The Kenyon Collegian.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF KENYON COLLEGE.

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Editorial.

Now begins the season's youth, and nature quickens and thrills with the fresh vigor reserved for another year's activities. Again all becomes bright and hopeful, and the new life in its many varieties ushers in the beauties of the spring.

Sharing in this larger life, the first number of the new Collegian comes to you dressed in a fresh garb, its spring greeting; and in the hope that within its pages a modest flower may from time to time unfold. With this issue as an earnest of its good intentions, the new Board assumes its duties. Making no rash promises, still hoping many things, we appeal to our patrons' kind indulgence, and ask another year's lease of their favor and patronage.

The greatest need of The Collegian at the present time lies neither in a change of its appearance, nor of its arrangement; still we have made these changes in the hope that they may contribute somewhat to its attractiveness. Of course every paper depends chiefly upon its contents, yet as appearance decides so much, this part should not be neglected.

It is becoming more and more the feature of the leading college journals and of the greater magazines to abandon the newspaper column
arrangement in favor of the page form. The strict literary monthly still clings to the newspaper column, but this need offer no vital objection, as the time for a strictly literary paper here is yet far distant. The quantity of matter will be slightly reduced under the new plan, but we are vain enough to hope that what we lose in quantity may be made up in quality. The literary department has always proven a problem to the board, since in a college having comparatively few students, the circle of contributors is at no time very greatly extended, and the work then must be done by an editorial board having but little time at their disposal. Should our contributing list permit it, an enlargement upon the present size of The Collegian will be deemed advisable.

The policy by which The Collegian is to be governed for the ensuing year shall, with one or two exceptions, be the same as heretofore. Experience has bequeathed some legacy, however, and some changes of supreme moment to the interests of the paper must be made. There is no question that "all things come to him who waits," but there is a question which, in justice to the patrons of the paper, the new board must put to itself; namely, Is it in the province of The Collegian to teach the truth of this truism? It is scarcely honorable, and not at all pleasant, to criticise the methods of preceding boards when those methods were oftentimes unavoidable. Enriched by their shortcomings, however, the new board feels that it is most important that The Collegian be published regularly, and, so far as circumstances will permit, stand pledged to that improvement at least.

In a word, the policy governing the paper shall as nearly as possible make it truly "devoted to the interests of Kenyon College." Toward this end every board must ultimately work, and on this ground all interested in Kenyon College and her progress ought to be open to appeal for aid in the continuance and excellence of her institutions. And the students especially must be reminded that The Collegian is not, and never was, the organ of any close corporation holding the exclusive control of its pages.

The recent disgraceful action of the Cornell Sophomores has aroused, as it ought to have done, no little indignation in the public mind. The Easter number of Public Opinion has taken pains to quote some of the leading editorial comments on the affair, and naturally all have only
the strongest words of censure for this "college rowdyism." In the course of these comments there seems to be a kind of concealed charge against college faculties in general for attempting to conceal criminal conduct, and thus fostering the lawlessness of students.

While there may be some truth in this accusation, yet there is much in it that partakes of the highly colored editorial comment common to newspaper sensationalism. No one can regret such conduct as that displayed by the Cornell students more than the college authorities. Such conduct is aimed at the most vital interests of the college, for disorder of any kind or degree is a drawback to the highest usefulness of any educational institution, and of this fact the college faculty is clearly aware. Furthermore, anyone who has attended college any time at all knows what little sympathy college faculties have for conduct unbecoming gentlemen.

"The day has gone by when in our American colleges ruffianism and disorderly conduct are to be tolerated. There is no longer one code of morals for collegians and another for the rest of mankind." With the sentiment of the preceding extract nobody can find fault, and least of all, the fair-minded collegian. There are times, we confess, when college students seem to become singularly forgetful of such truths; but we are not ready to admit that this is due to the utter depravity of the class. Without trying to excuse anything wrong, we must urge the point that things did not appear exactly the same to this justly indignant public in their younger days as they do now, and that what time has done for them it will probably do for their successors. It must always be a matter for regret that it does not seem in the nature of things to find the youth at twenty combining the wisdom and experience of the man of forty.

We feel safe in asserting that the college student whatever may have been his regard for the moral code of the past, does not for one moment look for special legislation concerning his conduct. If he transgresses the law of a civilized community he expects to run the same risks that the ordinary citizen does under the same circumstances. And to satisfy oneself that the collegian does not expect any immunity in his case, one need only have glanced at the student publications after the Cornell disgrace. There was no extenuation, but on the contrary the consensus of opinion was that a crime had been committed and that the guilty should be brought to speedy justice.
Too much of the discipline and punishment of "riotous" students is left to busy college faculties, with their limited authority. It would be better for the State, rather than the college faculty, to be considered the injured party when the civil law is violated. In view of the thrilling accounts of outrages resulting from hazing, it seems very strange, indeed, that a state like New York is only now awakening to the fact that hazing ought to be a "penal offense and punishable by imprisonment."

No part of our commencement week program can be made more interesting to our friends and visiting alumni than the field day exercises. For several years much dissatisfaction has been expressed in the poor work shown in our field day performances, so that a little warning now at the beginning of the term may be in order.

As long as the contestants put off their training to the last week before field day any great improvement will be impossible, while the sincere athlete should be the last person in the world upon whom to urge the necessity of training. There are probably more good athletes in college today than there have been for many years, and next field day ought to have a great deal more dash and vim than was displayed a year ago. Every man who expects to enter the field day contests in June ought to begin systematic training immediately. It is the merest presumption for anyone to expect to do his best without such training. It is only in this way that records are to be broken, and if anyone is sure of winning an event without training, he ought then to train for a record. None of us can be so prejudiced that we fail to see that many of our records are quite poor when compared with those of neighboring colleges.

The abandonment of the Inter-Collegiate Field Day may prove to have a bad effect on our track athletics, unless some care be exercised in keeping competition keen on local field days. As an incentive the Athletic Association should see to it that the usual field day medals be ready for distribution next June. In the meantime let us see some judicious training!

Believing that a healthier college spirit is to be cultivated by a free and impartial discussion of all college matters, The Collegian takes this opportunity of offering the use of its pages for the publication of communications and notices. All communications must be signed by the writer—even if it be desired that the name be withheld—and should be sent to the editor-in-chief by the twentieth of the month prior to publication,
Communications.

Editor The Collegian:

Sir—My notice was attracted by an article—evidently a "communication," although not headed as such—in your February issue, purporting to come from "the College Growler."

I quote below a few of the rules, which were in force, by order of the Faculty, in the year 1868, at this college; and would ask the writer of the article above-mentioned, and such of your readers as side with him in his view of "Kindergarten System," etc., to glance at these before they raise the howl of protest over the limitations and restrictions imposed upon the modern student, as contrasted with the "good old times" which many of us really know very little about:

"Slovenly and unseemly dress at Church, Prayers, or Recitations, is strictly forbidden."

"All amusements and secular employments on Sundays are forbidden."

"The hours of study must be strictly adhered to. At the ringing of the bell for study hours in the morning every room must be in order, the beds made, the floor neatly swept."

"During study hours visiting, playing on musical instruments, singing, all unnecessary noise, and absence from rooms are strictly forbidden."

"No Student shall have in his possession any fire-arms, unless by the particular request of his parent or guardian, and the special permission of the Faculty."

"No Student shall cut or otherwise injure any tree on the College property."

"Any officer of the College may at any time order and examine the room of any Student."

It might surprise many a "College Growler" to know just how much better—poor as it may be—the cold and cruel Present is than were the so-called halcyon days of the Past.

A Student.

To the Editor of The Collegian:

The art of speaking ought to be cultivated by every son of Kenyon. There is no surer path to power and prominence than that pursued by the orator. In all countries and in all ages he has risen to distinction, and no man enjoys such personal influence as he. Freedom of speech is
the privilege of every American, and no land offers greater rewards to
the "silver-tongued" than this republic of republics.

It is not the athlete, the foot ball player, or the base ball player,
who brings the highest joy to his Alma Mater, but that son who ascends
the ladder of fame, who passes to the front and holds his own in the
grand rush and turmoil of life.

The art of speaking can be acquired only by systematic study and
diligent practice. The English course provides some means for the
former, and the Nu Pi Kappa and Philomathesian societies for the latter.
Every student should take the liveliest interest in the literary society of
which he is a member. He should consider it a great honor to appear on
the programme, and should endeavor to fulfill all obligations to the best
of his ability.

Great rulers have small sources, and from the little acorn the mighty
oak doth grow. Therefore, fellows, love your literary societies and labor
for them. Let not golden Opportunity go away disheartened. Put
forth your best efforts, however week. It may be that in years to come
you will receive a rich reward.

KENYONITE.

A Social Tendency of the University.

The increasing number of true universities in our country and the
countless numbers of men who are in attendance at such institutions
are deservedly drawing much attention and a discussion, though cursory,
is apropos. Time was (within memory, too) when there were but a
Harvard and a Yale, but not so now. What with "oil trusts," deaths
of heirs, and taxes, philanthropic men and legislators of more than
ordinary wisdom, have established and maintained no less than eight
other such institutions, no one of which is undeserving its name of
"University." With such institutions, and not with the hundred and
a half self-named American "universities," is the writer concerned. In
four of our universities alone, there are no less than ten thousand students
pursuing in all several hundred courses of study and leading a vastly
greater variety of lives. It is proposed to write only of their lives: with
the social side of the university, as compared with that of the college, to
deal briefly.
Best minds frequently differ on questions of fact, but never on logic, a truth well known to disputants who find themselves no longer such when once they have agreed upon their premises, and which is an application of the principle that reason is of man, while history is of men. If this is so, it were better to treat our subject reasonably than historically and so all unnecessary discussion as to what are the facts will be eliminated and only such conditions as are very generally known to exist and are also requisite for a basis of argument, will be assumed as existent.

The college—the typical one, apart from an university—has fewer members, smaller classes, less diversity of interests, more unity of purpose. The university, of which an immense college is part, is also an institution of professional and scientific schools, and is a place where college graduates are given peculiar advantages of special study under an organization—collegiate in its nature—known as a “post-graduate” school. It must be plain that the university has larger classes, more diversity of interests, and less unity of purpose.

The college has little class organization, although usually enough to engender a class rivalry tending to produce an effect in formation of friendships, but seldom leading to distinctions so decided as to prevent or destroy friendships between men of different classes. Societies and associations, whether literary or purely social, are never limited to members from one or even two classes. On the contrary, it is the rule in all organizations that any college man is eligible. There is a College Athletic Association, a College Glee Club, and there are College Greek-letter Fraternity Chapters. A result of this is that whenever and wherever two or more college men meet, they have at least one thing in common, and they sing no song or give no “yell” in which a listener may not feel and appreciate a manifestation of enthusiasm for the alma mater as well as for the class or other organization. Each man knows every other, and, unless he be of exceptional disposition, is on familiar terms with the majority of men he meets. He has usually a dozen especial friends and perhaps a score more, any of whom he would, if occasion offered, introduce as his friend. Such are, in brief, the Utopian conditions of college society.

The university, as such, has almost no one organization, excepting (as we must, since it is neither of or by the students) the official boards
of instruction and control. There is an University Athletic Association which is a representative organization and to which any may belong, but it is intended chiefly as an institution to care for deposits, and its members must be content to give without receiving, for if one would play tennis he must also belong to the tennis branch of the association and likewise if he would try football, or base ball, or cricket. Thus the only University organization is one from which no substantial benefit may be derived. When a Freshman enters he is almost at once asked to give support to his class team, and later in the year he has opportunities of contributing toward the support of, and of trying for, the class nine and class crew. All of these are under the management and direction of a Freshman Athletic Association. If the man be incapable of achieving personal success in athletics he may be said to get along very well meanwhile, if he keep the few friends who entered with him from preparatory school; but if he should “make” any one of his class teams he should probably make a few friends as well. The number of friends so made does not greatly increase from year to year for the obvious reason that, should he continue on his team for even four years, its other members will remain substantially the same throughout. As with the social side of athletics, so with social organizations; in those universities which are old enough to carry with their names traditions and customs, there societies, membership in each of which is limited to men from one of the four catalogue years, and one of which the new man joins in his first year; at the end of a year he steps into one a trifle higher and with him come the men he was associated with before. It is a truth which is notorious within an university that even in one of these class societies there is almost no unanimity. A Senior society of fifty men will be composed of several “sets,” each of which has its own distinctive men who are graded from the better known athletes to the class orators. A man in a class society makes no effort to know those outside it, so that instead of a student who knows only his classmates, the real one is in a very much worse position, because he knows only a part of those. Indeed, it has been only a few weeks since the Harvard Crimson contained an editorial (which the Yale News republished) opening thus:—“The University has now grown until it is impossible that a student should know the names of all the men in his class and we should no longer
attempt it." It is a matter of experience with the average student that he very frequently votes for a class officer whose face he does not know.

The position is much the same in the graduate and professional schools of the university. These men give little thought to social fitness, but each, with the enthusiasm of a beginner, devotes his whole self to his chosen pursuit. Neither do men find themselves in a better position after several years' residence. The university man, who is "acquainted with" more than thirty others, is an exception. Certainly there are such exceptions, but it must be borne in mind that, in absence of notice to the contrary, the author, as well as the lawyer, assumes it as understood that he is dealing with the average man. It is not within the scope of this or like essay to deal with those exceptional characters which the novelist studies to advantage. There is, however, a body of men who form a kind of colony which is a mentionable exception. These men are the athletes, the glorified ones who wear 'Varsity suits, the "team" and "nine" and "crew" men. Each of these clubs is maintained for at least three months of the year out of a fund annually directed to that use, and as victory seldom rests with a team between whose members there is any friction, amicable social relations are assiduously built up and preserved. These men know each other thoroughly; walk about the campus in pairs, and among themselves are most informal. They are a small part but serve somewhat to determine the nature of the whole.

The average man, however, is not a member of a team representing his university. The agents which tend to bring about results of any considerable importance; the causes which precede effects felt throughout the university, which determine the social character of the institution, are for the most part very different from those which make an exception of athletes.

Now, it is true that a college man can not lead any kind of life he may fancy. The student body gives to the college a social character which, once determined, tends to determine, in part, that of the individual. This follows naturally from the nature of things. The community is a peculiar one; it has many advantages, many conditions, and many undertakings with reference to which all are similarly placed. It does not follow that the result is, for the individual, an evil one. On the contrary, there is no reason why it might not be the best imaginable, and it is good or bad exactly as the character so acquired is better or worse
than it would otherwise be. Perhaps it is unnecessary to determine which it ordinarily is.

There is no university which may be distinguished by its class of men. In any one there are all kinds of men, coming from all parts of the globe, and differing as much in color and characteristics of race as in intellect and pursuits; from the man who is there to spend an income to him who supports himself from a scholarship; from the aristocrat to him whose mother was a slave; from him who "grinds" to him who "trains"; from those who go because it is the proper thing to those who love to learn; and so are there all kinds of men who lead all kinds of lives. It need not be decided whether it is necessary, or even better, that the ministerial embryo and the apprentice of the law should never know each other, nor that the young engineer should never confess ignorance to the student of the classic drama. For present purposes it need be known only that they do not. When two men meet, neither has assurance that they have an interest in common. There is nothing in the mere knowledge that the other is a member of the university, which would lead one to suppose there might be a common ground of sympathy; and so, profiting by remembrance of previous failures, a man placed in the most favorable position frequently refrains from making an effort to improve his social status. This is not the fault of the individual so much as of the institution, for in the university a new man—whether entering the Freshman Class from a preparatory school or going into the graduate school from a college—has always an inspiring freshness and cordiality which gives way, after residence, to the callous and frigid manner of a self-contained man.

So, while the university does not encourage any one kind of life, or imperceptibly lead to one way of living, it does impress upon all lives a characteristic regard for self which tends to exclude the possibility of social advancement. In this place, which, to the casual observer, presents great opportunities and wonderful facilities for social culture and for widening and enlarging self by social contact, the true condition is exactly the opposite. Instead of a society similar to that of the college, with the added advantage of its being larger, there are many societies widely different in their natures, and each on a much smaller scale. Time and custom have subjected the university to a process of social differentiation leading to discriminations so exacting that now for a society
of the university, or for a dozen societies of the "schools," several hundred "sets" are by force of circumstances accepted as the equivalent.

It is frequently said that the university better fits men for life than the college, because it is larger and broader. It would be unprofitable to know whether the statement thus made should have reference to social or to educational fitness. Certainly there is as much reason to believe it true concerning the latter as of the former, yet the influences which tend to bring about social fitness are probably those more frequently considered in this connection. Such statements, though commonly acquiesced in, lack merit simply because they are not true. The student does not meet with the social conditions which will surround him through life, but with a very much worse state of affairs. Whether the man be a professional man, or a business man, or only a "society" man, in no case (unless under very extraordinary circumstances) will the community with which he mingles, and from which he chooses his friends, resemble that of an university. There will be those who disagree with these conclusions, on the ground that if the university has, as was assumed, this great varieties of communities within itself, the student may elect one which does bear the desired resemblance. To such an one it is, perhaps, sufficient answer that the tendency discussed is that of the university as a whole; but that, if it were even as he supposes, there is the greatest imaginable opportunity for serious error in the election.

The university as a place to learn "to love thy neighbor as thyself" is a failure, and it seems to be the better view that only a part of the success of life is to be found in what one does for himself alone. If, however, the one who recommends the university takes the view that he is most likely to succeed who sees in others only obstacles over and through which, unassisted, he must make his own way, the recommendation is from his point of view logical and consistent. For such an one there is yet another subject for consideration which is too often overlooked. It should be remembered that the tendencies of the university do not operate entirely upon men of middle age, or upon men at all; but upon boys coming from preparatory schools—"young men" of less than twenty years. Assuming that such a training is necessary, it does not follow that it should be begun thus early. There must be an age which is the limit, and under which the immature being can not be governed by such methods. If not, the idea that the child should from its very birth
be placed among many of its kind and taught to fight for itself, is the
*reductio ad absurdum* of the hypothesis.

Life at best has many cares, and it must be questionable whether
men can afford to dispense with those friendships and remembrances
which the *college*, so much more than the *university*, man retains through
life. Then, too, why does man strive for advancement in literature and
science unless it be that, thereby elevating lives, he makes life better?
We may still listen to the divine precept; we may get more knowledge
from answering that it can not profit man if he lose his soul, than from
the accumulated wisdom of all universities. Wherein is man benefitted
if he write volumes or invent facilities for commerce and does it only for
ambition or wealth? How much better, happier, than the ape who
climbs the highest tree because there he gets the best fruit, is he who
builds the fastest locomotive only because he may ride behind it and thus
arrive in time to make the best investment? If man is by education
enabled to do it, and builds himself a house only because he moves and
rests therein more comfortably, and pays a tax to erect a capitol and
maintain an executive only because he can with them enjoy his house
and hoard his money, wherein does civilization differ from barbarism
except in form? At the base of civilization is social culture; and
society, the relation of the individual to the community, is the essence of
civilized life; the possibility of friendship and love is its foundation.
Science and literature are not enough; there must be art, and he is the
truer artist who has the better heart. If the university dwarf the heart
it fails, though it accomplish all things else.

**ROBT. J. WATSON.**

**A Man Without an Individuality.**

The snows of many winters had settled on his head and had left him
now, weak from a seventy years' continuous strife with the world, to
dream away the few remaining days of his life in a cozy corner of his
son's home. He showed little interest in what was going on around him;
undisturbed by the children's merry prattle, unmindful of the graver
discussion of current events by their elders, he sat hour after hour in his
old arm chair, gazing intently, sometimes half stupidly, into the open
grate fire. Was memory bringing back to his mind recollections of mis-
applied talents, of a misspent life? Was that expression, which often crossed his face, of regret for these? Ah, no! Far from it. His life from boyhood had been one of honest, earnest endeavor to win the respect and love of his fellow-men and the favor of his God. The throng who even now in his dotage were proud to be esteemed his friends, the happy, healthy flock of children and grandchildren who annually paid loving homage to him, the extent of his worldly possessions—all testified how far his efforts had been crowned with success. Yet the fondest dream of his life remained still unrealized; the object which his ambition had set up as its goal in his boyhood days seemed as far in the distance now as then. Men had given him their friendship, political distinction and social honor, but had withheld from him that in comparison with which the rest appeared of but small moment. They had denied him a Distinct Individuality.

From the very moment the bright sunlight had first fallen on his tiny red face, and had set his eyes to blinking and his chubby arms and legs to waving wildly, his fate had been with him. If it had been Nemesis, it could not have followed him more persistently. At the baptismal font, in spite of his vigorous demonstrations against any such proceeding, he had been legitimately and lawfully named John Colwell Briscom. Wasn't the name good enough? Didn't his father have sufficient honor in presiding at all political meetings, in sitting at Judge Briscom's court, in owning Judge Briscom's horses, Judge Briscom's houses, without having the additional honor of being the father of "Judge Briscom's son?"

Among his associates he was known as "Judge"—"Young Judge." This borrowed title remained with him through his school days into his college life, where he suffered the increased humiliation of being his chum's room-mate. He had never envied Osborne his brilliancy in the class room, nor the prestige and glory which he gained by breaking the college records in running—he thought too much of him for that; and yet he had often found it hard to stifle a feeling of regret that anything had ever happened to make him "Osborne's room-mate."

His introduction into polite society was attended by the debut of a younger sister, whose personal charms at once attracted particular attention. So there, too, his wit and personal attractions were linked with
and eclipsed by his sister's personality, and he became merely "the lovely Miss Briscom's brother."

He married and believed that he had at last assumed relations which, though they might not advance him a step toward attaining his object, would at least not retard him; for certainly no one would ever accuse his plain, unassuming wife of possessing genius. But his fate still pursued him, and again his hopes were thwarted. The authorship of a recent anonymous novel, which had raised quite a commotion in the literary world, had been laid at his wife's door; she became a celebrity, and he — "the husband of the author of 'Dorothy Dunn.'"

He had followed a mercantile calling, and for many years John Colwell Briscom's identity was completely hidden in the voluminous "Co." of a large commercial house. And even when he became its head, he was simply "senior partner of Briscom, Cameron & Co.," and nothing more.

No one could have known how deeply these blows at his pet ambition had wounded him, even had they been aware of the existence of his aspirations. Prop after prop which had sustained his hopes fell away, and he was the same genial, obliging man his friends had always known. But he was not yet entirely hopeless; the recollection of the title he had possessed when a child encouraged him to hope that his son might bear a similar title. It was not much, but it was nearer to an achievement of his ambition than he had yet attained.

His first-born had been christened Robert, and through the successive epochs of cradle, kilts, and knickerbockers, he was "Bobby" Briscom, with utter disregard to the existence of his father. His college mates knew him as "Bob." Robert, after having been graduated from a medical college with high honors, had at once won a name, and was now looked up to by the wisest men in the medical profession. So now, instead of making Robert famous as "John Briscom's son," he himself was honored as "Dr. Briscom's father."

"Grandfather! Grandfather! Wake up! I have fixed such a nice supper for you," cried a young girl's clear voice. The old man did not stir. The girl stooped and touched his hand, but drew back with a sudden exclamation of horror. He had relinquished his claims on a distinct earthly individuality for the journey to another land, where, let us hope,
he will be content to find his dream still unrealized, even through eternity.

In a little cemetery of his native town there stands erected to his memory a simple white gravestone. Engraved on it is a brief Scriptural promise, and below an epitaph extolling the virtues of the "Senior Warden of the Church of the Annunciation."

ALBERT N. SLAYTON.

An Apology for "Loafing."

Mr. Editor: I can imagine, as I write, that most good folk will hold up their hands in horror and refuse to glance at a paper purporting to come from a loafer—the term carrying with it to most people's minds, the idea of a slow and lazy never-do-well, whose opinions are not of the slightest importance to the rest of the world. To begin with, this idea is a misconception, not to say a libel. For the word "loafer" comes to us directly from the German word "lauf'en," meaning "to run," and the term "Laufer" was originally applied to those running footmen who preceded a nobleman's carriage, clearing the way, and by their vigilance avoiding the danger of collisions; to them was also entrusted the selection of hostleries on the journey, which shows that they must have been endowed with some knowledge of the country, and a keen appreciation of the good things of the earth. That some few of these worthies, by the improper fulfillment of their duties, have handed down the name to posterity as a term of opprobium, is a matter of small moment to us now; a lauf'er still remains a "runner," and since there are no more noblemen's carriages to run before, a man is forced to let his thoughts do the running for him if he would be a loafer in the true sense of the word.

One who "leaves" properly, that is, at the right time and in the right place, and who carries with him the properly observant mood, will be astonished at the charm there is in the thing. To begin with, the worst place to loaf is in one's own room, where some uncongenial spirit is sure to drop in to borrow something or have his Greek read to him; loafing in college recitation rooms is not always a wise and provident thing to do; but the way to secure a good "loaf" is to saunter—not walk, but only saunter—as far as the campus gate, and then out into the town, wherever your wayward fancy may impel you. Having thus
begun, even though you had never before tasted the sweets of loafing, you will be astonished at the quantity of work your brain is going to do for you, and amazed at the amount of interest you will find in familiar and hitherto uninteresting things.

Doubtless, before walking ten yards beyond the gate, you will meet a bent figure, white haired, white bearded, walking slowly, stick in hand, across the street. You have often heard him mentioned as "John Waugh;" you have heard that he was fabulously rich — but did you ever care to inquire further? Ah, if you had been a loafer with a purpose, you would have read up your Alumni catalogue on the quiet, and asked him, some day, if he remembered little Jones, or young Brown, or that gay dog Robinson, of half a century ago; and then you would have heard tales enough to fill a dozen volumes! But you are hardly, as yet, supposed to be enough of an adept in the art of loafing — for college loafing is an art — to know about this.

Walk on a little farther. Do you see that building on the corner? What is it? Your grosser nature says, "Oh, just the post-office!" but, my dear and prosaic friend, that building is of interest, if you think about it. Have you ever imagined what queer people have, in the course of years, called there for mail? Or have you ever thought what the contents were of all the letters that come in and go out of that door, the family budgets that come in to us from the outside world, some fat with the prosperous young man's monthly cheque, some with only news of home (and no cheque), for his less fortunate fellow; the occasional delicately-tinted note; sometimes the official oblong Faculty envelope, with its grim suggestions of Second Admonitions et id om.

The site of the postoffice is, moreover, of historic interest. It is here that a much coveted students' room, called "Paradise" by the "boys," used to be rented out by the month to such as the faculty privileged to room out of dormitory. D. D. Bénédicte dwelt there once, to whom belongs the honor of editing the third college annual in the United States, "The Kenyon Reveille" of 1855; and when, for some reason or other, he found himself forced to give up his much coveted room to someone else, a sign was put up reading, "Paradise—Lost." Soon after, however, he was reinstated, the usurper was banished, and the sign amended to read, "Paradise—Regained." Even now the post-office is full of signs, less Miltonian in character most of the time. For a very natural reason, this
place is, as it were, a bulletin-board for the whole town, and its walls are constantly hung with notices that somebody has lost a ring, or a pin, or a watch, or that somebody else wants "student boarders."

I saw, the other day, a sign there which read, laconically enough, "Lost, Romulus—J. D. W."

Who or what Romulus was still remains a mystery, but some would-be wag saw fit to inscribe below it, "Found, together with Remus, afloat on the Tiber.—Livy, Book I." Something like the sentimental student at Salamanca who posted the notice: "Lost, a locket containing a golden curl"; which a less sentimental classmate supplemented with the announcement: "Found, the golden curl, in the soup at Senora—'s boarding house."

Walk up the Path again, and you cannot help feeling pleased, when, looking up, you see the maples in bud, for the spring is upon us once more, with the blue skies, the robins, the arbutus on the hills, and analytics. And it is the Middle Path—our unfailing barometer of the seasons—that gives us the glad news.

In every human community or settlement there seems to exist, by common consent, some central gathering place. Such was the Forum to the Romans, such is Piccadilly to the Londoner, or the Boulevard to the Parisian; such is Fifth Avenue to the New Yorker, or the Rialto to the Venetian. And such is the Middle Path to us—a place to walk and talk, and gather and comment and criticise. If a lady drop her handkerchief before reaching her gate, she stoops to lift it from the ground, and no one is the wiser. If she let it fall upon the Path, a dozen arms are outstretched at once, a dozen hands clutch the dainty bit of cambric, eager to return it to its owner, and the Circumstance becomes an Event, all on account of its having occurred on the Path.

Who knows where "Chase Avenue" is? We all allude to it as "The Path," as if it were the only path in the universe.

It was forty-eight years ago, during the Junior year of the class of '49, that the maples were first planted. Wm. H. Scott, Robert S. French, Edward C. Benson (now Professor Benson), and some two or three other forty-niners, having secured a goodly number of saplings from the adjoining woods, Prof. E. C. Ross, who then held the Chair of Mathematics, laid out the lines, and the Juniors, unaided, planted the trees, one locust between every two maples.
One of our alumni, who lives not so far as might be from the campus gate, tells the following quaint anecdote of that time:

One day while "the boys" were up among the branches of the trees, busy with saw and hatchet at lopping off all unsightly limbs—there was a more democratic spirit in college then, and "The Walk," as it was called, was the pride of every Kenyon man—Professor Ross came along, arm in arm with Dr. Thrawl, who was also a member of the College Faculty at the time. Now, Dr. Thrawl labored under an infirmity which paralyzed one side of his neck, and caused him to carry his head to one side in a most peculiar fashion. Of course, he saw what "the boys" were at, still he asked, encouragingly: "Cutting off everything crooked, eh?" Before anyone had time to reply, Professor Ross, with his genial laugh, shouted up: "Never mind him, boys; he's only afraid for his head!"

But the times seem to have changed, "Et nos mutamur in illis." Who cares now for these old tales, or who loves his college enough, nowadays, to delve into its past, redolent as it is with pleasant memories. Who, indeed, but some few? Some very few, who belong to the same misunderstood species as Your humble servant,

A College Loafer.

The Kenyon Art Club.

During the fall of 1888, Prof. White, professor of English at Kenyon College, thought it desirable to found a society "for the aesthetic and intellectual culture of its members, and the dissemination of the principles of pure art among the students at large."

Thus was the Kenyon Art Club formed, and at first drew for its membership solely upon the upper classmen of the college and the theological students. Then a little later a few ladies having expressed a desire to enjoy the privileges of membership, the club opened its doors to them, and for four years this little body met regularly; first in college rooms, later at the home of Mrs. Trimble, widow of the late Professor Trimble, of Kenyon College. The society would decide upon a course of reading for the year, and the President would assign to the several members of the club, the preparation, at a fortnight's notice, of a paper upon some topic bearing directly on the subject selected for the year. "The Archi-
tects, Sculptors, and Painters of Modern Europe,” “English Cathedral architecture,” the Christian Art of the Old Italian Masters, Symbolism in Sacred Art, etc., were some of the subjects studied and discussed during the Art Club’s prosperity.

But in 1892, either from lack of new members or because of the little interest and help accorded it by the outside college world, the organization’s meetings grew less and less frequent, and all hope of its future life seemed lost. In the winter of ’93-94, however, mainly through the efforts of a few of the older members, the Art Club resumed its sittings. Mrs. H. N. Hills was elected President, and “Mariolatry, or the Madonna in Art,” was the subject read, written, and commented upon. The club’s already valuable collection of photographs and books was further increased, and now, its members hope and promise for it a renewed lease of life.

It seems sadly significant to any lover of art, or aspirant for artistic culture, that this society founded with the ends above quoted in view, and open in the words of its constitution “to theological students and upper-classmen of the college” should at present meet with such little sympathy and encouragement from “our” end of the Hill.

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**Epigram.**

*[From the German.]*

Of lazy, listless, chattering Hans my song.
(Too weak to walk, and yet at gossip strong.)
Talk with your legs, my friend—and travel with your tongue!

There have been some searchings of heart lately, at the chaplain’s instigation, as to whether a student is justified in studying on Sunday. The following incident, which an exchange relates, may quiet some poor doubter’s conscience: An over-worked student, upon being rebuked for this practice, silenced his condemnor by replying, “The Bible teaches that when an ass falls into the pit, it is no sin to help him out on the Sabbath; and if it is no sin to help the ass out, why should it be for the ass to help himself out?”
I dream myself back in childhood,
And shake my hoary head—
What seek ye with me, ye memories,
I thought forgotten and dead?

A shadowy castle rises
Above the treetops tall;
I know those towers, that gateway,
The drawbridge and battled wall.

From the scutcheons the blazoned lions,
Companions of boyish sport,
Gaze wistfully at me—I greet them
And cross the castle court.

There blooms in green the fig tree,
There plays the fountain's stream,
'Twas there at yonder window
I dreamed my earliest dream.

I enter the castle chapel
And seek my father's grave,
'Tis here—from the pillar above it
The tattered banners wave.

Though through the colored windows
The light falls on it clear,
I cannot read the inscription—
I cannot check a tear.

Though the plough its furrow draws o'er thee,
Though from the earth thou 'rt swept,
In my spirit, O home of my fathers,
Thus is thy impress kept!

I, too, must hold me ready,
My poet's lyre in hand,
The wide plains of earth to traverse,
To wander from land to land.
The News.

The third number on the Lecture Course consisted of a lecture on "Fire" by Prof. Leslie H. Ingham. None of the experiments failed and the lecture was very enjoyable.

W. H. Foley, Instructor in History, recently delivered three lectures on current political topics. His subjects were: The Wilson Bill, The Income Tax, and The Teachings of the Recent Economic Experiences.

The Brotherhood of St. Andrew has been holding a series of interesting open meetings during the Lenten season. Practical questions incident to college life have been freely discussed at these meetings. The five o'clock Wednesday services were held under the auspices of the Brotherhood.

The elections in Philomathesian Literary Society resulted as follows: D. Clippinger, President; H. C. Davis, Vice President; H. St. C. Hathaway, Secretary; A. N. Slayton, Treasurer; H. Stanbery, Consul; G. P. Atwater, D. W. Thornberry, C. P. Mottley, Programme Committee.

We append the schedule, as yet not altogether complete, for the spring season of base ball:

April 14, Oberlin College at Oberlin.
April 17, University of Michigan at Kenyon.
May 5, Otterbein at Kenyon.
May 9, University of Michigan at Ann Arbor.
May 10, Case School at Cleveland.
May 11, Adelbert at Cleveland.
May 22, Case School at Kenyon.
May 27, Adelbert at Kenyon.
May 30, O. S. U. at Columbus.
June 11, Denison at Granville.

This schedule, drawn up by Mr. H. Stanbery, the base ball manager, has been ratified by the Faculty Committee on Athletics, consisting of Professors Ingham, Fischer, and Peirce.

A few steps north of the campus gate, we have now a cozily furnished photographic studio, established by Mr. "Tom" Hazzard, whose
amateur work during his Bexley days will be remembered for its excellence. That the studio has been well patronized thus far, is sufficiently attested by the number of photographs on exhibition, all of which show a good finish and careful posing.

John Parker has been appointed college janitor.

H. B. Sawyer, '96, took a flying trip to Columbus, March 11.

Optional chapel attendance has been instituted at Princeton.—Ex.

W. D. Braddock, '95, had a severe sickness in the latter part of last term.

E. G. Martin, '96, suffered from an attack of grippe during the latter part of March.

The Male Quartet, of the College Choir, sang at the Bedell Mission, Sunday, March 18.

The Woodward Opera House, in Mt. Vernon, was partly destroyed by fire March 19.

Rehearsals for the minstrel show and the productions of the Amateur Dramatic Club are being carried on.

A party of Gambierites attended the performance of Stainer's "Crucifixion," at the Baptist Church in Mt. Vernon, on Palm Sunday.

C. S. Main, ex-'96, was married March 4, at Covington, Ky., to Miss Helen Boring, of Columbus, O. He has gone into business in Columbus.

The Literary societies held their term elections on the last night of last term. The following officers have been elected for Nu Pi Kappa Society for the Trinity term: W. R. McKim, President; Lou Sanford, Vice President; R. I. Harris, Secretary; C. W. Phellis, Treasurer; M. H. Thompson, Consul; the President, ex officio. J. F. Doolittle, and C. E. Doan, Programme Committee.

On the 25th of April, the Lecture Course Committee promise us a dramatic entertainment to be given in Nu Pi Kappa Hall. The program will consist of two plays, "An English Pharisee," by Mr. Foley, and "A Woman's Way," the latter being an adaptation from the French. Mr. Gottschalk, '96, has gathered together the company of amateurs who are to present the above program.
On March 22d, Miss Carita Curtis, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Curtis, died at her parent’s home, Round Hill, Mt. Vernon.

The funeral services were conducted on the afternoon of the 26th, by the Rev. Mr. Smythe, of St. Paul’s, Mt. Vernon, and Dr. Jones, of Bexley Hall, the music being furnished by a vested choir of college men.

The family’s misfortune has proven a blow to many, for besides her large circle of admirers in Columbus and Mt. Vernon society, Miss Curtis counted numberless friends in college, where her presence had brightened most of our social events for some time past.

Exchanges.

The attendance at chapel at Columbia is voluntary, and is increasing steadily.—Exe.

The University of Michigan has one hundred men in training for the base ball team.

Oxford won by three lengths and a half in the recent Oxford-Cambridge boat race. During the ten years preceding this race, each university had won five times.

Franklin and Marshall College has begun the publication of the Hullabaloo, a comic paper similar to those published by Princeton, Harvard, and U. of M.

President Eliot has proposed the three following rules to control athletics at Harvard:

1. That no Freshman shall be allowed to participate in any inter-collegiate event.

2. That no one be allowed to compete more than one year in any line of inter-collegiate athletics.

3. That inter-collegiate contests take place once only in two years.

It is hardly necessary to say that they are exceedingly unpopular; in fact, so much so that the students intend to call a mass meeting at once and protest against their acceptance.—Exe.
Columbia College is to be removed from the center of New York City to a new site on Cathedral Heights in the suburbs.

An annual prize of $50 is to be given at Dartmouth to the member of the athletic team standing highest in his studies.—Ex.

The football men of the University of Wisconsin began their spring practicing March 19. This will be kept up until warm weather renders such exercise impracticable.

Harvard Annex will hereafter be known as Radcliffe College, and the graduates will receive the degree of A. B. instead of a mere certificate of graduation, as heretofore. The change in the official name is due to the fact that Anne Radcliffe, an English woman of the seventeenth century, was the first woman to make a bequest to Harvard.—Ex.

Walter Camp, of Yale, has written to all old football players, asking their experiences in playing the game as regards injuries received and their effects. He expects to show that football is not by any means as harmful as the newspaper crusaders would have us believe.

The leading colleges of the country have been invited, by circular, to send delegates to a convention for the purpose of forming a Debating League. Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Columbia, and Pennsylvania, have already elected delegates, and other colleges will be invited to join. Articles on the question for debate will be published each month by the North American Review, the Arena, and Public Opinion.—Ex.