The Kenyon Collegian.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF KENYON COLLEGE.

Board of Editors: JOHN A. SIPHER, '96, Editor-in-Chief.
C. R. GÄNTER, '99, Assistant Business Manager.


Editorial.

The recent discussion of the advisability of forming a State Intercollegiate Athletic Association brings up the question of just what should be the powers of such an organization. Under the plan at first proposed this League would have complete control of all the Intercollegiate contests in the State, including the scheduling of games. Such an association would not be desirable, as it would certainly work to the detriment of at least a part of the institutions of the State. The objectionable feature would be the power to compel any college to play any other college whether it would be for their mutual advantage or not. Moreover, this plan of association would tend to prevent any college of the State from playing games outside the State. This would be a great mistake, for only through these outside games can we have any idea of our standing with the rest of the collegiate world. The other plan of association, however, might bring about a number of beneficial results. We do not want our games scheduled for us, but it would be well to have some authoritative body under which those games could be played which are played between colleges of the State, and which
could furnish some standard for determining the relative standing of the clubs in the State. Such an institution would be a great advantage in appointing officials for games, thus gaining an absolute neutrality on their part, which is impossible under the old plan. It could also serve as a court of appeal in case of any disputed game. These last two objects—to obtain neutrality and to serve as an authority to which an appeal may be made—are the main arguments in favor of a formation of the League, but having accomplished these ends, it would be unjust to hamper any college by saying it shall play with this or shall not play with that institution.

**THE** THERE is one feature in the schedule as announced for the Easter Term, which is a very decided improvement over the schedules of the past few terms. An effort has evidently been made to have as few recitations as possible on Monday. For nearly all the students the work for Monday is very easy. This is as it should be. For a long time past Monday has been one of the hardest days of the week, and there always seemed a tendency to assign review work for that day, so that it was almost impossible for a student to be a consistent Sabbatarian and at the same time attend as he should to his regular studies. The Collegian gladly welcomes an evident new principle in making out the schedule. On the other hand, continued changing of the schedule to accommodate irregular students has a very demoralizing effect. While it is desirable that all students should have as much freedom as possible in the selection of their studies, there should be some definite time limit within which all conflicts must be announced. After that limit has been reached there should be absolutely no change without very urgent cause, and in case of any change an announcement should be made in chapel. The omission of this announcement has worked injustice in the case of a number of students thus early in the term. The students should not be expected to pay a visit to the schedule every morning.

**AMONG** the institutions of the college which deserve better support from the students is our Literary Society. Philo, has once more attained a sound footing and is in a condition which promises much for its future usefulness. Its main strength lies in the fact that all who are
connected with it at present are thoroughly alive to the importance of the training which may be there obtained. Although their number is not large, yet the determination to work for the Society is sure to yield good results. Probably few of the students realize the loss which they are bringing upon themselves by not attending and becoming members of this Society. The training which one finds in a literary society should be considered an essential part of the college training. We may learn in geometry to reason on our feet, but we can not gain a knowledge of how to express these reasons in the best English in any place so well as in some debating society. It is a mere waste of words to enumerate advantages afforded, for they are such as should appeal to all, but we wish to urge upon each member of the college that it is his duty at once to the college and to himself to do all in his power to make this Society a success.

UNDER the constitution of the Assembly, published in the last issue of the Collegian, all departments of college life seem to be running more smoothly than ever before. This is another instance of the advantages of centralization of authority. As the head of the organization, the Executive Committee has worked faithfully in straightening out the affairs of the different departments which have been brought under their supervision, and the success of their efforts is already apparent. Not only are these departments all working in a manner which promises success during the present year, but the plans for next year's work are already being laid.

AS was expected, the Tennis Association has resolved itself into a department of the Assembly, so that the organization of that body is now complete. We are glad to correct the statement in the last Collegian that the tardiness of this action was due to lack of interest in college affairs on the part of any of its members. The true reason for the delay, as assigned by the members of the Association, is that at the first meeting there was some doubt whether all its members would become members of the Assembly. As soon as it was ascertained that this existed only as a doubt and not as a fact, and that each individual member was ready to join the Assembly, the Association promptly complied with the expressed wish of the student body.
Is It Peace?

D. W. T.

This is the question which is agitating the minds of the Christian world to-day. The thoughtful mind, nay, the most heedless of men find the solution of the problem forced upon them. In this day of wars and rumors of wars, those who look for the millennium in the near future, certainly seem to have some ground for their belief. But the sun is not darkened, nor has the moon ceased to give forth her light. The great majority of men are not so credulous, even though nation does rise against nation, and a man's foes be they of his own household. The Almighty's ways are not our ways, neither are His thoughts our thoughts.

It is needless to enter into a discussion of the question at issue between Great Britain and the United States, and of that which has but lately arisen between Great Britain and Germany. Shame! that the two foremost nations of the world, champions of civil and religious liberty, should array themselves against each other, when the "horrible hounds of war," who fear not God, neither regard man, run rampant throughout the shambles of every Turkish province. Here is a chance for those 500,000 Hibernians who so lately offered their services to the President of the United States in order to bring about the calamities of a civil war: I say civil war, because a war between England and America would be such. The men who buckle on their armour should better sit down first and count the cost.

When the first war-note was sounded by President Cleveland, Russia, Germany, and France asked with one breath, while still whetting their swords, "Is it peace?" All these have felt the restraining hand of England in a greater or less degree: France was driven from America, Germany from Cape Colony, and the "Russian Bear" is kept from sunning himself on the plains of India. Who can deny that all this has been for the world's good?

Alas! that America should send messages to the Boer congratulating him on his victory over the Americans and British who are contending against "taxation without representation." How changed is the
spirit of American freedom? But it is safe to say that this is but a political move and that it does not represent the spirit of the American people: for which is best, the despotism of the Russian, the "divine right" of Emperor William, the fickleness of the Frenchman, or the democracy of England?

The time has come when all difficulties between America and Great Britain should be settled by arbitration. The necessity for a closer union between England and America is shown by the attitude of Russia, Germany, and France toward England. The latter could not stand by herself against all three, and it is natural to predict that America would prove that "blood is thicker than water," and that though the ocean is between them, England and America are one and inseparable.

Then let "Greater England" answer to the newly formed "Triple Alliance," which asks, "Is it peace?" "What hast thou to do with peace: turn thee behind me."

The Sunday Night Club.

H. A. B.

White Plains, O., Thursday, Oct. 31, 1891.

Herbert A. Barber, Guernsey, Ohio:

My dear nephew: Your letter of the twentieth at hand. I must say I was considerably surprised at its contents. How the existence of the old Sunday Night Club ever came to your knowledge, I assure you, is a complete mystery to me. I supposed it had been forgotten long ago, except by the original members. But never mind! Your proposal pleases me. Would a history of the proceedings of the Sunday Night Club be of interest to Collegian readers? I think it would. Would I be so kind as to relate some of the most interesting features? Nothing would please me more, I assure you, but you, and those who should happen to read what I write, must bear with me. Ideas of the student body change from year to year, and I have some doubts as to how stories of our college days—my class was '85—will be received by the present generation.
To begin with, I'll say I'm not an author. The pen is mightier than some things, but the plow has always answered my purposes admirably.

Since your letter reached me, a little over a week ago, I've been wondering into what port along the ocean of the Club's doings I should sail my frail literary barque. To-night, sitting before the open fire-place in my study, it is drifting aimlessly about, when I am suddenly awakened to the fact that we are gradually approaching a harbor. A perverse wind—that everlasting "small boy," reminding me that this is the eve of October thirty-first—is blowing us into the harbor of Hallow e'en. I say perverse, probably because my thoughts are more with the boy than with the simile and, perhaps, because in this part one is apt to meet with annoying difficulties unless securely anchored.

Ten years ago this coming Sunday night we were all in my old room in the middle division. I can see the familiar faces as though it were but yesterday. Once more I'm back in that dear old room, lying upon the lounge, my face shaded by the back of the huge rocker, of which "Topsy" Walker holds undisputed possession. There was always a tussle for that rocker, as it was the only comfortable chair in the room.

Hal and Dick occupy the spacious window seat. Billy Perkins—we always called him Perk, as one of the other members answered to the name of Billy—was trying hard to look comfortable in an old rocking chair. Half of one rocker was gone; one arm was entirely gone; the original cane seat, which had been replaced by a board, was gone, and what was left looked as though it was willing and ready to go at any minute. You may think it strange that I had not long ago consigned this wreck to the fire. But it had a history, and so was saved from what would have otherwise been a well deserved fate. However, Perk did not complain, and so, for the present, the chair, together with its history, fades away into the background.

The light is turned low and the large, slowly-burning log in the fire-place lends a mysterious glow to the room. The smoke from the different pipes blend gently together, forming fantastic figures which slowly melt away, and even before they are fairly gone are replaced by new ones. My eyes wander from this smoky kaleidoscope to Fritz, who has gathered together all the available cushions and is stretched out comfortably before the fire. One hand listlessly strokes Billy's shaggy coat,
while the other, almost hidden by the long, black hair, supports his shapely head. Fritz, the boon companion of my entire college career, partner in many a boyish freak; Fritz, the “sage,” a reputation earned, I think, not so much by making wise sayings, as by carefully avoiding unwise ones. Fritz, the universally beloved, to whom we all took our petty troubles and received consolation according to our just deserts.

Dear old friend, I see you now gazing so intently into that most fascinating of all places for dreamers like yourself and me—the old-fashioned open fire-place. Of what are you thinking, I wonder? Are your thoughts, as mine have so often done lately, traveling into that mist—the future? Are they trying to penetrate the fog of the great struggle which one must take up after college life is over? This is our last year, old fellow. The happiest period of all our lives is fast drawing to a close, Fritz. As though reading my thoughts, he turned to me and smiled sadly and I think there were tears in his eyes. I know there was something wrong with mine.

All seem preoccupied, each with his own thoughts, and I have time to think of how many happy evenings the Club has spent here in my room! How it had been organized! But had it been organized? I couldn’t remember that it had. Fritz and I had become fast friends in the early Freshman days and on Sunday evenings after church he always used to come to my room for a smoke and a chat. The others acquired the Sunday evening habit, no doubt attracted by Fritz’s stories—he was a remarkable story-teller. Gradually, I don’t know just how, the existing state of things came about.

All the meetings took place in my room, either because it had been the first meeting place or, what I think is more near the truth, because it was the only room in college in which the old fire-place had not been closed up.

Our reveries are broken.

Billy seems to understand that Fritz is totally unaware of his existence—Billy always resented anything but undivided attention—and with a sniff of disgust he crossed the room for his particular nook under the window seat.

Perk rose slowly from the historic chair and going to the table began filling his pipe.

“Anyone do anything worth mentioning last night?” he asked.
Topsy chuckled, and I knew immediately that he had done something which pleased himself, at any rate.

"Guess I was mixed up in an affair that some people will think worth mentioning," he said significantly.

"Well! let's hear it, Top, old boy. Hold on; got a match?" Topsy shook his head negatively. "You, Fritz? Art? Hal? Oh! wake up, you old sleepy-head, and give us a match."

Hal rose, yawned, produced the required article and then lighted a cigarette to keep from falling into his normal condition.

The night before had been Hallowe'en. Fritz and I had been in my room all the evening, and for the first time in four years had allowed the opportunity of doing some deviltry to slip by. Topsy's remark did not surprise us, for he was of a restless disposition and always getting into scrapes, although he usually got out again with nothing more serious than a momentary worry on his part. But this worry always made him blue, and Topsy, blue, was not really Topsy at all, but a very disagreeable character. Such was not his condition to-night—quite the reverse, in fact. His face wore a complacent, self-satisfied smile, and again I heard his peculiar chuckle.

"Didn't any of you fellows notice something missing to-day?" he asked. I thought with a shade of anxiety in his voice.

"Noticed several things on my way to breakfast," said Perk, who by this time had his pipe under control.

Hal blew forth a long, thin cloud of cigarette smoke.

"It strikes me," he said, rather lazily, "that what you saw could hardly be called missing. Things hanging in the trees are not missing in this town."

"By Gad! Hal said at least ten consecutive words without yawning. He must be interested in this."

"Correct conclusion, Fritz," Hal managed to drawl.

Topsy comes to his rescue.

"You see, fellows, Hal, and Dick, too, was with me last night."

There was silence for a moment.

"Well, Topsy, aren't you going to favor us with a recital of your adventure, if such it was?" asked Perk.

"Yes! I'll tell you about it," he answered hesitatingly. "But before I begin, where's that Old Gold and the cigarette papers? Thanks."
He slowly and carefully rolled the tobacco up in the paper; dampened the edge with his tongue and the operation was completed. I can't say the result looked much like a cigarette; still, Topsy seemed to think so and was usually offended if any of us chanced to make fun of him about it.

"You all know the Bexley lamp, of course?" he looked around and seemed pleased to see the looks of increased interest.

We most certainly did know that Bexley lamp. At the time of which I write the college students and the Theologs were not on the best of terms. We were always doing something to annoy them, and they, not being of that class which enjoys returning a joke, resented all our efforts to keep them amused. The first of the year the Bexley men had had a street lamp placed at the entrance gate. Time after time, the light, which was an ordinary kerosene lamp, disappeared. The Theologs blamed the college men, naturally enough, I suppose; but I think that, in most instances, the lamp was taken by outside parties.

Our faculty took action upon the matter. Notice was given that if the lamp was taken again and the culprit caught, he would be most severely dealt with; provided, of course, the offender was a college man. This notice amounted to little, however, for since the last time the lamp had been removed, almost three weeks before, the Bexleyites had not troubled themselves to get another.

Naturally we—that is, Perk, Fritz, and myself—were more or less interested in what Topsy's question had implied.

"It's about that," he said, "but I don't know just where to begin."

"With Snowball," suggested Dick. Snowball was a tall, talkative, dark-complexioned youth who had entered the Seminary that fall.

"Yes, I guess that will do," Topsy replied slowly, as though answering some question in his own mind.

"I decided some time ago to take that lamp at the first opportunity. None presented itself, however, and I thought, until last Tuesday, when I happened to learn of their plans, that they had given up in despair, all hope of having their end of the path illuminated. Tuesday noon I went early to dinner in order to finish a story I had begun the previous day. I entered the sitting room and, taking the big old-fashioned chair with the high, upholstered back, was soon deeply absorbed in my story. Parks and Snowball entered the room, but I paid no attention to them
at the time, and they did not notice me, as my back was toward the door. They walked to the east window and entered into conversation, to which I gave no heed until I overheard 'the lamp,' 'college men,' 'catch them,' and a laugh from Snowball. Listening, I heard Snowball ask who was going to watch it. Parks replied: 'He was, for one.'

'Anyone else?'

'One other, I believe, but no more. Too many cooks, you know. And by the way, Snowball, be very careful about what you say. Should it come to the knowledge of any college man, the scheme would not work.' Just then the dinner bell rang and they left the room.

'I sat still, thinking. Here was something which required looking into. What was their scheme? I had heard them mention the lamp, which was enough in itself to make me investigate, and I was quite sure they had laughed about catching college men. Moreover, one of them expressly stated that he didn't want any college man to know of their scheme. What could be up? Should I let these fellows get ahead of me? Not if I could help it. I puzzled my brains five minutes longer. Ah! Why, of course! How stupid I'd been not to see it sooner! They were going to light the lamp Saturday night and place two watchers over it. Hallowe'en of all nights! What a temptation to some Freshman who, of course, would walk right into the trap.

'After dinner I thought the whole matter over again. At any rate, I must keep any college man from being tricked. Jove! If I could only get that lamp while they were watching! I'd try. Happy thought. I'd take the post and all.'

I have been telling this as nearly as I can remember as Topsy told us, but I think, on the whole, it would save time for me to tell, in my own way, the substance of what followed Topsy's resolution.

On Friday night, very late, Topsy went up alone and loosened the earth around the post and then covered as best he could all traces of his work. He tested the pole. A good shoulder could now remove it easily and quickly.

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A slight, but disagreeable rain is falling. The lamp at the gate burns with a hazy light. A man wrapped in a heavy overcoat stands in the doorway of Bexley. It is Parks. He looks carefully about to
ascertain whether or not he is watched. Apparently satisfied, he steps
down and, walking slowly to the right, disappears in the darkness and
mist.

Hardly fifteen minutes has elapsed when Hilton, who rooms with
Parks, descends the stairs quietly and leaves Bexley by the rear door.
Hesitating but a moment, he turns to the left and, making quite a circuit
comes around the west end of the Seminary. He walks southward
through the oak grove. A soft whistle. The answer; and Hilton finds
his room-mate leaning against a large tree trying to shelter himself as
much as possible from the fine mist which the wind is driving from the
northeast. Hilton follows his companion's example.

From their position, a slight turn of the head commands a view of
the space—several yards in radius—about the lamp. Parks pulls out his
watch and tries to see the time. He hears the dull, muffled ringing of
the chimes.

"Quarter of twelve," he muttered with a shiver. Hark! The break-
ing of a twig. The rustle of leaves. Footsteps. At last something is
to happen. Two figures loom up indistinctly in the darkness. They
come quite near the tree against which Parks and Hilton are leaning.

They whisper together.

"You are quite sure?"

Yes. I overheard Dawkins explain his scheme to Wilbur in the
billiard room this evening. You admit that your old coat and hat are
missing. Well, Dawkins has them. He steals the lamp; you get into
trouble and perhaps will be expelled. He still bears a grudge against
you for that thrashing you gave him last winter. You remember how he
spoke to her?"

"Hush! So it's Dawkins, that ordinary loafer? No, extraordinary.
We'll catch the rascal and show these Bexleyites that their lamp was not
tampered with by a college student to-night, at any rate."

A suppressed sneeze.

"What's that?" Hal asks of Dick. Parks steps forward, followed by
Hilton.

"Twas I. I overheard your remarks. Let us watch together.
And the four enter into a whispered conversation.

The lamp at the gate burns with a hazy light. A slight, but disa-
greeable rain is falling.
The dark figure of a man advances cautiously along the east side of the path. He moves stealthily from tree to tree, as though afraid of being observed. In his right hand he carries a large rock. The last tree is reached and between him and the light there is an open space. He pauses to listen, then kneeling, he covers the intervening distance on hands and knees. Slowly and laboriously he advances. From time to time he rests. Within a few feet of the lamp he stops; listening intently. Hearing nothing, he crawls to the opposite side of the post. His back and shoulder look his way. His face would not be visible. Perhaps one might recognize that old coat and hat.

A loud crash. The scurrying of feet on the hard gravel. The hazy light of the lamp at the gate is gone and complete darkness reigns.

The four watchers start hurriedly for the gate. Two stumble and fall. Strange! Hal and Dick reach the gate first. The others come up breathless. The lamp and the post are both gone. Hal had seen a dark form hurrying down the road to the left, and all four started in pursuit. It is needless to say their efforts bore no other fruit than tired and aching limbs.

After Topsy had smashed the lamp, he quickly removed the already loosened post; hurried down the path a short distance; then, turning sharply to the right, he passed through Miss White's and the Harcourt grounds, and thence by the rear road to college.

As Topsy told the story so egotistically, as he made it even longer than I have done, and as I had to get part of it from Hal, I think I may be pardoned for telling it as I have. I don't think that, to this day, any of the Theologs doubt that Dawkins took that lamp post. When questioned, he merely grinned and asked for proof of the deed.

The matter was soon dropped, and the north end of the path, for the rest of my college days was not adorned with a street lamp.

Topsy finished his story with a chuckle, and began practicing with the papers and tobacco again.

"Hope no one saw you," said Perk. "Serious trouble is apt to follow if any one did."

"Don't worry. I was very cautious."

"What did you do with it, Topsy?" I asked.
"Put it in the store house," he replied.

Under the old middle division hall there is a narrow dungeon. This we called the store house, and in it we stored all our captured trophies, such as erasers, chairs, stoves, stray blackboards, etc. I wonder if any of our old relics are there yet?

Fritz rose and took up his coat. This was a signal that the meeting was over, and with little formality the boys departed for their several rooms.

I was alone. After half an hour had passed I took a lantern and stepped out into the hall. In less than ten minutes I was back again, bringing with me the post. Before I retired that night I carved upon it, "Captured by Topsy Walker, October 31, 1885," and then locked it up securely in my closet.

I have kept that ungainly looking thing ever since, and even as I write can look up at it standing erect and gaunt in the corner of my study.

Its history did not end here, as you may have supposed. The next meeting had a surprise in store for more than one of us.

Let me know if this meets with approval, and if it does, I shall be glad to continue. Your affectionate uncle,

ARTHUR TOMPKINS.

Benefits of College Life.

C. S.

Of all the thousands of young who every year enter college, only a limited number become in the strictest sense, students. Once in a college all is changed. For many it is their first step beyond the doors of home. A moment they gaze on this strange "college life" with surprise and wonder, then before they are aware of it, they are swept along in and are mingled with this relentless river of change. A river of change, indeed, for in college a man is hurried on to better or worse, towards or from true manliness. It is as impossible to go neither the one way nor the other as it is to find the middle path between right and wrong. True, indeed, is the adage, "College either makes or
breaks a man." Once in contact with other men he finds himself leading or led, and whether he improves or deteriorates depends upon the stuff of which he is made. Away from home he sees other ideals, his own are changed and crystallized; thus the change in himself, for a man's ideals make the man. This broadening of horizon begets within him a worthy contempt for that worship of certain individuals or things which blinds one to their faults. Not necessarily the development of criticism, but the impartial application of it. He is now more liberal; he finds other opinions better and sounder than his own. He comes to a true appreciation of his powers; he sees his own weaknesses and his own strong points. If he does not develop his abilities it is his own fault, and he would be worthless anywhere.

It is said that too often a young man at college forgets for what he has been sent there, namely, to study. That may be true in the letter, but he is indeed a narrow-minded father who sends his son away merely to become a grammar or an encyclopedia. One who has not been at college and many who have can not realize the immense amount of invaluable learning to be there obtained that is not contained in any textbook. To be able to "get on" with other men, to learn how to deal with and manage them, is a far more important acquisition than all the Greek irregular verbs, or all the formulas in trigonometry.

Some think that the standing of a student indicates the amount of benefit he is deriving from his education. But the mere obtaining of a broader range of ideas, if the inclination to shirk is not developed, is fully worth four years at college. Probably among the poorest students are those who derive the most profit from their course.

What is there to be admired in a man who slaves to his studies, who works in his room till his face is pale, as though he never saw the light? What advantage is there in this except a few prizes and "honorable" mention? What will these ninety-nine and nine-tenths men do after their graduation? They will settle down in some obscure country village, perhaps teach some high school, and begin slowly and painfully to learn practical lessons—lessons which will then cost them dear. A slip in college may cost a coveted honor, an error outside may forfeit a life's work.

In speaking so highly of the non-student side of college life, I do not mean to pardon that idleness which leads to the formation of habits
which leave a more or less harmful mark upon the remainder of a life. It is a sad fact that college is too often the place to first observe and then embrace evil practices. But the presence of this side of college life is as beneficial as any of the provisions of the all Father, for without trial there is no character, since character is born of temptation resisted.

Scribner's Scraps.

Nick Scribner.

I WAS talking with one of the fellows not very long since about the recent change concerning the removal of conditions. "Nick," said he, "there's another change I'd like to see effected before I leave here, and that is in regard to the present method of grading. The idea of a professor attempting to differentiate several men's standing in a study to a degree of exactness represented by one or two or even three per cent. is foolish. It is a hardship to the instructor and an injustice to the student. For example, a couple of men may be almost tied for first honors—half a per cent. either way will decide it. How does the instructor feel who realizes that upon the difference of a few per cents, he is forced to draw, will rest the decision of who is the best man in the class? The injustice to the student is still greater, for there can be nothing more natural in a teacher than prejudices peculiar to his specialty, which are bound to more or less influence his ranking of a man. I hope, and believe, that it will not be long before the custom of the majority of the best institutions is followed and the students will be graded according to the general classification of A, B, C, D, and E, or 'Merit,' 'Good,' 'Passed,' 'Conditioned,' and 'Failed.' It's certain to come sooner or later."

We are hearing too much of the loss which the college will sustain by the exodus of the present Senior Class. That lugubrious "After we leave" of some of these pessimists is enough to dampen the enthusiasm of the most optimistic Kenyonite who ever split ear-drum with the old "Hika!" It is true enough that their numbers and ability will be missed, but they can not take away with them the best which their influence has in part done for the college. During their residence on the Hill, that
deep college spirit, with which our Alma Mater inspires every one of us, and which has so often, misdirected, turned back to her harm, has been guided into deeper and more serious channels of college life. The fellows have begun to realize that, as it has been expressed by a writer recently, college spirit is a very good thing, but it is like a locomotive when it is let loose and beyond control; you never know where it will go or what harm it will do before it stops. There is an earnestness now in every branch of college work and sport which was entirely foreign to them a year or two ago. And what is the most important of all, this sentiment is not so shallow-rooted that it will leave with the men who have been instrumental in its institution. It pervades every class in the college, and we believe it has come to stay. And after all, Ninety-six is leaving a richer legacy to the college in that spirit than if she were to leave ten times her talents and numbers without it.

"I've never seen a class of men who take such a positive delight in smoking as the fellows at Kenyon do," said a class-mate of mine the other day—a man, by the way, who has seen enough of other college life to know whereof he speaks. "Most smokers give you the impression that they are indulging from a sense of duty—a social one, of course—or because they have a pretty pipe to display, or (what is usually the case) from an idiotic desire to be thought 'sporty.' I haven't any sympathy for such men, but just watch with what gusto one of my Lady Nicotine's slaves here pays his devotion to his mistress. Can you imagine a look of more exquisite pleasure than that with which he draws the first draught and then sends out a volume of smoke that almost envelops him? Is there anything more skilful than the facility with which he manipulates a cloud of smoke through his nasal organs? And then he is always smoking—with the exception of a few hours he grudgingly gives to eating, sleeping, and attending recitation. His pipe is the last article of which he divests himself upon retiring, it is the first which he grasps when he awakens. He smokes on his way to meals and he smokes on his way back; he smokes while reading; he smokes while talking, and as much as he can during recreation—and I suppose, if some of our brothers of the Methodist persuasion are right, he will keep it up through eternity."
"I am very sorry that I will not be able to visit Gambier during Commencement week," wrote an alumnus in a letter which I saw lately, "but my business makes it impossible for me to leave town at just that time. If the exercises were held a week later, as heretofore, I would have no difficulty in making connections, but as it is now, I must forego the pleasure." This is only an example of several communications of the same nature which I know have come to the Hill since the change in the rules. I've often wondered who has been benefitted by curtailing our Christmas vacation a week and shortening the Trinity (spring) term. We have yet to hear of the alumnus to whom it has been agreeable, and among the under-graduates (whom it influences most) it is decidedly unpopular. As far as the business man is concerned, the present date seems to be about as disadvantageous as might be, whereas the next week would find him completely at leisure for the week's festivities. That in itself should be reason enough, for what we need here now—and now, especially of all times—is an alumni willing to work with an enthusiastic student body to turn the tide of college affairs towards prosperity. From the students' standpoint, there can be only one advantage claimed for the present system—the greater amount of work to be accomplished in a winter than in a summer week. But this, after all, would amount to little. The extra week at Christmas-tide, the pleasures of a more element Senior Vacation, and, for all, the prolongation of summer delights on Gambier Hill, are strong appeals to the student's heart, and ones which may look to reason for support. Unless we've overlooked some glaring fault in the old system, we can not see the sufficiency of the new. In all respect, gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, we beg for a reconsideration of the rule.

The Assembly.

At a meeting of the Assembly, December 16, it was voted to request of the Board of Trustees permission to refloor Rosse Hall, and the Executive Committee was instructed to make an estimate of the amount needed to do this, and to secure promises from the students to meet this expense and to perform as much of the labor as possible.

The required permission having been gained, the Executive Com-
mittee was instructed by a meeting, January 8, to begin the work as soon as the money, which had already been subscribed, could be collected. At the same meeting the report of Straw, '98, who represented Kenyon at the meeting in Columbus, was received. The sentiment of the Assembly was that the benefits to be derived from such an organization were very uncertain, but that Kenyon should continue correspondence concerning the smaller league proposed by Dr. Canfield, of O. S. U.

The motion was carried to retain the services of Mr. Stewart as foot ball coach for next year, and a committee was appointed to see to securing the necessary funds.

Professor Ingham defined the position of the Faculty regarding the rule for the removal of conditions. The catalogue says, "Until a student removes his condition, he is deprived of the privilege of exemption from examination in any subject." In answer to a petition from the students asking for a change of this rule, he said that the Faculty would be glad to adopt any modification of the rule which would be acceptable to the students, provided it should secure the prompt removal of conditions. A committee was appointed to confer with the Faculty committee. The result of the conference was embodied in the report of the committee, which was accepted by the Assembly January 10.

As the rule now stands, if a student is conditioned in any subject at the final examination he shall have an opportunity to remove the condition at the beginning of the next term, and another within a week of the middle of the next term. If he fail at these examinations he shall be required to take the work again in class, with the exception that a Senior shall be given another opportunity to remove the condition during the Senior vacation.

The Executive Committee has made the following appointments of managers of departments: Base Ball, Straw, '98; Track Athletics, Sipher, '96; Tennis, Hollenback, '96; Glee and Mandolin Clubs, Martin, '96; Dramatic Club, Barber, '96; Lecture Course, Burnett, '96. Burnett has appointed Ganter, '99, and Bubb, '99, to be his assistants. Hubbard, '97, will have charge of the Foot Ball Department until the manager is regularly appointed.
HON. FRANCIS H. HURD, '58, of Toledo, spent the holidays with his sister, Mrs. Robert Clark, of Mt. Vernon.

'59. On January 11, Kenyon lost one of her most loyal alumni through the death of Mr. John A. J. Kendig, of Chicago. Mr. Kendig was in apparently good health when the servants left him the evening before, but in the morning was found dead where he had fallen from his chair. The doctors pronounce the cause of his death to be heart disease. He was 62 years old and had been a very successful lawyer, although he retired from regular practice fifteen years ago. As a Trustee of the college, '86-'94, he became closely identified with college affairs. Mr. Kendig is an uncle of J. N. Kendig, '97-ex.

'59. Governor Bushnell has brought honor to Kenyon by the appointment of Hon. J. Kent Hamilton, of Toledo, to the position of Adjutant General on his staff. Mr. Hamilton has been mayor of Toledo and has also been quite prominent in State politics.

'62. Rev. Dr. William M. Postlethwaite, Chaplain and Professor of History and Ethics at the United States Military Academy, died at his home at West Point, January 10. He was born in Lexington, Ky., in 1839. He took the degree of A. B. at Kenyon in 1862, and A. M. 1865. He was ordained a Presbytery by Bishop Potter, of New York, and organized what had been a mission chapel of Christ Church, Brooklyn, into the separate parish of the Church of our Saviour, of which he became the first pastor. He was appointed chaplain at West Point by President Arthur in 1881, which position he held until his death. Mr. Postlethwaite is the sixth member of the Class of '62 to be removed by death.

'71. Charles W. Tyler, of the New York World, spent a few days in Gambier the latter part of December.

'73. Another Bishop has been added to Kenyon's list of honored sons. The Rev. Lewis Burton, the rector of St. Andrew's Church, Louisville, Ky., has been chosen to fill the Episcopal chair in the new diocese of Lexington. In 1868 he entered Milnor Hall at the age of fifteen. He at once took his position at the head of his class, graduating with first
honors in 1873. He took his theological course in the Philadelphia Divinity School and was ordained by the Rt. Rev. G. T. Bedell, Bishop of Ohio. He was assistant and afterwards rector of All Saints', Cleveland, O., and after spending a year abroad returned to Cleveland and became rector of St. Mark's. In 1884 he accepted a call to St. John's parish, Richmond, Va., where he became very prominent in the missionary work of the diocese. In 1893 he became rector of St. Andrew's, Louisville, where he has since remained. His appointment is a double honor from the fact that it was the intention to appoint some one already a resident of the new diocese and acquainted directly with its needs, while Dr. Burton's parish is quite outside of this district. Dr. Burton has the best wishes of all Kenyon men for success in his new work.

'90. Sherman Granger, formerly of Zanesville, has removed to New York City, where he will practice law.

'93. R. J. Watson, whose health has compelled him to spend the winter in the South, has been for a number of weeks in El Paso, Texas, studying the customs of the Mexicans across the border and talking of Gambier with E. Eugene Neff, '94-ex., who resides in El Paso.

'94. (Bexley.) Frank W. Hope, who has, since his graduation, held the position of assistant at St. Paul's Church, Cincinnati, has been called to the parish of St. James, Zanesville.

'96-ex. George S. May, so well known as the poetical genius of the first two years of the present Senior Class, may be found in the offices of the C. H. & D. at Toledo.

'96-ex. C. Roland Cary, who is studying law at Ann Arbor, paid Gambier a short visit just before vacation.

The News.

Nelson, '98, went to Cincinnati January 8, to hear the Paderewski recital.


W. B. Clark, '98, left January 15, for his home in New York City, where he will remain for a few days.
Dunham, '98-ex., of Cleveland, came down to Mt. Vernon for New Year's day.

Miss Moore, of Cleveland, spent New Year's day with her sister, Mrs. G. W. Foote.

Professor and Mrs. Peirce were guests of Major J. M. Welch, Athens, O., during the holidays.

Miss May Braddock, who is attending school in Cincinnati, spent the holidays at her home in Mt. Vernon.

Miss Annis Welton, of Medina, O., a former student at Harcourt Place, was the guest of Miss Condit for a few days during vacation.

The college, and the Senior Class especially, is glad to welcome back to the Hill, Harris, '96, who suffered from a severe attack of typhoid fever during the greater part of last term.

The last Saturday evening of last term was the occasion of the first of the informal dances at Harcourt this year. These dances are one of the most pleasant features of Gambier life.

Following the example of Class of '96 last year, the Junior Class has voted to send no flowers for the "Prom." this year. They desire all the other college students to join them in this decision.

Nearly all Gambier took advantage of the few days of good skating at the opening of the term. Although the pond is not large, it affords attractions sufficient to draw a large number of students.

Dr. Fischer spent a part of his vacation fighting an attack of the grip, which made him a few days late at the opening of term. The Doctor was finally victorious and is now at his work again.

The following officers have been elected by Philo. for the Easter term: President, Slayton, '96; Vice President, Irvine, '98; Secretary and Treasurer, Lee, '96; Programme Committee, Clark, '96, Foote, '96, Ganter, '99.

Straw, '98, attended the meeting of college delegates, called to consider the advisability of organizing a State Athletic Association. As the Kenyon delegate, he refused to sanction any organization which would restrict the liberty of any college.
The population of Gambier has been recently increased by the importation of a large number of fine dogs, notably Great Danes and St. Bernards. The Collegian has an especial interest in these, as Leo, a large, beautiful St. Bernard, is the property of Goodwin, '98.

Professor Ingham reports a very pleasant time at the annual meeting of the American Chemical Society, which was held in Cleveland during the Christmas vacation. The membership of this Society comprises all the leading chemists of the country, who have placed America in the front rank in chemical research.

Professor Ingham attended the meeting of the Board of Trustees January 2, and submitted a memorial from the students requesting permission to refloor Rosse Hall. The matter was referred to the Building Committee, who have since given the desired permission. Through the efforts of Professor Ingham and the Executive Committee, this much-desired improvement will probably be completed in the near future.

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Exchanges.

Among the prominent features in the development of the American college is the evolution of its journalism. As we glanced over the magazines and papers which came to our table during the Christmas-tide, the great strides the college newspaper has made within the last decade was never more manifest. Only a few years ago this bold, little daily before us made its bow but once a week, and even then with all the timidity of an uncertain enterprise. An alumni paper has usurped its time of issue; a literary monthly with clever stories and sparkling bits of college verse, represents the characteristic life of the under-grad., while an imposing quarterly calls forth the talents of the graduate. All the most striking embellishments of the printer's art are now employed, where once cheapness of publication was the only object. Steel engravings have superseded the occasional wood-cut; uniformity of design has everywhere given way to variety. The daily celebrates a football victory by an issue on paper of the tint of its college color; the weekly comes out with a full-page cut of the winning team. The monthly greets its patrons in varying garb of elaborate design in harmony with
the seasons; the quarterly gives to its readers opinions on current questions from the pens of those whose words command small fortunes at the hands of the most prominent periodicals in the country.

A few of the best:

"My First Christmas in Germany."—Inlander.
"One Happy Christmas."—Oberlin Review.
"Sunset on the Marshes" (Poem).—Wellesley Magazine.

Almost all of our exchanges added attractive and appropriate features in honor of the Christmas season. Among others, the Oberlin Review was enhanced by the winning stories and poems of a recent prize contest; its special cover is also a vast improvement over its usual modest garb. The Washington-Jeffersonian (which, by the way, we welcome as one of our latest exchanges) remembers the season by presenting to its readers excellent engravings of its editorial board, musical organizations, and base ball and foot ball teams.

The Christmas number of the Inlander (U. of M.) was an especially attractive one. In spite of all that is written about the English universities, the writer of "A Glimpse of Oxford" has overcome the triteness of his subject by viewing it from the American college man's standpoint.

One of the severest criticisms upon many of our exchanges might be directed against their lack of dignity. The earnest, mature tone of the Peabody Record may well serve as an example to this ill-timed facetiousness. The exchange department of this magazine is excellent, but we would suggest, while there may be danger in "the tendency to devote the greater part of the space to stories, to the exclusion of the more thoughtful essay," the Record runs very little risk in exposing itself and might be much improved by adding articles in lighter vein.

We do not know of a better example of this would-be facetiousness than comes to us in the columns of the College Transcript (Ohio Wesleyan University). This weekly is one of the best of its kind—well-edited, progressive, and replete with news from beginning to end, but the whole tone of the paper is lowered by this unfortunate desire, in college parlance, "to be funny," in items of personal mention. A practice in such poor taste for an individual should be especially condemned in an organ which must, in some measure represent the culture of its students.
The University of Chicago Weekly characterizes the action of the regents of the University of California in requesting the students to devote a certain number of hours a week to beautifying the grounds, as "foolish." Perhaps "ordinary laborers could do the work faster and better," but an institution which has no better conception of the benefits of such a system as the regents propose, heartily merits the lack of college spirit for which Chicago is noted.

Intercollegiate.

LELAND STANFORD UNIVERSITY offers a course, leading to a degree, in theoretical and practical physical culture. Electives in gymnasium work may also be chosen, for which the same credit will be given as for laboratory work.

The University of Pennsylvania has at last inaugurated the dormitory system. The foundation stone for the first building was laid in November, with ceremonies befitting the importance of the occasion. The system, when completed, will embrace not only dormitory accommodations for over a thousand students, but also a University chapel and a common refectory, according to the plan now in vogue at Harvard and other smaller institutions. The consummation of these plans will mark a new era in the life of the University.

We clip the following from the Adelbert, which gives Student Life (whatever that may be) credit for its origin. It would be very interesting to trace the journey of the item back to its first presentation to the world in the pages of the Kenyon Reveille of '95:

Her dress, to put it mild, was scant;
Her poise so winsome as to enchant
A saint from beads and fasting;
Her smile was happy, everlasting;
Her lips were puckered — yes, believe me;
Her arms were stretched out to receive me;
Her hair was streaming down, untamed —
A fair, bold tempter, she, unshamed,
Expectant of requital.

And yet,
I passed her by without regret —
She was a marble statuette.