

1-1-1894

Kenyon Collegian - January 1894

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College Calendar.

1893.

CHRISTMAS TERM.

Sept.	12—Tuesday	Examinations for Admission.
	13—Wednesday	Term opens at 5 o'clock P. M.
	20—Wednesday	Preparatory School opens.
Oct.	5—Thursday	Theological School opens.
Nov.	1—All Saints Day	Founders' Day.
	29—Thursday	Thanksgiving.
Dec.	20—Wednesday	Term Examinations begin.

1894.

EASTER TERM.

Jan.	10—Wednesday	Term opens at 5 o'clock P. M.
Feb.	7—Wednesday	Ash Wednesday.
	22—Thursday	Washington's Birthday.
	23—Friday	Good Friday.
Mar.	25—Sunday	Easter.
	28—Wednesday	Term Examinations begin.



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The Kenyon Collegian.

Devoted to the interests of Kenyon College.

VOL. XX.

GAMBIER, OHIO, JANUARY, 1894.

NO. 8

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FRED J. DOOLITTLE, '94, - - - *Business Manager*

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All communications, contributions, and other matter for publication, should be sent to Clay V. Sanford.

Business letters should be addressed, and all bills made payable to F. J. Doolittle.

All subscriptions continued until notice of discontinuance is received, and all arrearages paid.

Communications and contributions solicited from every one connected with Kenyon College, and especially from the alumni.

The Editor-in-Chief is personally responsible for everything that enters into the columns of this paper.

TERMS—\$1.00 PER YEAR (IF PAID IN ADVANCE).

EDITORIALS.

The schedule of recitations underwent another change recently. It was bad enough in the first place, for no class was very well suited; but now the Juniors have been forced to take an afternoon hour in psychology. For the last two years the schedule has not been arranged

to accommodate the Seniors and Juniors not even any regular class, unless it be the Freshmen—but everybody has had to give way to a miscellaneous lot of specials and theologs. If any Freshman or theolog prep gets the idea into his head that it would be a good thing for him to take up Kant's philosophy or Junior logic, and by a conflict he is prevented from attending those classes, we must change our hour of recitation so that he can take those studies. The regular Senior, Junior, and Sophomore Classes have been assigned a schedule which is disagreeable in many respects, and there seems to be no remedy; on the other hand, the Specials, Freshmen, and Sub-Freshmen have the best of it by all odds; and as for theologs, they can do just as they please and all will be arranged to accommodate them. Who of these should be favored? If Specials must be suited, we had better not take so many into college. As affairs stand now, our Faculty puts every premium on irregularity.

In this volume of THE COLLEGIAN the "Alumni" column has fallen off decidedly, and what few items we have been able to get hold of have been put under the head of personals, simply because we have not had enough matter at hand to make up a separate column. We have received all sorts of communications from our better known alumni asking why we do not keep up the column, but few of these letters contain items for publication. It

is hard, indeed, for us to get them unassisted, so we ask for help in this line. We derive most of our subscription from the alumni list, and, of course, it is our desire to please them in every way possible. For this number we have been able to collect quite a lot of matter, and we hope to continue the "Alumni" column. Without your help it will be next to impossible, so send in your communications. What you have known for a long time may be news to somebody else.

The Reveille Board are making excellent progress in their work. That part of the book commonly known as the "back part," in which the festive contributor is given opportunity to display his wit and poetical literary talents, is getting along finely. The cuts are more frequent and much finer than those of last year's issue; in fact, last year's annual is to be improved upon in every way. The book itself is to be larger and of better material. The paper will be heavier. There will be more steel engraving insets. More organizations will be represented. Of course the hard times have had a disastrous effect on advertising, but in spite of all this as much space will probably be filled as was filled last year. The sale of books is expected to increase. The editors are profiting by the experience of '94's board, and if the financial side of the book pans out as well as the editorial side is doing — and we do not doubt that it will — then *The Reveille* will be a grand success.

WE have always striven for recognition of our work on *THE COLLEGIAN* by the Faculty of Kenyon College. In quite a number of American schools the editors are allowed to count their literary efforts

for their college papers as a certain number of hours of recitation in the department of English. And it is perfectly right that they should, for work of this sort is just as valuable, and takes just as much time, if not more, than a great deal of the work that is prescribed for us, and such recognition is of the greatest assistance to the editors. Professor Brusie has taken the first step in this line. He has not made the whole concession, but has agreed that if contributions be handed in to him before going to press, to count them as work on theses, essays, orations, etc., which are due from all classes. He does not wish to establish a censorship, of course, but papers are merely handed to him just as the theses would be — for correction and grading. Perhaps this will be a stimulus to contributions. Last year's competitive editorship was offered, and it was our intention to continue this each year following, but voluntary contributors to the present volume have been so few and far between that there is a possibility of our dropping it for the present. Those who have contributed, however, will certainly be remembered in the coming election of our next board. Having now wandered slightly from the original subject, let us return for a few words to thank Professor Brusie for his interest in our work, and to hope that this is not to be the last step in the new direction. Some day the efforts of the editors themselves will be recognized.

The Lecture Course Committee, and the nature and perfection of its work have been subjects of much discussion (editorial and otherwise) ever since that organization became one of the fixtures of Kenyon's student body. At first the Committee's deliberations were entered upon

with the purpose of determining how many and how good it could afford to make its entertainments. That was the way in which the *first* committee began work, but this was found to be a paying institution, and there were so many really good uses to which its profits could be applied that in a very little while—one year, at most—the increase of profits became the chief concern of the committee. Perhaps, when the need of some such fund is considered, the operation of that result will not be called an evil; be that as it may, nobody seems to object to it as it is, and it is in another direction that the writer advocates reform.

Money is of itself no evil, though said to be the *root* of a good deal; neither is its possession for a time ever wrong, although its distribution afterward may or may not be according to the facts of the case. It is the distribution here which concerns and has concerned the students of Kenyon, all of whom are of course (not constitutionally but by an *ipso facto* process) members of the Lecture Course Association. By operation of time and precedent it has come to pass that on or about the first of May of each year there is paid over to the Athletic Association the net proceeds, or so much of them as the athletic management has not voluntarily granted to some other undertaking confessedly more in need of such assistance. In view of the fact that other pursuits, fully as meritorious as athletics, need money even more, it is not an altogether indisputable proposition that athletics should be the only thing benefitted.

For the purposes of this article, however, it may be assumed that such is the case, and that the immediate disposition of the money is the best possible, but after consenting to that, can it be said that the

money is ultimately expended as it should be? A moment's reflection will lead to the decision that it is not.

There are a great many who would contend that this assistance should go to athletics alone; but there is no one who would discriminate further and say that one branch of our athletics should be favored more than another, and it has probably occurred to few that this has been done but the practical result of the present custom is nothing else. A considerable knowledge of the subject leads me to say that while the money nominally goes to support athletics in the broadest use of that term, it in reality goes to base ball only. As mentioned above, the money is paid into the athletic treasury just at the opening of the base ball season, and "making money" out of athletics being regarded as impossible, the "Executive Committee" make no effort to collect more than enough to carry the base ball team through the year.

Foot ball receives absolutely no benefit except when that team closes its season in debt—as it has been known to do—and its accounts are eventually paid in the following spring. This is not as it should be. When it is considered that the team has less than two months to prepare for the defense of its honors, it is conceded to be of utmost importance that no time be lost at the opening of the year; yet there is an outlay of considerable money necessary before it is possible to begin advantageously, and as we have seen there is no fund from which to draw it. The result has been that the team must wait until the generosity of a manager has been appealed to, and then, without a field in proper condition, without any extra clothes to be loaned to beginners and such others as have none suitable, even without

nearly enough balls to keep all the candidates working at preliminary practice, the captain is compelled to begin his work after a week or more of time has been lost.

If, then, these premises be correct, and the conclusions tenable and warranted by facts, this custom may be improved by modification. The constitution of this almost hypothetical organization, being unwritten, must be interpreted from custom or use which vests the executive in a committee, but in the absence of anything to the contrary it must be taken that the legislative remains in the student body. The power to compel legislation rests in this committee by force of circumstances, and as absolutely as if there were a constitution drawn on parchment which so declared.

There promises to be several calls for help this year, and it would prove an expeditious measure on the part of the committee to demand legislation at an earlier date than that of the spring meeting of the Athletic Association (at which time it has heretofore come, if at all) and thus establish a precedent of a winter mass meeting to vote on the distribution of this money. It is a measure almost necessary this year, and will have a salutary effect as a precedent. The motion that suggests itself as the most needed under the circumstances is this: "That the treasurer of the Lecture Course Committee retain \$50 to be paid to the captain of the foot ball team on or before Monday of Commencement Week, such money to be spent by him for foot balls, jackets, and marking the field before the opening of college in September next. R. J. W. '93.

OHIO STATE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE,
SECRETARY'S OFFICE, COLUMBUS, O.,
February 10, 1894.

*Secretary Athletic Association, Kenyon
College, Gambier, Ohio:*

MY DEAR SIR—The Ohio State Board

of Agriculture, recognizing athletics as a factor conducive to man's physical good, and in the category of which the game of foot ball finds favor and has become popular as a field sport, and in consideration of the fact that most all of the important educational institutions of the State have organized among the students foot ball teams composed of representative men of the State, it has been deemed advisable to encourage foot ball sports by arranging for a great tournament, to take place at the Ohio State Fair Grounds, at Columbus, during the State Industrial Exposition, September 3-7, 1894.

The State Board of Agriculture, under whose auspices the Exposition is held, believes the people of the State would be pleased to see the college teams come together on such an occasion, and the board therefore proposes a tournament, to consist of contests as follows, open to college teams only:

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5.

Game of twenty-minute halves between two college teams, to be selected, the successful team to be awarded as a prize a complete playing outfit for each member.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6.

Game of twenty-minute halves between two college teams other than those engaged in Wednesday's contest. Same prize.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7.

Game of twenty-minute halves between two college teams other than those contesting in the games of Wednesday or Thursday. Same prize.

To the team showing the best game, or scoring the greatest number of points during the tournament, will be awarded a prize of ten (10) foot balls.

The State Board will furnish transportation

tion for players to and from Columbus, and free admission for self and ladies for each member of the teams engaged in the tournament.

The State Board proposes that this shall be a first-class affair, conducted as becomes the State and institutions represented by the college teams. The notice is sent you for the purpose of having the matter brought at once before your team for consideration, and we hope it will meet with favor. It is necessary that we should have by March 1 the acceptance of six college teams, that steps may be taken for further arrangements, preparing lithographs, etc. Will you therefore be kind enough to bring the matter to the attention of your team, and advise us whether or not you will agree to take part. The invitation is sent to the teams of the several colleges of the State. The first six replying favorably will be entered for the tournament.

Very truly yours,

L. N. BONHAM,

Secretary.

Per FLEMING, *Assistant.*

P. S.—The State University has accepted the proposition and will engage to play.

L. N. B.

The above letter, which explains itself, has been received by the Secretary of the Athletic Association, and has been placed before our foot ball team. As we go to press no decision has been rendered, so a little comment may be of use. We fully appreciate the recognition of the great college game by the State Board of Agriculture, especially in these days when public sentiment, ignorant of the game itself and prone to exaggerate every little bruise into a calamity, has made such an attack upon it. The inducements which the board offers are as much as we could desire. But it is doubtful, indeed, whether we could display ourselves to the best advantage so early in the year. Volunteers would have to return beforehand to

Mass, or say his confession. It was here that in 1473, Christopher Columbus and Felipa Parestrello were married; it was here that two years afterward, they brought their son Diego to be christened; it was here, in another two years that was after the Fair, and all would not be willing to return. But there is a still greater objection to our acceptance. This tournament, though between college men, is not an inter-collegiate contest in the truest sense of the word. It is not held for an amateur athletic purpose, but for display, and this certainly tends toward debasing the game and bringing it to the position that base ball now occupies. It is for prizes, not for glory. It is not held on college grounds, or in term time. The teams which play in Columbus will not be the exact teams which represent the colleges of the State, so the players might as well not be college men at all. Foot ball is now a representative college game. We fear that only too soon will it be taken up by professionals and be reduced to such a game as the base ball of to-day is. Perhaps it were better to decline the offer.

Just as we go to press, we learn that the faculty is to appoint an advisory committee from its number for athletics. Kenyon is to follow the example of other colleges in establishing a connection between her officers and those of the athletic association, and we are glad of it. This idea has worked so well in other institutions that we should have adopted it long since, for it puts our sport under a more competent management. If the college were to go a step farther in establishing a college senate, it would do better. The senate exists in just as many schools as does the athletic advisory committee from the faculty does, and it is

nearly enough balls to keep all the candidates working at preliminary practice, the captain is compelled to begin his work after a week or more of time has been lost.

If, then, these premises be correct, and the conclusions tenable and unassailable,

COLUMBIANNA.

THE MARRIAGE OF COLUMBUS.

During the last year, so much has appeared regarding the life of Columbus, both history and fiction, that it is well nigh impossible to unearth any new historical fact, or imagine any new romantic association. Yet, it seems to me, that we have heard very little of Mrs. Columbus, and the home of Columbus during his early years as a husband. With this as my *raison d'être*, I beg to offer this little history.

Donna Feipa Parestrello was the daughter of an Italian navigator; she was probably born on the island of Porto Santo, near Madeira, to which her father had been sent as Governor by Prince Henry of Portugal, about 1450. Her marriage with Columbus took place in 1473, at which time Columbus was about thirty-five years old. Although her exact age was not known, history tells us that she was much younger than her husband, and consequently I assume that my estimate of her age, and incidentally her birth-place, can not be far from right.

Her father had died some years before her marriage, leaving her some property on the island, as well as many valuable papers and charts, the results of his own maritime voyages of discovery. It is probably due to the first fact, that Columbus, who before this had been a tireless adventurer, made his home in the island during the life of his wife. To the second

fact, we can partially, at least, attribute the discovery of America, for it was through the aid of these maps and charts, with others of his own making, that he first conceived the idea of a westward course as the safest way of reaching India.

The Island of Porto Santo lies southeast of Madeira, and is separated from it by a narrow, but very deep channel about two miles wide. It is about five miles long and three miles wide. Strange to remark, the violent volcanic nature, everywhere so evident in the islands of Madeira and the Formidas, which are also near neighbors, does not appear here; but to the contrary, the gently sloping hills and green fields present a most peaceful appearance. On the southern side of the island, there is a long, low, white beach; bordering on this, and seeming to sleep beneath the shadows of the green hills lies the little town, named like the island, Porto Santo, or Blessed Haven, the scene of the home life of Columbus. The quaint little town received its name from the discoverers of the islands in 1419, who landing on the curving white beach, gave it this appropriate name, since nowhere on any of the other islands, even at the present day, can a landing be safely made except during the calmest weather.

At present, if wind and sea be favorable, one may take the little steam launch, which leaves Funchal, the port of Madeira, and spend the day in the picturesque little village. There is but one man in Porto Santo, who speaks English, so the matter of a guide is quickly settled. He is a peculiar little fellow, only about five feet high, a main-land Portuguese by birth, but possessing such a remarkably dark complexion that one naturally suspects a Moorish, or if not romantic, at least, an

Algerian ancestry. His claim, which somewhat clashes with the ancestry of the Duke of Veragua, of being a direct descendent of Columbus, must be taken with more than a grain of salt.

To the right of the old landing place, stands a long low dwelling house. It has but one story, and is perhaps fifty or sixty feet long. Commonplace as such a building would appear any place else, here it seems almost gigantic, compared with the homes of the present residents of the town. This, we are told, was the home of Columbus in Porto Santo; at the present day it stands unoccupied, and is fast crumbling away; although until 1750, it was occupied by the Governor, at which time the office was abolished as a sinecure. There is more or less doubt regarding the authenticity of the claim regarding this old house, but it surely looks old enough to have been the home of Noah, who was also a maritime adventurer.

To use the guide-book phrase, the next point of interest is the old church of the *Esperanza*. This name we find in almost every old town of the Portuguese island possessions, it means the Church of Hope, and is always dedicated to the Virgin Mary. Since the early inhabitants of these towns gained their livelihood either by fishing or as sailors, it is appropriate that we find the word *Esperanza* on both sides of the doorway, while beneath is painted a blue anchor. The old church stands at the head of the Rua Marina, or Street of the Sea, while the green hills gently sloping up behind furnish a natural frame for the white and blue of its walls and spire. Over its doors, the date 1452, leaves no doubt to be entertained that this is genuine, and that one is standing to-day where over four hundred years ago the discoverer of America came to hear the

mass, or say his confession. It was here that in 1473, Christopher Columbus and Felipa Parestrello were married; it was here that two years afterward, they brought their son Diego to be christened; it was here, in another two years that was said the requiem for the rest of Donna Felipa Colon. In the city of rest near by, near the gates bearing the blue anchor of hope, lie the remains of the wife of Columbus; the place is marked to-day by a crumbling stone which bears alone the name Felipa.

In one of the ante-rooms of the church hang two pictures, one of Columbus, the other of Felipa. Pictures of Columbus are almost as various as they are numerous, but this of his wife stands almost alone. It is, without doubt, difficult to believe that it is genuine; yet standing under the roof of many hundred years, surrounded by the relics and memories of long past generations, face to face with the romance of the discoverer, it is, indeed, hard to place no confidence in the portrait, whose faded colors and moth-eaten edges seem to implore your trust. If we are to believe at all in this picture, Felipa was a handsome woman. Dim as the outlines have become in these many years, they are still sufficiently distinct to show us the nose, strongly Roman, the firm chin, the well-placed eye and full forehead; these impressive features, framed in a mass of dark hair, leave to the imagination only the mind, which must have been hers, since she was the daughter of an educated discoverer, to create the ideal wife of Christopher Columbus.

In contrast with the later marriage of Columbus with Beatriz Enriquez, in regard to which history is more full, it is pleasant to think this earlier union one of love and romance. In the life of the dis-

coverer, we find him, like many another who has been a leader in ideas, tossed about from one court to another, vainly grasping at each new appearing straw of hope. Dying in 1506, in Valladolid, at the end we find him almost friendless, heart broken and oppressed, but withal a grand man and a noble martyr, the victim of the greed and injustice of the King of Spain.

There is but one break in this history of unrest; it is the four years following his marriage. Can we then be wrong in judging that these four years were the happiest of his life, save, perhaps, the brief interim between the end of his first successful voyage and his start for the second? Can we miss the mark far in assuming that the great navigator found in the sweet company of Felipa the rest and serenity which during all his other life was denied him? Let us, at least, hope that we can not.

W. F.

THE COLLEGE BELL.

"Getting old! getting old!" I fancied I heard the college bell slowly and creakingly ring out the other morning. "Getting old! getting old!" and his dreary song ended in a long echoing sigh.

I was feeling badly that morning, and felt a conditioned Sophomore's natural sympathy for the poor old bell, who was condemned year in and year out to stay over the holidays in college.

"Poor old bell," said I to myself, "he must be lonesome and sad up there in the tower, when we remember how many times he has spoken and how many years he has faithfully stood guard in the tower, one can not blame him for feeling weary or grumbling a little." Pondering over my foolish fancy, I at length decided to

pay the old bell a visit, and, opening the attic door, I mounted the first flight of steps into the attic.

It is very dark and quiet up there, but as my eyes became accustomed to the inky blackness, I discovered to the left narrow winding stairs which lead to the belfry. By the aid of the flickering light of several matches, I stumbled up through the trap door of the belfry, and found myself at last near to the old bell, with the chimney pots, and the gabled roof, and the blue sky around me.

The belfry itself, although littered with broken slate, and old boards, weather beaten and worn, is still an interesting bit of the old "college that the Bishop built in the woods." Dust, dirt, and cobweb seem to live there contentedly, and looking up into the top of the tower, one can see many wasps' nests, now deserted—perhaps by reason of the new rules for back work.

Yet it is a very pleasant place, the old belfry, although very cold and windy in the winter. From no other point can such a beautiful view of the country be had, as from the belfry windows. This is not from the catalogue—it is from the heart.

To the right and to the left one sees the beautiful valley, hemmed in by the hills, and with the river winding through it, its surface glistening in the sunlight. Beside the river runs a narrow, yellow streak of road, which winds with it, and disappears like a slender thread into the woods of the Backbone.

Names, dates, and initials are rudely carved upon the beams of the belfry and on the chimney pots of the roof—names that are noted far and wide among us, noted in the pulpit, on the battle-field, and in the halls of Congress; names of men who are still living and forgotten;

names of some of us who are still in college and who have excellent chances of being forgotten likewise.

There on the chimney pots stand inscriptions which were considered deeds of daring by the young sculptors. To have their names in an almost inaccessible place, to stand there as a challenge to the daring of their fellows, was once the *summum bonum* to men who now have families and business interests to wear out their vitality as they wore out their pen-knives of old.

Upon the bell frames and the beams of the tower are carved the names and exploits of some class or society. Perhaps the most interesting of these records is the faint penciled statement on the bell frame:

"September 25, 1881.

President Garfield died to-day.

Bells are being tolled,

and college is draped in mourning."

Pondering over the recollections which these writings brought to my mind, I moved closer to the bell, and, in an aimless foolish way, I rapped it lightly with my knuckles. Here the bell emitted a strange, hollow, ringing sound that seemed to echo, faintly at first, and then growing louder, its old song of "Getting old! getting old!"

I stooped closer, and as I bent my ear to it, the murmur seemed to resolve itself into a muttered speech that ran somewhat as follows:

"Getting old! getting old! yes, old and neglected, and neglected for those brazen little bells at the church, that keep chattering, every fifteen minutes, like ill-bred children. They receive more care every day than is bestowed on me in a term—me, who am old enough to be their grandfather. They are too high toned for me, and really, they do not know the differ-

ence between standard and local time. If they are not petted and wound up every day, no matter what the hour is, they go off on a strike; while I, I am as steady and as faithful as can be. Ask men who left here before that church was built, and every one will praise my fidelity and promptness. Just give me a good lusty young fellow at the other end of my rope, and I'll undertake to run the whole campus."

"Classes may graduate, teachers may change, but year in year out, in hot summer or cold blustering winter, I send the boys hourly to their work. Do you ever notice how the boys growl at me when I wake them in the morning? They all curse me, and wish me in some warmer place—Mt. Vernon, for instance. But I don't mind it, boys will be boys, and they all love to lie abed in the morning. And then, they all forget that in a little while, and welcome me heartily enough at the dinner hour. I wonder what will become of all the fellows here now? Something good, I hope," said he, a trifle cynically, "for there are already too many street car conductors, and as for book agents! why, bless me, young man, the woods are full of them. I have the college spirit at heart, and am proud of our fellows. When the foot ball or base ball team come back victorious, I am as happy and elated as the smallest freshman that carries wood for the bonfire. And when the roddy glare of the fire illuminates the staid walls of 'Old Kenyon,' I gladly add my tongue to the general rejoicing."

"But I don't see where you are very badly abused," I said, "you admit that you are very influential and heeded and obeyed by all. Of course you live up here alone, but the scenery is so fine and the air so pure that you should be thankful

for your solitude. Why, old bell, you're lucky, and you can't ring in any mournful jangle on me."

"I am not complaining so much about that, I could stand all that. But, I have not told you the worst. I could not complain if that was all my troubles; but I overheard a junior say yesterday, that I was getting old and—" and the old bell actually shook with indignation and wrath.

"Say what? come tell me, for it is cold up here, and I have not an iron constitution, like you. What did he say?"

The old bell stirred slowly, and mournfully whispered, "the junior said that I was old, that's true, and no disgrace, and—and he said, well, he said that I was *'cracked,'* and all this to me, who—well, young man, excuse me, I must call these young people to their recitations."

After he had notified the boys of the hour, by half a dozen loud peals, he stopped a moment, and then musingly said: "Think of the hundreds of boys that I have sent daily to their work. There go some of them now. Look there at those two seniors strolling along and looking—just looking—wise. Those two gloomy fellows over there by the pump are juniors. Poor fellows, 'stuck' in physics."

"Look here, my young sophomore, don't destroy that Greek 'erib,' you'll need it for the term examination."

"Rub your eyes and look sleepy and dissipated, my dear young freshman. Look and act tough and 'sporty,' if you like; but you will give it up before you get through college, or else you will get through in considerably less time than four years."

For full five minutes the old bell rambled on, telling of the joys and sorrows which these students would see, and declaring that the time would come when

they would all echo his mournful song of "Getting Old! Getting Old."

Then he suddenly stopped, and though I have often been up in the belfry since then, I have never gotten another sound out of him.

E. G. M., '96.

A LEGEND OF ROSSE HALL.

A number of years ago, the place now called Rosse Hall and used for a gymnasium by the college men, was a church, as will be remembered by many of the older residents.

One Christmas eve, I, with a party of four other girls, went into this church in order to decorate appropriately for the services to be held there the next morning. After arranging wreaths of evergreen and beautiful palms about the altar and main floor of the building, it was thought necessary to put a few things into the gallery, which is at the back part of the church, and can be reached only by a very narrow flight of stairs, which lead directly up from the vestibule. None of the girls would venture into this dark and shadowy place, except myself, so the burden of the work naturally fell upon me. We had not the key of the door which opened into the stairway, so we placed a ladder, and by that contrivance I climbed up. On reaching the top, and after precipitating myself over the railing, the girls removed the ladder, after much laughing and gaiety, thinking to frighten me, as I had no other way of getting down again. I paid no attention to them, and presently became so engrossed with my work of prettily decorating the barest places, that I quite forgot about them. But after a whispered consultation, they decided to carry out their joke to a more exciting extent, which they did by pro-

seemingly to turn out, one by one, the lamps. As the last lamp light fluttered and died away, and only the dim, uncertain shining of the moon was left, my first impulse was to call aloud to the girls, but on second thought, I concluded to keep perfectly quiet, thereby allowing them to discover that I was not at all frightened. They then slipped quietly out of the door, leaving me all alone.

I was half glad that they had gone, for their ceaseless chattering had annoyed me. I was rather of a romantic turn of mind, and the vast and empty place had filled me with a sort of awe, which made me want to sit there alone and think. I knew that I could not leave the church until they returned, so sat down, and in this dim, uncertain light, fancied that all sorts of ghosts and spirits were flitting about.

After the novelty of being there by myself had worn off a bit, I began to lose all my romantic notions, and wished that the girls would soon put an end to their fun by returning to release me from this weird and temporary prison. The time began to drag and it seemed hours since I had been there, but in reality was but a short time. Soon this dreary waiting grew very monotonous, and it was irksome, this sitting and gazing into space. Somehow, it did not seem as attractive as at first. Then even the quietness of the gloom grew tiresome, and one minute I wished desperately for something unusual to occur, and the next minute, cold chills would creep up and down my spine at the mere thought of such a thing.

But my first wish was very shortly gratified.

From the direction of the stairway, which lead from the gallery down to the vestibule, came a peculiar sound, which

at first puzzled me, and would have startled me, but that I immediately thought this was some further joke of the girls, and, although listening attentively, I failed to experience any sense of fear. Gradually this sound became more distinct, and I could liken it to nothing except the dragging of chains from stair to stair. Combined now with this, came the tread of the heavy footstep of some one coming up the stairs. But who could it be? I had heard no sound as of the opening of the door below, and how could they have entered? I now felt a trifle frightened and sat with bated breath and strained eyes fixed in the direction of the stairs, and in a moment, forth stepped a man of tall stature and robust figure, with a heavy chain fastened around his waist, and which was long enough to drag upon the floor. By that I could tell that I was in the ghastly presence of a madman. As he came nearer and nearer, I saw that his eyes were wild and glared fiercely in my direction. Upon reaching me, he fixed them upon me with a stony stare. I was afraid to move a hair's breadth, but my mind was active enough. I remembered having heard of its being always well to humor an insane person and determined to do so at all costs.

It is strange, how at the most critical moments of one's life, they will think of the most irrelevant things. Now, the story of a clergyman and an architect flashed through my mind, of how they went together to survey a newly built church. Upon reaching the top of it, the height caused the architect to lose his mind. He turned to his companion and suggested that they both jump down, and the latter, showing great presence of mind, replied without hesitation:

"Very well, but any fool could jump

down; let us go down and jump up."

And this idea so pleased the insane man that they straightway made their way carefully down, and when they reached the ground the man had gradually regained his senses.

All this time my maniac continued standing and staring at me. Finally he said in a deep and rumbling voice:

"I like your eyes."

I was glad he liked them, but wondered breathlessly what he would do or say next. My hair stood on end when he again remarked:

"They will taste well, and slip down very easily."

He intended, then, to eat my eyes! I closed them out of sheer fright and anguish at the thought of his tearing them out of my head, and he, deceived into thinking they were gone and out of his reach, rudely grasped my wrist, and, shaking me violently, muttered disappointedly:

"Bring them back — give them to me."

But I, grasping the situation, kept them closed until he loosened his hold upon my wrist, when I ventured to half open them in order to distinguish what he would next do. A happy thought came to me — I blush to own it — but in my pocket I carried a miniature silver mirror, which I quickly brought forth, and in another second was holding it before his eyes. He at first recoiled, as though with fear, and then gazed, fascinated with this strange sight. I tried the experiment of moving the mirror back and forth, and his body swayed in similar motion in order not to lose sight of his hideous reflection. Then I bent over the railing, holding the mirror far over the edge, and this mad creature also bent fearlessly after it. I dropped it before I fully realized what I was doing,

and with a plunge, head first, the maniac had followed it. I heard first the sound of the mirror falling and breaking into a thousand pieces, and in quick succession came the sickening thud made by his body falling. There came from below a cry and then a faint moan or two, and after that silence. I waited a few moments, which seemed hours to me, and then, groping my way along the railing toward the stairs, my hand struck against something which projected a ways above the ledge, and which I found, greatly to my surprise, to be the ladder. The girls had evidently put it to one side quietly, and thinking I would soon notice it, had gone away feeling no qualms, and believing that I would quickly follow them. I made rapid descent and made my way cautiously and noiselessly towards the door. Suddenly, in making one step forward, my foot ran against the maniac's prostrate body, and in order to pass it I was compelled to step over him. I did this with one bound, and finally reaching the door found it unlocked. I hastily closed and locked it, and ran quickly to a neighboring house, where, with disconnected sentences of explanation, I persuaded two men of the household to go back with lights and ropes to capture the eye-eater. They very shortly returned with the news that he was dead, having broken his neck in the fall.

He was buried in the graveyard back of the church, and every night almost, the sound of his chains can be heard dragging up and down those stairs and around the gallery.

JILL.

The library received the following additions:

Fiction — Translations of Honore de Balzac, by Katharine Wormeley, twenty-seven volumes, including a memoir by

translator; Prince of India, Lew Wallace, two volumes."

History — Oregon Trail, Francis Parkman; Half Century of Conflict, two volumes, Francis Parkman; Three Episodes of Massachusetts History, two volumes, Charles Francis Adams.

Science — Elementary Treatise of the Planetary Theory, C. H. H. Cheyne; Theoretical Astronomy, Jas. C. Watson; Atlas of Astronomy, Robert S. Ball; Principles of Chemistry, two volumes, D. Mendeleeff; Treatise on Chemistry, P. 6, Vol. III., Roscoe & Schlemmer; Manual of Assaying, Walter L. Brown; Elements of Laboratory Work, A. G. Earl; Experimental Science, G. M. Hopkins; Introduction to Practical Bacteriology, W. Migula; Examination of Water, Leffman & Beam; Text-book of Elemental Metallurgy, Art. H. Hivens; Solutions, W. Ostwald; Chemical Analysis of Iron, A. A. Blair.

Philosophy — Blackwood's Philosophical Classics, fifteen volumes; Descartes, J. P. Mahaffey; Butler, W. L. Collins; Berkeley, A. C. Fraser; Fichte, R. Adamson; Kant, W. Wallace; Hamilton, J. Veitch; Hegel, E. Caird; Leibnitz, J. T. Merz; Vico, Robert Flint; Hobbes, G. C. Robertson; Hume, W. Knight; Spinoza, J. Caird; Francis Bacon, two volumes, J. Nichol; Locke, A. C. Fraser.

English Literature — Thos. Middleton's Works, eight volumes; George Peele's Works, two volumes; Marlowe's Works, three volumes; J. Lilly's Dramatic Works, two volumes; History of King Arthur, three volumes, T. Malory; Earthly Paradise, three volumes, William Morris; W. Drummond's Poetical Works; G. Chapman's Works, three volumes; Old English Dramatists, J. R. Lowell.

GAMBIER CHIMES.

A small, quaint town upon a hill;
It lieth there so calm and still,
Beneath its grand old oaks so tall,
That speak of ages past, when all
Was one vast wilderness, where now
Majestic buildings greet the eye,
And art with nature seems to vie
In ivy-covered walls and towers,
While sweet-toned bells ring out the hours,
And hearts in joy or sadness bow,

When those who listen to the chime
Reflect on swiftly passing time,
And think of all the bells would say,
Ringing so sweetly, night and day,
Each quarter hour that hurries by.
"Please-come-to-prayers," is oft their call;
Alas! 'tis heeded not by all.
"We-do-our-best-to-warn-or-chide,"
But many let such warnings slide,
And busy hearts heed not their cry.

"Three-quarters-gone-in-work-or-play,
Do-stop-and-think!" they seem to say.
O peaceful town on wooded hill!
Naught but good thoughts each heart should fill
Where God has strewn with lavish hand
Such beauties over all the land.
"The-hour-is-gone-strict-count-we-keep,
Do-some-good-deed-be-fore-yon-sleep."
So chime the bells, low, sweet, and clear;
If you but listen you may hear
Some message in each silvery tone;
They speak to listening hearts alone.

NEWS.

The World Almanac gives the following as the yell for Kenyon:

Hika! Hika! Hika!
Ken-yon! Ken-yon! Ken-yon!

Of course, we shall accept the correction, and adopt the new yell immediately.

Mr. W. P. Ambos, of Columbus, an old student of K. M. A., spent a few days in Gambier at the beginning of the term.

Beguiled by winter's gracious promises and the benignant smiles of tender

patrons, some of the more gallant among the students placed orders for bobs—big, swift, and strong. But, alas! who can tell the times or the seasons.

"They come! The Greek! The Greek!" A girl on the 12th of January. The COLLEGIAN offers a year's subscription to the subscriber sending the most appropriate name to this office before the next appearance of this paper.

Owing to the sad death of his father, Mr. Baker, of the class of '97, has not yet returned to Gambier.

Miss Reed and Miss Williams, graduates of Wellesley, '93, were the guests of Miss Margaret Doolittle in the holidays. They have returned to Granville Female College, where they are teaching.

Messrs. Haworth, Welsh, Laughlin, and Webb have left college. Mr. Laughlin is happily engaged in the study of law; Mr. Webb has gone to Philadelphia to take up the study of medicine. New students entered Bexley and the college at the opening of the term.

John Hawarth has left "Old Kenyon" and gone to Bexley. Will his merry prattle be audible in the gloomy cloister, I wonder?

After much untiring effort and great perseverance, Mr. Baker, '96, has prepared his little book, entitled, "Know Thyself," for publication. The chapter on the "Fissure of Romola" promises to be especially attractive, as the venerable Baker has thoroughly investigated this interesting topic.

Most of the sophomores have come back to the hill with glaringly gorgeous tobacco pouches. When the boys are asked where the bags come from, they only smile, and blush, and—sigh.

The Junior Promenade will take place on Monday, February 5. Owing to the general "hard times," the juniors are exerting themselves to make this the occasion of the most brilliant affair of the kind ever held in Kenyon.

Mr. W. B. Beck, '94, has been elected to the captaincy of next season's baseball team, while "Doc" Stanberry, '96, has been honored with the responsibilities of the business management.

Mr. Hathaway, a graduate of Adelbert, is pursuing a theological course at Bexley Hall.

"Joker" Follett has left us to take up a residence at Clifton, Cincinnati. *Valo, amicule!*

"Gentlemen will not spit on the floor, others must not," reads a notice in a hall of old Kenyon. Poor Thornberry, how slowly the vacation did pass!

The literary societies will hold a joint debate on the 22d of February. Written invitations to be present will be sent to a *favoured few*.

The Kenyon Lecture Course Committee has arranged for eight lectures and entertainments this year. The course will open Wednesday evening, January, 31, with the famous Schumann Male Quartette, assisted by Miss Babcock, reader and pianist.

Among the other attractions will be Col. Copeland, the well-known lecturer; Mr. Benj. C. Chapin, impersonator; an illustrated lecture by Rev. Charles Scadding, on "Life among the Poor of New York"; the always popular Kenyon Glee and Mandolin Clubs; a dramatic entertainment by Gambier talent; a minstrel show by Kenyon College students, and a lecture not fully arranged for. This is the

finest course that has been provided here for a number of years. The proceeds will be for the benefit of the Athletic Association.

A. G. Benedict, of Clinton, New York, President of Houghton Female Seminary and President of the Grand Lodge of the Theta Delta Chi Fraternity, visited his brothers of the Theta charge recently.

ALUMNI PERSONALS.

With this issue an effort will be made to start anew the department devoted to alumni notes. It should not have been neglected, and it is hoped that with more material future issues of the paper will restore to this department its accustomed interest. The alumni can greatly assist in keeping this column alive by kindly sending in their notes.

'40—We are indebted to Dr Chas. Kearns, '90, for the following clipping:

"When the next Republican National Convention meets a long-time familiar figure will be missed. General A. Banning Norton is dead at Dallas, Texas, aged 72.

"He will be remembered as the long-haired patriot who, back in 1852, declared that he would never cut his hair until Henry Clay was elected President. Banning Norton has kept his vow, and has been buried with those long white locks, which made him almost a grotesque, yet strangely historical, character in all great gatherings. He was originally from Mt. Vernon, Ohio, and was a brother of Daniel Norton, first Senator from Minnesota. Secretary Windom and Norton were boys together in old Mt. Vernon, and warm friends ever.

"Frank Hurd is a nephew of the old Texan patriot, General Norton, who was

Private Secretary and Adjutant General to Sam Houston, the greatest man produced on the Texas frontier, and who was President of the Texas Republic prior to its cession to the United States. As editor of the Dallas Intelligencer, General Norton had a rough time of it during the war. He was a strong Union man, and was burned out several times.

"He visited Ohio every year, and as an alumnus of Kenyon College, always took a great interest in that time-honored institution."

'59. The following clipping from the *Pittsburgh Post*, the opinion of a prominent Republican of that city, in speaking of James Denton Hancock, of Franklin, Pa., Democratic nominee for Congressman-at-Large, has been sent us:

D. P. Reighard, the well-known oil man and president of the Central Bank, has been intimately acquainted with him for years. He admits that the only difference they ever had was on politics. Speaking of Mr. Hancock, he said: "He is an A No. 1 business man of unquestionable ability. He ranks as one of the best corporation lawyers of the country, and deservedly so. I am surprised at such a man being put up for office. He is so far in advance of the politicians. If the Democrats had hunted from one end of the country to the other they could not have found a better candidate.

"I am a Republican, but am free to say that all who know Mr. Hancock admire him. He would be an ornament to the State."

The one man who knows Mr. Hancock best in Pittsburgh is M. A. Woodward, the well-known Republican lawyer. They were boys together and room-mates at college. Mr. Woodward said:

"James Denton Hancock has more

brains than any man that Pennsylvania has in Congress, and it would be an honor to the State to send him there. He is among the best lawyers of the country and a very successful man. He is a scholar, has great ability, brilliancy and lots of good, sound judgment. He is the kind of a man you can depend on and always keeps his word. He commands your respect, and above all things is sincere. I have known him from boyhood. We went through Kenyon College, out in Ohio, as companions. We came to Pittsburgh and started to study law together. Hancock was born a Whig and I was raised a Democrat. We often had long political arguments.

"Prof. Wharton, whose legal works are regarded as the highest authority, was a teacher at Kenyon at that time, and he put us down for a debate on nullification on opposite sides from our political beliefs. Hancock studied all the speeches of Calhoun, and I studied the speeches of Webster. Calhoun converted him to Democracy, and Daniel Webster changed me to a Republican. He has ever since been sincere in his beliefs, and was a strong supporter of free trade even when it would have aided his private business to have been on the other side of the fence."

Mr. Hancock was in Philadelphia last Saturday in attendance at a conference of leading active Democrats of the State. His reception was cordial and indicative of a vigorous campaign till the last gun is fired on the 20th inst.

'76—Rev. C. S. Aves, rector of St. Paul's Church, Norwalk, Ohio, recently took a trip to Texas with a hunting party. While there he visited his brother, Rev. H. D. Aves, '78, of Houston.

'78—Howard Adae, the last of seven

brothers, died at his home on Rockdale avenue, Avondale. He was the son of the once well-known banker by that name. Yesterday afternoon, while visiting some friends in the Normandie Building, on Race street, he was suddenly taken with a hemorrhage of the lungs. An ambulance from the City Hospital was hastily summoned, and the sufferer was hurriedly taken to his home, where Dr. F. Kebler, the family physician, was immediately called in, and made every effort to relieve the sick man, but without avail. Mr. Adae has been a sufferer from the dread malady, consumption, for a long while, and of late he has been subject to hemorrhages, and on several occasions his life was despaired of.

Mr. Adae was book-keeper for the Andrews-Bates Company, of this city. He was with them for a great many years, and by his energy and ability he made himself invaluable. He was also well known as a baritone singer of some repute, having sung in several choirs in the churches of the city.

Mr. Adae was about 38 years old, and leaves a wife and child to mourn his loss, besides a host of friends to whom, by his congenial ways, he has endeared himself.

'80—Dr. Wm. D. Hamilton, of Columbus, O., was married during the holidays. Congratulations are still in order.

'80—THE COLLEGIAN extends hearty congratulations to the Rev. C. D. Williams, Dean of Trinity Cathedral, Cleveland, O., who was made the happy father of a baby girl on Christmas day last.

'85—Mr. Alonzo M. Snyder was elected Secretary of the flourishing Kenyon Alumni Association of Northern Ohio on the night of the last banquet, January 4.

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Mts	Central Time.	2	28	38	4	8
		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	
0	Cleveland	8.10	8.00	11.00	12.25	
5	Euclid Avenue ..	8.52	8.14	1.12	3.40	
9	Newburg	9.04	8.29	1.27	3.55	
20	Hudson	9.40	9.12	2.05	4.23	
34	Cuyahoga Falls ..	9.55	9.30	2.20	4.38	
39	Akron	10.05	9.40	2.30	4.50	
46	Barberton	10.22	10.01	2.53	5.21	
53	Warwick	10.36	10.16	3.07	5.35	
63	Orville	10.55	10.35	3.30	5.58	
81	Holmesville	10.58	10.42	3.37	6.01	
87	Millersburg	11.14	11.27	4.00	6.18	
93	Killbuck	11.48	11.40	4.33	6.42	
107	Brink Haven	12.10	12.10	4.58	6.58	
111	Danville	12.22	12.40	5.09	7.10	
120	Gambier	12.32	12.40	5.27	7.20	
126	Mt. Vernon	12.40	12.50	5.40	7.30	
135	Mt. Liberty	1.00	1.00	6.00	7.50	
139	Centerburg	1.25	1.28	6.28	7.02	
149	Sunbury	1.40	1.49	6.49	7.34	
158	Westerville	1.54	2.06	7.06	7.40	
170	Columbus	2.10	2.30	7.30	8.00	
		P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	
	Cincinnati	6.00	7.15			
		P. M.	A. M.			

NORTH BOUND.

Mts	Central Time.	3	27	35	9	7
		Noon	N. 11	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
0	Columbus	12.10	12.05	12.45	12.20	12.20
12	Westerville	12.30	12.30	1.09	12.57	1.09
21	Sunbury	12.45	1.09	1.16	1.16	1.16
31	Centerburg	12.57	1.09	1.45	1.45	1.45
36	Mt. Liberty	1.19	1.19	1.58	1.58	1.58
44	Mt. Vernon	1.27	1.37	2.10	2.10	2.10
50	Gambier	1.22	1.47	2.15	2.15	2.15
59	Danville	1.29	1.59	2.26	2.26	2.26
63	Brink Haven	1.27	2.00	2.31	2.31	2.31
72	Killbuck	2.18	2.03	2.21	2.21	2.21
83	Millersburg	2.31	2.17	2.38	2.38	2.38
89	Holmesville	2.37	2.27	2.45	2.45	2.45
107	Orville	3.05	2.45	2.52	2.52	2.52
117	Warwick	3.12	2.45	3.28	3.28	3.28
124	Barberton	3.30	2.57	3.51	3.51	3.51
131	Akron	3.37	3.10	4.05	4.05	4.05
136	Cuyahoga Falls ..	4.11	3.34	4.12	4.12	4.12
144	Hudson	4.27	3.50	4.55	4.55	4.55
161	Newburg	4.50	4.30	5.30	5.30	5.30
165	Euclid Avenue ..	5.10	4.46	5.43	5.43	5.43
170	Cleveland	5.25	5.00	5.55	5.55	5.55
		P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	

Mts	Central Time.	138	144	Mts	Dresden Branch.	135	142
		P. M.	A. M.			A. M.	P. M.
14.20	14.00	0	0	Ly.	Millersburg	18.25	18.25
4.45	4.30	0	0	Ly.	Killbuck	18.40	18.40
5.10	5.10	10	10	Ly.	Millersburg	18.45	18.45
5.25	5.00	18	18	Ly.	Warwick	18.50	18.50
5.50	5.00	27	27	Ly.	Cooperdale	19.00	19.00
6.00	5.25	29	29	Ly.	Wakatomika	19.05	19.05
6.10	5.38	33	33	Ar.	Trinity	19.10	19.10
7.25	5.55	50	50	Ar.	Zanesville	19.40	19.40
		P. M.	A. M.			A. M.	A. M.

* Runs daily. † Daily except Sunday. ‡ Flag stop.
§ Meals. † Lunch.

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