The Kenyon Collegian.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF KENYON COLLEGE.

Board of Editors: CONSTANT SOUTHWORTH, '98, Editor-in-Chief.
G. S. Oliver, '99, Assistant Business Manager.

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Editorial.

It is with a peculiar mixture of feelings that we lay down the editorial pen after wielding it for the college year. Certainly there is a sense of relief, for the duties of the position are very arduous. But there is also a much deeper feeling of sadness, as of parting with an old friend. For a year we have had continually the interests and prospects of the paper closely before us, and such relations cannot be lightly discarded. And though we are confident that under the new board the future will be secure, yet the Collegian cannot pass from our control without our feeling some anxious solicitude. During the past year we have endeavored to improve the management and the substance of the paper, and in some respects, at least, we trust we have succeeded. And now we retire, leaving our failings and shortcomings to our, we hope, lenient readers.

But during the year past change has not been present in the Collegian alone. A President of the College has retired full of honors and another has taken his place. With the advent of a younger man the aspect of affairs here at Kenyon has changed; all runs smoothly at present, and the sky is bright for the future. Perhaps what has pleased us most and which is the best augur for the future, was the
unanimity of the election of President Peirce. The choice seems to have been providential, for no one could have been selected more energetic and able, or more in harmony with the trustees, alumni and faculty, or more popular with the student body. Only by such a happy election could concerted effort on the part of all be induced and future success be assured. Unfortunately, it seems to have been the fate of Kenyon in the past to be particularly hard upon her presidents when once installed. No one was more energetic than Dr. Tappan, no one more able than Dr. Bodine, no one was more progressive than Dr. Sterling. But the way in which these presidents were hampered and eventually opposed is a blot upon our history. Not one of them but was energetic, able and progressive, not one but was an honor to the College and to the country. As yet no adverse criticisms have been heard against the new administration, and, left alone, a new epoch for the College is at hand. The wisest of men make mistakes, but we should particularly remember that many so-called errors are but the far-reaching and beneficial efforts of a skillful mind, and only seem to be such by an ignorance, however necessary, of the facts. If we have true love for the dear old College at heart, or any justice or fairness in our disposition, we will keep this thought before us and check any tendency to find fault with the present administration, and will rather support it by every means in our power.

During the past month the board has suffered the loss of one of its most energetic members, Mr. R. L. Harris, who left college at the end of last term and has entered Bexley. The board loses in him a most easy and graceful writer, and one whose clear and accurate insight made his productions of more than casual interest. Although Mr. Harris has left the College, yet he is still with us, and has and will have the best wishes of the Collegian Board for his success and happiness in the calling of his choice.

The decision of the judges of the prize competition held by the Collegian was rendered early in the month, and to the general satisfaction of all. We regret that the contributions were not more numerous, nor of sufficient merit to warrant the assigning of all the prizes. That the prizes were liberal enough there can be no doubt, but there seems to be a deplorable lack of literary effort in Kenyon.
Yet, altogether, we are well satisfied with the experiment of offering cash rewards, and believe that in this way we were able to arouse what interest there was. As was stated at the outset, the selection to fill the next occurring vacancy upon the board would largely depend upon the comparative excellence of the work handed in. The first prize for story was awarded to C. C. Bubb, '99, and he has been elected to fill the vacancy left by Mr. Harris. Mr. Bubb has formerly written for the Collegian, and his work shows literary ability and care in its composition. These excellent qualities appear in a marked degree in the prize story, "Henry the Lion and Barbarossa," which is published in this issue. The board feels sure that Mr. Bubb will perform faithfully and well his new duties, and welcome him to their number.

It is a very great pity that we have not more "Kenyon" songs. With the exception of "Old Kenyon, Mother Dear," and a few songs written for special occasions and destined to die with the need that brought them forth, we have no songs that we can call our own. Harvard, Yale and other old institutions of learning have their songs, which long ago have become classic in the literature of college life. Why we have no distinctive college songs is hard to say. We cannot believe talent is lacking. It is not because we do not love music and songs. A visit to Gambier on any moonlight summer night during term time will convince the most skeptical that this is not the case. Why, then, can not some loyal and talented son of Kenyon write songs for us? Songs that will live on and on and warm and cheer the heart and fire the spirit of every man who owns Old Kenyon as his Alma Mater and make him fonder and prouder of her than he was before, and feel the kindly spirit that hovers over her halls.

Henry the Lion and Barbarossa.

[First Prize Story.]

C. C. Bubb.

After the guests had departed, Henry the Lion, sat almost alone in the large banquet hall, gazing moodily into the open fire and trying to decipher the fantastic pictures into which, according to his imagination, the whitening coals grouped themselves. He had
scarcely spoken to his son, Otto, who sat upon the floor near him, playfully pulling the ears of the large, great Dane, Herman, the privileged dog of the royal kennel. So deep in thought was the father that the boy at first believed him to be asleep, and desisted from his sport lest the good natured growls of the dog should disturb him. The flickering light of the fire threw the man’s figure into relief, which to the boy seemed to have grown older and more bent within the last few hours. Otto had arisen and was tip-toeing out of the hall when he was stopped by his father’s voice saying: “Otto, I wish to speak to thee.” The boy turned around and resumed his seat at the man’s side and waited for him to begin. After several moments of silence Henry spoke: “Otto,” he said, in a moody, half-sorrowful voice, “Otto, I fear that the time has come when even the Lion must feel some alarm. There is a period in the life of everyone after he hath grown old, when the mere rustling of a leaf or the falling of a feather will startle him. I have not spoken to you before concerning my thoughts, but everything seems to point to disaster. Didst thou not mark how the table heaved when the losses of the army in Italy were mentioned? I might bring to mind many omens which have come to me from time to time, but now I think that this is the greatest. Watch how that blazing log falls to pieces and that face near it seems to light up with an evil smile. Does not that countenance remind thee of Frederick Barbarossa, the usurper of your grandfather’s throne? That log signifieth our house. Otto, Otto, there is a sad day in store for us, I feel it in my soul. As that face seeks to destroy the log, so will Barbarossa endeavor to do mischief to us.” He relapsed into silence and the boy followed the direction of his eyes, looking in vain for the pictures in the fire. He could see nothing but dying embers, and with a smile turned to his father, saying, “Sir, it seemeth to me that thou art growing old and childish when thou believest that faces and houses are to be found in the coals. Pray, sir, cheer up, or else we shall have occasion for the leech, and if he come the result will be as my tutor, the Friar Ambrose, hath said, ‘Be careful not to fall into moodiness lest if the leech come he, by his artful practices and quackery, wheedle from the unknowing one the moneys that belong to the church.’” “I perceive that thy reverend tutor hath been displaying his avarice and is not content with my generous bounty. ‘From him that hath, the
same shall be taken away," said our Lord, so turn this wealth-desiring monk out of the house to-morrow. How knoweth he whether I have the melancholia or black bile, as my physician sayeth, or not? Cannot a man consult his own thoughts without having a shaveling or pill-roller interpret them wrongly! A pest on them all, I say! However, this is not of which I wish to speak. I learn that Barbarossa hath lately returned from Italy, where he hath had so many misfortunes, and these he sayeth are due to me, since I would not accompany him on his harebrained expedition. Now he hath sworn vengeance upon me and my family, and hath declared to his counselors that his fiefs shall pay for the losses he hath sustained. Frederick hath a large army, together with much influence, and if he choose to march against us we are powerless. One-half of my serfs are in sympathy with him, and had they the courage and opportunity they would desert to him. 'Twas but yesterweek when I had Gottlieb chastised; he threatened to report the same to Barbarossa and have me punished. Do you understand? Have me punished, me! Henry the Lion, son of Henry the Proud, the rightful king of Germany! 'Villain,' I replied, 'for these words thou shalt have thy tongue slit, that thou mayest know how to keep silence in the future.' The rascal escaped after his punishment and I doubt not that he hath gone to Barbarossa and informed against me. I care not. However, this much I say, if Barbarossa summon me, I shall beard the red fox in his hole. I am a Welf and shall allow no one to dictate to me. I can die but once, but before I do so I shall pluck out by the root every hair in his red beard.

He had gradually raised his voice to a shout, and his last words made the rafters ring. "Sir," entreated the boy, looking furtively around, "I pray you speak not so loud, for as Father Ambrose saith, 'Even walls have ears.'" "Thou art always prating of that old dotard and repeating his words to me," petulantly answered Henry, again raising his voice, "I tell thee once more, I shall pluck Barbarossa's beard and care not who hears me say it. I would say it even if Barbarossa himself and all his guards stood near!" At this moment the great Dane raised his head and gave forth a smothered growl. The man was unconscious of the interruption and continued his speaking. The boy glancing up quickly beheld in the farther end of the hall four soldiers fully armed and wearing the livery of Frederick Barbarossa. He
spoke to his father, who did not appear to hear him, but had resumed his occupation of gazing into the fire. The four soldiers advanced with heavy tread as far as Henry's chair, and one who seemed to be in authority, laid a gauntletted hand upon his shoulder. He turned his head slowly, as one dazed, but when he beheld the hated coat-of-arms that each man wore, he leaped out of his chair, shaking off the hand and stood at bay before the rascals of Barbarossa. His face flushed with anger, and in a voice of thunder, shaken by his passions, he demanded: "Serfs, what meaneth this? Dost thou not know, du Hund, that this is a private apartment and no slave shall enter without special permission?" "That may be, sir," replied the leader, "but my master and yours hath sent us here to demand your presence at court immediately." "What!" shouted Henry, "Art thou come here to insult me? My master! I tell thee, base-born villain, that I have no master except God and my own will. Tell thy master, the red one, that I, Henry, have said it. Not one step will I stir, and if the hairy dog wishes to see me, let him come here and beg my pleasure to hear him speak." "My master hath commanded, and thou and I must obey," doggedly replied the man. "Hast thou the effrontery to say 'thou' to me? Dost thou dare to tell me that any one giveth me commands? Out! vile catiffs, before I loose my temper and dignity, and so far forget myself as to lay my staff about your shoulders. Dost thou still refuse to depart? Then I shall have thee scourged and thrown out, that you may tell unto your master how Henry the Lion receives his commands. Ho! Rudolph, Fritz, Wilhelm, and all the rest of my faithful guard, come; rid me of these pestilent fellows. What alleth you; come, I say. Are you skulking in the corners? If you come not immediately I shall fetch you and teach you a lesson that I warrant will not soon be forgotten." He started to seek them, when he was restrained by the soldiers. "Call," jeered the leader, dropping his mask of humility, "shout until thy voice breaks, but they will hear thee not. Know that before we entered this room we secured thy guards, heavy with food and sleep, and now they sit below the ground in the dungeon, thou hast contrived for others." Henry's wrath broke forth anew. "Villains," he shouted, "do you attempt any such thing here? I shall run every one of you through with my blade." He made a movement toward his sword, but his arms at that
instant were pinioned and secured from behind by one of the soldiers. Then followed an ominous silence, like that during the intervals of a storm. Again Henry spoke, but it was in sarcastic and biting accents. "Methinks I know yonder fellow," said he, nodding in the direction of one of the men who had hitherto kept in the background. "Come forward, knave, and permit us to gaze upon thy comely countenance?" The man moved slowly toward him and stood in front of him. "What, Gottlieb, my faithful serf," exclaimed Henry in mock surprise. "One-half of my joy at seeing you again is taken away when I behold you wearing the livery of another. What good tidings hast thou to impart to us?" The man said nothing, but hung his head, keeping his eyes fixed on the floor. "Gottlieb, my dear, dear friend," continued Henry in cold cutting tones, "had I known how faithful thou wouldst have proved, I should have given thee a suitable reward before thou left me. Hast thou ever seen the iron shoes I keep for such as thou, such beautiful and comfortable shoes in which molten lead is poured over one's feet to keep away the bitter cold? Hast thou ever tasted of boiling oil? Dost thou know of the agony of having one's sight taken away and one's limbs broken joint by joint? All these things would have been as a reward for thee because thou wert a good and faithful serf."

The man's lower jaw dropped and his knees began to tremble from fright. Forgetting that he was no longer in Henry's power he fell at his feet and begged for mercy. The leader of the guards interposed and commanded the prostrate man to rise: "Knowest thou not, fool, that this man hath no say over thee now? Thou art under our gracious King Frederick. But," he continued, addressing Henry, "the king hath invited you to come to him." "Tell thy king that I refuse to go," answered Henry. "Sir, we were ordered to fetch you by force if you did not accept his gracious bidding." "I shall not go," he replied, between his teeth. "Then men, ye know what to do," commanded the leader, and suddenly seizing Henry, they lifted him from the ground and bore him toward the door. The great Dane, which had up to this time remained quiet, sprang upon one of the men, compelling him to release his hold upon Henry and defend himself. The dog had the best of the struggle until the other men came to their comrade's aid and dispatched the animal.
In the meantime the boy had slipped from the room unseen and had released the servants imprisoned in the keep. The noise of the serfs arming themselves alarmed Barbarossa’s men, and again, taking hold of Henry, conveyed him outside to the place where their horses were stationed. Mounting hastily they rode away with their captive, leaving their pursuers far behind. After hard riding and frequent changing of horses at the post-houses they came in sight of the royal Burg where Frederick Barbarossa was then holding his court. Leaving their prisoner in charge of the guard they went to king’s advisor to inform him of the success of their mission.

Frederick Barbarossa, arrayed in royal robes, sat upon his throne in the audience room of his castle, surrounded by his men-at-arms. In front of him, with hands still bound, stood Henry the Lion, surveying him with undisguised contempt. His name or that of his father did not belie him, for he stood erect and looked fearlessly into the face of the king. The latter, growing weary beneath the other’s searching glance, moved restlessly in his seat. After waiting some time for Henry to speak he began the conversation himself: “Welf,” he said, “I perceive that thou art not acquainted with kings since thou dost not do reverence to them when in their presence.” Henry said nothing in return, but continued to gaze at the king. “Welf,” inquired Frederick, “thou hast not lost thy tongue, hast thou? Formerly thou hadst much to say for thy self, but now thou art wholly silent. Come, tell us that thou art pleased to have the opportunity of visiting us.”

“I speak not when my hands are bound,” replied Henry, shortly. “Unbind him,” commanded the king to some of the men standing near. “It shall not be said by any one that I have been discourteous to my guests.” Henry’s hands were loosed and again the king addressed him: “Speak, now, Welf, thy hands are free.” “I speak not by command,” he answered, “but only when it pleaseth me.” Frederick’s eyebrows came together in a frown, and in a tone of surprise, exclaimed, “Oh! must I then entreat thee to talk to us? Perhaps I had better fall on my knees and beg a few words from thee?” “If thou did it would not be the first time that thou hast been on thy knees to me,” answered Henry. Frederick flushed with anger. “Be
careful, Welf," he warned, "forget not that thou art in my power, and
should use some discretion. Smooth words turn away wrath." "Smooth
words!" exclaimed Henry, hotly. "What have I to do with smooth
words when I bring to mind thy rough treatment. After the way in
which I was handled by thy men, dost thou think that I should not be
angry?" "Dost thou for one moment suppose that thou hast cause for
wrath at the manner in which thou wert brought here when thou re-
memberest how thou refusest to accompany me to Italy, and that by
thy refusal grievous disasters have overtaken me?" "I am in no way
responsible for those; I told thee that it was a foolish thing to attempt
the conquest of Italy," replied Henry. "I desire thee to make no
comments upon my actions, sir. It will suffice to say that I have been
unsuccessful and must have some recompense for my losses. Since by
thy stubborness I have suffered, thy lands shall pay the penalty.
Thou knowest that when a man hath disobeyed his lord, his fiefs are
forfeited, and by thy actions thou hast lost all title to the lands that
thou holdest as a gift from me."

"I hold a gift from thee! I say to thee that my ancestors held
my lands when thy tribe and ancestors wandered about in the woods
half naked and fed upon roots and acorns. Who made thee king?
Where got thou the authority to dictate to me? I am the rightful
bearer of that scepter which thou holdest and my place is the throne
upon which thou art now sitting. My forefathers were rulers in this
land when thine were swineherds. Thou art the descendant of a
swineherd and fit only for the company of pigs."

"Welf," replied the King, purple with rage, "whelp thy art in
name and whelp by nature, and now Frederick shall show thee how
he deals with whelps." Rising from his throne he strode towards him
and struck him across the face with his open hand. Instantly one
of Henry's hands shot forth as an arrow from a bow and grasped
the beard of Barbarossa. With a sudden twist he brought the King
to his knees before him. The courtiers hurried to their master's
assistance and endeavored to free him from his assailant. Henry, in
spite of their efforts, still kept his hold, and spoke in his well-known
cold and sarcastic tones: "Waiblinger, thou perceivest that many a
true word is spoken in jest, for thou art on thy knees at my feet as
thou wert in days past. I promised myself this pleasure when thy
men bound me in my own house, and now my revenge is sweet. I have thee at my mercy and shall wring groans and tears from thee. Groan, slave, for thou art my slave now, and show these puppets of thine that thou art but a man, and a cowardly one at that." With every word he wrenched the beard, which action brought tears to Barbarossa's eyes and smothered groans to his lips. "I have had enough of this sport," he continued, "get thee out of my sight." With these words he flung the King from him, still keeping hold of his beard, a handful of which remained in his possession. Some of the courtiers assisted the King to rise, while others secured Henry.

Barbarossa, standing before him, trembling with passion and pain, his chin red, his beard bloody, spoke his sentence: "Welf, for this deed of thine thou shalt suffer all the tortures that devilish ingenuity can devise; not only thou, but all thy family, whom I shall hunt down and drive from their holes like rats, and I shall show as much pity to them as I would to a family of serpents."

"I have a son," replied Henry, "who will show thee that the spirit and courage of the Welfs still live, and to chastise whom I think that thou wilt have much labor."

"I care no longer to speak to thee. Guards, remove your prisoner," commanded the King.

The soldiers surrounded Henry and forced him towards the door. When on the threshold he turned around and beheld the King standing like a statue, with arm outstretched pointing towards the door, a stern look on his face, the blood falling drop by drop from his chin and staining his silken robe. The courtiers standing about him were awed, and so deep was the silence that the beating of their hearts could almost be heard at the farther end of the room.

Bestowing one more sneer upon the King, and holding up the tuft of beard, Henry disappeared through the doorway and was no more seen.

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What followed and what became of Henry is fully related in history.
A Bachelor's Reverie.

[SECOND PRIZE POEM.]

E. F. Bigler.

SHE stands before me now in wondrous beauty,
She treads in majesty, the golden brightness
Around her queenly head the rainbow's tints are gleaming;
Mid those dark flowing tresses, see, the loves are flitting;
From her proud eyes the morning star of life is beaming.
Glad in her sight, I breathe in being beyond seeming,
She approaches! Oh, golden dream!

I bend in adoration while the vision hovers,
While a sweet, ethereal music
Rising, sinking, swelling, blending,
Pills the sky and air about her.
Fairy voices, choiring, sing her praises,
Fairy tongues, responding, call her blessed.
Who could look and listen and not love her?

A Reverie.

[PRIZE THER.

W. M. Smodels.

IT WAS a weird and darksome night. The waning moon, now
peeping from behind the gloomy clouds, now hiding as if ashamed
to show its pale face, was sending fantastic shades of light and shadow
flitting across Gambier Hill.

I, an enchanted witness of this dramatic scene, was walking in
the vicinity of the church. Eagerly—as a true child of nature—I was
drinking in all her wonders, and in a meditative mood was a charmed
victim of the irresistible influences of my surroundings.

From time to time my mind ran in strange and inexplicable chan-
nels, I heard the wind mourning among the leafless branches, and I
thought perhaps some disembodied spirit was seeking a lost brother at this midnight hour and in vain was calling and mourning.

Now and again a ray of yellow light, stealing its way through the clouds, would seek the chapel tower and illuminate the golden cross in a manner very mystical and strange; and then, gently withdrawing its affectionate embrace, after one lingering caress, would leave the cross and tower in dark and bold relief against the dreary sky. Then I thought of Calvary's cross-crowned hill and of the awfulness of that noontide darkness.

Presently, through the supernatural stillness and melancholy of the night, sounded the solemn cadence of the chimes, echoing and re-echoing within the vine-bound tower, and then flying with swift and stately flight over the valleys and around the hills, borne on the four wings of the night. Instinctively I murmured the words of the chimes—

"Lord, in this hour
Be thou our guide,
That by thy power
No foot may slide."

I had often whispered this prayer in the daytime, but there was something new and strange about these melodious notes in this weird and solemn hour. And it seemed to me that the echoing hills responded, clear, and yet subdued, "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved. He that keepeth thee will not slumber."

Yes, often I had heard the old bells chime! Every phase was familiar to me, and many times my heart had been thrilled by the power of their sweet harmony. Yet never before was my soul stirred by them with such solemn, such holy joy.

Reverently I bowed my head, while the clock, unheeded, proclaimed the advent of a new day. The last stroke sounded clear and resonant—the reverberation died away in the midnight stillness. There was a moment of deepest silence, then the moon wrapped itself in the folds of a passing cloud, and the spirit renewed its searchings and sobbings in the naked trees.
An Entreaty and Its Answer.

Dear Father:
Roses are red, violets are blue,
Send me fifty; I love you.

Dear Son:
Some roses are red, others are pink;
Enclosed find fifty, I don't think.

English Lectures.

Prof. W. F. Guthrie delivered three lectures on Spencer, Marlowe, and Jonson, respectively, in Philo Hall, under the direction of the English Department, January 21, 22 and 23. Attendance on these lectures was compulsory for the two upper classes, but many of the other classes and of the townspeople and Harcourt were also present. The lectures were excellent, and were delivered by Prof. Guthrie in a very easy and entertaining manner, synopsises of which are given below:

Spencer.

Spencer was an anachroism, his ideas were beyond his age, making him unique among the sixteenth century writers. But to him we must give the credit of a great work, that of definitely settling and forming English verse. Before his time it was crude in the extreme. To understand the resulting form with all its elegance and artificially, we must know the man and understand the time. The age was one of show, and Spencer was fond of pagentry in life and literature. The age was one artificiality, and Spencer fond of the artificial. His works do not want a certain glow and warmth, but it is that of imagination, not of experience. Spencer is not sensual, but sensuous, and herein lies the key to his writings, and by it, perhaps, we are able to appreciate the richness and vividness of his coloring and action.
He can tell a tale, and loves to describe a landscape, but has no appreciation of the sublime. In his descriptions it is noticable that he does not like wide, baren expanses, forests or caves; in fact, he seems afraid of them, and is uncomfortable at their mention. There is a singular lack of passion in his works, no hurry in description or in action. He was fond of sermonizing, was sometimes inconsistent, and felt it.

Petrach wrote to be great, Dante to express his soul, but Spencer wrote to charm. To the people of the times in which he lived, he was so, and is so still to many. The language in which he wrote was never spoken. He was fond of the quaint old style, and developed it for his use. In all his works there appears the dominant thought that the work must be beautiful first and primarily, and originality could come second. Hence his large plagerism, and his liberal, even to the extent of whole stanzas, and almost literal, translations from authors whom he admired. He seems to have had no sense of propriety in this respect.

Spencer's life work was his "Fairy Queen." It must be read in sympathy to be appreciated; the reader must feel what he reads. There is an ideal time for reading it: a beautiful spring day, a cool, solitary spot, and a good cigar.

Some of his sonnets are very pretty, but fail sadly in comparison with those to Astrophel and Stella, or with those of Shakespeare.

His hymns, though little known, are in some respects his best works. To-day, Spencer is almost dead, but he will always be read by some, and to such he will always furnish a restful and delightful study in moments of leisure.

MARLOWE.

Marlowe was the natural result of Protestantism and of its disregard for old, set forms. He was the Byron of the sixteenth century, and, like him, had no care for any distention he might cause, like him might be generous or bitter, and like him had many enemies. Like Spencer, too, he was a lover of sensuous, not sensual, things, and there is in his works a richness and extravagance which to us becomes wearisome. Also, there is an ever present sense of the transitional nature of things. He feels that on this earth the soul is hampered, and there is an indefinite and vague yearning after a freer atmosphere.
There is a feeling of lack of appreciation, of a desire for the unattainable. This seems to have been a part of Marlowe's nature, and we find in all his works but different phases of this thought, and all his characters are but different sides of the same Marlowe. It is noticeable that Marlowe could not portray women well, and rarely introduces them.

Marlowe is called the father of the English tragedy, and indeed he did write the first tragedy worthy of the name. But he was primarily a poet. He was the father, rather, of blank verse. Under him first the language became flexible. As in our day the novel is the only way to reach the reading public, so in his day the tragedy was the only means for expressing one's self, hence he wrote tragedies.

Of his plays the "Dido" is the poorest and least like him. "Tam-burlaine," "Dr. Faustus," "The Jew of Malta" and "Edward II." are typical in showing the different ways in which he developed the above-mentioned feeling of striving after the unattainable.

There are powerful passages in Marlowe, but one cannot make any large selections from him. He must be read for pleasure, in a sympathetic mood, and without too much comparison with this world.

BEN JONSON.

The contrast between Ben Jonson and Shakespeare is very great, and on that account a helpful study for the comprehension of the latter. We are compelled to admire Jonson, though repelled by his arrogance and pride, because he is so manly and fearless. He never abandons his object, and feels always his abilities, hence never carries away his reader. He stands alone, Ben Jonson, then and always. He wants to be Jonson. He produced poetry by force of might; he believed a poet made as well as born. The poet has a childlike imagination. Lacking this, he could not appreciate the staging of the plays of the day. Hence he selected a style of play adapted to the limitations of his stage, and of course they lacked interest. He had historical sense to the extreme. He was an obstinate joker, forcing a full explanation upon his hearers, and made a standard to suit himself. He had no aesthetic sense, but a didactic, practical mind, and was truthful and honest. He never viewed men with sympathy. Characters were to him clothes of the soul, and were treated as a mask, a
representation. His pictures are one-sided, silhouettes. His was a microscopic mind and portrayed characteristics, not men. Marlowe was a poet, Ben Jonson a satirist. His comedies are without sympathy or laughter, and his tragedies without pathos or passion. Moliere loved his characters; Jonson points at morals, but he fails to instruct because he is a poor painter. He is always correct and was a plot writer of great ingenuity.

He was never popular until he was old enough to patronize without giving offense. He admired himself very much, but, such is the inconsistency of character, loved Shakespeare while realizing him as vastly his superior.

The Harcourt Play.

On Saturday evening, February 13th, a farce of John Kendrick Bangs entitled, "The Fatal Message," was presented in the Harcourt Gymnasium, under the able management of Miss Plympton and Mr. Hathaway. The parts were equally divided among the young ladies of Harcourt and the College students. For several weeks lovers of amateur theatricals had been looking forward to the play, and now, that it is over, we can say it certainly surpassed the expectations of everyone. A large and appreciative audience was in attendance, composed of the townspeople, College students, and cadets.

The cast was as follows:

Mr. Thaddeus Perkins.......................... Mr. Hathaway
A literary man with no time for amateur dramatics.

Mrs. Thaddeus Perkins.......................... Miss Rust
Daft on amateur dramatics. Cast for Lady Ellen.

Mr. Robert Yardsley.......................... Mr. Stanberry
Cast as Henry Cobb. Amateur Stage Manager.

Mr. Edward Bradley.......................... Mr. Dimon
An Understudy.

Mrs. Edward Bradley.......................... Miss Wallis
Cast for Lady Amaranth.

Miss Andrews.................................. Miss Atwater
Cast for Maid.

Mr. Barlow.................................. Mr. Harris
Cast for Fenderson Featherhead.

Jennie........................................ Miss Barkdull
A Waitress in the Perkin's Home.

Mr. Henderson................................ An Absentee.
The scene is laid in the library of the Perkin's Mansion. It represents the last rehearsal on the afternoon before the performance.

The stage erected for the purpose was very prettily decorated in the Harcourt colors, making it indeed a "dream of loveliness." The time of the farce is the present. Mr. Perkins is forced to yield to his wife and friends and allow his library to be used as a stage. Henderson is compelled to throw up his part on account of the death of his grandmother. Yardsley telegraphs Bradley asking him to take the part, but in sending the message the operator mistakes Henderson for Fenderson and therefore Barlow and Bradley learn the same lines. Complications arise at the rehearsal and the farce ends with Perkins being instructed to learn the part, on account of his fondness for giving advice. The play on words throughout is very good.

All agreed that the acting of Miss Rust and Mr. Hathaway was very excellent, showing real dramatic talent. Miss Wallis and Messrs. Stanberry and Harris were also very good in their parts as Mrs. Bradley, Yardsley and Barlow, respectively. Especially Mr. Harris in his rendering of the two characters. Miss Atwater, Miss Barkdull, and Mr. Dimon were also very natural in their parts. In fact, the acting was so excellent that it is hard to make any discrimination. The evening closed with an informal dance which all enjoyed. The affair was a great success and will be remembered as one of the pleasantest events of the long winter months.—T. E. H.

The Billiard and Pool Association.

In our last number we mentioned editorially, the formation of the Kenyon Billiard and Pool Association. Inasmuch as the expenditure of quite considerable sums would be necessary, it was deemed advisable to form a regularly incorporated stock company. A limited number of shares have been issued and the Club is now in running order. Very reasonable terms having been obtained from Mr. F. H. Smith for his entire equipment, it was purchased and transferred to Old Kenyon. Thanks to the kindness of the Faculty, the northern half of the basement under the east wing has been assigned for the use of the Association. This room has a firm concrete floor, and is easily kept warm and dry. There are three large windows which
admit plenty of light by day, and the walls are ranged with lamps which light the room brilliantly in the evening. The equipment consists of two billiard tables with their accompanying sets of ivory balls, one pool table with its set of balls, some two dozen cues, etc. The tables have been recovered and are in excellent condition, and there are sufficient generally to enable all that are present at one time to play.

A meeting of the Association was held January 22, and after the adoption of the constitution, the following officers were elected: Trustees, Commins, Harris, Sawyer; President, Stanberry, P. B.; Floor Director, Morse; Secretary, Clarke; Treasurer, Southworth, C.; the four last named constituting the House Committee.

Thus far everything has progressed as smoothly as could be desired. The money subscribed is being promptly paid, and already two-thirds of the bill for the tables have been paid. The interested work of Morse as floor director deserves particular praise for he is efficiently filling a very difficult position. That the interest of the student body generally in the Association is large can be readily seen from the number and rapid transfers of stock since the tables were set up. At last we are the proud possessors of a very well appointed billiard and pool room, and there is every reason to believe that it will prove itself beneficial to the College as well as to the individual members.

The Dramatic Club.

THE Dramatic Club has been laboring against the greatest odds this year, not on account of the lack of talent so much as from the shortsightedness of last year's organization in not having trained an assistant who should organize the work for this season. It is a great mistake in any student organization to have each year a Club in name only, to get on its feet as best it may. The management has thought best to postpone the minstrel show till later in the year, and to give a high class dramatic entertainment for March 2d, instead. The stage managership has been placed in the hands of Mr. Hathaway, whose theatrical experience fits him particularly for this position. Two farces which give room for plenty of good acting have been selected,
The young ladies from Harcourt will take part in the dramatic program, which will add much to the performance. Selections by the Mandolin Club interspersed with quartette and chorus singing, under the direction of Mr. Thornbery, will constitute the musical portion of the program.

The plans for the Commencement entertainment have not been settled upon but will be fully equal to the show of last year.

Prize Awards.

The prizes offered by the Collegian for the best original compositions of prose and verse in the below mentioned classes were awarded February 4th, in the following order:

First prize, for short story—$10.00
C. C. Babb
Second prize, for same—$6.00
W. M. Sidner
Second prize, poem—$2.00
E. F. Bigler
First prize, theme—$3.00
W. M. Sidner
First prize, squib—$2.00
W. H. Clarke

It was decided that no productions were presented of sufficient merit to receive the first prize for poem ($5.00) or the third prize for story ($2.00), which prizes, accordingly, were not awarded. The Collegian tenders its thanks to Professors Streibert, Ames and Green for their kind services as judges.

Alumni Notes.

The Rev. Wyllis Hall, D. D., class of 1858, has resigned the rectorship of All Saints Parish, Pasadena, Cal.

'62-ex. Geo. W. Shanklin, for many years editor of the Evansville (Ind.) Courier, died Saturday, Feb. 6, 1897. Mr. Shanklin and his brother attended Kenyon through their junior years.

'75. The Rev. W. W. Taylor, of Hastings, Mich., has accepted the appointment as chaplain of the Episcopal Hospital in Philadelphia. This is the third call to this position that Mr. Taylor has received.
'84 F. T. A. Junkin, of New York, spent a few days in Gambier visiting his sister, Mrs. Lawrence Rust, about Jan. 26th. Mr. Junkin is secretary of the Kenyon Alumni Association of the East, and is actively interested in the welfare of the College.

'98-ex. Frank Cornwell visited friends in the College Feb. 6th and 7th. Mr. Cornwell was accompanied by a friend, Mr. Weiderman, '95 of the University of Michigan.

The committee appointed at the last meeting of the Northern Ohio Alumni Association of Kenyon College to prepare minutes upon the death of three of her warmest friends, has made its report. The tributes were to the memory of the Hon. Columbus Delano, LL.D., of Mt. Vernon; W. J. Scott, M. D., of Cleveland, and S. Jay Patrick, Esq., of Norwalk. The committee consisted of the Bishop of Ohio, Professor E. C. Benson, LL.D., and Mr. Frank Sawyer, Jr. Following are the minutes as they will go upon the records:

**HON. COLUMBUS DELANO.**

"As alumni and students of Kenyon College, we wish to record, as far as words can do so, our sense of the loss sustained by our dear college in the death of Hon. Columbus Delano, LL.D., a man who, for fifty years and over, bore the interests of the College on his heart. We ever recognized the faithful love he bore her, the unshrinking zeal he ever showed in advancing her interests by every means in his power. His brain, his judgment and his purse were ever at her service when her times of need depressed her or when opportunities for her advancement offered themselves. He was a good man and an able one, and we as Kenyon men glory in having had him as a friend of our College. Our sympathy goes to his wife and children in their sorrow."

**DR. W. J. SCOTT.**

"In the death of Dr. W. J. Scott, of Cleveland, the Alumni Association of Kenyon College has lost one of its oldest members and one of its most faithful friends. He was with us at our last banquet, and we recall his kind and genial manner and his cordial welcome. Dr. Scott was prominent in his profession; he held a high place among scientists and medical men. He was an excellent citizen of Cleveland.
and a broad-minded Christian gentleman. We sincerely proffer this tribute to his memory, because 'Old Kenyon' has lost one of her loyal and honored sons. In accepting this minute, we desire its record on our books and a copy sent to Dr. Scott's family."

S. Jay Patrick, Esq.

"The Kenyon Alumni Association of Northern Ohio desires to place on record the sense of loss that has fallen upon its members, and more especially on those who were in college in the days of '45 to '50, by the death of S. Jay Patrick, Esq. To them he was a genial companion and a good friend, on whose sympathies all students could rest. He was a bright student and an excellent member of the Literary Society, to which he belonged and of which he was a devoted member. We who knew him then can well realize what his death must be to those most nearly connected with him. We can understand the gap his departure has made in the home circle, and we deeply grieve with his wife and children in their loss. We recommend that this note be inserted in the minutes of this Association, and that a copy be sent to his family."

The News.

A very pleasant informal dance was given by the college men in Rosse Hall, February 6.

The college orchestra has been reorganized and strengthened by the addition of several new pieces.

Mrs. Ingham, wife of Prof. L. H. Ingham, has been seriously ill with pneumonia for some time. We are glad to report a steady improvement.

A number of college men have organized a dancing class, under the direction of Miss Condit, and are preparing themselves for the Junior Prom.

The Rev. A. L. Frazer, of Youngstown, Ohio, preached two very able sermons to the students, Sunday, January 31. Mr. Frazer is the third of the college preachers.
W. H. Samburg, who was taken sick at the beginning of the term, is now able to resume his studies.

Invitations for the Junior Promenade have been received and all preparations for the event have been completed. This will be the first promenade held in Rosse Hall, and is anticipated with much pleasure and interest.

Mr. W. W. Myers, of Cincinnati, made an over Sunday visit with his son, J. B. Myers.

The Lecture Course Committee have arranged lectures for the following dates: February 24, Dr. Geo. C. S. S. Southworth, "An Age of Mystery;" March 17, Prof. C. L. Edwards, "Impressionist Views of Mexico." It is the committee's plan to have, eventually, four more lectures.

During the cold weather the last part of January the coasting was exceedingly good, and was thoroughly appreciated by large numbers of the students both of the college and of Harcourt.

Thursday afternoon, January 21, Iota Chapter of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity, gave a very pleasant reception to their young lady friends of Harcourt in their rooms in the College.

At a meeting of the Assembly, Feb. 4, Commins, '97, was elected to fill the vacancy in the Executive Committee caused by the resignation of Southworth, '98. At the same meeting Clarke, '98, and Conger, '99, were appointed, with Capt. Jenkins, as a Committee on Coach for next fall.

Monday evening, February 8, Chi Chapter of the Delta Tau Delta Fraternity, gave a dance at the Kenyon House. The rooms were very prettily decorated, and the dancing floor in excellent condition. Thanks to the kindness of Mrs. Hills, the young ladies of Harcourt were allowed to attend, and the evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Scott Stewart, who has coached our foot ball team for two seasons, is paying a visit to his Gambier friends. He expects to remain until the Junior Promenade.

Mr. Joseph B. Benson, of Chicago, visited his father, Dr. E. C. Benson, for a few days last month.

Sunday evening, February 21, Archdeacon Cadwell, of Tennessee, spoke in the college chapel in regard to the work of the Church among the colored people of the South. In speaking of the manner in which our slaves were freed, as a military measure, and not as had been
done by some other nations, he showed that freedom without education was a harm to the blacks rather than a blessing. The Church, until recently, has done nothing for them but is now waking up to its duty. At present the ignorance of these people is profound, and there are only a few church schools, and but two church colleges for their education. But they are not as ignorant as they were some years ago, and the need of an educated clergy is now very great. That all agree in acknowledging the necessity of some kind of an education, is shown by the fifty millions voted by the whites of the South for that purpose. During the last year the Church, in general convention, voted seventy thousand dollars as a suitable sum to be given by churchmen toward this work. But on the basis of the last census, this is but one cent per individual. Archdeacon Cadwell closed by an earnest appeal for funds. The address was simple, earnest and effective, interesting many in this noble work.

College Verse.

'TIS not true the "pig-skin" chaser
Likes the company of hogs,
Or that he who seeks a "Frankfort"
Must be going to the dogs. —University Clinic.

A record is the athlete's goal,
He struggles hard to make it;
But when it's made, he turns around
And straightway tries to break it. —The Tack.

'Twas a Boston maid I was calling on,
And I thought I'd put up a bluff;
So I spoke of Latin poetry,
For I knew she liked such stuff.

But she wasn't so slow as you might suppose,
In spite of her learning immense,
When I asked what Latin poem
Best expressed her sentiments.

For that Boston maid, who in classic shade,
Was supposed to defy Love's charms,
Just hung her head and demurely said:
"I sing of men and of arms." —Ex.
"Why look you so intently?"
She asked in accents terse.
"I love to scan your perfect form."
Quoth she, "I'm not averse!"
—Ex.

CUT IT SHORT.
When you write a merry jest,
Cut it short;
It will be too long at best—
Cut it short;
Life is brief and full of care;
Editors don't like to swear;
Treat your poem like your hair—
Cut it short.
—The Brunonian.

APPLIED MATHEMATICS.
"My daughter," and his voice was stern,
"You must set this matter right;
What time did the Sophomore leave,
Who sent in his card last night?"

"His work was pressing father dear,
And his love for it was great;
He took his leave and went away
Before a quarter of eight."

Then a twinkle came to her bright blue bye,
And her dimple deeper grew.
"'Tis surely no sin to tell him that,
For a quarter of eight is two."
—Lehigh Burr.