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Editorial.

With this issue the present board completes its work and turns the affairs of The Collegian over to its successors. While the work at times has been arduous, yet the recollections of The Collegian will always be pleasant. We hope that our readers will pardon the mistakes which have been made, and that they will charge them to our inexperience. We wish especially to urge upon the students, once more, that The Collegian is "devoted to the interests of Kenyon College," and that for this reason it should not be left entirely to the efforts of the few men who compose the board. This subject has been talked about and written about by probably every editor that The Collegian has ever had, and yet it is just as seasonable now as it has ever been. As it is, not only the publication, but also the preparation of the matter, is left almost entirely to the board. This gives more work to these men than they should rightfully do, and at the same time the value of the paper as representing the College is very much lessened. If the students could realize that it is The Collegian that carries the name and influence of Kenyon College to the majority of our sister colleges, we feel sure that they would be more anxious for its welfare.
We feel that the new board, under the leadership of Southworth, '98, and with the new members, Harris, '96, and Nelson, '98, will watch over the interests of The Collegian very carefully. The illness of Mr. Harris during the Christmas term this year has proved the good fortune of The Collegian in giving it a '96 man who can serve until January, '97.

KENYON feels herself quite fortunate, through the judgment of "Thursday," in its story contest. G. O. Wright ('00) represented Kenyon in that contest with the story, "A Little Bohemian," which was one of the ten selected as competing for the prizes offered.

THE bill recently introduced into the State Senate by Mr. Garfield deserves the support of all the college men of the State. The first part of the bill, which has reference to chartering new colleges, is very good, except, perhaps, that it does not go far enough. There are more higher institutions of learning in the State now, than are adequately supported, and to avoid further dissipation of our resources, it should only be for very good cause that a new charter should be granted. In the case of existing charters the financial provision requiring an income of $7,500 annually is merely nominal, and the supervision of the requirements for a degree-conferring institution ought surely to have the most beneficial effect in giving a definite standard for college work and a definite value to a college degree.

The objection has been raised by one of our exchanges that the State has no right to interfere in the affairs of private institutions. This argument seems very weak when we consider the seriousness of the evil which it is to be remedied. Besides, an institution existing under a charter from the State surely ought to be amenable to laws passed by the State regarding the conditions under which the charter is granted. As the State grants the right to confer degrees, it must also have power to regulate the requirements leading up to the degree.

As we understand the bill, it is very mild in its working and does not threaten to withdraw the charter from an institution previously incorporated which does not attain the required standard, but merely refuses it the certificate of scholarship. We hope that the Legislature will consider the bill favorably, so that hereafter a degree from an Ohio college will signify a definite amount of work done.
THE constitution of the new Ohio Intercollegiate Athletic Association seems to meet the requirements of the case very well. It avoids putting any undue restrictions on any colleges, and at the same time gives us a central authority in State athletics. If all the colleges accept this constitution it will go a great way toward preventing, in this State, the charges of professionalism in college athletics which have been made against the western colleges by Caspar Whitney. When there is no definite authority to prevent it there is always a great temptation to "run in" a man who will aid a team even though he is not a college man. If the Association can prevent this, it should be sufficient reason why it should be formed.

The other feature, in regard to a State track athletic meet, also deserves commendation. Work in this line has never been very satisfactory in the State, and such a meet ought to bring new life to it. There is no reason why, from as many colleges as we have here in Ohio, we should not have men who would make good records not only for their own colleges, but for the State.

THIS attempt to better the athletic spirit of the colleges in Ohio, coming as it does, at the same time with the introduction of Mr. Garfield's bill for the advancement of their general standing, gives evidence, we hope, of the awakening of more pride in the educational advantages of our State. It is to be regretted that this spirit has been so long in developing. This commonwealth certainly occupies a position in the Nation in other respects which should lead us to expect her to be very near the head in matters of education also. As a matter of fact, she has much to be proud of in her schools, although there are still many things for the Ohio college to learn, but there has certainly been very little real pride in these as State institutions. Up to this time, at least, each college has been careful of its own interests merely, and inclined rather to slur than to praise the other colleges of the State. It would show a much more patriotic spirit if we could all work together for the advancement of the general standing of the State in educational matters. It is claimed that the
supremacy of the East in athletics has been broken, and it is time that the more western states are placed on an equal footing in the other branches of college work. If Ohio boys would carefully examine the advantages which are offered to them in their own State, it would lessen greatly the annual September exodus to the East.

Gambier Lorelei — After Heine.*

C. M. H.

Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten,
Das ich so lumpen bin;
The fact that I am gestuckten
Es kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

Die Luft is küh und es dunkelt,
Ich sage mir "She's mine."
All nature rejoices with me,
Im Abend sonnenschein.

Die Harcourt Jungfrau sitzet
Am fenster wunderbar.
When up the path I'm strolling
Sie lachelt at me from afar.

Sie lachelt at me from her window
Und singt ein Leid dabei,
Das hat eine wundersame
Gewaltige Melodei.

Den Freshman in Altem Kenyon
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;
He studies none of his lessons,
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh.

Ich glaube conditions verschlingen,
Am Ende Soph. and Freshman
Und das hat mit ihrem chasing
Die Harcourt girl gethan.

*A long way after.
Daniel Webster needs no introduction to any audience of Americans. In the heart of every free man the place of that great statesman, grand orator, and courageous defender of the Constitution is assured.

How often he has moved great masses of the people and held them spell-bound by his eloquent words in defense of the country he loved so well. That god-like power of eloquence which has been granted to so few in this world, seems to have been poured out upon him in richest measure. He was an orator, and what adds the greater halo of glory to his name is that he never abused that divine power, but used it as his Creator intended, for noble purposes, to uphold his country's Constitution, and to keep the Union unbroken.

It is said of him during his career, that wherever he went, the popular interest in him was sure to manifest itself, not only because of his intellectual celebrity, but because he was everywhere regarded as a man who was serving the country with a wise and far-seeing devotion to the Union and the Constitution.

The first time Webster ever saw this Constitution which he afterward so gallantly defended, was when he was about eight years old. At that time he bought a cotton handkerchief which had the Constitution printed on its two sides, and very soon after he knew nearly the whole of it by heart.

He studied politics as few young men of this day have ever studied them, and began thus early and fervently to pray that "the bonds of the Federal Union might be strengthened."

Mr. Webster on all occasions was well able to defend his views. He was one of the best lawyers of his day, and his keen discrimination seemed always to show him the right side of every question.

At as early an age as eighteen, and while yet in college, he delivered a Fourth of July oration which, says Henry Cabot Lodge, preached
love of country and fidelity to the Constitution. This oration gave no uncertain promise of his future productions and his power as an orator. In after years, his famous reply to Gen. Hayne, of South Carolina, is said to have been, for genuine oratorical power, the greatest speech that has been delivered since Demosthenes' oration on the Crown, and it compares favorably with that of the great Athenian orator.

How many times all his noble qualities were called into action in defense of our Constitution by those who sought to abridge and by those who tried to transcend its power! It must have been a grand sight, indeed, to see this intellectual warrior fighting for his country's welfare, regardless of his own.

How great, indeed, and how beloved was the Union of the States and its Constitution to Mr. Webster. How devoted to it does he show himself in all orations in any manner relating to it. Observe how, in that matchless oration on "The Importance of the Union," he combines the sound sense of the business man, the zeal of the patriot, and the diction and soul of the orator. And what soul-stirring passion and fidelity he breathes forth in his famous peroration on that occasion. "While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant, that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant, that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious union; or states dismembered, discordant, belligerent, our land rent with civil feuds or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood.

"Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured, bearing, for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and union afterward;" but everywhere spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea, and over the land, and on every wind and under the whole heavens, that other sentiment dear to every true
American heart—"Liberty and Union, now and forever; one and inseparable!"

It is said that probably no other speech ever made in Congress has found so many readers or exerted so much influence in shaping men's thoughts. In our schools, too, has this oration fulfilled the young speakers ideal of eloquence, and again and again has the school boy caught some inspiration from its fervid patriotism.

Thus by his pure patriotism and his immortal eloquence will Daniel Webster ever live in the memories of Americans. He has long since passed away from the material world, but his spirit still lives. His place is beside that of Washington. Washington made his people an independent nation; Webster saved their Constitution and kept their Union inviolate.

Brown and Jones—A Study of Men and Manners.

Alf O'Mega.

The story heralded by the above ambitious title may not prove of very thrilling interest, and it is the fashion for tales, nowadays, to either thrill or be cast aside. But this is not even a tale; it is a mere record.

There are, and have been, and will be, a thousand Joneses and a thousand Browns in the thousand colleges that adorn and dignify the face of this broad land of ours, and the special pith of the story lies in the fact that not a man jack of them all will ever see himself as he is here truthfully portrayed.

That is but natural, however, as Brown and Jones are Types of Men, not Men—mere atoms that go to make up the cosmic whole of a fluctuating college world.

Brown and Jones lived in the same college. That was about all they had in common. Brown had a pleasant way about him, and wore many clean collars. Jones was forbidding of aspect—much against his own inclination, poor chap—and did not wear quite so many clean collars as he might have liked. Brown and Jones bowed when they passed on the campus, the latter deferentially, the former somewhat
patronizingly, and that was all they knew of each other till they both "flunked" in philosophy and both fell in love.

The two calamities were of almost simultaneous occurrence, and the peculiarity of the double process lay in the fact that even as they had flunked in the same study, they fell in love with the same girl.

Everyone knows that it is not pleasant for two men to remain alone in college, after the rest have gone home for the vacation, and are feasting and making wondrous merry, while the two forlorn ones study, study, study, from breakfast time until the red sun goes to sleep behind the woods on the hill.

The crickets and the bullrogs begin their weird, strange talk, the campus trees grow blacker and blacker, and finally fade away and merge into the gathering darkness, when there is nothing left for a man to do but sit at his window and wonder at things in general, or, perhaps, watch the light in some distant cottage window, and sigh, like the lonely and overwrought fool that he is.

That was what Brown and Jones both did, and the light that shone into the loneliness of both of them came from the sitting-room window of Miss Blankington Blank, Professor Blankington Blank (of Metaphysics') daughter.

I don't know what Brown thought. He had danced with Miss Blankington Blank, and driven with her, and read to her, and told her various things about himself, time and again: and so he probably looked at the light in her window and wished he were there to tea, instead of in his own room with old Emmanuel Kant open before him.

I do know, however, that Jones (and this I got from good authority) worried a great deal at his various drawbacks—his lack of numerous clean collars, for instance—and heaved a sigh or two, perhaps; then, realizing his own unworthiness, got back to his open text-book and worked till his eyes ached.

The consequence was, of course, that Brown called on Miss Blankington Blank during his leisure hours, and that she found him a very entertaining and pleasant young man; and that Jones, who did not call there, nor make himself entertaining, got little frigid bows from the lady whenever he chanced to meet her, for his pains.

And this was all. Another year saw both of them out of college, Brown happy as a king with a "passing grade" of 75, and Jones with
an average of 89 — just enough to make him miss the green Phi Beta Kappa ribbon, which, in defiance of the law and the prophets, he had jealously coveted since the beginning of his freshman year. And thus did the big, broad world open to both of them.

Jones, poor Jones, took life seriously and intensely, with a smattering of the tragic. Brown did not care much, and was happy in the big, broad world as he had been at college. He studied something or other for a profession, and failed a little at first, then gradually drifted into a certain measure of success, by the saving grace of his gentlemanly breeding and good manners. He always spoke enthusiastically of his "college days," and very loyally carried on his waistcoat front quite a number of jewelled club pins and insignia, which he was always glad to show and explain the meaning of to his friends.

Jones, after he left college, went into the study of the law — at nights and on Sundays — and certain people have hinted that he occupied himself with something as low as newspaper reporting to make a living during the rest of the time. He had one solitary little pin, plain and without any jewels, which he put away when he graduated, and used to look at it sadly at times afterwards.

And by dint of drudgery, and some good fortune, he squeezed himself — or, rather, the Fates squeezed him — into something like success in his profession.

Brown, too, made a success of himself. But then he was married (not to Professor Blankington Blank's pretty daughter, however, but to a lady with a sharp nose and a bank book). And, besides, as any of his friends could have told you, he had been a jolly good fellow all his life, and deserved his success.

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And so it happened that many years afterward Brown and Jones met, during commencement week, on the old campus. They shook hands and called each other "classmate" with an unfeigned cordiality that had never existed in their undergraduate days, and then they separated, each to go and take a look at his old room of long ago.

Brown certainly had a good time of it up there. He took a look around, and then began to entertain his friends with stories of the old college as it was in the bygone days — stories that must certainly have
been wonderfully humorous, for you could have heard the “boys” shrieking with laughter miles off.

As for Jones, he went up into the old College very quietly, and alone. The creaking stairs gave him the old, familiar welcome, the walls of the corridors, replastered and barren of the ancient inscriptions, seemed homelike, nevertheless.

When he reached his own room he sat down on the broad windowseat with a restful feeling of comfort that he had not known for years. He stayed there alone for a long while, till the evening shadows closed in upon the campus and the twinkling lights began to shine in the cottages of the town.

Then, with no one but the dim little distant stars to see him, he rested his elbows on the sill and looked over longingly, regretfully, and with a strange, numb feeling of heartache at the window that Miss Blankington Blank’s lamp used to shine in years ago.

And he said, with a break in his voice—softly, and like a man speaking to himself—

“Brown, old classmate, I forgive you!”

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**A Dream.**

**H. A. B.**

It is a cold, disagreeable night. I draw my coat more closely about me and quicken my pace. Shivering, I enter the dark hallway and stumble up the stairs. Once in my room, however, I soon have a roaring fire, and all thoughts of the cold and darkness outside vanish before its genial warmth. Drawing up a rocker and placing a supply of matches on the table beside me, I settle down for a half-hour's solid enjoyment with “the companion of my idle hours, the soother of my sorrows, the confidant of my joys and hopes—my oldest and strongest pipe.”

Hello! What’s this in my pocket? Oh, yes! A “fine specimen” which Professor X—who knew of my mania for geological specimens, had given me that morning after class. I had not examined it closely before, but now that my attention is called to it, I look at it more critically. It certainly was a choice specimen, but as I was not in a
geological humor I laid it on the table and became occupied with other thoughts. What! Why, I thought I laid that on the table. Could I have been so absent minded as to lay it on the stove? At any rate there it is, and for the first time I am struck by its peculiar beauty. What a perfect specimen! A symmetrical crystal. That's odd. I hadn't noticed before its crystalline form. Of course, this couldn't be what Professor X—had supposed, because that never occurred in the crystalline state. I lean forward to examine it more carefully, and am surprised to see that it is slowly changing color. A slight crackle and the transition is complete.

I am in a quiver of nervous excitement; I feel so suffocated I can hardly breath, and great drops of perspiration stand out on my forehead, for the comparatively uninteresting specimen of the morning has become perfectly transparent and is the most beautiful gem I ever have seen. Eagerly I reach out to grasp it, and the next instant jump up with a howl of pain.

* * * * * * * * * *

The room has become abominably warm and the piece of graphite lies where I had placed it on the table.

The Curse of the Glens.

J. A. N.

IT IS fifty years ago since I passed through that terrible experience of which I am about to speak. I have sent for you to-night in order to narrate to you a story almost too sad to tell, and which I might have spared you, but now I shall tell it to you as a warning, for I fear your sudden fits of passion may cause you a remorse too great to be borne, and for which death is the only relief.

You know that my father, your grandfather Glen, died when I was only six years old. I can remember something of my father: that he was a sad, silent man, and that he often caressed me and liked to have me with him. I remember distinctly enough how the nurse weeping, led me to his bed side; how I innocently asked him how he was, and that he answered that he would soon be better. I little understood the
meaning of his words then. After that is a confused memory of a
great funeral, and then I went to live with my aunt in Columbus.

You know, too, the story of my mother’s mysterious death; how
my father came home and found her lying dead on the hearth, struck
down by some one. The shock of coming home, only to find his be-
loved wife lying dead, seemed to be too much for him to bear, and he
became prematurely old and failed rapidly after that. There was but
one thing which seemed connected with the strange murder. In my dead
mother’s hand was found a letter. I have it here, yellow and dry with
age. It reads: “Dear Madam, I will send, as you have requested, the
best pair of silver candlesticks, with snuffer and tray, that can be made
in Philadelphia for — dollars, and will send them in time for your
husband’s birthday.

Ever your faithful servant,
Philadelphia, May 4, 1831.

ROBERT EMBRY.”

There, with the name of Robert Emory on them, are two silver
candlesticks, with their tray and snuffer. I found them carefully
wrapped up together with the letter, long after my father’s death, in a
chest of his belongings.

Immediately after the death of my mother my father left the old
homestead and moved to Chillicothe, and never, to my knowledge,
visited it. These details, the watch and letter excepted, you have
heard before, but it is necessary to recall them to your mind in order
that you may understand the meaning of the dreadful occurrence which
I am about to relate.

In the May of 1830 I had occasion to drive some fifty miles out
from Columbus, to visit a patient sick with typhoid fever. I expected
to reach my destination by evening, but about six o’clock it began to
cloud over. I anticipated a shower, but not such a storm as soon over-
took me. The wind had died down, and for a moment there was an
ominous silence, then a great rushing wind swept the storm over me.
I was still a few miles from my destination, and angered by the driv-
ing rain, I mercilessly lashed my horse on. I entered an extensive
forest, pierced only by a narrow dirt road, and soon the latter was a
mass of sticky clay. Suddenly there was a terrific crash, a blinding
glow, and a great limb torn from a gigantic oak, fell in the road behind
me. Frightened, I beat the horse still more mercilessly, but soon the
faithful animal could scarcely walk farther, and it was rapidly growing dark. The road led up a hill, and on reaching the top and looking down, a large house could be seen at the bottom of the hill and to the left of the road. I urged my weary animal down, and soon reached the house. It was a large, old fashioned brick structure, evidently expensive when built, but now weather worn and apparently deserted. I drove toward the house through a gap in the rotten fence. As I neared the house my horse shied and snorted with seeming terror, but I drove him into the shelter of the ruined barn, and ran through the rain to the house. Breaking through the thick mass of trumpet creeper which enveloped the little porch, I forced the front door open. As I entered a bat, awakened from his nap, fluttered back into the friendly darkness. I was in a long hall, the ceiling of which was festooned with grey dust-laden cob webs; the carpet was rotting on the floor and the boards yielded weakly beneath my tread, threatening to break through with me at any moment. Far back an old fashioned staircase could be dimly discerned, and to the left a door, slightly open, invited me to enter. I pushed it open and stepped into a large, long room. There, too, all was in a state of decay and ruin. Dust lay thick everywhere. As I stepped further into the room a screech owl eyed me, astonished, and silently flew through the broken window. At the farther end of the room was a great fire place, with a high mantel above, beautifully carved, but now cracked and rotting. An old haircloth sofa stood near the door, on which I sat down. It darkened fast, and the wind and rain increasing in violence it soon became apparent that I must spend the night in this deserted abode. The place seemed unusually damp and chilly, and an oppressive air of death and desolation seemed to linger in the house. I soon fell into a mood of the deepest melancholy, and, brooding over many things, tired out, I fell asleep. How long I slept I do not know, but I awoke with a strange feeling of disquiet, of impending disaster. A faint glow at the far end of the room drew my attention, proceeding from a bed of embers in the fire place, which now and then blazed for a moment into a flickering glare. Silhouetted by the glow was the figure of a young and singularly graceful woman, seated in a high-back chair, and gazing thoughtfully into the dying fire. While I looked I heard a faint noise at the front door, as of the grating of a
key, and the figure of a tall man strode into the room. The woman
started up with a glad cry and ran to meet him. As she rose an open
letter fell to the floor. She hesitated, stopped, picked it up hastily and
crushed it in her hand. "Mary," said he, "mayn't I see your letter?" he asked. "O. Robert," she pleaded, "don't ask me for it." "Then
you have something you wish to hide from me?" he said, in a voice
hard and strained with emotion. "You would be glad, glad, if I had
never come back, wouldn't you?" Then in a burst of passion he
cried out, "You hate me, you hate me, you can't deny it!"

The woman looked at him tenderly and wonderingly for a moment,
and then went gently toward him, and put out her arms toward him.
Scarce had she touched him when with a hoarse cry he seized her
and flung her back. She struck the carved mantel and sank with a
low moan, lifeless, upon the hearth. At that moment a vivid glare
lit the scene, I looked on the face of the man, and it was the face of
my father.

Sick with horror I desperately groped my way out amid an over-
whelming crash. I stumbled to the barn, climbed into my gig, and
drove away as best I could in the blinding rain and the darkness. By
daybreak I reached my patient, and the following morning again
neared the haunted house. It was a perfect spring day, when all
nature seemed to rejoice. The sun, with his slanting, golden rays,
illumined meadow and forest. The larks piped to each other in the
fields, a squirrel chattered and barked at me from a beech near by,
and on the topmost twig of a syringa bush a song sparrow chanted
his spring song. All seemed to tell of life and joy. Of the house
there was only a heap of smoking ruins. Even the walls had fallen
in, leaving only the great chimney standing, tall and impressive, as
though to remind one of the awful consequences of the curse of the
Glens.

Shakesperian.

One day I tried to catch my tutor's eye
To ask to be "excused." His eye I caught;
But when he said: "A few short questions, please!"
I found that I had caught it—i' the neck. —A. O'M.
The Junior Promenade.

This most important event of the Junior year occurred February 17th, and was a success in every way. The Junior class deserves great credit for furnishing such an enjoyable evening to all who were present, especially since this class is so small this year.

The decorations, which were the same as those last year, were very effective, and added materially to the pleasure of the dance. The music, also, the Newark "Big Four," is too well known to Kenyon men to need any introduction. The selection of dances was also very carefully made, so that in fact there was nothing left undone in the preparation. The unusually large Senior class, the largest in the history of Kenyon, made a very imposing appearance in their classic gowns as they received the introductions of the many guests.

The prettiest dance of the evening was the Kenyon favorite, "There's a Court House in the Sky." The hold which this dance has on Kenyon men and their friends can never be fully appreciated until one has taken part in it. It seems to arouse the enthusiasm of all as their voices are joined in that well-known chorus.

The patronesses were Mrs. Harry N. Hills, Mrs. Theodore Sterling, Mrs. George W. Foote, Mrs. Hosea W. Jones, Mrs. Leslie H. Ingham. For the Junior class, A. J. Cummins, C. E. Dean, W. A. Grier and C. M. Hubbard constituted the floor committee.

The students were present almost without exception, and in addition to the Senior and Junior classes of Harcourt and residents of Gambier, there were present from abroad:

Misses Clark, Baldwin, Israel, Armentrout, Miller and the Misses Fowler, of Mt. Vernon; Miss Straw, of Cleveland; Miss Peters, of Columbus; Misses Fischer, Quigley and Wilson, of Marion; Miss Doolittle, of Mansfield; Miss Shauick, of Dayton; Miss Doty, of Bowling Green, and Miss Rawson, of Elwood, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Mancourt, of Columbus; Mr. and Mrs. Koons, of Mt. Vernon, and Messrs. Braddock ('95), Armstrong ('97-ex), Israel, Forbing and McIntyre, of Mt. Vernon; Mr. Youtezy ('98-ex), Newport, Ky., and Mr. Wickham, of Norwalk (Adelbert, '96).
The Minstrel Show.

The Kenyon Dramatic Club scored a signal triumph in the minstrel show given the night after the "Prom."

To dwell on the performance in a detailed criticism would be superfluous now, since the several men who took part have distinguished themselves before, and their capabilities are well known to Kenyon students and their patrons.

The first part passed off smoothly, and the popular nature of the airs sung by the "circle" showed careful selection and creditable rendering.

Mr. Thornberry was a dignified and graceful interlocutor, and was ably assisted by the ends, Messrs. Clark, Martin, Clark and Barber.

The clever sketch, "Nothing but Chaff," especially arranged for the evening, was, as the bills announced, "A side-splitting skit." It was introduced by Messrs. Clark, Barber and Clark, and showed his tronic ability of the popular type.

The monologue, by Mr. Martin, was so thoroughly "Martin" it is little wonder that it pleased as it did.

The Kenyon Mandolin Club was heard for the first time in public this season in popular selections, and received generous and deserved applause.

The feature of the evening was the Mephistophelian dance by Mr. G. Fred. Williams, assisted on the banjo and guitar by Messrs. Esselburne and Clark. In this spectacle more difficult stage effects were attempted than ever before in the history of Kenyon theatricals, and through that perseverance and spirit of enterprise by which Kenyon men have lately distinguished themselves, the results were more than successful. The electrical effects, by Prof. Ingham, rivaled those of the "Brocken" in Faust or the storm scene in Sardou's Cleopatra.

The performance closed with the grand spectacular march and drill of the "Charleston Blues," in which all the men took part, led by Mr. Burnett, as captain, and introducing a medley of late songs and intricate and perfect military maneuvers.

During the intermission Mr. Idleman played the Kenyon College March, a new march composed and dedicated to the students of Kenyon by Mr. C. B. Clark, of New York City, brother of Clark, '98.
THE ASSEMBLY.

The Assembly.

A MEETING was held March 5th for the discussion of the Constitution of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association. The idea of the Constitution met the approval of all present as being the only kind of an association which could be useful in the State. The Constitution was adopted as submitted, with the exception of the method of constituting the Field Day Committee. In as much as the field day will probably be held at Columbus each year, it seemed that the rule as read, “That the delegates of the three nearest colleges serve as the committee,” might throw too much work on these three colleges. A substitute was offered by which at each meet the delegates nominate four colleges, from which the Executive Committee shall choose two to act with the O. S. U. delegate as the committee. It was understood that this objection would not be raised unless it was decided to make Columbus the regular place for the meet. The meeting thought that this would be the better plan, but in case of disagreement on this or any other point, power was given to our delegate, Straw, '98, to use his own discretion.

The main points of the Constitution are as follows:

It is to be called the Ohio Intercollegiate Athletic Association, and is to have for its object the promotion and purification of athletics in the State and to provide for an annual track athletic contest. Membership is limited to Ohio colleges, and any college can gain admission by the vote of a majority of the delegates. Each college is entitled to one delegate, and from these delegates are chosen the President, Secretary and Treasurer, who constitute the Executive Committee, which has charge of all the affairs of the association. It provides for an Arbitration Committee, composed of one man chosen by each of the contesting colleges and a third chosen by these two, which shall have power to adjust all difficulties. The requirements of the representatives of a college in any contest are very strict, and provision is made that only bona fide students shall participate. The annual field meet is to be governed by the rules of the Amateur Athletic Union, and the winning college in each contest will be awarded a banner.
Alumni Notes.

'94. The Following letter shows the love a Kenyon man bears for Gambier associations:

SALT LAKE CITY, February 27th, 1896.

Professor Benson, Gambier, O.:

My Dear Professor: — There are three other Kenyon men here, and you cannot imagine what a pleasure it is for us to get together at night, after business is over and we no longer think of the cold business world, and talk of Gambier, the garden spot of America, the boys we associated with, the professors we respected, and last, but not least, good, dear old Kenyon College, which we loved and always will love. It makes us feel better if we feel discouraged, so that we are better prepared to fight the battle of life, for, above all things, a Kenyon man has courage, and, as we have said above, these gatherings bring to our minds that we are Kenyon's sons and must do nothing to disgrace her, but try to make her feel proud of us.

To show you how well Kenyon's sons here have succeeded I will state that John A. Fritsch, '85, is one of the leading real estate men; Charles H. Post, '94, is head bookkeeper at the Utah National Bank; while I am, as you see, in the practice of law, and doing very well.

* * * * * * * * * *

Trusting to hear from you and that you are well, believe me,

Very truly yours,

Harrie K. Harkness.

'94. Erastus Burr Cochrane passed away, March 7th, in Los Angeles, Cal., where he had gone in the hope of recovering from consumption, which finally caused his death. Cochrane's valuable services in college affairs, and especially as leader of one of the best glee clubs we have had in recent years, will cause his death to be mourned not only by the many personal friends which he had gained in college, but by all Kenyon men.

'95-ex and '98-ex, F. W. and O. H. Alden, have been taken into their father's advertising agency, and the style of the firm has been changed from Alden, Faxon & Co. to Alden & Sons.
The News

The Bedell Missionary Society’s delegate to the meeting of the Students’ Missionary Society was Isaac D. Shlemon, Bexley, ’96.

C. H. Kerr, of Pittsburgh, paid a short visit to his sister the middle of February.

A called meeting of Phi Beta Kappa was held in the President’s office February 28.

Professor Ingham went to Cleveland, February 14, to purchase the lumber for Rosse Hall.

Mrs. Russell was the chaperone of two fair Prom. visitors from Zanesville—Misses Granger and Pinkerton.

Allan D. Severance, Amherst, ’89, of Berlin, Germany, was the guest of Prof. Peirce for a few days about the last of February.

Miss Douglas, of Chillicothe, a daughter of Albert Douglas, Jr., ’72, was the guest of Mrs. President Sterling during Prom. Week.

F. H. Morrison, ’74, of Crawford, N. J., spent a few days on the Hill about the first of March. Mr. Morrison is traveling for a large machine firm in Boston.

Miss Hilliard entertained an appreciative audience at Harcourt Place February 27. Miss Hilliard’s father was a student at the old Kenyon Grammar School, and entertains many pleasant memories of his school days.

An initiation service of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, February 19, increased the membership of the Chapter by eight. The total enrollment of active members is now twenty-nine, with an associate membership of six.

A Bible class for an outline study of the history of the Old Testament has been organized by the Brotherhood of St. Andrew. It will meet after evening service of Sunday, under the instruction of the Rev. Prof. Streibert.
The work of laying the new floor in Rosse Gymnasium has been progressing rapidly. The boys have taken hold with a will, and the holidays granted them for working — the Seniors, February 27, the Sophomores, March 3, and the Freshmen, March 4 — were fully deserved.

Messrs. Martin, Harris and Follett, of the Senior Class, have been appointed a preliminary committee of arrangements for Commencement Week. A Sophomore cotillion on Tuesday of the Week will probably take the place of the usual Academy hop, which will not be given this year.

The approach of the penitential season aroused Gambier society into some show of activity. The ladies of Harcourt Place issued cards for February 10, and the reception was most enjoyable. Professor and Mrs. Ingham also received on the eighth; the Seniors of Harcourt and the College were the fortunate few.

The membership of Philo has steadily increased this term, and the prospects that it will resume its old-time career of usefulness, are very bright. Arrangements were completed the latter part of February for an oratorical contest just before the Easter recess. A gold medal will be awarded the winning orator.

The following list will, perhaps, account for the scholastic appearance of Gambier's large canine population. (It may be added in parenthesis that each owner can show you a pedigree for his property extending back to the Ark.)

Ben Harrison. St. Bernard. Clark (Bexley)
Billie. Scotch Collie. Barber, '96
Czar. Great Dane. Mr. Ames
Snapper. Great Dane. Rev. Prof. Streibert
Snipper. Rat Terrier. Rev. Dr. Jones
Rex. Lwellyn Setter. Harris, '96
Pedro. Greyhound. Clark (Bexley)
Snippie. Yorkshire Terrier. Prof. Peirce
Juliet. English Mastiff. Dimon, '98
Ensueo. English Mastiff. Stanbery, '98
Exchanges.

The April number of the Inlander (University of Michigan) will be issued by the young women of the university. The proceeds will go to the fund for the women's gymnasium.

The Prospect Union Review is now published under the title, The Cambridge Magazine. The first number contains about seventy pages of reading matter.

We have recently received our first copy of the Buff and Blue, published by the students of Gallaudet College, an institution for deaf mutes. The paper of these mutes is a bright literary magazine, equal in all respects to those of their more fortunate brothers. The excellent engraving of last fall’s football team, contained in this number, shows them to be a remarkably bright set of fellows.

The Inlander for February comes out with a new cover. It is a neat design in black outline, with the lettering in red.

The Rev. Isaac Allen, in a talk reported in the Oberlin Review, stated that: “Russia has had her eye on India for some years, and it is only a question of time when India will come under the sway of the Czar; and when she does the paw of the Bear will crush out all missionary efforts with one blow.” Mr. Allen seems to have made two mistakes. In the first place Russia is hardly so hostile to Christianity as he thinks; and, secondly, it will be a long time before England, the strongest power in the world, will allow India to slip from her grasp.

The annual controversy over the “Junior Hop, which has caused so much discussion in the U. of M. Daily, resulted in two dances, one held in Toledo by the nine fraternities belonging to the Palladium, and the Junior hop, held by the rest of the class in the U. of M. gymnasium. It is to be hoped that the compromise party will succeed in making some arrangement so that this unloyal state of affairs may not continue.

The University of Chicago Weekly seems to think that a team composed more or less of paid players can compete on an equal footing with Eastern teams, who are very careful that all their players be
bona fide amateurs. If the West should accept the position of U. of C. even victories over Yale, Harvard, or U. of P. could not be regarded as criteria.

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the report of Rev. A. W. Mann of "Church Work Among the Deaf." The work of Rev. Mann as missionary to deaf mutes in the mid-West is quite unique and very interesting on account of its extent. During his nineteen years of service he has held over three thousand services and administered nearly seven hundred baptisms. His territory extends from Ohio to Missouri, and he has held many services in other parts of the country.

The Washington-Jeffersonian wishes to make membership to their literary society compulsory. Although this would, of course, increase the nominal membership, there are so many obstructive methods possible in parliamentary practice that an unwilling element is a positive detriment. Our experience has been that the smaller voluntary society is able to accomplish more than the larger with an element inclined to avoid the duties of the society.

The University of Chicago Weekly devotes the number of February 13th to the glee and mandolin clubs. This number contained an engraving of the two clubs and portraits of several individuals. The cover of this number was adorned with an artistic design suggesting the musical nature of the contents.

**AN ALL-AROUND MAN.**

In the class-room while students
More brilliant are known,
He finds no great hardship
In holding his own.

On the gridiron and diamond
With victories sown,
There too he is in it
And holding his own.

And now in the evening,
When daylight has flown—
But words are too feeble,
He's holding his own. —The Lafayette.
SEMPER IDEM.

"O, puella, cara mihi,
Me oportet te amare,
Quam ardens est mens amor!
Nonne licet osculari?"

"O quam vero malus, audax!
Semper putas sic cadem!
Tamen, si, mi male puer
Extingue, si vis, lampadem." — Williams Weekly.

Who roams the rooms and hallways through,
Inquisitive and verdant, too,
And pokes about for something new?
The Freshman.

Who thinks he sets a frightful pace,
And struts about with smugglish face;
As if he owned the whole d—— place?
The Sophomore.

Who sticks a pipe between his teeth
And thinks all others him beneath,
That wisdom doth his front bewreath?
The Junior.

Who silent stalks with somber brow
And thinks of when and even how
His Alma Mater he'll endow?
The Senior.

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Intercollegiate.

J. H. SEARS, Harvard, '89, recently gave a talk on foot ball at the
Colonial Club. He based his recommendations for next year's team on the work of the Yale team last season.

At Lehigh University there is only one time in the year when all the students assemble together. This is at the annual college "Smoker," when they sing college songs and watch indoor athletic contests.
The Yale freshmen crew have been excluded from the four-cornered freshmen race between Columbia, Harvard, Cornell, and University of Pennsylvania. Consequently they have arranged to row the University of Wisconsin.

In '91 the Harvard Athletic Association received, from subscriptions and memberships, $2,300.00. The sum thus realized last year was but $461.50.

The new swimming tank at Princeton is one hundred feet long, twenty feet wide, and seven deep.

There seems to be a new impetus given to literary work this winter. More interest than ever before is being taken in intercollegiate oratorical contests. Intercollegiate debates also are being announced with gratifying frequency.

The University of Pennsylvania spent $100,000 last year in the interest of field and track athletics, rowing, football and the various branches of sport in which the students are interested. The football receipts alone amounted to over $36,000.—Oberlin Review.

The following rule has been sent to the captains of the Yale athletic teams by the faculty: "No student is allowed to represent his class or the college in any athletic or musical organization as member, substitute or officer, if he is under discipline for irregularity in attendance or conduct, or under warning for low standing, or if his average mark for the previous term or half term was below 2.25."

However much foundation there was for the attacks of Caspar Whitney, on the purity of athletics in the universities of the West, their effect has been most salutary in arousing a desire to banish even that which may lead to an appearance of evil. It is probable that the views of James A. LeRoy, of the U. of M., as expressed in the University Magazine, will meet with hearty acceptance throughout the West generally. He deprecates "any temporizing with the mercenary element," and while he denies that "the Western college man is less upright than his Eastern brothers," he urges a meeting of representatives of the advisory or controlling athletic bodies of the various universities to formulate rules in the absence of a league."