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The Collegian.

Devoted to the Interests of Kenyon College.

VOL. XV.

OCTOBER, 1888.

NO. 4.

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VIEW LOOKING TOWARDS THE COLLEGE CHAPEL.

The Collegian.

Devoted to the Interests of Kenyon College.

VOL. XV.

GAMBIER, O., OCTOBER, 1888.

No. 4.

EDITORS:

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All communications, contributions, and other matter for publication should be sent to H. J. Eberth, Editor in Chief.

Business letters should be addressed, and all bills made payable to D. F. Kronacher, Business Manager.

TERMS, \$1.00 PER YEAR, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

Editorials.

WE would advise our subscribers to pay their dues at the outset and thus avoid the great rush which is sure to come when this first number shall have made its appearance. We can furnish a limited number only of copies and those are upon a cash basis.

* * *

WE are in receipt of an article that has fire in it, real fire. It is a scorcher and is intended as a rebuke to certain small minded young fellows who refuse to subscribe for the COLLEGIAN. The article is really and truly a picturesque one; imagery and forcible expressions, glowing with the fervor of an intense and brilliant mind. We will not publish it yet, in order to give the offenders a chance to come around and give us their names. But should we be driven to the necessity of publication, we promise our readers a treat; and our enemies a warm entertainment.

THE different institutions have opened very auspiciously for the coming year. The incoming freshman class is of a character which speaks well for the peace of Gambier and for the safety of the damage deposit. It has been a sight worthy of our deepest admiration to see how magnificently and how grandly some classes could spend the money furnished by the others. But this year we hope for better and manlier action among the students of Kenyon. The Military Academy and its management are a match for any boy, and it has reached a point where comparisons cease to compare. We dare not speak of improvement where perfection is involved else would we venture a word with reference to Harcourt. Here we must stop; yet we would venture the wish that there may be a total absence of unfortunate complexities, and that the year may be marked by no misdemeanor on the part of any Freshman.

* * *

WE begin with this number a new year, although not a new volume. We are therefore refreshed and encouraged. Our freshness will appear from our columns, as will also our courage. Those qualities are our pride and our mainstay. However, as we have remarked, the beginning does not presage the end. It is a feeling of gone-ness in the treasury which heralds the coming end. Not having a treasury, we can have no end, for there is no beginning, which is all logical and thinkable. Our faults have been pointed out to us several times, dear reader. Our mathematical editor says they could be gotten rid of by substitution, if that were only possible; our chemical editor says that arsenic would be the best reducing agent; but experience speaks with a voice unmistakably firm and

says that faults must cure themselves. No drug however bitter can perform the natural function. And so, dear reader, if you will bear with us for a while, we shall endeavor to meet your strictest requirements.

A DREAM WITH A SLIGHT TINGE OF REALITY.

I FELT strangely sad and depressed one memorable eve not long ago. I sought in vain for the mysterious influence among the things around me. The seasons were whirling rapidly around; summer had come and gone and had left in its passage the odor of roses and sweet jessamine. (Jessamine doesn't grow anywhere near, but its odor was left just the same; it was the basest kind of a smell—saying, summer has vanished among the labyrinths of the past, and autumn had come, queen of colors and natural beauty. I saw the faded yellow which poets call the sheen of gold; I saw the chestnut, the deeper brown, the glimpse of red and orange, the low-lying green and dewey emerald; I saw them all and read in my poetic heart the tales which each calls forth. I thought of battlefields stained with the blood of heroes. I thought of old and musty tapestry which had soothed the eyes and touch of monarchs in their princely houses. I thought fondly of the kingly metal which lies so deep in the earth beneath us. I thought of heroines whose far-famed locks like those of good Queen Bess were immortalized in verse and in the milk-white charger. And I thought of the carpet of green and of the Freshmen; and of the cow who had chased the Freshman now become a Junior. But even all this could not make me sad. There was a deeper and more secret cause; and as I sat and pondered, amazed and lost in the desert of thought, a fairy threw a spell over me, and behold, a strange and wonderful scene opened before my eyes. I stood then within a considerable space enclosed within a hedge. The hedge was green, I noticed,

and I saw with horror that there was a barbed wire stretched along the top of the hedge, and the wire here and there had clung fondly to the apparel which had come in contact with it; so that it looked like a back-yard clothes-line in a washwoman's establishment. This sight reminded me so vividly of the grosser world that I had left that the spell was nearly broken. I recovered, however, and now directed my attention more closely to the scene before me. A large and spacious building towered up before me, whose windows were all aglow with the light of a hundred chandeliers. The building seemed to be noble in design and beautiful in architecture; but there was also something degraded and low about it. From the open windows streamed forth a blinding flood of light and hold! I have it, the *odor of jessamine* which I had smelled. Shortly thereafter I was ushered into the scenes of revelry and splendor by a page, dressed in the fashion of "ye olden time," gaiters and hose with ringlets of hair of a gaudy gory hue and cheeks to match, there to behold a gorgeous scene.

A group of persons in fantastic attire were chasing away the hour(i)s with flying feet. The mural decorations, the music and flowers would fain have chained my enraptured gaze, but I was hastened on to be in turn presented to the centre of all attractions, in whose lily-white hands repose the fate of the millions. Her cheeks wore the roseate bloom, not of youth, a smile bland but deceptive, a Lucifer in disguise. There she stood in all her regal splendor, surrounded by the chivalry of a nation, heaping upon her icy highness their gifts of frankincense and myrrh. Her costume, rich and rare, displayed the Venus-like figure of a second "*She*."

Standing there amid all the pomp and luxury of her sanctum, arrayed in her tights of delicate tints, she is the admired of all admirers. Never has mortal eyes before beheld such a perfection of symmetry of mould. But she, notwithstanding, was not absolute perfection. In her immediate

vicinity all was frigid and inhospitable. The atmosphere was chilled—a centigrade thermometer registered —273°. Remarks she had none, save a single sentence displaying vividly her only fault, being: “I am prepared to hear anything you have to say,” uttered in a harsh, rough voice, resembling the rasping of a file.

With the greatest difficulty could I bring myself to cast my eyes away from such an enchanting and delusive scene, but when finally I did accomplish this, they were again riveted on scenes scarcely less bewitching.

Standing on one side of the palatial apartment, under bowers of all imaginable tropical vegetation, was an entire family, father, mother and children.

A family of such rare beauty never existed even among the gods. The father, a perfect Apollo; the mother, a Venus; and about them clinging their progeny, ranging from blushing maidenhood to the harmless, prattling infant with its trundling wagon and miniature doll—all showing that ideal harmony and concord so seldom, if ever, seen.

Flitting here and there at beck and call, were pages displaying their perfectly moulded limbs, whose every curve bespoke strength, grace and agility. Two, only, of all the number could prove an exception in any way to the general beauty; one of a tremulous voice as she chanted some heavenly anthems, and the other, younger in years, but had whose hair been of a darker shade would have been an admirable parlor match. Turning around, I asked wildly: “Tell me, O pray thee, where doth this young page keep its heart?” And my whispered response was: “A comely youth, now departed these scenes, doth guard it as his own.”

The presence of these exceptions but heightened the appreciations of the rest.

The discipline and order was such as could well be envied, all being under the eagle-eye of an officer in full military uniform, stalking to and fro, whose stature,

that of a Hercules, evinced, in its arched back, the endless trials undergone by it in the advancement of humanity.

Glancing about to see new wonders, my attention was attracted by an advancing *something* only imperfectly seen, as yet, in the distance. My first impression was, that in this strange place feet might meander aimlessly about the corridors, of such gigantic size were the pedal extremities, but upon a nearer view, distinguished an accompanying figure clad in full evening dress, calmly smoking, with all masculine ease and grace, a cigarette.

My head swam, my senses reeled, I gasped for breath. I said: “Surely it hails from Chicago?” “Hush,” was answered, “those were modeled after the ark that came to Mons Ararat in the land of the Arab.” I subsided as did the flood in the long ago, and held my peace as I before had held my breath.

The vision passed slowly away and then followed throngs, some dressed like the leaders, but the vast majority like the convention of the sex, beings too ethereal for this earth, and must, I thought, surely inhabit other worlds.

The destination of all was the scene of the banquet, or rather refreshments, where beer and pretzels abounded. And here a ludicrous scene was thrust upon me. The figure so remarkable, so beautiful, so icy-cold, which had left the ball room early had retired to the refreshment room, and was now completely in the grasp of Bacchus, beamingly hilarious.

Suddenly, with all the rapidity of a dream, the scenes were shifted and I stood before a mighty stage, whose surface was bedecked with glittering costumed figures covered with jewels, precious, rare and costly.

A ballet such as even the wildest imagination could but imperfectly picture—Ye Gods!! What language could express it?

Figures seeming to float through figures intricate and complex, with angelic ease,

with perfect unanimity of action, the very essence of poetic motion.

But such transports of delight and pleasure were doomed to be but of short duration. "Oh! ever thus from childhood's hour." While I was enjoying the emotions of bliss awakened in my breast by their very presence, I was rudely torn from the scenes of such heavenly contentment and found myself, not in regions such as these, but in a college room, thankful for mere existence, but with the same feelings of despondency and gloom; the same experience of pain and displeasure.

HAZING.

Hazing! hazing! What is hazing?

Will you tell me what is hazing?

"Oh! hazing is a racket raising,
And the fun is great, amazing."

"We get a fellow and we craze him,
Then we scratch, and bruise and graze him.
If he's gentle we amaze him.
And if he fights, then we praise him."

"Ah! there is great fun in hazing,
And oft' we pause, laughing, gazing
To hear the fellow we are crazing
Use some bad and wicked phrasing."

Thus spoke bully, big and brawny,
Biceps strong, hands large and horny.
In his class he was a sorney.
A sneak, a coward and a fawney.

I looked upon the fellow's leer
And thought that he would laugh and jeer,
As some poor wretch in pain and fear
Would utter words which he could peer,
And said if he its leader be
That hazing would not do for me.

FRIENDSHIP.

There are some friends we value much,
Because they make us feel at home;
Their hand-clasp does reveal the touch
Of sympathy for those who roam.

And those who roam have for such friends
A friendship which no words can tell,
But down upon the heart descends
Home feeling to reveal the spell.

HE GET AWAY?

NIGHT had cast her sable shadow over the earth and all lay wrapt in gloom. No sound disturbed the peacefulness of the scene, and all was dark and still as though a pestilence had swept over the place and left it deserted by man and beast. But hush! was that not a sound like the stealthy steps of a man? Behold, from the eastern wing of the old castle a form glides forth with scarcely more noise than made by the ghost of Hamlet's father. Gliding in and out, keeping in the shadows of the trees and castle walls, it advances as though endeavoring to escape observation. Who, and what is it? A criminal? Has he just come from the scene of a murder, his hands stained with the blood of his innocent victim, or has he just robbed the county treasury, and is he now trying to escape to Canada? No, he is guilty of a far greater and more heinous crime. He is a *Freshman*. Gentle reader, judge him not too severely, he has yet time to reform and may become a *man*.

This is the night of the great battle between the Sophomores and the Freshmen, and he is seeking to join his depraved companions in their orgies before the battle.

He has traversed quite a space and as he passes the noble walls of Ascension Castle, where Charlie Brown sways the scepter, he begins to breathe freer. The most dangerous part of his journey is done and he will soon be beyond the reach of the rapacious and beer thirsty Sophomores.

But hark! he hears rapid footsteps approaching him and then the magic call '91. He strives to escape but he cannot. His heart sinks and his limbs refuse to do their duty. Suddenly he is surrounded, seized, bound hand and foot, and hurried away by his captors, he knows not whither, down, down under Ascension Castle he is taken and put in the reeking dungeon. Securely

bound and gagged he is left to reflect upon his evil course and to think what a failure the State Council of '92 must become without him and his companion in misery, who is languishing in the dungeon of another castle not far away. His captors leave him to silence, darkness and his thoughts. Poor consolation these, and he cannot bear the torture of the confinement so he tries to break his bonds. For a long time he struggles in vain, but at length he finds a weak spot and finally removes his shackles. In the pitchy darkness he wanders among the subterranean labyrinths and at last when he had almost given up all hope of escaping, he stumbles upon the entrance, and finding the sentry asleep seizes the keys, unlocks the gate and escapes. With what delight he breathes the free air again, and fills his lungs in living ecstasy. But a sudden noise in the rear tells him that the sentry is awaking and he hastens away. Not being familiar with the surrounding country he wanders about in vain, endeavors to find the cause-way which leads to the haven of safety. He would rather brave the dangers from wild beasts of the forest than fall again into the hands of the Sophomores. He enters a thick wood and after traversing it for what seems to him many miles, wearied and dejected he casts himself upon the ground among some stunted shrubbery. Several times he hears the bushes around him rustle and fears that his old enemies are tracking him. After an age he hears his name called again and again. He only hugs the earth the closer and scarcely breathes lest that should betray his presence. At last his hiding place is invaded and admiring comrades drag him to the light, where he discovers that his comrades are the victors and in full possession of the field. The State Council of '92 had finally agreed to come forth and give battle to their enemies as well as recover their captured companions and now they again departed to settle their affairs and elect the brave but unfortunate hero chaplain of their

band. His hair is silvered from the experiences of that night and he never sees a Sophomore but what he shudders, to think what would have been his fate had his bonds been more secure.

SUNSET TOWER.

As we recline on sunset tower
 We feel that we are heaven blest.
 So peaceful is this evening hour
 That marks the sunset in the west.
 A golden brightness floods the sky,
 Above the distant mountain height;
 Resplendent rays flood every eye
 That scans the sun's bright fading light.
 As sky and trees and hills are seen,
 A charming panorama show;
 The purple, red, and blue and green
 Commingling, radiant hues disclose.
 In such an hour the heart and brain
 Presage to soul its peerless power,
 As thoughts that may have dormant lain;
 Awake and prove its priceless dower.
 We cannot voice these thoughts in song,
 But God we thank as we retire;
 In heart and brain pure thoughts are strong,
 As His great wonders we admire.

LABOR AND CULTURE.

HE who sees in the future of America only lowering clouds takes indeed a pessimistic view. On every side you hear the cries of woe! woe! danger! danger! And these dangers are pictured in such awful and distorted forms that the heart turns sick with dread. 'Tis true that evils abound, but can *any* creation of man be perfect? This is the best government that man has created; a government as nearly perfect as the civilization of the age can produce. A Utopia is as marvellously beautiful and pure as a seraph's dream, but unattainable by mortals of flesh and blood. We must not demand of finite beings an attribute of the Infinite above. We must not forget that until man

has subdued his passions we will have "crime with its misery and tears."

What are these dangers that today threaten us? They are the outgrowth of our advanced civilization. They are crime presenting itself in new and manifold forms. As civilization has advanced so has crime. Thus we might say that crime has become civilized. The crimes of the savage were committed by brute force. For that which was the common practice among the Peers of the noblest realm that graced the face of the earth 800 years ago; today, as a crime, the vile, miserable, disgusting outcast of society expiates with a broken neck. Civilization does not create new crimes but rather makes old ones impossible. The civilization of today renders the crimes that were committed by the savage impossible. Fraud and dexterity have taken the place of brute force. Public opinion demands that the deeds committed by the nobles of eight hundred years ago shall no longer be permitted. As advancing civilization has made these crimes impossible, why will not the wonderful progressive strides of this age in a short time make impossible the crimes that are today committed? Is there any reason to suppose that progress shall today deviate from the path it has pursued since history began? Then let us not look on our dangers with dismay, but from them gather strength; strength to battle on with the firm consciousness that progress has forced crimes from its old footholds and compelled it to assume these new and threatening forms, that advanced crime indicates advanced civilization. These dangers and difficulties that threaten American society and American institutions are in direct antagonism to progress, and history conclusively proves that the powers that resist progress are always in the end defeated.

We are not threatened by the danger of overpopulation. Human thought and human science will solve away such difficulties as they come. America will support an almost incalculable number of souls. The

human race has profited by the experience of the past, and is making it possible for a given area of land to support an ever increasing number of men. Nor does our ever increasing population necessarily involve Anarchy and Communism. It is stated on good authority, that "there is no connection at all between the multiplication of mankind and the social disorder. Anarchy breaks out in Ireland, where the human race is dwindling, earlier than in China, where it is pressing too close upon the production or importation of the means of subsistence." Anarchy comes from the spread of that false idea that "men have a right to comfort even if they do not earn it." Where do the principles of Anarchy and Communism gain hold? Among the idle and the ignorant. This is too busy and too intelligent a country for such ideas to gain preeminence. Industry always decreases crime. These are crimes the deadliest. Every stroke of the workman's hammer is a blow against them; every drop of sweat that falls from the honest laborer's brow goes to make a flood to swallow them; every lesson taught in the schools that fairly cover our broad land is an overwhelming force against them; every prayer that goes up from the Christian's heart to the God that made him says: "These sins shall not rule this Christian land of ours." These sins gain a foothold, not among the Americans proper, but among the flood of emigrants: the poor, the ignorant, and too often the vicious of other lands. They are, for a time, deceived by these false ideas, but they soon learn that labor is more paying than idleness, and that to strive to rise in the scale of wealth and honor, is far better than to bring society down to their level. They get the fire and energy of the Anglo Saxon blood in their veins and they are no longer a hinderance, but a champion of progress. They learn that equality among the human race is impossible; equality in wealth, in intellect, or in social standing. It is the east system which causes dissatisfaction among the lower

orders of society—that inviolable law which compels men to be just what their fathers were, and nothing more; that false idea of the so-called aristocrats that their splendor must be supported, though it takes the last morsel of bread from the starving child of the workingman, that idea that the laborer has no right to a voice in the government of his own affairs, but that he is a slave to bow and cringe at the order of Royalty. France had this idea and the blood of the Revolution attests her folly. England had this idea and a Revolution no less radical than that in France ensued, though it was a bloodless one. It is the refusal of the powers that be to listen to the voice of the people; the failure to grant that liberty which the spirit of the age demands, which always causes a Revolution. Is there any danger of a Revolution in a Republic like ours, where the will of the people is supreme? Have we castes? No! Classes we have, it is true. These, however, are a healthy incentive to industry and virtue. It is one of the safeguards and glories of a Republic, that a man may rise from rags and penury to the chief seat in the Nation. A gradual multiplication of grades of society, each insensibly merging into the other, makes it possible for a man to pass from the lowest to the highest grade; gives him an object to work for; places a reward upon virtue and industry.

Nations have been swallowed up in the vortex of crime they themselves have created. Is America so corrupt that a just God should sweep her from the face of the earth? Never were the precepts of the lowly philosopher of Nazareth so universally followed as now. Man was never so pure, "his aspirations so high, his sentiments so noble." From thousands and thousands and thousands of altars prayers for this Nation rise as a sweet smelling savor to the God of Nations.

The human heart is the same "yesterday, today and forever." The human passions are not less strong than they were centuries ago. Hate and malice and lust, and all the

whole frightful category of passions still haunt the soul of man. Why then is the world better today than it has ever been? Not because the human passions are less strong, but because centuries of cultivation have made the will strong to resist. The cultivation of its youth, education under the Christian idea is the hope of every nation. Napoleon, when he was asked what would save France and give her dignity among the nations, said: "Educate and refine her mothers." America is educating and refining her children; is rearing them to be men and women.

The strength of the United States consists not only in her public instruction, but, also in the refining influences of the home. The home where "woman clad in the spotless garb of her own peculiar nature" is supreme. The increased reverence for woman has marked throughout the ages a higher moral growth. Never was she so respected, so honored, so powerful as she is today. Her honor was never more sacred, nor the sanctity of home more holy.

What then have we to fear, with immense territory, with wealth untold, with a progressive people and a progressive form of government? Naught, but what the wisdom of the American people will overcome.

Personals.

C. A. Ricks, '91, is in business in Toledo.

C. A. Tappan, '88, is at his home in Steubenville.

W. R. Gill, '91, went home to see "ma" for a few days.

J. D. Skilton, '88, is tutor in a family at Cumberland, Md.

G. D. Goff, '88, is attending the Cambridge Law School.

W. F. Douthirt, '88, is an instructor in Kenyon Military Academy.

F. W. Blake, '80, and C. E. Milmine, '85, attended the Rice-French wedding.

Charles Hotchkiss of Cleveland spent October 7th with friends in Gambier.

W. P. Carpenter, '92, enjoyed for a day a visit from his mother and sister.

Dr. Jones was absent for several days at the Convention of the Southern Diocese of Ohio.

C. H. Arndt, '89, and J. P. Reed, '91, took advantage of cheap excursion rates to visit Cincinnati and the exposition.

Eli T. Tappan, formerly professor of Political Science, now State Commissioner of Common Schools, is seriously ill at his home in Columbus.

H. J. Eberth and W. N. Kennedy attended the Cincinnati Exposition on the term holiday Wednesday, September 26, while D. F. Kronacher, J. P. Reed, D. C. Anderson, F. H. Ginn and R. B. Hubbard spent the day in Columbus, and Gavin Harris in Mansfield.

C. E. Bemiss, who was so severely burned the night of the rush has returned after several weeks stay at his home in Cincinnati. We are glad to say that Mr. Bemiss has almost entirely recovered from the effects of the burn.

OBITUARY.

At a special meeting of the Sophomore Class of Kenyon College, held October 9, 1888, the following preambles and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, We, the members of the Sophomore Class have learned with profound sorrow of the death of our beloved classmate, William E. Wilson, and,

WHEREAS, We knew him as a student and true friend, who by his manly conduct and upright character, endeared himself to all, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we sincerely condole with his parents in their bereavement on the dispensation with which it has pleased God

in His infinite wisdom to afflict them, and commend them for consolation to Him who orders all things for the best, and whose chastisements are meant in mercy; and further be it

Resolved, That this heartfelt testimonial of our sympathy and sorrow be forwarded to his parents, and a copy be published in the College papers.

W. R. GILL, '91.

OWEN J. DAVIES, '91.

R. B. HUBBARD, '91.

Committee.

GAMBIER, O., October 9, 1888.

Locals.

Harcourt opened its second year September 26, with thirty-six boarders. The building which formerly contained the recitation rooms, has been converted into a very attractive cottage.

There is the same slaughter of Freshmen in Latin Prose, and of the Juniors in Mechanics. When, oh when! will Doc forget that ghastly grin which speaks so many volumes after a written recitation?

The St. Andrew's Brotherhood have reorganized their forces for the ensuing year, and are starting out with an energy and an earnestness which presage much. Officers have been elected but as changes may occur, the list is withheld until later.

The Base Ball diamond has been scraped and put into good order in expectation of some fall games before the weather becomes too cool. Unfortunate circumstances have already prevented some games, but the games between the classes and between the College and Academy can easily be played.

A new serenading club has been organized, consisting of Messrs. Gill, Lozier and Bodine. Their repertoire consists of one song with three verses, or rather, of one

verse thrice repeated. It has a weird and startling effect, when the gentlemen with difficulty arrange themselves against the wall and let 'er flicker.

The Kenyon Military Academy commenced its first term of the year auspiciously on September 19, with about ninety students, mostly new boys. The military department is under the direction of Capt. Curtis, an old and experienced veteran.

The Kenyon chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society have imbibed new life and energy and are considering steps for the material improvement of their working methods. It is hinted that there may be open meetings, but with some restrictions. This will put a high premium on honor grades.

At a class meeting September 14, the Freshmen elected the following officers:

President	W. P. Carpenter
Vice President	L. S. Ganter
Secretary	L. D. Durr
Treasurer	M. B. Craighead
Poet	W. N. Kennedy
Historian	H. Buttolph
Toast-master	J. C. Loomis
Prophet	C. M. Stamp
Base Ball Captain	W. S. Walkley
Senator	C. T. Walkley

An interesting game between the odd and even classes was played, which resulted in a victory for the odd classes by a score of 6 to 3 in five innings. Batteries were Eberth and Thurman for the odds, and Granger, Lozier and Walkley W. for the evens. The score was as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5—Total
Odds	1	0	1	4	6
Evens	0	2	1	0	3

According to an ancient custom, the Freshmen recently armed themselves with horns and drums and serenaded the Hall. They had scarcely commenced their fearful noise when they were informed of sickness in the vicinity. As they were moving away, they were attacked by an apparition in white, with a club in its hand. Under the leadership of H. Lawrence McClelland, they withdrew in good order, carrying their wounded with them.

In rhetorical work for the fall term President Bodine has again instituted debates. The plan is an excellent one and should be extended to the Sophomores as well as to the upper classmen. The first debate was held on Thursday, the 10th. The question was:—"Is a lawyer justified in defending a criminal whom he knows to be guilty?" On the affirmative were Messrs. Eberth and Harnwell; on the negative were Messrs. Arndt and Curtis. As last year the debates are held in Philomathesian Hall instead of the Gymnasium.

On Tuesday the 9th, the President, Faculty and students received an invitation from the chairman of the Republican County Committee to hear a speech in the Woodward Opera House of Mt. Vernon, by Hon. Thomas P. Reed of Maine. Quite a number of the students and their learned instructors accepted and drove over to hear one of the most entertaining of political speeches. It is an interesting fact and one of great credit to the College, that the entire Freshman class, without exception, are Republican in their political opinions.

[Note by E.I. The writer of this statement is a red hot Republican, and the Ed. is one himself; hence the statement is true and allowed.]

The annual rush between the Sophomores and Freshmen took place September 14. It was a foregone conclusion that the Freshmen would win, as they greatly outnumbered the Sophomores. The energetic "Sophs.," however, stole two or three Freshmen, and carefully laid them away until after the rush was over. One of the captives broke his bonds, and when the Freshmen were declared to be the winners, some Sophomores went to release him, but he was not to be found. They searched high and low, and, at last, he was found hiding in the weeds, east of Old Kenyon, pretty well frightened. He was finally assured that he would be allowed to live and was induced to join the Freshmen in serenading the town.

WATCH THEIR FACES WHEN YOU ASK,

Kennedy if he saw her in Cincinnati.
J. P. who is paying for this.
Gavin for a cigarette.
Bemiss if he likes the taste of vaseline.
Williams if he dances.
Thurman how he likes Freshman Math.
Jess and Tim if they like to work.
Granger if he will "spiel."
Carpenter if he was crazy.
Walkley W. if he knows an owl when
he sees one.

Irvine if he knows what H 2 O is.
Rambo if he is a newspaper correspondent.

Dutchy if he is going to town.
Morrison if he knows "Frizzly."
Gill if he wants to go to Cincinnati.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Heine: "Die bist wie eine Blume,"

Oh, thou art like a flower,
So bland and fair thou art;
So pure—I gaze upon thee
And yearning fills my heart.

I feel that on thy forehead
I must lightly lay my hand—
Praying that God may keep thee
As pure and fair and bland.

Heine: "Wie des Mondes Abbild zittert,"

As the moon's bright image glistens
On the surges of the ocean,
While she rides the vault of heaven
With a calm and changeless motion—

So thou movest, O beloved!
Calm and changeless; and there shivers
On my heart thine image only—
And it is my heart that quivers.

Hebel: "Sommerdied."

I saw the summer's latest rose, full-blown,
And crimson-tint as though her petals bled;
-And grieving, as I left it there alone,
"This flash of life means—death is near," I said.

There was no breeze beneath the sun's hot glare,
A butterfly came floating down the dell;
The flutter of whose wings scarce stirred the air—
It touched the rose—and all her petals fell.

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GOING NORTH.				GOING SOUTH.			
No. 25.	No. 27.	No. 3.	STATIONS.	No. 2.	No. 28.	No. 28.	
Chfld.	Night.	Fast.		Fast.	Night.	Col's.	
Expr's.	Expr's.	Mail.		Mail.	Expr's.	Expr's.	
P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	Ar. U. Depot Lv.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	
1:05	6:45	5:40	Cleveland	8:10	8:00	12:10	
12:50	6:31	5:26	" Euclid Ave.	8:24	8:14	12:25	
12:34	6:15	5:10	" Newburg	8:29	8:29	12:41	
11:51	5:49	4:35	Hudson	9:45	9:05	1:18	
11:35	5:23	4:16	Cuyahoga Falls	9:29	9:20	1:35	
11:23	5:10	4:5	Akron	9:40	9:35	1:45	
10:34	4:29	3:29	Warwick	10:12	10:08	2:20	
10:01	4:05	3:08	Orville	10:19	10:32	2:47	
9:15	3:01	2:18	Millersburg	11:21	1:20	3:37	
8:92	1:48	1:15	Gambier	12:33	12:34	4:50	
7:52	1:37	1:05	Mt. Vernon	1:03	12:52	5:19	
7:17	12:56	12:34	Centerburg	1:24	1:21	5:39	
6:54	12:34	12:13	Sunbury	1:49	1:46	6:01	
6:33	12:15	11:55	Westerville	2:04	2:07	6:20	
6:10	11:50	11:30	Lv. Columbus Ar.	2:30	2:35	6:45	
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.		P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	
11:35	11:19	Ar. Columbus Lv.	2:40	2:55			
10:00	9:33	Xenia	4:24	4:55			
8:36	8:14	Loveland	5:33	6:17			
7:45	7:25	Lv. Cincinnati Ar.	6:24	7:10			
P. M.	A. M.			P. M.	A. M.		
11:20	11:10	Ar. Columbus Lv.	3:00	5:43			
9:54	9:43	Urbana	4:49	7:01			
9:04	8:53	Piqua	5:49	7:46			
7:30	7:05	Richmond	8:10	9:40			
4:55	4:30	Indianapolis	10:30	11:45			
2:38	1:51	Terre Haute	1:42	2:18			
12:22	11:25	Effingham	3:49	4:20			
11:23	10:0	Vandalia	4:48	5:10			
9:09	8:00	Lv. St. Louis Ar.	7:00	7:30			
A. M.	P. M.			A. M.	P. M.		

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