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# The Collegian.

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Devoted to the Interests of Kenyon College.

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VOL. XV.

NOVEMBER, 1888.

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NO. 5.

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### TERMS.

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VIEW LOOKING TOWARDS THE COLLEGE CHAPEL.

FROM KOKOSING HILL

# The Collegian.

*Devoted to the Interests of Kenyon College.*

VOL. XV.

GAMBIER, O., NOVEMBER, 1888.

No. 5.

## EDITORS:

HENRY J. EBERTH, '89,	- -	Editor in Chief.
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S. M. GRANGER, '90,	- -	Literary Editor.
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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.

OUR columns contain this time two articles which are worthy of careful perusal and consideration. The subject discussed is one which admits of considerable feeling. The world is far behind in some respects and one of the most important of these is the unsettled condition of the Hebrew question. That it will be many and many a year before a correct solution will have been reached, is beyond the question of a doubt. The time, however, when the man who claims his ancestry among the hills of ancient Palestine, will be looked upon as he should be, is not far distant. Even prejudice, the most enduring and persistent of all faults, must give way some day to open hearted and open handed justice. The reign of feeling must succumb to the succession of reason; and the world could find no better proof of her boasted Christianity than to put it in practice.

WE WISH to inform our readers that our columns are at all times open for contributions be they prose or poetry, and it is our earnest desire and hope that this advantage will be accepted by all so inclined. There may arise a difference of opinion on some important question affecting the interests of the students or their friends. An opportunity for expression of opinion is to be desired and it is here offered. It would make the COLLEGIAN of much greater value to the individual students did they contribute in a measure to its success. There are certainly many among the four classes who possess in a greater degree the gift of flowing thought and forcible expression. This talent should be exercised and made to subserve a useful purpose. It would be of great value in lending variety to our columns, and would reflect to the credit and honor of the contributor. The COLLEGIAN reserves of course the right to publish or reject as it pleases, but very few occasions for rejection are anticipated.

\* \* \*

IT SEEMS as if it were necessary in every number of the COLLEGIAN to make an editorial appeal for subscriptions, or, rather, for the payment of subscriptions long since due. The money due the COLLEGIAN is a debt as well as any other obligation to pay. Other debts are paid (sometimes, a demon suggests) why not those to the COLLEGIAN? And why, moreover, should it be necessary for the Board of Editors to dun the students continually? Why cannot every man who knows himself indebted give his dollar to the Manager without having to be asked for it a dozen times? And why cannot those at a distance enclose a dollar bill in an envelope, which costs one-fifth of a cent, and paste on a stamp,

which costs one cent, and drop the letter, postage stamp and dollar, in the Gambier postoffice, all addressed to our Business Manager? We would like to know editorially why these things cannot be done. The Editors have no easy position, nor one free from torturing care or vast financial ruin; but the obligations which they assume must be met in a prompt and business-like manner.

\* \* \*

THE last few years have seen many men of national fame followed to the grave by hosts of mourning friends. This has been specially marked among the political leaders who have for the last generation ruled the administration of public affairs. The invading Presence has left his mark, too, in the laboratories and studios of the scientific world. Many of the most earnest and zealous searchers for truth have been invested with the garments and faculties of the celestial world, which leave the mind untrammelled by the grossness of this physical world. They have solved the mystery of the great Unknown, and we are left to wonder whether the hidden truths are totally unlike our feeble expectations; or whether our fondest hopes and longings partake of the nature of a dream. The doors which open to receive these departing spirits, close so soon again, that not one ray of light escapes to betray these mysteries; and the darkness grows darker as we ponder. The educational world has experienced a loss no less than the institutions of Gambier, in the late death of Eli T. Tappan, for many years identified with Kenyon as its President. His life is one of interest to all, for it is the working out of a useful destiny. His character is one of such exaltation, and his work of such surpassing excellence, that to leave them go unnoticed would be a wrong; and we hope to give the readers of the COLLEGIAN a review of his eventful life in the columns of our next number. Such a life serves a double purpose; for beside the excellencies which it works itself, it inspires many

another halting and doubting heart to the accomplishment of some great end, which had the example not existed, would never have been attempted or accomplished.

\* \* \*

THE attention of the faculty, or of those officers whom it concerns as a matter of duty, should be called to the practice of window breaking in Old Kenyon. There things have begun to assume massive proportions. It seems to be the delight of some weak-minded students, and particularly of some of the freshmen, to throw stones through every whole window-pane they see, with extreme deliberation and a manifestation of the greatest satisfaction at their success. That such actions are silly and childish goes without saying; that they find favor in the eyes of any sensible upper classman is hardly possible; yet the men of the upper classes seem to use no influence to stop it. One day three freshmen stood for fully ten minutes throwing at one of the bull's-eye windows which had just been newly set with glass, and never stopped until every pane was broken. Yet, not a word was said, and the carpenter was calmly ordered to reset the whole window, only to have the whole program carried out again. Somebody is thoughtless or foolish. It is a senseless waste of students' money to have those windows in unoccupied rooms reset. Let us have an extreme penalty set upon the action to stop it, or let us have no more waste of our money in uselessly repairing the damage. One week there were 500 panes of glass put in, and the next week those same 500 were waiting to be reset. And the worst of it is, they were reset, and are again patiently waiting for the glazier. The extreme folly and childishness of such a thing absolutely must be too apparent to need comment, but it seems otherwise. The number of those who do this is but a small fraction of the whole, yet they seem to have not the slightest regard for the feelings of others whose money they are squandering so unjustly. Let us have no such waste, or let the faculty discrimi-

nate in the payment of damage. The present system seems rather to encourage the destruction of property. Finally, the worst of the whole matter is this: any attempt at restraint or censure by an upper classman is sure to be met by the silly laugh and jeer of the immature freshman. This ought not to be.

\* \* \*

It is not a vain and useless repetition to say that human nature is many sided. The fact is to be observed in every community and under all circumstances. It is a factor which enters, or should enter, into the ground or basis of every judgment rendered concerning human action. Different characteristics cannot always be viewed from the same side; some are to be judged liberally, others more stringently. But there are some which viewed in any light, or from any lofty standard, are repulsive and reprehensible. These again are of different degrees, but they belong to the same class of the condemned. The use of tobacco has formed, now forms, and probably will form to the end of time, available ground for ample discussion. And it would sound a little like bigotry for any man or any class of men to declare their judgment one way or the other and consider the thing settled definitely, once for all. Yet in spite of the fact that there is moderation and a degree of fitness in its use, considered absolutely in the highest sense, men have agreed to consider the habit both loathsome and injurious. It is true that the victim of every evil habit has his grounds of defence and refuge, and so we find it here. This makes it often difficult to apply the general principle, but only because of a lack of courage to carry out our convictions. We are often compelled to qualify and restrict our opinions according as our sympathies compel us to change our grounds. The truth remains however, that if the use of the weed is all well and proper under some circumstances, it is a thing to be deplored under others.

It is often with a good deal of reluctance

that a fact is mentioned which high-minded men would rather wish might be left unsaid. But the reformer and every man, who in his humble way labors for the elevation of mankind, must close his ears to the reproaches of erring friends, and sometimes even to the taunt of hypocrisy. And so we say, with extreme reluctance, however, that certain of the students find it not wholly beneath them to chew tobacco in the recitation room and chapel, and spit great blotches upon the floor. It is hard to believe, but it is true. Doubtless these same students would never think of doing such a thing in their own church at home; yet they do it here. And how any professor can allow such a thing to go on under his nose, is a mystery. They certainly cannot be blind to it, and if they see it it is not to their credit to allow it to go on unchecked. Surely, once attention is called to this fact, there will come a remedy, either voluntary or forced. Especially is it desired in chapel, where a monitor seems to have been put for that very purpose, but whose eyes have not always been sharp enough to detect, or whose courage has not been sufficient to report.

---

#### A VISION.

---

I looked around me as I stood  
Where long a brook ran pleasantly,  
And saw the nodding of the wood,  
And heard it breathe a melody.

I looked upon the ground beneath,  
And saw it strewn so plenteously  
With fallen leaves, no more to wreathe  
Earth's lifeless form with imagery.

I looked upon the vault of heav'n  
Where moon and stars shone brilliantly;  
The firmament seemed deeply riv'n  
Where Ursus' cluster caught my eye;

And there, in depths that baffle him  
Who tries to count their vast extent,  
I saw the semblance, faint and dim,  
Of Kenyon Old; then closed the rent

Upon my startled eyes held fast  
By vision strange. When next I gazed,  
I only saw the moon sail past  
And heard the night's deep voices raised.

## A TRANSCENDENT PREJUDICE.

**I**F men will turn with interest to the mythological stories of classic antiquity and will listen in rapt attention to the accounts of the deeds of its illustrious heroes, with what sublime admiration must they turn to the history of a nation whose sacred standard alone would make them subjects for deeper reflection. Who that studies and admires the deeds of Romans will hesitate to revere the deeds of Hebrews? Who that finds food for thought in Socratic philosophy will not find greater truths in the Talmudical literature of an earlier age but of a more civilized nation?

History speaks most eloquently for itself; therefore let us glance back, unprejudiced and unbigoted, at Israel's past history; and let us take up its cause not with defiance, but rather in a spirit of defence.

Probably no nation the world has ever produced rose with such steady, progressive strides as the Jews of old. Favored alike by Heaven and earth its excellence was supreme. From the day that the sun first shone on Israel a free nation we date the birth of all monotheistic and civilized faiths. From the day when Sinai first yielded to the prophet Moses, the Ten Commandments, we date the birth of all civil law. Judaism is a faith founded on philosophy and the dictates of the soul. First in wisdom and government, its rise was resplendent with its glorious deeds. From the petty band of Moses, it swelled into the ruling empire of the world. Its courts were famous for learning and splendor. Its temples were the magnificent structures of God's shrines, whose ruins still remain the wonders of the world. A scene of peaceful power—this was the morning of Palestine and Israel just springing into bloom.

Yet Israel, like all the other nations, was not infallible, and its day of glory waned. Let us pass over the birth of Jesus and the years immediately following. Let us pass through three centuries which mark the

growth of Christianity into power. During this time Israel is scattered and its identity as a nation destroyed. Palestine, that spot of earth favored and loved by Heaven, is now in ruins, the work of the Roman Titus. Its magnificent temples have crumbled into dust, and naught remains in the breast of the Jew but a lingering hope. That hope, which is the dominating pole of our agencies, shall yet again spring into life and burn with redoubled energy—a realized fact. What an awful picture; first to look upon the brightest colors of success and then—the very depths of despair.

From the third century, when the wave of Christianity had swept all before it and power almost absolute was at its control, those persecutions were begun which are the darkest blots on Christian history. Secular and ecclesiastical powers unite in the sole enterprise of persecuting the fallen Jew. There is no plea of excuse, for the clergy even ruled the state. Everywhere the ecclesiastical verdict is the same—"Down with the Jew" is the fanatical cry of the clergy which incites a still more fanatical crowd; and still you would say that civilization marks its rapid growth with the ascendancy of Christianity. I will not relate the horrible tortures perpetrated against the Jews for fictitious offences—if I would, I could not; my words could only be an adumbration of facts. No; to describe that blasphemous era would be to paint in glowing colors the blackest iniquities of Hell!

But in this night of Christian barbarism, the constancy with which the Jew maintained his faith, his steadfastness of purpose, his undying pride, and the martyrdom with which he preferred the stake to the abandonment of his faith, all are imperishable monuments of his virtue and glory. Great was his charity and faith, but greater still was the truth for which he suffered; and that truth will prevail.

Yet, after this night, there is a morning more glorious than the former. It is the morning after the storm. In the depths of her persecution, Israel still retained her individ-



uality and identity. Though persecuted, despised and spit upon, its ambition never faltered. Its volume of history, far from closing, with the gradual decay of barbarism, opens again with more promising pages than before. Yet, barbarism does not die in a day, and nothing like a second Golden Age was tolerated. At first protected by the angelic hands of England, the Jew remained physically unmolested, and ambition, towering above other virtues, leads him by acquirements of wisdom and opulence to future success.

Men ask why Hebrews are engaged solely in mercantile pursuits. Why? Because the avenues to the professions were closed upon them. Did they not show their powers in the narrow and constrained field of labor? Did they not by honesty and unwearied industry, gain that opulence which is now the greatest crime imputed against them? Did they not in this single occupation, produce Rothschilds, whose progeny still rule the finances of the world.

But from the vicissitudes and struggles of this period there still came to the surface resplendent lights. Through its protracted struggles was displayed that magnanimity of purpose and character which defied reverses and gave new grace to victory.

From the depths of her misery she produces a Spinoza whose philosophy is the wonder of his times. His fame poured balm on the lacerated hearts of the Jews, and his success became the incentive to future distinctions. Mendelssohn, Lessing's greatest friend, and Israel's most stalwart champion, then rises to distinction. Lessing, inspired by his character and genius, writes "Nathan the Wise," which established a memorial of reform which the world cannot forget.

When finally venomous bigotry and subtle hypocrisy are replaced by more Christian feelings, the Jew shows himself in his true light. No longer is his career mercantile. In the first generation of his religious toleration, his representatives rule Europe. Yes, Gambetta, Cremieux, Lasker, and

Disraeli, are columns which support the history of nations. Mendelssohn but heads the list of Jewish musical composers and Joachim strikes his strings with Jewish hands. In the fine arts, Mosler and Ezekiel rule the day. Heine, that sweet bard of Germany, and Sir Moses Montefiore, the great philanthropist, are but representative men. If one generation of free Jews can produce such harmonious lives, and if Israel's past speaks, what a glorious future awaits it. Gradually persecution is dying out and Christians look with solicitude and interest at the movements of our race. A transcendant prejudice alone remains to remind the Jew of his former trials; but as civilization and refinement grow the Jew will finally receive the reward of his constancy and virtue.

Has then the Jew not suffered enough? May we not in this more charitable age admire his virtues as well as condemn his infirmities? May we not give him credit for his constancy, his virtues, his faith, and above all, for his religion, which is the basis of all civilized faiths? His God is your God; his commandments and laws are yours. May we not with more justice and charity turn our admiration from ancient Rome and Greece into sympathy and love for modern Israel?

But we have not in vain stood the test of sixty centuries of existence and the trying ordeal of fifteen centuries of continued persecutions. The faith of Rome and Greece is dead these fifteen centuries, and our temples still stand. We alone have been spared by the relentless hand of time like a column standing amidst the "wreck of worlds and the ruin of nature." We are not called "God's peculiar treasure" without some reason, and we shall maintain our individuality till the chasm between Jew and Gentile shall have been crossed by the bridge of true Christian charity.

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Gill, we would like to know what kind of a mess you would make of French if you translated *remis* by *livery-rig* all the time?



## OUR VILLAGE.

To this ideal college village,  
 Away from the ancestral care;  
 The youthful come, of every age,  
 For life's great battle to prepare.  
 Now this pretty, dreamy village,  
 Without regard for ancestry;  
 Will be the home of dunce and sage,  
 Result of sloth or industry.  
 And this ideal, shady village,  
 Where we the war of knowledge wage;  
 Will sweeten life's long pilgrimage,  
 If we for right and truth engage.  
 In this pretty, dreamy village,  
 The girls and boys are not at peace;  
 A war of tongue and pen does wage,  
 We all would have *this* battle cease.  
 In this ideal, study village,  
 We wend our way to church each morn;  
 And as we there in prayer engage,  
 New loving thoughts our minds adorn.  
 In this reverential village,  
 We often hear the parson preach;  
 It is the Christian's heritage,  
 Forgiving trespasses to teach.  
 The noblest boys in the village,  
 Now feel this truth within the heart;  
 And never more will they engage  
 In war where women take a part.  
 Sweet girls, we our contrition show,  
 And send the olive branch to each;  
 And when in prayer your heads bend low,  
 Forgiving thoughts your hearts will reach.

BEXLEY HALL.

— — — — —  
 "AS A NATION WE NEVER PER-  
 SECUTED THE JEWS."

— — — — —  
 SINCE arriving in America I have been constantly wounded by hearing unkind remarks made by people when referring to the Jews. Coming from England, where the Jews of the present day are held in the highest esteem, from the Queen downward, I am not only pained, but surprised, that this should be so. I can never forget that my beloved mother, my sisters and brothers, and most of my old friends and companions belong to the dear old race, and when I hear these unkind remarks, they wound me as much as if

applied personally. I have mixed with Christians all my life. My boyhood days were passed almost exclusively at Christian schools; being fond of sport, I have been constantly associated, in various pastimes, with Christians of all classes and conditions of life, and it was very seldom I heard unkind remarks applied to Jewish people, in fact, having heard more such talk during the first few months of my Christian experience than in all the years of my previous life, I threw my memory back to a period when, living in a country town, it was sometimes necessary, in consequence of boys calling after my brothers and myself, for our parents to send an escort with us to school. I remember what a feeling of bitter resentment I had toward those boys, and how I used to chafe at my impotency to punish them for what I felt was unjust and cowardly conduct; and as I recalled this feeling, I determined that God would give me power to raise my voice in behalf of the race I love. Even many ministers of the gospel fail to realize how much the Christian world by the grace of God, owes to the Jewish race. Often I have heard in private conversation and from the pulpit, words referring to them, that have made my blood boil with indignation, realizing as I do the injustice thereof. I might enumerate many painful instances. One that made a great impression on my mind was the following: One Sunday I was at a Congregational Church and the preacher in his exhortation to the congregation, calling them to repentance, brought to our notice the crucifixion of our Saviour, and went on to describe how the Jew had been a bye-word and reproach ever since, and he emphasized the word Jew with an infinitude of scorn. I cannot recollect his words, but they made a most painful impression on my mind, and must have led many of the ignorant and illiterate among the congregation to believe they were justified in persecuting the Jews, as a fitting punishment for the crucifixion; but he forgot to remind them that Christ had

prayed "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." It is an episode in the life of Christ often used by ministers as an illustration when calling sinners to repentance, and they apply an argument somewhat after this fashion: They picture to the congregations the scene at the trial of Jesus leading up to the crucifixion, and then go on to say, "If you refuse Christ you are like the howling Jews that stood before Pilate, when he asked them, 'who will you have, Jesus or Barrabas; will you have the guilty or will you have the innocent; will you take sin or will you take righteousness?'" Now, as a follower of our Saviour, coming from the Jews, I protest against this argument. While not wishing to excuse the Jews of that day, we must all admit that those who stood before Pilate had not the light of the gospel to guide them as the Gentiles of the present day have; and even His chosen disciples, until He had risen from the dead, lost faith in Him. If the Jews of those days were guilty, the guilt of the Gentiles who have the gospel preached to them in the present day, is increased a hundred-fold. Should a Jew stray into church and hear a minister expound the gospel thus, it would wound his tenderest feelings so painfully, that he would probably never enter again. Some ministers appear to forget that if "howling Jews" did surround the cross, noble self-sacrificing Jews were our Lord's disciples, and were chosen by Him to preserve the gospel for them.

I will relate one other experience. I was staying in a house where nearly all the inmates were professing Christians. An eminent divine was announced to give a short talk on his European experiences and travels. In the course of his remarks, he related an anecdote concerning the late Earl of Beaconsfield, a Jew who lived and died in the Christian faith, and referred to him as having the blood of the impenitent thief in his veins. It is true he was quoting what some one else had said, but for a minister of the gospel to relate such an

anecdote to a company of professing Christian people, was, in my opinion, most condemnable. He should have remembered our Lord Jesus Christ had Jewish blood in His veins. The story was related, I believe, for the purpose of raising a laugh. It is incidents similar to this, that tend to widen the breach between Jews and Christians, and thus retard Christ's kingdom of love. I think it behooves every man, in whatever part of the globe he may be, to take notice of, and, when occasion demands, to protest against anything being done or said that tends to bring into ridicule or contempt, the race from which he springs. It occasionally happens that people err unconsciously or through inadvertence, but the obligation to draw attention to the fact is not the less imperative, as it is only by so doing that we can hope the transgressors will refrain from offending in the future. As a Christian coming from the old race, and therefore as a representative of a very small minority, it would be cowardly if I did not come forward and protest in the strongest terms, against the injustice done them, "my brethren after the flesh," and this feeling revives with renewed force, when I remember the transgressors are so often professing Christians. When a person offends in the heat of passion or through inadvertence, and afterwards expresses regret, no one is more willing to forgive and forget than myself. But when offensive remarks in reference to one's nationality or religion are made in cold blood, I assert they redound to the discredit of the utterer, because they display an extreme narrowness of mind and a profound bigotry.

As a follower of the Lord Jesus, as a searcher of the Scriptures, and realizing the deep debt the Christian churches owe to the Jewish race, my heart rebels against the injustice done them. I believe America enjoys the rare distinction of being able to say as a nation, "We never persecuted the Jews." In my opinion the prosperity the Nation enjoys is partly explained by this act. I do not desire to repeat history, but

have we not found in all ages God's promise concerning them—"I will bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee"—fulfilled in its integrity? I am also aware it was prophesied that the Jews should be "a scorn and a by-word." This has also been fulfilled in its entirety. But it never was God's purpose that the followers of our Lord should be the ones to revile them, "His brethren after the flesh," and when they do this I believe they do not escape punishment. I ask the American people to be true to their boast in spirit and in deed when they aver, "We never persecuted the Jews," and in being so, to remember there is a persecution worse even than physical suffering—that is the wounding of the heart's tenderest feelings and sympathies.

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### Personals.

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C. A. Neff, '88, is reading law in Cleveland.

W. W. Scranton, '87, is in Memphis, Tenn.

S. P. Johnson, '88, was lately admitted to the bar.

J. K. Ohl, '84, is city editor on the *Atlanta Constitution*.

C. E. Bemiss, '89, spent two days at home with his "pa."

G. M. Urquhart, '91, is in a mercantile house in Omaha, Neb.

R. J. Trimble, '91, is traveling in Europe for pleasure and study.

J. P. Reed, '91, narrowly escaped the loss of his arm not long since.

C. E. Bemiss, '89, says he is coming back to college again very soon.

Geo. A. Reid, '87, is principal of the High School at Bastrop, La.

L. Williams, '92, went to Monroeville to exercise his right of suffrage.

H. A. Lozier, '90, went all the way to Cleveland to cast his first ballot.

A. H. Granger, '87, has gone to Europe to complete his architectural studies.

Chas. G. Wilson, '68, was the Republican candidate for judge in the Toledo district.

Harry Parker played ball with the Toledo's this last season. He was very popular.

Ricks, '91, has left business in Toledo and is now studying law at his home in Massillon.

Yeatman Wardlow, '90, is attending the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York City.

Nim Harris, '85, was stumping Indiana for the Democrats this fall. Love's labor lost, it appears.

A. A. Taltavall, '82, has lately taken unto himself a better half and has settled down in Philadelphia, Pa.

R. S. Holbrook, '87, H. E. Hoge, '90, and Leon Stricker, '90, are studying law at the Cincinnati Law School.

E. T. Mabley, '89, could rest no longer but had to see his best girl in St. Marys, Ohio. He looks somewhat better.

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### Locals.

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Who said that the faculty could compel the different fraternities to meet on any night they (the faculty) chose?

An art club has been formed by Prof. White, consisting of members of the Senior, Junior and Sophomore classes.

In Physics class:

McClellan: What did you say that was, Doc?

Prof. S.: Sir?

Mac: I-er-ah—(breaks down.)

What might have been a serious accident

to one of the Harcourt girls turned out very fortunately for her. She was riding and fell quite heavily. We extend our sympathies and congratulations at her escape from serious injury.

The subject of the last debate before the college was the woman's rights question. Messrs. Bodine and Ginn put forth the rights of the fair sex in a forcible manner, and surprised their audience by their earnestness. Can it be possible that they voted for Belva?

Excitement over the last election ran very high here. Betting was lively and some of the wagers were rather peculiar. One Junior can not shave or cut his hair next term, and one Sophomore is going to take a classmate to the opera and furnish the eatables and—so forth after the show. We fear there will be some rather extravagant orders from D'Arcey's bill of fare.

The last game of base ball of the season between the college and "prep" nines, was played on Thursday, Nov. 1, resulting in an easy victory for the college nine by a score of 9 to 3. The "barbs" need a new pitcher and a new captain. Much time is consumed by their captain in kicking most vigorously about very trivial matters. It tends to destroy, in a great degree, the enjoyment of the game.

Internal and internecine war still rages at the Seminary. (Theological). Poetry and sentiment, religion and inspiration, all seem to be utterly incapable of bringing peace. At last reports temporary peace had been established between certain parties, but the raging fire of unrest and opposition seems to have taken another direction with increased vehemence. The ancient and decayed spirit of the bloody chase, still levies war upon the hall of the unsteady Mabley: *Sic semper tyrannis*.

In spite of chilly weather another base ball game had been arranged between the College nine and the Hall. The first nine of that institution seems to be no more on account

of rebellion against the querulous captain. However, they made up a nine without him, and came down to play the college. The game consisted only of five innings, as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5
Hall.....	0	1	0	0	0—1
College.....	1	1	3	3	*—8

Batteries were Beeson and Witten for Hall and Walkey W. and Thurman for College.

Hallow E'en is generally a night long to be remembered by the peaceful inhabitants of Gambier! It is a night for mysterious deeds and infernal noises: '90's glorious achievements of two years ago are still remembered by all. A year ago '91 stayed at home and went to bed early, but the "tuff" look upon the faces of some Freshmen warned the knowing ones that '90's performances might be repeated. Accordingly, ten extra constables paced our quiet streets and Harcourt was guarded on every side by cannons. The Freshmen considered the matter and, cooler heads prevailing, concluded to postpone Hallow E'en for a short time. Watch them. [Note by Ed.—Readers will please make allowances for '90 blood and brain in this article.]

Comedy—Scene, President's Class-room. Chief participants, Dutchy, Bemiss and Kronos. The President after telling his little story about the girl who bounced her lover because he did not keep an appointment, asks if any one of the class was ever in a like predicament. Kronos laughs immoderately and the President suggests that perhaps he had had an experience. Kronos denies and shifts the responsibility upon Dutchy, who, in turn, shoves it upon Bemiss. All blush rosy red. There must be something in this.

Joke by Mabley. A very fine one. Teddy: "Do you see that building over there by the wind mill? That is a match factory." All refuse to see the point, Teddy subsides.

Joke by McClellan. Mac. pointing to new Methodist Church—"Behold the new Castle of Indolence!" All behold. Query—"Who sees the point?"

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