If a young man happens to be of that robust but lazy type so often seen about a college town, this system will greatly strengthen these attributes; for, while he is required to be up and to take a healthful run to prayers before he has had his breakfast, he may then occupy that time set apart for recitations in eating his morning meal and in scanning the morning newspapers. If, however, he, in order to prepare the day’s work, or for any other reason, sits up till a late hour and accidentally sleeps over chapel time, he is demerited. To many of the hardest working young men here, an occasional accident of this kind will come, and if he is unlucky enough to be sick for a few weeks the result is that he is compelled to go home to recuperate during the remainder of that term.

For the first class of students above mentioned there is a remedy which will pretty effectually keep them at recitations; it is the rule that if a student is absent from more than one-tenth of the recitations in any department, he must stand an examination on the entire subject, whatever his class standing may have been. To that other class of students whose health is not the best or whose work is laborious and confining, the new system is unjust. As long as the student keeps himself below the danger mark he is secure, but when he is driven to that point at which he is suspended, he must go. There is no excuse which can hope to save him. While it is probable that the instances of this rule’s being enforced unjustly will be rare, yet it was better to give twenty doubtful cases the benefit of the doubt than to condemn one unjustly, and as a result of this law some must go who do not merit dismissal.

Through a mistake which it is almost impossible to correct now that the event has passed, there was nobody present at the Cincinnati Alumni banquet and at the business meeting of that Association held on February 3, who had been delegated to give to the Collegian the substance of what was done and said. From the Cincinnati papers, however, and from President Sterling (who was the only one
actively connected with the school in attendance) we learn that although there were present less than forty men, there was manifested great enthusiasm on the part of the members present, and both our old College and those present have been mutually benefited and honored thereby. The banquet was presided over by Rt. Rev. Boyd Vincent, whose happy address was followed by responses from President Sterling, Mr. W. P. Elliott ’70, Mr. Chas. E. Burr ’65, and others. The Rev. Mr. A. F. Blake ’61, had been asked to prepare a poem for the occasion and it will be found in full in this number of the Collegian. All the addresses were received with that hearty enthusiasm and extreme good-will which characterized its speakers and their remarks. President Sterling’s visit to Cincinnati was lengthened to five days, while there, place before the members of the Association the true state of affairs in Gambier, and that their support in the progressive and decided policy which Kenyon has adopted, may be relied upon.

Along with the many items of news which have come to us with the winter season is a letter from Professor E. C. Benson, who with Mrs. Benson are comfortably and healthily located in Bermuda. The letter was indeed most interesting to us, as it will be to all Gambier people, and to all those of our subscribers who have learned any Latin from this, our most honored and loved Professor.

HAMiLTON, BERMUDA, Jan. 1, 1893.

DEAR FRIENDS—We arrived here safely this morning, and are comfortably settled at the Princess Hotel.

The voyage is said to have been an uncommonly calm one, yet most of the passengers suffered a good deal from seasickness. The Captain, who is a hearty and pleasant man, told me that I had lost the price of my passage because I was not sick.

We had some delightful fellow passengers, and among them the Rev. W. Wilberforce Newton, D. D.—a nephew of chaplain Newton of past days—and a Mr. and Mrs. Sewell, who keep a summer hotel at Islesboro, Maine, which they call the Islesboro Inn. They have traveled a great deal and are very intelligent and chatty, and would be charming people to tarry with in the summer months.

When the steamer comes to a halt at Hamilton, one not previously informed, might expect to land; but no; a citizen of democratic America cannot be allowed to step on Royal shores without some preliminary ceremony, so the vessel does not draw up to the wharf; a bridge has to be built in a primitive fashion. After waiting fifteen or twenty minutes, two timbers about sixty feet long, lying on the wharf are drawn by steam power so that one end of each beam rests on the ship and the other on the shore; then colored men stride these logs and crawl along them, bearing scantlings of two inches by four, which are lashed at proper distances from each other to the logs, and on them boards are laid. When this work is done the passengers can land, and are met by runners from the hotels, who are very hearty in their greetings. We, by advice of Mr. H. N. Hills, had made our choice before leaving dear Gambier. So in a moment we were in a good carriage and were being driven rapidly to the Princess, a house charmingly situated by the water side. The drive to the hotel, a bright sun shining over head, exceeded our expectations; hibiscus in full flower is seen on
either hand, a shrub ten or fifteen feet high
called Flower of the Forest, rich with
enormous scarlet flowers, roses of every
shade, both bush and climbing, brightens
the gardens, and violets sweeten the air.

We are sitting on the hotel veranda
with the lovely blue waters all round,
peaceful beyond anything we had con-
ceived; the murmur of the water is quite
soothing— a little steam launch, a sail
boat and a row boat in sight. On the op-
opposite shore, across the bay, nestled
among the trees, and rising one above
another are the white houses look-
ing like pictures of Indian Bungalows,
the tiny islands scattered all through
the water makes a scene of loveliness which
cannot be conceived by one not having
been here.

On Tuesday we drove to St. George,
taking a road along the north shore, the
sea almost constantly in sight, and re-
turned by a different road of almost equal
beauty. Such varied scenery as we passed
through in one afternoon’s drive is re-
markable; the road is now up a steep hill
and now through a lovely valley, but
never straight; now it passes through cuts
in the rock, the walls on either hand being
from five to ten feet high, often covered
with lovely vines in full bloom, some new
to us, others such as we never saw before.
Again we see morning glories fifteen and
twenty feet high in full bloom, the flowers
very large and last all day, so they merit
the name of all day glories. Then we see
lily fields, so called, but being from one-
quarter to an acre in size; then appear
fields of onions; sometimes the two grow
lovingly side by side. Then you pass
beautiful grounds and flower gardens,
with pleasant looking houses which re-
mind me of the Planter house’s in Louis-
iana in days gone by. Then grounds
rich with palms of various kinds, and
other trees known in these climes, but
strange and beautiful to us. Now bananas,
now a rubber and now a mahogany tree
comes to view. I wish I could do the
subject justice, but it is vain to wish.

The colored people are at work on any
little patch which will allow of cultivation,
transplanting onions or weeding lilies.
These people seem to be industrious and
contented, they certainly are very polite
and well behaved.

No part of the world, however, is with-
out its ills, and here they present them-
selves in the shape of fierce winds— no
other word than fierce will do—and sudden
out-pourings of rain. So unexpected are
these showers that no one walks even
short distances without an umbrella, or if
he does he soon wishes he had not tempted
nature. Yet, while we meet such winds
and rain, we have no dust, no mud; the
nature of the roads prevents these evils.

On Sunday we, with some friends made
on the boat, attended service at the Gar-
rison Chapel; the service is choral, the
choir being composed of soldiers, who
sing well, and are accompanied by the
regimental band. Then the congregation
join in heartily. We had a fair sermon.
In the afternoon I crossed the bay and
went to Paget Church and heard an elo-
quent sermon from the Rev. Dr. Newton,
delivered without note.

Each day is fully occupied, we start out
directly after breakfast, taking wraps over
the arm and umbrellas in the hand, and
defy the storm, now taking one road and
now another, all beautiful, all smooth and
easy for walking or for driving; now we
catch a view of the beautiful ocean and
now winding through lovely fields and
gardens, each moment bringing to view
something new, as before described, or the
ruins it may be of some house, the victim of a terrible wind storm about the year 1835, when many houses on these islands were blown down, and yet remain in their dismantled state.

Amid these scenes, strange and lovely though they are, our thoughts frequently turn homeward, and we talk of those we left behind, wondering what cold, tempestuous weather you are having; how recitations are progressing, and other matters of such deep interest to us.

We greet you all dear friends, students, professors and other Gambier friends. May God preserve both you and us to meet again in health and gratitude.

Lovingly,
E. C. Benson

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

In the crowd of dramatists which followed the development of the Elizabethan drama, Beaumont and Fletcher are almost universally given the highest place.

Of these two men but little is known, almost as little as is known of their great predecessor, and we may almost say companion, Shakespeare. Fletcher was born in 1576. His father was a bishop. Queen Elizabeth had elevated him to the See of London, but he suffered at the hands of his capricious sovereign, being suspended from his office because he did not regard the queen's views on the subject of matrimony. Fletcher was educated at Cambridge, but of his life and the excellence of his work as a student we have no record remaining. His later work seems to show a more extended knowledge of Spanish, French, and Italian dramas than of the ancient classics. It is not certainly known when his literary career began, but it is supposed that his first plays appeared when he was quite young. Fletcher died in 1625, in the 49th year of his age. His ashes now rest in St. Saviors Church, Southwark.

Of the life of Beaumont we have still fewer details. It is known that he was born in 1586, ten years after Fletcher, and died in 1615, ten years before him. Like Fletcher, his birth was far from humble. He studied at Pembroke College, and made there the acquaintance of men afterward prominent in literature, notably, Ben Jonson. He lies in Westminster Abbey. No slab or monument marks his resting place and its exact locality is unknown.

These two men present one of the most pleasing pictures of the love of friends bound together by common aims and tastes. They lived in the same house, shared the same clothes, and were absolutely inseparable. As they held all things in common so with their writings. A few pieces may be ascribed to Fletcher and a few others to the unaided genius of Beaumont, but by far the greater part of the literary work of these two friends seems to have been their joint production, not in the sense that one wrote one part and the other the other, but the intellect of both illumines every page. To us it is almost inexplicable that there should be no inconsistencies or breaks in their dramas as the result of this double authorship, but the perfect harmony of the men and their perfect adaptation to one another precludes all possibility of this. Critics have tried to distinguish between the dramas of Beaumont and the dramas of Fletcher, and to divide the honors of authorship between them, giving Fletcher the greater share in this drama, Beaumont in that drama, passing
their judgment on some fancied difference in style and diction, but such criticism is of little worth, and the division has been made simply on conjecture. Upwards of fifty plays bear both their names, of which The Woman Hater, presented in 1607, is the first in point of time. Most of their plays were not published until 1647, and it is only by the records of the playhouses that their dates are established. Fletcher is usually given the greater credit on account of his greater age and longer life, but for this preference there seems to be little ground.

It is a source of regret that the text of these worthy followers of Shakespeare should be in the corrupt state in which we find it. Everything is against the preservation of the text in its original purity. The long existence of the manuscripts before they were published, the imperfections in the art of printing, and the changes in phraseology, to suit the different stages on which they were presented, have united to render the dramas almost unintelligible in some places. The style of Beaumont and Fletcher, elliptical and not very perspicuous, renders the task of purification an almost hopeless one. We must accept the work in its mangled state and make allowances for ambiguities and discrepancies.

The first play in the collected works of Beaumont and Fletcher is the Maid’s Tragedy. In this play we find some of our dramatists’ best work. Although generally successful with female characters, they have done nothing else that can compare with Aspasia. She is a true woman, not the coarse sensual creature we too often find in the drama of this period. This play is essentially moral in its object although grossly immoral in its treatment. The same can be said of many other plays of Beaumont and Fletcher. Philaster also deserves mention as probably the most popular play of Beaumont and Fletcher. The plot, however, is absurd and improbable. No woman’s reputation could be destroyed as Arethusa’s was by a single breath of suspicion. King and No King, The Elder Brother, The Spanish Curate, The Custom of the Country, The Loyal Subject, and Valuetinian are other good plays now almost unheard of, but once popular. The Knight of the Burning Pestle has a plot of peculiar interest in that it introduces a drama within a drama. There is a pastoral drama, The Faithful Shepherdess, which stands alone among all the works of these men, not to be compared with any of their other plays. It is a mixture of tenderness, purity, indecency, and absurdity. Schlegel says of it that it is an immodest eulogy on modesty. The poetry of The Faithful Shepherdess compares favorably with that of Milton’s Coenno.

The plots of Beaumont and Fletcher are well conceived and well wrought out. The variety of incident is striking and the fertility in contriving situations wonderful. They wrote plays not as literature but for the purpose of presentation on the stage. In the times when the public allowed the immorality they were prime favorites, two of their plays being presented for one of Shakespeare’s. Their lightness and playful bright dialogue did much to make them popular, but as dramatists they are immeasurably below Shakespeare. Shakespeare catered to the public. Beaumont and Fletcher pandered to it. This is to a large degree the cause of their immorality. The essential difference between them in the matter of decency is that in Shakespeare the
obscenity is almost wholly in the dialogue and can be expurgated with very little loss and with no injury to the plot. Beaumont and Fletcher on the contrary so ingrained their indecency and obscenity into their plots that it would be a hopeless task to try to make their plays fit reading for the public. It is this lamentable feature, more than anything else, which has swept them from the stage and made them almost unknown. The materials out of which Beaumont and Fletcher constructed dramas are few and simple. We recognize old faces in every new drama we pick up. There is the intrepid and faithful old general, the sensual king, the slavish courtier, the high-spirited youth, the lady of almost fierce chastity and the lady of the opposite character. These we most often find. Then we have the amorous old man, the gay spendthrift, and a few others which appear more frequently in comedy. With these staple characters the genius of Beaumont and Fletcher reared enduring monuments to itself. They excelled in comedy, and most of their plays are properly called comedies, although many end tragically. In nearly all, some of the tragic element is introduced.

The best of Beaumont and Fletcher's characters are female. In both good and evil characters they excel. They do not approach Shakespeare's in grandeur, but are of a fainter and more quiet type. This is characteristic of them in everything. Their poetry lacks the fire and enthusiasm of Shakespeare. We do not find those sudden bursts of passion which carry everything before them. Their composition is more even and quiet. We find good lines everywhere, but we do not find such powerful lines as constantly claim our attention in Shylock, King Lear, and Macbeth. But undoubtedly we find in Beaumont and Fletcher the men worthy to be placed next "The bard of Avon" in dramatic literature.

"MARTHY."

TOLD AT THE BLACKSTONE CLUB.

John Anderson was only a fishing guide, that was all; but as a fishing guide nobody excelled him. Why, he knew that west coast of Florida from Cedar Keys to Key West better than I knew my Blackstone, and that is saying a good deal, for I'm not bad, as lawyers go. Well, John Anderson is the hero, or rather not exactly the hero, rather the teller, the raconteur of my story; the way he told it to me is the best, and I am going to try, in a humble way, to repeat it to you in his words. You see, this is the manner in which it all came about: We had John hired to take us fishing while we were at Tampa; but one day he came around with another man, and said that he had to go down to Sara Sota, and that he couldn't take us that day. We went out with the other man, and didn't catch a thing, not a blessed thing, so the next day I called John to account for it. Then he told me this little story; but let me remind you again that this is second-hand, and I can only try to repeat it as he told it, and as for the accent of a Florida "cracker,"—but, any how, "a man can do but his best," so here goes.

"Now, Mr. Perkins, I low mighty hard as how I'm powerful sorry I disappointed you people yistiday, and if I hadn't sorter cottedten to you'un, Mr. Perkins, I wouldn't give you no reasons, but I aint anxious to have you down on me, and so I'm just a goin' to tell you all about it.

"I tells you, Mr. Perkins, it war a pow-erful bad night when the Valley-City war due here, eighteen year ago yistiday; it don't hail often like down here, but that night it was comin' down thicker than
'skeeters back on the Pearl River; and wind, why the wind war blowin' as if it hadn't blowed for twenty year, and had been a savin' itself for the occasion. The old Valley City, she tried to run in between the Keys, but laws, the pilot, he war Jim Lawson; why, he couldn't see nothin' with the hail and the wind. Well, she run ashore out on Fisher's Nose sand bar, just where we was catchin' snappers off Little Bear Key; and when the next mornin' lighted up, there she lay, keeled sorter over on one side, just like a wounded deer, and the water it war a runnin' over and through her, like as if it couldn't give her no rest.

"Well, we'uns rowed out there, and I war the first man to shin up on her, and, Mr. Perkins, I wouldn't do that same agin for fifty dollars. They was dead men a floatin' about in her hold, and as the water threwed them, it seemed just as if they was alive and a beggin' you to save them; but that warn't all, Mr. Perkins, for as I war a goin' back to the stern of the boat, I looked into the cook's pantry, and there, as sure as shootin', I seed a little baby, lyin' in a basket, her blue eyes a shinin', like as if she couldn't understand why nobody didn't come to play with her.

"And so I breaks in the door, and brings her out, the cutest little kid you ever set your eyes on, and she just sorter laughed and yanked at my whiskers. That settled me, soon as I seed she sorter cottedten to me, why I just figured as how I war meant to take care on her, and that's how we happened to get little Marthy. There warn't another soul saved from the wreck, but there war a butiful lady washed ashore. She looked so good, and so noble like, that I just reckoned as how she war Marthy's mother, and when they was a carryin' her to the buryin' groun' I just promised, like as if she war alive, to protect little Marthy.

"That night I took Marthy home, and Lizzie my woman, who are gone now, she was just as tickled as if I'd got her a new dress. Little Marthy sorter growed peaked at first, as if she missed her ma, and I got powerful skeert, she looked so skimped and thin like; and she didn't seem to grow none, 'ceptin' her eyes, and they growed bigger and bigger, and bluer and bluer, until they looked like blue sancers, and she just used to sit and look at us, sorter askin' with her eyes where her ma was. I tells you, Mr. Perkins, it made me farly restless. Pretty soon, she got so as she could talk, and then me and Lizzie larned her to call us pa and ma; perhaps, that warn't just right, but there war her ma a lyin' under the groun', and we'uns never had a child of our own. To first, she war awful backwards; why she didn't begin to walk until she had been at our house nigh two year. But when she got so she could navigate herself, why she just growed like a palm tree, and peert, she war the peertest child you ever see. Smart, well I should 'low as much. We'uns didn't have no larnin', but she just seemed to larn from the birds and bees, and as for growin', why when she war six year old, she war the likeliest girl of her age in these parts. Lizzie and me left Sara Sota then, and moved our traps to Tampa, so as we could send Marthy to school. While we was a movin', Marthy warn't happy les she could help, so we'uns let her tote her little chair and such things as was light.

"Well, Marthy growed and growed, and larned and larned, and when she war fourteen there warn't a boy in Tampa as could touch her for smartness, nor a girl for good looks. And that ain't all, Mr.
Perkins, when she war out of school, and I wasn't a workin', she just layed in and larned me to read all by her blessed, little self,—that's where I got my larnin'. And for water, she seemed like as if she war crazy about it, and she never war so happy as when I'd let her come after us, when I had parties on the Key a huntin' shells and things. I tells you, Mr. Perkins, she war a pieter, when she used to come a rowin' across the bay, her hair a shinin' in the sun light, and her red cheeks a glowin' with the work. I never seed none of the fine ladies at the hotel as could hold a candle to my Marthy.

"You know how that pesky current runs out between Big Bear and Little Bear Keys, Mr. Perkins,—just where you caught that forty pound snapper,—when the tide's a going out. Well, two years ago yistiday, Marthy rowed me and two ladies from the hotel over to get some shells, and all day long them ladies just a kept telling me how pritty Marthy was, and a praisin' her and a praisin' her. I was glad Marthy didn't hear it, cause it might have turned her again me and Lizzie, but I liked it powerful much myself, and just kept a thinkin' as how Marthy war just as good as any of them. That night, when we'uns were ready to go home, there she came across the bay, her sunny head a shinin' in the sun light, and pretty soon we'uns could hear her a singin', as she rowed along.

"I guess she must have been so happy, as not to think about the pass and where she war rowin', 'cause the tide war goin' out powerful fast, and the current war a runnin' lickety-split. I seed she war gettin' too near the pass, and so I yelled to her, 'Marthy, Marthy, look out where you're goin';', and she turned round sorter quick like, and then of a sudden she caught at somethin', but it war too late, Mr. Perkins, and I didn't have to see one of her ears a floatin' behind the boat to know what was the matter. My heart just sorter jumped once, and then it just seemed as if it didn't go no more. 'Scull,' I yelled, but bless you Marthy warn't skeered, she war a doin' that already. But it warn't no use, the tide war a carryin' her along. At first she fought it inch by inch, but that current war too strong, and just kept her goin' farther and farther through the pass. I started to take off my shoes to jump in, but she just stood up in the stern of her boat and cried out, 'Don't! Pa.' Anyhow, it warn't no use, 'cause I couldn't have done nothin' 'cept a drown myself.

"And after that she didn't scull no more, but just stood in the boat, and drifted along. She didn't seem to cry or be skeered, but just waved her hand, as if to say, 'Good bye,' just like she did when she went a rowin' in the bay. On and on she drifted, and, as she went, the sun sorter made a ring about her head, like the pieters in our Bible, until we couldn't see her no more on account of her sorter meltin' into the sun as it was a settin'.

"Me and Lizzie felt awful bad, but Lizzie bein' a woman, sorter grieve so much that she begun to get thin like, and one year ago yistiday Lizzie went to join Marthy, just as the sun was a settin'. And that's why I didn't work yistiday, Mr. Perkins."

W. H. F.

Subscriptions amounting to more than $14,000 have already been subscribed to the new Harvard Dental School.—Ez.

The Phillips Brooks Memorial Committee at Harvard have closed the fund, the amount having reached $77,200.—Ez.
O. I. A. A.

By call of President Petrié, the managers of the several O. I. A. A. base ball teams met at Kenyon on February 25, and adopted the schedule given below. By motion of Manager Clark, of Buchtel, the double umpire system was adopted for this season, each team to carry one man for that purpose.

Mr. Stage, of Adelbert, who was last year appointed to draft a new constitution, has completed his work, and a copy will be forwarded to each college in the Association at once. It is earnestly requested that the several college associations take immediate action in this matter and instruct a man, appointed for that purpose, who shall meet delegates from the other institutions here at 11 o'clock on the morning of Saturday, April 8. It is the intention of the executive of the Association that at this meeting the constitution shall be so amended and revised as to lay it before the several colleges for immediate adoption.

The proposed constitution, although modeled to some extent after the old one, is essentially different from that which has heretofore governed the Association. As is customary among such instruments, it has adopted as its definition of a professional that of the Amateur Athletic Union. Another proposed change is the substitution of the term "Western Reserve University" for "Adelbert College." Whenever four of the five institutions comprised in the Association shall have forwarded an affirmative vote to the Secretary of the Association, the constitution will go into effect at once.

THE NEWS.

Miss Watson paid her brother a flying visit, March 3.

Mrs. Sanford spent Sunday, March 5, with her sons.

Prof. Benson and Mrs. Benson will sail for home, March 16.

Dr. and Mrs. Lawrence Rust have returned from the South.

Mrs. McAdoo was called to Gambier, Feb. 28, by the sickness of her son.

Mr. A. C. Lotz, of Chicago, spent Sunday, Feb. 26, with friends in College.

Mr. W. T. Colville with his wife and son, has been the guest of A. G. Scott, Esq.

Mr. L. C. Williams attended the inauguration of President Cleveland, March 4.

Mrs. Pierce returned home March 2, after a few month’s visit with friends in the East.

Prof. Guthrie was ordained a deacon by Bishop Leonard, Feb. 12, in the Church of The Holy Spirit.

H. S. Wolverton, of Mt. Vernon, has entered College and will catch on the ball team this Spring.

R. J. Watson, ’93, and Mr. Foley, attended the reception given by the Columbus Club, Feb. 14.

R. J. Watson, ’93, has been prostrated by an attack of quinsy but is improving rapidly and will soon resume his duties.

The Gambier Brass Band gave a concert February 25. They were assisted by the Kenyon Mandolin Club, and gave quite an enjoyable program.

A long needed want has at last been supplied. The Lecture Course Committee has rented a piano, it will be kept in Philo Hall, and is at the disposal of the Glee Club at present.
T. J. McAdoo, '96, has been suffering from a severe case of pneumonia. His mother is with him and he is on the rapid road to recovery. For a few days he was in a very serious condition.

The Glee and Mandolin Clubs went to Vernon, Feb. 15, and submitted to a painful operation at the hands of Mr. Crowell. The proofs were very satisfactory. The photographs can be obtained through C. V. Sanford, '94.

The first number of the Lecture Course was given by the Rev. Dudley W. Rhodes, of Cincinnati. His subject was "Wit and Humor." The able manner in which he treated his subject and his pleasant address made the entertainment interesting from beginning to end.

The last meeting for this season of the Whist Club, took place in Philo Hall, Feb. 10. Several guests were invited and after the triumph of the victors Mrs. Foote and R. J. Watson, refreshments were served, followed by dancing. All departed feeling that life was still worth living despite the fact that Lent was close at hand.

The Junior Promenade, Feb. 8, was as usual a great success. The precedent established by the present Senior Class, was followed by ninety-four, that is the hall was draped in cheese cloth. The two class colors lemon and white formed a beautiful back-ground for the brilliant costumes of the dancers. The absence of programs was an innovation in Gambier, and worked like a charm. The only hitch was caused by some of the Freshmen who would fill their cuffs with engagements, but it is to be hoped that their verdant minds will be impressed with the fact that they are in college for the purpose of learning and that this will prove a lesson.

The orchestra furnished by the Newark Orchestra can not be complimented too highly. The refreshments were served at 11:30 and the dancing prolonged until 3 a.m. The souvenirs presented to the ladies were unique in design and artistically made. The patronesses were Mrs. Sterling, Mrs. G. W. Foote, Mrs. Seibt, Mrs. Ingham, and Mrs. Brusie. Among the visitors present were, the Misses Commins, of Akron; the Misses Sudlow, and Miss Fraser, of Cincinnati; Miss Ambos, of Columbus; Miss Thompson and Miss Newman, of Portsmouth; Miss Russell, of Lima; Miss Stamp, Miss Crowell and Miss Braddock, of Mt. Vernon.

There are nine dailies, one tri-weekly, two semi-weeklies, 44 weeklies, 55 bi-weeklies, 288 monthlies, and over 100 bi-monthlies and quarterlies published by the colleges of the United States.—Ex.

John D. Rockefeller and President Harper, of the University of Chicago, are endeavoring to secure President Harrison for a chair in Constitutional Law at a salary of $25,000.—Ex.

Since Dr. McCosh became president of Princeton College the following buildings have been built: Dickinson Hall, School of Science, the new Chemical Laboratory, Murray Hall, Marquand Chapel, Library, the Gymnasium, University Hall, Reunion, Witherspoon, Albert Dod Hall, Brown Hall, Art Building, Alexander Commencement Hall, Edwards, Biological Laboratory, Museum of Historic Art, Magnetic Observatory, McCosh Infirmary.—Ex.

The students of the University of Michigan meet every Saturday morning for the purpose of singing college songs. The Daily does not want any of the alumni to leave their alma mater without having learned the university song.—Ex.
THE COLLEGIAN.

POEM.

The other day while going to Fort Wayne,
I met some "holy Fathers" on the train;
Weary of viewing snow-clad hills and bars
I joined with them in swapping pious yarns.
One story told, fits well this present time,
When Blake is once more "trotted out," in
rhyme,
To read a little piece against his will,
When it would seem much wiser to keep still.
The story was of a tramp at the door,
Where he was eating, and asking for more,
Until, like some of you, his mirth was full;
So draining his mug with one hearty pull,
He arose, and silently turned away.
"Stop!" said the woman, "have you naught to say?"
"Madam," he said, "I'm not Chaceey Depew,
I can't speak after dinner," and so withdrew.
That's what I would do if I had my way
But was told to have a few things to say:
As one of the boys who began their race
'Way back in the days of good Bishop Chase.
I'm not quite that old, tho' it appears
I've been out now more than thirty years
And proved what my father used to say:
"My son you grow more foolish every day.
When it comes to talking for our school,
I am free to own that I am a fool
In the opinion of those who may think
The dear old College about to sink,
Like a brave ship beneath the stormy sea,
And 'ner reach that haven where she would be."
'Tis true she has oft been tempest tossed,
And often, indeed, her cause has seemed lost.
Many of those, once gathered in her fold,
Have suffered their hearts to grow hard and cold
Toward old Kenyon in her hour of need,
And refused her help by a word or deed;
But that day is past, and we begin to feel,
Even now, she sails on an ever keel.

This much, at least, seems perfectly plain,
If those who loved her, will love her again,
The hopeful prospect of this present hour
Will brighten into a day of power,
Till as from a thousand spindles in a mill
Shall rise the hum of voices on "the Hill,"
And Kenyon's sons shall grow and multiply,
As stars that spangle the evening sky.

When winter's cold has chilled the frosty air,
Piercing us through, in spite of every care;
When the blood courses but slowly through the veins,
And the frame is racked with tingling pains,
That for which we eagerly inquire,
Is the way to kindle a roaring fire
Which shall warm thoroughly in every part,
And send its glow to our very heart.

That it seems to me, is our want just now,
As here we assemble to inquire how,
As friends of Kenyon, we can do our part
To rekindle a love in every heart
For our dear old College on "the Hill,"
Whose memory abides with us still
And needs only to be blown into flame,
To send a glow of love through every frame;
And then a desire shall rise in the breast
Of each, to behold Old Kenyon above the best,
To help on the good work, so well begun,
To stick to the task until it is done;
When our Alma Mater shall shine afar,
With all the brightness of the morning star.

Then, before we go our several ways,
Let us gather some logs from memories maze
And pile up high a glorious college fire.
Imagine ourselves in the old attire,
When on Gambier Hill, on a winter's night,
We met the "old boys" with a keen delight.
And, gathering round the ruddy glow,
Unmindful of the frost and snow,
We laughed and joked and talked on such themes
As none but a most youthful fancy dreams;
Rode ponies through old classic Rome and Greece
Or, like Indians, smoked the pipe of peace
Or, better still, when with the stars above
We learned the agony of "kitten love."
When some fair one leaning against the heart
Seemed to pierce us through the most vital part,
But lo! the wound we thought none could patch
Proved itself naught but the slightest scratch.
With smiles we recall that enchantress's spell
Since time has kissed the place to make it well.
Linked arm in arm beneath the maple boughs
We walk with well tried friends, whose earnest vows
Of love and friendship we return in kind,
And store away these treasures of the mind,
To keep through all the coming years of strife
To prove that there is something true in life.
As their dear faces come from out the glow,  
We seem to see them sitting in a row.  
Around those recitation rooms of old,  
Where grave professors did unfold  
Stores of wisdom and of kindness as they taught,  
For among the things which time and years have brought,  
Is Conviction, that those who taught us then  
Were not only learned, but kindly men;  
Who well deserve that we should now confess  
All that we owe to their patient gentleness.  
What we all of us owe to that dear school  
Can never be measured by line or rule;  
The ability, within us, which is best,  
Is not the skill of which we stand possessed;  
Is not indeed the learning which we hold;  
Is not our power of winning fame or gold;  
But simple goodness, Christian gentleness,  
The disposition and the power to bless,  
Those qualities which since the world began  
Have made and kept the Christian gentleman.  
If we have any title to that name  
Is it not most true that we owe the same,  
In no slight degree, to that blessed knowledge  
Which we learned, as boys, at Kenyon College?  
It is not her fault if we be not true  
Upright and honorable, through and through:  
But because we would not walk in those ways  
Through which she led us in our youthful days.

Alma Mater! may we have grace to see  
The goodness which was taught us at thy knee,  
Then, seeing clearly what we ought to do,  
May we prove faithful not alone to you  
But to each claim intrusted to our hand—  
A kindly, generous, and whole souled band—  
Worthy of those brothers who in the past  
Gave to Old Kenyon a name that shall last  
Long after we have laid down every trust  
And have mingled with our kindred dust.

One such we hoped would be with us to-night!  
But alas! his spirit has taken flight,  
And, although we miss him at our festal board!  
We believe he has sat down with his Lord  
At that high feast, of which the scriptures tell,  
As provided for those who love God well;  
For 'mid those who wrought truly all their days  
We may well place our late brother Hayes,  
A faithful man in each public station,  
Even to the highest in the nation.  
His was not like a meteoric light  
Which blinds the eye because it is so bright  
But rather like the steady northern star  
Which guides the weary wanderer afar  
When, having lost their way, they blindly roam  
Through woods and trackless wastes, in search of home.  
His character was without spot or stain,  
He never sold himself for place or gain,  
Forever deaf to every base appeal  
He ever pressed toward his high ideal,  
And through all the years of his useful life  
Till he was laid beside his noble wife—  
Set an example, we should keep in view  
Through all the labors we may find to do,  
That proving faithful in each several sphere,  
We may grow wiser, riper, every year;  
Loving and loved by those with whom we live,  
Made fuller and richer by what we give;  
Helping the cause of culture and learning;  
Keeping the lamp of truth ever burning  
In fervent hearts, that love the true and good,  
And do the right as it is understood.  
So shall we fall in with that lofty plan  
Which God thought out before the world began  
And, by the grace of Christ, gain that reward  
Which has been promised by the loving Lord.

THE ALUMNI.

On the 3rd inst. another evidence of awakened interest in Alma Mater was vouchsafed, this time by the loyal alumni of Cincinnati. The meeting was a success, and all praise is due the committee on arrangements who so faithfully performed their duty. Perhaps the most important result of the occasion, in its far-reaching efforts, was the formation of the Kenyon Alumni Association, of Southern Ohio, which is most heartily welcomed by its older brothers. This makes the fifth Association formed in the last two or three years.

Next!

The editors of the Collegian recently received a very kind letter from a prominent alumni, from which letter, though not intended for publication, we have taken the liberty to clip the following:
"Looking over your page headed 'The Alumni:' I saw the address of an old classmate of mine whom I had not heard from in twenty years. I have often thought of him, but did not know where he was. The result is that I shall write to him and he and I will, in renewing our old acquaintances, renew also our interest in the college, and the Collegian, which has brought us together again."

At the end of the Kenyon Catalogue for 92-3, which has just been issued, may be found a complete list of living alumni. Much valuable time and labor have been spent on this list in order to make it as nearly correct as possible, and we take pleasure in assuring the alumni if the errata be consulted but few addresses will be found to be wrong. It is earnestly requested that all changes in the addresses of alumni shall be reported to the Secretary of the Faculty without delay.

In a recent number of the Collegian it was stated that the custom of wearing the cap and gown originated in 1867. Through the kindness of Dr. D. D. Benedict, we learn that they were worn by members of the class of 1856, in their Senior year, and by the class of 1857, in their Junior year. This makes the custom quite an old one at Kenyon.

ALUMNI PERSONAL.

'53. The Rev. Henry G. Perry, M. A., Second Senior Priest of the Chicago Episcopal Clergy, was lately elected for his twenty-first successive year in office, Grand Chaplain of the Grand Council, Royal and Select Masters Masonic of the State of Illinois.

'54. Mr. James N. Gamble, is Director of the Cincinnati Tribune Company, which publishes the new daily.

'58 The January number of the University Magazine contains an excellent sketch and likeness of Hon. Matthew Trimble, A. M., Assessor of the District of Columbia. Though a Republican, Mr. Trimble enjoys the confidence and support of Democrats as well.

'62. We regret to learn that All Saints Church, Portsmouth, O., Rev. Henry L. Badger, Rector, has recently been badly damaged by fire. It will be some months before it can be restored and made fit for occupancy.

'62. A sketch of Col. James Kilbourne, of Columbus, Ohio, may be found in the January number of the University Magazine. The Colonel is one of those who made Kenyon's war record famous, and who now in peace are leading lives remarkable for their usefulness.

'66. Among the Kenyon men who have lately been honored by press notice should be mentioned Col. John J. McCook, of 120 Broadway, New York. In a recent issue of the New York Tribune, occurred a lengthy sketch of his life and public services. Col. McCook has been a conspicuous figure in the prosecution of Dr. Briggs, which has created so much interest all over the country. His bearing and services throughout the whole trial are spoken of in the highest terms and his early life and army record are reviewed in a way to reflect great honor on his Alma Mater.

'77. Prof. and Mrs. W. T. Colville recently made their many Gambier friends a short visit and received a hearty welcome. They have returned to their home in Carbondale, Pa.

'79. Mr. Willis M. Townsend, Principal of the Zanesville High School, has succeeded in having the system of examinations for promotion abolished from that
school. In this step the Zanesville schools are placed in the front rank of progress along side Cleveland and other first class schools.

'87. Rev. James H. Young, of Dennison, Ohio, has been spending a few weeks in Gambier visiting relatives. We are sorry to remark his ill health and hope he may recover in the near future.

EXCHANGE AND INTER-COLLEGIATE.

The faculty of the University of Minnesota decided by a vote of sixteen to six to allow an address by some distinguished speaker to take the place of orations by the graduates on commencement day.

During the last few months there has been considerable undergraduate legislation in regard to some of the objectionable features and tendencies of athletics. This legislation, while it may tend to eliminate much that is evil, cannot hope to check the tendency, yearly becoming more apparent, of engaging in athletics as a business of after life. Perhaps this tendency is nowhere more noticeable than at Yale, a fact which is calling forth many complaints from her Alumni. It is said that many students are being diverted from nobler purposes to engage in coaching and training college organizations.

In cases of this kind the students are not so much at fault as the Faculty, for with the Faculty lies the power and duty of correcting all such abuses. Not infrequently have Faculties entirely suppressed athletic contests, although such measures are not the wisest, nor do they remedy the evil. Athletics have come to stay, and are needful to a vigorous college life; but they must be confined to their own sphere—a means to an end. If a student be compelled to consider his studies first, and be required to carry all the studies laid down in the regular course, he cannot greatly err by devoting his remaining time to athletics. The fact that many of our best athletes are also our best students, proves that both can be pursued at the same time, and to good advantages. Wise action by the Faculties, and conscientious work on the part of the student, will give to the world men competent to do nobler work than foot ball coaching.

Yale now has a hospital where students will be cared for during illness. It has thirty-two rooms and will have trained nurses and the best infirmary equipment.

—Ex.

This wise provision cannot be too highly commended; even the most thoughtless, if at all acquainted with dormitory life, will readily see its wisdom. The accidents consequent upon athletics alone, not to mention the precariousness of health under the most favorable conditions, would seem to justify the existence of such a department. Yet how many of our colleges provide for such emergencies? The care of a sick student is often intrusted to a fellow-student, who, however kindly disposed, is, after all, a poor nurse; as a rule, he is too careless of himself to be careful for another. A room or two could easily be furnished, and be made much more comfortable than the average student's room; furthermore, it would be much wiser to employ a competent nurse than make extensive outlay for flowers when all else is too late.

The Wellesley Shakespeare Society intends to build a club-house on the model of Shakespeare's house at Stratford on Avon.—Ex.