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The Kenyon Collegian.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF KENYON COLLEGE.

Board of Editors: JOHN A. SIPHER, '96, Editor-in-Chief.  
BUSINESS DEPARTMENT: G. A. STRAW, '98.  
CARL GANTER, '99, Assistant Business Manager.

VOL. XXII.  
GAMBIER, OHIO, NOVEMBER, 1895.  
No. 6.

Editorial.

For a few weeks after the opening of college this fall there was some question as to the ability of the Collegian to resume publication on account of financial difficulties. The business affairs of the Collegian, as well as those of some of the other student organizations, have not been conducted on thorough business principles. Perhaps the great fault was the independence of the two divisions of the Board. It was not until late last summer that the Literary Board knew the great difficulty into which our finances had fallen. Thus it was with great misgivings that the Board assembled at the first of the term to try to find some way of straightening out the affairs of the paper. We are very glad to be able to announce to our friends that these misgivings have, to a great degree, been removed, and that there is every prospect that this year we shall be able not only to pay the running expenses for the year, but to meet a part of the obligations which we have inherited from the past. Great credit is due here to our present Business Manager, who has shown
remarkable ability in bringing order out of chaos. The Board has adopted the same auditing plan which was recently adopted by the Athletic Association, so that hereafter, at least twice a year, the entire college will know the exact condition of our finances.

The address of Professor Ingham before the last meeting of the Senate concerning the financial status of the student organizations, showed clearly the necessity of immediate action in the matter. The Senate has appointed a Committee on Revision of the Constitution, and we hope that by our next issue all the organizations of the college will be on a sound business basis. It is especially important that this should be accomplished during the present year for we now have a great advantage in the large membership of the Senior Class.

It is remarkable with what care this great commonwealth of Ohio looks after the interests of her citizens. It is still more remarkable how zealous some of her officers are in the execution of their duties. Undoubtedly this great zeal shows one of the sublime traits of the American character, and yet we must remember that it is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. About two years ago we received a visit from the building inspector. His demand for better means of egress from Philomathesian and Nu Pi Kappa halls was recognized as reasonable. It was more amusing than anything else, however, when he ordered the rear of "Old Kenyon" disfigured with those uninviting fire escapes. Yet the order was obeyed with very little comment. Once more we have been visited. The last order is that all the outer doors shall be removed from the hallways in Old Kenyon. This decree is nothing, if not ridiculous. The reason given is, of course, a fear of a panic. This fear must evidence the development of an abnormal imagination in the worthy representative of the State, as the picture of, at the maximum, fifteen college students being stampeded in one five-foot doorway is some what beyond the comprehension of most of us. Aside from this the order is sure to bring real discomfort to all the students in the building. As it is, these hallways have never been warm in winter, and with the outer doors removed, this trouble will be aggravated. The only remedy, and that an imperfect one, will be an increased coal bill.
With what persistence the old college jokes (?) keep coming to the front. Tricks that have been played from time immemorial are performed year after year, as if for the purpose of convincing us that the rising generation is entirely lacking in originality. This year one recitation room in particular has been the object of attack. Sundry times has this room been treated with a perfume which is not exactly exhilarating. The peculiar point of the joke and the point which is most difficult to grasp is that whoever the perpetrator may be he must suffer with the rest, as every student, from Prep. to Senior, has recitations in this room. We hope, therefore, that he is thoroughly enjoying this part of the joke. At any rate, this same trick has been played often enough this year to prevent its being forgotten for some time to come, and we, therefore, urge this somebody to direct his superfluous energies toward some less thoroughly developed field.

The exercises of Founder's Day were unusually long this year owing to the delivery of one of the Bedell lectures at the same time. While the Collegian has no desire to criticise the lecture itself, it seems that it should have been omitted at that time. The exercises of Matriculation alone are sufficient to take up all the time which an audience will patiently spend at one service. In the attempt to have one of the Bedell lectures delivered at the same time, it becomes necessary to hasten the service so that the effect of its impressiveness is almost entirely lost. Aside from this the audience, tired with their long sitting, is not in the condition to receive all the benefit they should from such lectures as those of Bishop Vincent this year. The truth of this statement was very clearly shown by the increased attention with which the audience listened to the second of the lectures delivered the Saturday morning following. In order to make these lectures as profitable as they may be, they should be delivered at a time when the attention may be concentrated entirely upon them. On the other hand, that the ceremony of matriculation may lose none of its impressiveness, no outside matter should be allowed to interfere with it. A short lecture might be profitable, but it should be on the significance of matriculation.
A recent Oberlin Review had a very good editorial upon the whining excuses which a great many college papers offer whenever they are called upon to record a defeat in athletics. It is true that some editors seem to think it their duty to apologize for their team no matter what the real cause for defeat may be. The Review, however, seems to carry its criticism too far, as it does not grant a paper the right to a legitimate protest in case of evident ill treatment. Although it is certainly true that all the referees and umpires are not “escaped convicts,” yet it is just as true that there are a great many decisions which are unduly influenced by outside considerations. It has never been the policy of the Collegian to “cry over spilled milk,” and yet it seems necessary to enter a protest against the tactics used in one of our recent games. We do not desire to criticise the student body at Washington and Jefferson, for we cannot believe that any body of American students would approve such treatment. We do protest, however, against any official who will hold over a visiting team the threat, “No guarantee, unless the decision is as I say.”

We do not say that the result of the game would have been different, but we do wish, most heartily, to brand such tactics as unworthy of any representative of college athletics.

A Dean for the Collegiate Department.

To the Editor of the Collegian:

Dear Sir—The recent nomination of a permanent president for Kenyon, and the intended action of the Board of Trustees upon the nomination, make this a suitable opportunity for suggesting an important change in the management of Kenyon College. It should not be forgotten that Kenyon College is an institution having three departments—a theological seminary, a college proper, and a preparatory school. The constitution provides that the President shall be the head of these three departments. The Theological Seminary has a Dean, who is in charge of the details of that department. The Preparatory Department is under lease, and its details are thus amply provided for. In my judgment the Collegiate Department also should have a Dean, who would be its
executive officer, thus providing for the Collegiate Department a head, who would be able to devote himself wholly to its interests, and avoid the danger of neglect in the necessary absences of the President. This would also avoid the danger of narrowing the attention of the President to the Collegiate Department. It is plain that in the long run an institution with three departments must be administered by a man who is equally interested in them all, who estimates the work of the least as being as important as that of the greatest — and no one can justly say that the work of one is more important than the work of another. Such an arrangement as this would, in my judgment, greatly benefit the cause of Church education at Gambier. A president who would care for all, who could strengthen the weak places in each, and bind them all together by the confidence and respect of the various faculties, would be a blessing to the institution and the young people committed to its care. It is important that the Trustees should recognize that a president who is not truly interested in all the departments of the institution, and who would not insist upon such freedom of action as would enable him to care for one as much as another, is not a fit man for the presidency.

The provision of the present constitution for a head of all the departments can not be effectively carried out if the President himself is required to administer the details of the Collegiate Department; and hence it is important that these details should be looked after by someone else. And a Dean for the College Department, it appears to me, would seem a necessity to any man intending to work effectively for the three departments of the institution at whose head he may be placed.

Alumnus.

"A Word at Random Spoken."

CONSTANT SOUTHWORTH.

Walter Steadman lay on his bed one bright January morning. His aching head was bound up with a towel, and a bowl of water was by his side. The expression of pain on his face was continually varying. Walter Steadman was reflecting. He thought of himself as the raw freshman of the year before, of his separation from his fellow students, from even his warmest friends, of his not being "one of the boys." Then
he clenched his hands involuntarily as he thought of his introduction into, and subsequent appearances in, the society of the place. He had never pressed himself forward unduly, but he would not submissively permit another to "cut him out" in conversation. It was the thought of his failure to hold the interest, and of the merely courteous attention to his remarks, that made the blood rush to his face. It was this part of his make-up, the ambition to be near the first, joined to a sort of dogged persistence, that had wrought in him what improvement had been made. He would not be forever last in athletics, in society; he would be popular among "the fellows."

He was now in the second term of his Sophomore year. He had persevered in all his resolutions. No one would recognize in the careful, well-dressed young man the raw Freshman of the year before. Yet none but he knew how near he had been at times to throwing behind him all he had gained, that he might, at least in one way, be equal to any one. These feelings had arisen when he had felt most keenly his isolation among the boys, or when he had heard some girl (for he cared more for the good opinion of that sex than he himself knew) laugh carelessly at his awkwardness of manner as he passed. These feelings were the natural outcome of an oversensitive nature seeking to overcome this characteristic. Such were the causes which influenced his actions.

Walter Steadman began to run over mentally the events of the preceding evening with the rapidity with which one's mind will hasten over the review of unpleasant recollections. He had attended a class ball. Twice that evening, before the dancing began, some slight remark had sent the hot blood to his temples, and twice that evening the old wild wish for temporary freedom from slight among those whom he could equal had rushed over him. Thus he was in an unnatural state of mental excitement when he approached Miss Merriman, whom he secretly admired, to ask a dance. Miss Merriman was sorry; all were taken, the eighteenth and nineteenth, and the twentieth, of course, with her partner. Steadman knew that he was considered a bore, but had not expected such a rebuff as this, for he knew well that Miss Merriman's programme was not yet full. As he turned away he saw smiles upon the faces of those who had observed him. Then suddenly he yielded to the overwhelming rush of all his wild impulses, and exclaimed under his breath: "My God!
I can bear no more! I will not remain here to be so slighted again!" He seized his hat and coat and rushed out of the lighted building into the night.

Steadman turned uneasily on his bed as he thought of what had followed. A wild ride through the night, a burst of bright light, and a rush for the bar. It seemed as if his memory had not served him well that night, for all he could recall was a scene, foggy with tobacco smoke, which he seemed to see with other eyes. He saw himself as one of the actors, reeling from the bar to the billiard table, and from the billiard table to the bar again. He seemed to hear with other ears, as if at a distance, the songs of himself and others, the crash of the billiard balls and the breaking of bottles.

But Steadman's thoughts have gone far enough; he will think of something else. Did he regret anything that he had done? Yes. Had he so enjoyed the "glorious night" and consequences as to make him desire more? No; most certainly no.

Two months had passed.

Walter Steadman was in his room one evening putting on some old clothes. He was going out with the fellows.

In a sense he had obtained his ambition, he was in one way a leader among his fellows. He was now the one to propose and carry out the most insane ideas. He was hurried on to those actions by the fascination that such scenes now possessed for him. And to this fascination he had given up all the probable honors in his class, all the respect of the faculty, and all respect for himself. He had most certainly intended to stop after his first experience, but an unfortunate train of circumstances bringing the affair to notice, had put him in a position where he had finally, in despair, given up any attempt to recover his lost reputation. In imminent danger of expulsion from college, and deeply in debt, who would believe that this was the quiet young man who had asked a dance with Miss Merriman on that memorable evening only a few weeks before. Did Steadman ever think of his home and of his mother? As rarely as possible, and then generally to wonder why his remittance had not come.

He stooped to tie a lacing; a letter fell from his pocket to the ground. It was from his mother. He had intended to leave it unopened until the next day; it made him uncomfortable to read these letters, especially at
such times. "Better have it done with," he said, and tore it open. It was an affectionate letter, a letter such as only a kind and loving mother could write to a son away at college. No mention was made of the letters sent by the college secretary. In the most gentle manner she told him that business difficulties had compelled his father to reduce his allowance, and that the change might not be too sudden, she sent him a small sum (at a sacrifice to herself, Steadman knew). She proceeded to speak with kind interest about something that he had rather briefly mentioned in his last communication, now three weeks old. And the letter concluded: "And dear Walter, please write to me oftener, for it is so long since I have heard from you. Most lovingly, Mother."

Walter swallowed a lump in his throat, and he and his situation seemed to have changed. His better self came forward; he would stop! he would reform! Then like a crushing wave his condition swept over him—his debts, his reputation in town, and among the boys, and his probable expulsion. Could he look his mother in the face if he went home now? No; but with God's help he will not add another sin to his account. He cannot undo what he has done, but he can and will advance in the future.

Walter Steadman was true to himself. He repaired to the rendezvous and informed the boys of his intentions. He listened quietly to their importunities, and also to their ridicule when at last they understood that his attitude was final. He then returned to his room and wrote two letters, one to his mother, the other to the Secretary of the Faculty. He next hastened to the postoffice to mail them. There, awaiting him, was a letter from the Faculty, informing him of his expulsion from the college.
A Ballad of Terror.

A. O'M.

The moon shone on the face of
Adolphus Brown, in bed;
It seemed a hand was plucking at
The pillow 'neath his head.

And through his sleep he fancied
Some rasping, harsh voice spoke;
"Awake, awake, Adolphus Brown!"
—and so our friend awoke.

Lo! in the room before him
There stood an awful Form,
That made him turn from warm to cold,
And then from cold to warm.

He felt his courage sinking,
But speaking to It, said:
"O gh-gh-ost of h-h-orr-id asp-ect,
Wh-wh-at seekest near my bed?"

"Art thou that dreadful monster,
Fierce-eyed and foamy-lipped,
That the Collegian keeps, to eat
Rejected manuscript?"

"Art thou the Doppelgänger
Of some defunct old Greek,
Who seeks revenge—or art, perchance,
Some mere Museum freak?"

"I am," the spectre answered,
"A disembodied ghost;
On me a thousand hopes are staked,
Through me all hope is lost."
"Look, look at me, thou trembler,  
And grasp just what I am,  
—The dreadful thing called "Finals,"  
That awful LAST EXAM.!

"Now wrap thy gown about thee,  
And grasp thy mortar-board,  
And come with me into the night,  
To meet thy just reward."

Up rose the shivering Senior  
At the grim ghost's command,  
And wandered forth at midnight,  
Led by his ghostly hand.

Through thorny bush and briar,  
From midnight until dawn,  
The dread, unyielding phantom  
Pushed, hauled, and dragged him on.

Next day they held the Finals.  
To the stern Judgment Hall  
Adolphus Brown came staggering,  
As if about to fall.

His eyes were wild and bloodshot,  
Disordered was his hair;  
So crazed and witched his poor brain, that  
He "flunked" totaliter.

Now sits he in a mad-house,  
Chained to the iron floor,  
And howls and gibbers "Whoop-ee! Wough!  
Give me but one chance more!"

Alas, alack! my brothers,  
How cruel are the Fates!  
Such things are yet in store for us  
Poor undergraduates!
No, I am decided! I shall never marry. It is all right for poets to sing of Cupid's golden darts and like nonsense, and for weak, good-for-nothing fellows to fall down at the feet of some heartless school girl and call her a Juno or an Angel; but for Don Winton a life of freedom offers a much more desirable field of activity. Girls are all alike anyhow; caring nothing for a fellow's feelings; ready to throw him over as soon as there is the least chance for a new conquest. I should like to meet the man who writes those stories about the everlasting fidelity of the Penelope while her Ulysses is away in India or Australia, or some other foreign land, being shipwrecked and enduring many hardships—soon to return and find his beloved pining away for love of him. I don't believe they are written by men; they are written by girls for the purpose of deception, I believe. It is all right for them to think that it is nothing to go hunting wild flowers with another fellow and then tell you what a good time they have had; but I don't care a straw how much they play tennis and hunt arbutus with other fellows—but that banker's son of all men—if I could write stories the world would have some different literature to read. But what is to hinder me? What is to hinder Don Winton from giving to the world a true statement, and warning other fellows against these fickle butterflies of fashion? Here in my trunk are all the material for my purpose—pencils and paper and rubber bands, and pencil sharpeners and erasers and postage stamps. Yes, an author should have all these before him. I'm glad my mother thought—. Oh, well, she isn't like the rest. No, that paper won't do, it will look too much like writing letters. Oh, here are the tablets—now I am fixed. Hello, what's this—a glove—Carrie's! I declare. What a fragile little affair it is. By Jove, she has a neat little hand—she never suspects I stole it either—I'll tell her some day, maybe. Let's see, what was I going to do? Oh, yes—well, never mind. I'll begin my book tomorrow.
Damascus.

**Dimeshk-esh-Sham!** Damascus of Syria! The Eye of the East! The Pearl of the Orient! Wonderful old city of dreams! Ambition and romance are in its breath. Cunning and elegance are in its very name.

The Damask silks! Well might their exquisite inwoven arabesque tempt in the middle ages the delighted eye of the barbarous European.

Who has not heard of the Damascus blades? Conrad and Louis swung them, doubtless, when their red cross knights besieged the city, turning the keen weapons against the men who forged them. Richard the lion-hearted must have borne a Damascus blade when he came to contend with brave Saleh-ed-Din. Saladin himself did what could not be done with any other sword when he slashed in two the gauze veil floating in the air. His bones lie buried in this city now.

Centuries have passed since Saladin lay down. Waves of war have rolled and splashed over the city. Often has the spray been Moslem blood; yet oftener Christian. But still the town remains the same sleepy haunt of Oriental absurdities. The superstitions and glowing fancies of the Arabian Nights are not out of date. If we read that they were in Damascus, we do not need to qualify by saying it was in the olden time. For it is always olden time in the East, and Damascus is a typical eastern city. Constantinople, Cairo, and even Jerusalem, have been broken into by modern forces. There are street cars in Jerusalem. But not so in Damascus. There, well nigh the only trace of the Frank is his mere presence. So late as the present century even that was not allowed. “Dog of a Christian” is the spirit still. The people of Damascus are among the most fanatical in the Moslem world. Perhaps they are exceeded only in Mecca.

In 1860 some disturbances between the Druses and the Christians in Mount Lebanon set a spark to the chronic hate of the Damascene Moslems. They set upon the Christians to exterminate them. Like the one in New York a few years later, that riot raged for three days of July. The Christian quarter was sacked and the houses pulled down. As for its inhabitants, no fewer than 6,000 of them perished.
The invasion of Ibrahim Pasha, from Egypt, did away with some of the old exclusiveness. At the beginning of the century there were no representatives of foreign governments. Native Christians there were, as there are in all Mahammedan countries, but they were kept low, and were never allowed to ride on horseback. After Ibrahim took Damascus he gave permission for the Christians to ride on horses. The faithful remonstrated with him: "Why, my lord, you allow a Dog of a Christian to ride as high as one of the faithful!"

"No," said Ibrahim, "they ride only on horses. You can ride on dromedaries."

Since Ibrahim's time there have been foreign consuls in the city. All Europeans are considered Russians in Damascus, and the Sultan is supposed to be at war with the Czar. He was once. True, it was sometime ago. But then the feud between Russia and Turkey has been a standing one for generations. There is peace now; but the Orientals are slow to take in new ideas. Even in our own country we sometimes meet people who do not know yet that the war is over.

Damascus is the oldest city in the world. Alexandria is old. Rome is older still. Jerusalem was founded before Rome. But Damascus is the oldest of them all. There are ruins of cities which were founded earlier, but none of them remains to this day. It is marvelous how we meet with mention of Damascus wherever we read in history. Away, away back in the misty morning of the world we find Abraham. The life of Abraham is one of the first bits of regular history that we have. His steward was Eliezer of Damascus. That Eliezer was born in Abraham's household shows that the patriarch lived for awhile at Damascus. There is a tradition that when he came from Chaldea he took possession of the place and reigned as king. His grave, they say, is there.

There are several ancient men of fame whose dust Damascus claims, and to whom it renders honor, despite their Hebrew or Christian connections, as Naaman, the Syrian general, who was cured of his leprosy by Elisha. A house alleged to be Naaman's is shown; and as a most fitting monument of the great Syrian's own deliverance, the house is a leper hospital. Another is Ananias, the receiver of St. Paul into Christian fellowship. The apostle himself seems to be forgotten. Another is John the Baptist. His head, they say, rests in a cave under the great mosk. This great mosk was formerly the Church of St. John the Baptist.
When the Roman Empire became Christian, a cathedral stood ready at hand for the bishopric of Damascus, in the shape of a magnificent temple of Jupiter—the same edifice as the mosk now standing. Each successive religion takes over this old house of worship. The Romans probably found it already built. Tradition says it is on the site of the house of Rimmon.

The beauty of Damascus has been the theme of rapturous praise by poets of the Orient. Says one: "The Ghutah of Damascus is one of the four most beautiful places of the earth, and it excels the other three." According to the legend, Mohammed, the prophet, surveyed this lovely plain from a mountain above it, then said: "Man can have but one Paradise. I prefer to have mine in heaven." With that he turned away and never entered.

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Addison.

C. C. W.

Never was literature and authorship so honored as in the days of Addison, and never did author receive a larger share of these honors than did Addison himself. Writing, as he did, on political subjects to a large extent, being, in fact, the mainstay of the Whig party in literary circles, he obtained more than sufficient recompense for his services. Positions which were almost sinecures he had in abundance at the hands of his grateful party—positions which yielded him a large share of the good things of earth and yet afforded him ample opportunity for indulging in authorship.

From a man placed as Addison was, we may expect great things, and yet, forsooth, we are somewhat disappointed. Had he been possessed of the courage and convictions of Swift, the earth could hardly have borne a greater essayist. As it is, we can trace all his faults to one word—shallowness. Yet we must place Addison at the head of a great school, a school which afterwards numbered in its fold Macaulay, DeQuincey, and Carlyle—the English school of essayists, for it is as an essayist that Addison is most justly celebrated.

Nowhere in literature can be found a more delightful series of papers than those of Addison in the Tatler, Spectator and Guardian. The quiet
vein of satirical humor which is their principal characteristic pleases, and at the same time instructs. We will never laugh outright over what they contain, but we can not help smiling. Although they were written to correct certain abuses of their own time, yet their pleasing elements of style make them a work which is "not for a day, but for all time."

This light and playful satire is, it seems to me, the chief characteristic of Addison's authorship. Emerging, as we have, from the study of a time when all humor was coarse and satire nothing but the broadest burlesque, the refined and softened wit of Addison cannot but please. The reader, bored and disgusted with the heavy, clumsy raillery, and buffoonery of the previous age turns with delight to the bright, playful fancy, the refinement of satire of the "Father of English Essayists."

But in this very element we can see Addison's greatest fault. This lightness and playfulness indicates that he does not think deeply, that he fails to appreciate the awful mystery of life. Addison is an observer, he is not an actor. He views the world as a stage, and all the men and women as "players." He applauds the things that please him and criticises those which do not, but he does not realize that the players feel, that they have passions and sentiments, and that the lines which they speak are, for the time being at least, their thoughts and opinions, (are as truly real to them) as the necessity for earning their daily bread.

Had Addison, instead of standing aloof as he did, come down into the arena of life and fought and struggled and suffered with his human brothers and sisters, we should have found in him, with his beautiful fancy and delightful style, perhaps the very greatest of essayists. All the world is indeed a stage, but he who would make his life count, who would add his little mite towards the solution of the great mystery, must not whisper to his neighbor in the next box, but must go through his lines before the foot-lights.
Founders' Day Exercises.

These exercises were held, as usual, on All Saints' Day (November first) in the College Chapel. Besides the usual congregation there were a number of visitors from abroad who had been attracted by the ceremonies connected with the observation of this day. At half past ten the solemn procession of the faculties of the college and the seminary in their academic gowns, and the clergy in their vestments, filed in and took their seats behind the chancel rail; they were followed by the Bishops of Ohio, of Southern Ohio and of New Mexico and Arizona, who entered the chancel rail, and after the "Te Deum," began the Communion Service. In place of the sermon, Bishop Vincent delivered the first of the Bedell lectures.

"I have chosen for my theme," said Bishop Vincent, "a continuation of a sermon which I preached to you recently on 'Prayer,' and have chosen as a title for this lecture, 'The Reasonableness of Prayer,' and will cite as a text to this lecture Job 21-15: What is the Almighty that we should serve him? and what profit should we have if we pray unto Him? and also James 5 16: The supplication of a righteous man waileth much in its working."

In this first lecture the Bishop points out the difficulties which offer themselves to bad men to believe in the inefficiency of prayer; difficulties theoretical, which influence men's minds by reason, and difficulties material, which have to do with the fact and forces of the universe. By subtle reasoning men's minds are lead to atheism, to dethrone God entirely as a Personal Being and erect in his stead a rule of chance or self-existing laws. Others, indeed, reach the conclusion that God and Nature are one, that God is Creation and all existing things are God, and lastly, the belief of necessitarianism, that God rules by laws, that these laws are inexorable, and that to seek to annul the workings of these inflexible rules is as useless as absurd. These are the theoretical difficulties. Now, as to the practical difficulties: How is it that God can hear us?

That there is a marvelous design in Nature is manifest: that there must have been an author for such a noble design is equally manifest and
MEETING OF THE SENATE.

A meeting of the Senate was held November 7th for the purpose of discussing the finances of the different student organizations. A number of these have been becoming more deeply in debt each year until the time has come for some very definite action.

The meeting was addressed by Prof. Ingham, who very clearly stated the main causes of the present state of affairs. He said in the first place that there seemed to be no inherent reason for this. The difficulty lies in the lack of business methods rather than in lack of resources. The first mistake that has been made is that the student body as a whole does not keep itself informed of the management of its affairs. This is partly due to a lack of the proper interest and partly to giving up the responsibility entirely to the managers. Along with this lack of true knowledge have come rumors of hopeless indebtedness which have given a great many a wrong impression of the matter. A considerable number of the students have come to regard it as a matter of course that these organizations should be in debt and should be com-
pelled frequently to resort to extraordinary methods of liquidating this debt. The case of the Athletic Association is most often cited, and the reason is given that we cannot here receive the money from gate receipts which our sister colleges in larger towns and cities are able to collect. There is a great deal of truth in this, as we have not the external financial resources of most of our sister institutions.

Still there seems to be no real reason why all these organizations should not be perfectly able to meet all their ordinary expenses. The difficulties have arisen from too much independence of administration and from conflicts in authority. These are things which can be remedied, and with this in view a committee was appointed to report to the Senate November 14th a revision of the constitution whereby a systematic and thoroughly business like method may be adopted for the future. These changes will be reported in the next issue of the Collegian.

Athletics.

Otterbein 0 — Kenyon 24.

The above score represents the game played November 2d on the home grounds with Otterbein University. The day was an ideal one from a football enthusiast's standpoint — clear and cold and with but little wind. About a dozen Otterbein "heelers" accompanied their team and encouraged them heartily from the side lines.

The following is the line-up:

**Otterbein.**

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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>Gantz</td>
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<td>Long</td>
<td>Left Tackle</td>
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<td>Haller</td>
<td>Left Guard</td>
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<td>Seneff</td>
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<td>Rhoades</td>
<td>Right Guard</td>
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<td>Kunkle</td>
<td>Right Tackle</td>
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<td>Moore</td>
<td>Right End</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ball</td>
<td>Quarter Back</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Teeter</td>
<td>Left Half</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lloyd</td>
<td>Right Half</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barnard</td>
<td>Full Back</td>
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</tbody>
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**Referee — Garst.** **Umpire — Barber.**
**Time Keeper — Burnett.** **Linesman — Teeter.**
Otterbein won the toss and chose the west goal. After a 40 yard kick-off Otterbein advances the ball ten yards and then loses it on downs. Thornberry's tackling behind the line was a feature of these scrimmages. By short runs Sawyer, Jacobs and Hollenbach rapidly carried the ball down the field and over the line, Sawyer touching down. Time, six minutes. Hollenbach kicks goal. 6–0.

Otterbein kicks to Kenyon's 20 yard line where Brown fumbles, Otterbein getting the ball. Otterbein bucks through the center to the 10-yard line and then loses the ball on downs. Kenyon, with short bucks and good end runs by Sawyer and Jacobs, takes the ball down the field, Brown making a pretty run of thirty yards and Hollenbach touching down after a twelve yard run. Goal. Score, 12–0.

After the kick-off the teams line up on Kenyon's 25-yard line where Kenyon soon loses ball on a fumble. Upon the first down, Kenyon takes the ball away from Otterbein behind the line and by steady gains again forces Otterbein toward their goal. Sawyer carries the ball over the line, Hollenbach kicks goal. Score, 18–0. Brown is injured just before the touch-down and Williams, H. F., takes his place.

Otterbein makes a long kick-off and Kenyon takes the ball on the 10-yard line. After bucks by Jacobs and Sawyer, Kenyon is forced to kick, Little downing Lloyd in the center of the field. After ineffectual bucks, Otterbein punts and Williams catches Kenyon, then advances the ball to Otterbein's 20-yard line, when time is called.

To begin the second half, Otterbein kicks off, but after two downs on the 20-yard line Kenyon is forced to punt but gets the ball again on a fumble. Hollenbach runs 20 yards, Sawyer 8, Jacobs 8, with good interference. Kenyon loses the ball on downs. Otterbein is almost immediately forced to punt. Straw catches and after a few downs Kenyon kicks. The ball rolls over Otterbein's goal line, and before it is touched by anyone Hollenbach falls on it and claims touch-down. Not granted. Upon Otterbein's kicking from 25-yard line, Hollenbach catches and advances 10 yards. Jacobs runs 30 yards and touches down. Hollenbach kicks goal. Score, 24–0.

Although little more than five minutes of this half had been played, time is called on account of darkness.

The game throughout was an evidence of the superiority of a well coached team over one depending entirely on individual strength and
skill. The Otterbein men were equal to Kenyon's in their individual ability, being quick and strong in the line and good tacklers. But they lacked the team work which has marked Kenyon's success this season.

W. and J. 8—Kenyon 0.

When the Kenyon team arrived at Washington, they were given a royal welcome by a large crowd of W. and J. students. This reception inspired our men with a hope that here at least they would be given perfectly fair treatment. So far as the student body in general is concerned they feel that this was intended. There were one or two, however, who in their official capacities did a great deal to lessen the good opinion which the Kenyon men had formed of the adherents of their sister college. As soon as the preliminary questions came up for discussion, Capt. Frye, of W. and J., stated that the game must be played under Yale-Princeton rules, supporting his statement with the very forcible argument, "Yale-Princeton rules or no game; no game, no guarantee." Of course this was an entire surprise, and a great handicap to the Kenyon team, as they had not expected to play under these rules this season.

The condition of the weather was anything but favorable for a football game, for the grounds were ankle deep in mud, and there was a driving rain. Kenyon started with the ball and Hollenbach kicked off. W. and J. immediately loses the ball on downs, but gets it again in the same manner after a gain of fifteen yards by Brown and Sawyer. Neither side makes any considerable gain until on a third down the ball is passed to Brown for a kick. Instead of kicking he takes advantage of an opening and succeeds in gaining fifteen yards on a run. Kenyon, however, is unable to hold the ball. After a few more changes of the ball from one side to the other, W. and J. succeeds in carrying it the rest of the distance for the first touch-down. No goal.

Kenyon again kicks off and W. and J. loses the ball again after gaining twenty-five yards. Neither side retains the ball for any length of time, but W. and J. seems to have a slight advantage each time, so that they succeed in shoving the ball over for another touch-down. No goal. As soon as this touch-down is made time is called. W. and J. 8, Kenyon 0.

In the second half W. and J. kick off and Brown brings the ball back ten yards. After several downs Kenyon takes the ball down the field on
gains by Brown, Crosser and Sawyer. From the position played by these men, it is evident that these gains were made through Capt. Frye. In one of these plays Sawyer is injured, and compelled to retire from the game. Williams, H. takes his place. Kenyon brings the ball to W. and J.'s 3-yard line, where the referee decides that it is too near the W. and J. goal. It is therefore given to W. and J., although Brown and D. Williams have it between them. Here again that most potent argument of Capt. Frye is used, "It is as I say or no guarantee." So much time has been taken up with discussions that the game is called after a few more downs on account of darkness.

The teams lined up as follows:

W. AND J.       KENYON.
Edwards          Left End          Hollenbach
Tiscus           Left Tackle       Thornberry
Inglis           Left Guard        Woolison
Hull             Center            Jenkins
Core             Right Guard       Williams, D.
Rogers           Right Tackle      Crosser
Hamilton         Right End         Bishop
Brailler         Quarter Back     Straw
Heisy            Left Half Back    Heisy
Frye, Capt       Right Half Back  Sawyer, Capt.
Brownlee         Full Back         Brown


The features of Kenyon's playing were the bucking of Brown, the tackling of Straw, and the line work of Williams, D. and Crosser.

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Alumni Notes.

Isaac R. Harter, '61-ex., of Canton, paid a visit to Gambier while attending the judicial convention in Mt. Vernon.

'69. Rev. E. J. Cook, formerly of Cleveland, has recently returned from an extended tour in Europe.

'73 (Bexley). We clip the following from the Little Rock, Ark., Saturday Bee of November 2: "Rev. Douglas I. Hobbs, the new rector and dean of Trinity Cathedral, will take charge of the parish on Sunday. Mr. Hobbs is a Kentuckian, a graduate of Kenyon College and Bexley Hall Theological Seminary, at Gambier, Ohio, and is a gentleman who cannot fail to please, and who is untiring in all good works."

'92 (Bexley). The following is from the College Transcript, of O. W. U.: "Orville E. Watson, '83, is achieving renown as a literary genius in Cleveland. He has written several very attractive stories and is working on others. He is the honored pastor of Trinity Cathedral."

'93. Robert J. Watson, whose health compelled him to give up his Harvard studies, is now at Montezuma Hotel, Las Vegas Hot Springs, New Mexico.

'95 (Bexley). Cards are out announcing the wedding of J. A. Howell.

'96-ex. Robert Sheerin has a very interesting article in the October Century on the "Author of Dixie."

'96-ex. (Bexley). The wedding of Thomas A. Schofield has been announced. He will leave Gambier very soon for a new home in Denver, Colorado.

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The News.

Bronson Doan, of Toledo, is spending a few weeks with his brother Clarence Doan, '97.

Bishop Leonard confirmed a class of three November 5.

The Misses Street, Alumnae of Harcourt, recently paid a short visit to Gambier.

Miss Lucy Johnson, of Harcourt Place Seminary, received a short visit from her mother early in November.

Edwin F. Sellers, who has been spending a number of weeks in Gambier, left Wednesday for his home in Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss Dewey, of Harcourt Place Seminary, who has been ill since the beginning of the term, has returned to her home in Owosso, Michigan.

Mr. Elmer C. Henderson, for Roehm & Son, fraternity jewelers of Detroit, Mich., paid Gambier a visit a short time ago and sold pins to a number of the students.
The Exchange Editor of a college monthly is continually being brought face to face with the realization of the limitations of his function. In the first place his superior refuses to sanction the consolidation of the Ancient History Department with his own peculiar domain. Consequently, his burning desire to record the prophecy of Walter Camp that Michigan will defeat Harvard is promptly quenched by the recollection that his item will come to light just two weeks after history has decided Mr. Camp's prediction was a fallacy. Again, none but a robbed-by-the-referee foot ball team can conceive of the rage which shakes his editorial frame when he realizes his inability to answer the taunts of a daily or weekly visitor. What panacea can he heal his injured feelings when The Lantern of the Ohio State University boasts of the superiority of its foot ball team over his own Alma Mater's on the strength of a victory over the University of Cincinnati, his own having been defeated by the same team? Which is the better of the two teams will have been decided before he can fling back such a withering retort as the following:

O. S. U. 4—Otterbein 12
O. S. U. 8—Denison 8
O. S. U. 6—Oberlin 12

Kenyon 24—Otterbein 0.
Kenyon 38—Denison 0.
Kenyon 0—Oberlin 0.

There is a noticeable change in the manner in which the University of Chicago Weekly disposes of the extravagant stories which enterprising college journalists have coined in regard to the customs there prevalent. Formerly the Weekly would have very indignantly hurled threats at the originator of the tale in the most uncomplimentary language. In a late issue, however, she politely requests the exchanges to decapitate the obnoxious wanderer itself should it happen their way, and very philosophically ignores the individual who created it.

A timely editorial in the Bates Student discusses some of the abuses arising from the appointment of its editorial force by the Faculty from the members of the Junior Class. An interesting feature of this able monthly is a semi-editorial department entitled "Truth," written in a lighter vein and upon purely local topics.

The agitation caused by the dismissal of Professor Bemis from the University Extension department of the University of Chicago, appears
to have been but little justified by the facts in the case. The claim that the beneficiary of John D. Rockefeller had dismissed Professor Bemis for too unguarded statements against monopolies, has been amply refuted by a circular recently issued by the university in which the case is well summed up, as follows:

"We wish to make the most emphatic and unreserved assertion which words can convey, that the 'freedom of teaching' has never been involved in the case. The case of Mr. Bemis would have been precisely the same if his subject has been Sanskrit or psychology or mathematics."

Measures for promoting a greater reverence in the chapel exercises at Oberlin are being advocated in the Oberlin Review. In a late number (Nov. 13) an alumnus correspondent offers some very pertinent suggestions for the improvement of their chapel system. His objection to the scripture reading and prayer being consigned to men not trained for that purpose is a good one, but his assertion that "No one should lead a religious service unless he can *** pray in an eloquent and artistic manner," is, to say the least, not very happily worded.

The College for Women of Western Reserve University has reason to be proud of its new garbed magazine, The Folio. It is neat in appearance and bright and interesting in subject matter from "Editorials" to "Book Reviews."

Intercollegiate.

When the conditions of Mr. Rockefeller's latest gift of $3,000,000 to the University of Chicago are satisfied, the total amount he will have given that institution will be $7,425,000.

According to the Northwestern, bananas are good for the larynx after a hard afternoon's work rooting for the football team.—Oberlin Review.

I am just from playing foot ball, marm;
I've an eye knocked out of socket,
But I've my liver under my arm,
And a limb in my coat-tail pocket.—Ex.

It has been decided by the faculty committee on athletics at the University of Pennsylvania that all athletic teams of the college must in future obtain special permission of the committee to engage in contests on other than college grounds.—Harvard Crimson.