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The Kenyon Collegian.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF KENYON COLLEGE.

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VOL. XXII.

GAMBIER, OHIO, MAY, 1895.

No. 2.

Editorial.

THE time is rapidly approaching when the subscriptions pledged for the purpose of hiring a foot ball coach will be due. A more enthusiastic response to a call for assistance last fall in effecting this purpose could not have been desired. But now, since the excitement of the season is somewhat abated, we may be slow in realizing the importance of a coach for next year's campaign. Since its inauguration here five years ago, the students have devoted themselves to foot ball with the keenest interest and with conspicuous success. With last season, however, began the era of coaches among Ohio colleges generally, and the long list of defeats of a team comprising material as good, if not better, than that of any previous year, was evidence enough of our need of systematic professional coaching. We hope this reminder will not be unheeded, and that the victories of our foot ball team will redeem the past season's ill success and sustain the prestige Kenyon College has previously borne in athletics.

IT is a mistaken idea that a student's identity with his college is lost with the laying aside of his cap and gown. Those who have left these halls can no more sever the bonds by which they are joined to our Alma Mater than they can efface the influence which her motherhood has impressed on their characters. They owe to her more than the almost tangible benefits of association with books and men of culture which she has granted them, something which by their own efforts they could in no wise have acquired, and for which their tuition has been far from a just recompense. If a man is so devoid of a sentiment of love for the old college on the hill that he no longer feels an interest in her institutions of themselves, at least a sense of the obligation under which he is placed by his connection with Kenyon, should appeal to him. The Alumni, broadly speaking, are as much an integral part of Kenyon College as her undergraduates, and the COLLEGIAN, "devoted to the interests of Kenyon College," although published by the undergraduates, is as much for the benefit of those who have left Gambier Hill as for those now here. It is not the wish of the undergraduates to shift too much of the burden of maintaining the magazine upon the shoulders of their Alumni brothers, but there is reason in their desire to have them bear equally with themselves its literary, financial, and even moral support. The COLLEGIAN makes an effort to show their recognition of the fact that the Alumni form a component part of the college by devoting at least some portion of its pages to that department. Let not this, the only instrument which is able to keep the distant Alumnus in touch with his Alma Mater, be suffered, through lack of alumni support, to share the fate of the unfortunate "Reveille."

IT is a matter worthy of some consideration by the faculty how very little opportunity there is offered a Sabbatarian in Kenyon College of living up strictly to his principles, or a man of scruples less conscientious of getting the full amount of rest which hygienic law requires. According to the schedule of recitations as it stands for this, the Trinity term, the majority of the men in college have as many, if not more recitations on Monday than on any other of the five remaining days of the week. Now it is almost impossible for a student to prepare his Monday lessons and also to meet the many necessary demands on his time, social and otherwise, which are

usually relegated to Saturday. Consequently he must either surrender his day of rest to the preparation of his Monday recitations or, in expressive college parlance, "flunk." When examinations have been scheduled for Monday, Sunday studying becomes still more imperative. From both a physiological and a moral standpoint, this is not right. Seven days of intellectual labor week after week, no matter how light a man may choose to make it, is intensely wearing on his constitution. We are at college not merely for a higher intellectual training, but so to prepare ourselves at all points, physically as well as mentally, that we may be best fitted for the duties of life. Such an encouragement to the defiance of the rules of health will effectively defeat this object. Were there no higher reason, this should effect a change; but certainly an institution under church authority, even though her students were not under her spiritual control, should not countenance a custom so widely at variance with the better spirit of the age. The Church's tenets may not be so strictly Sabbatarian in character as to demand abstinence from absolutely necessary employments, but even this is not a sufficient excuse for the present schedule; under a proper arrangement of the recitations Sunday studying is not necessary. We do not pretend to discuss the moral right or wrong in preparing lessons on Sunday—that is for each one's own conscience to decide. But there are many without doubt who consider or have considered it a wrong, and whatever may be the teaching of the Church on this point, she certainly would not encourage that which would "make my brother to offend."

THE revival by the Freshman Class of the old custom of planting a class ivy, of which we give an account elsewhere, will bring back happy memories of similar scenes to many an old student. Of all the beautiful customs which in the pursuit of strange gods we have suffered to fall into abeyance, perhaps none is to be regretted more than that of ivy planting. We are not disposed to rave over the "halcyon days" of the college when a man was forbidden to leave his room after seven at night, when the noisy warning of our old friend in the belfry roused him from his dreams before daylight—far from it! But we do advocate most earnestly the preservation, as far as possible, of any relics of our predecessors. We are proud, and justly too, of our Alumni roll, one which

cannot be equalled in proportion to its length by any college in the Union. And if it is only in commemoration of those men we honor, even should we see no significance in the customs of themselves, they should be religiously preserved. But we do not believe there is a man now in college in whom these practices would not arouse a higher sense of his duties to his college and associates. Planting, in their Freshman instead of their Senior year, the ivy which is to represent them in adorning old Mother Kenyon, is a departure from the usual custom, but it is one which is justified by its appropriateness. The members of a class begin to add honor or dishonor to our Alma Mater's name from the day of their matriculation, not from that of their graduation. The resurrection of the custom is a movement upon which Ninety-eight is to be congratulated. Let it be the duty of each one of us to see that so long as he walks the Hill, every year may mark the addition of a new ivy on "Old Kenyon's" walls.

Ninety-Eight's Ivy Ode.

D. LE B. G.

BORNE from thy native, cool, sequestered home,
In depth of flowery woodland, bright and fair;
These loyal hearts have bid thee hither come;
And loyal hands have sought and placed thee here,
Where massive rise, so venerable and grand,
The castled walls of Kenyon, old and grey.
Thou carest not for temples newly wrought;
But Classic Age thou wooest as thy prey.
Mount upward o'er these ancient classic walls
Cast round thy mantle soft, of richest green;
Protect them from all ill, whate'er befalls;
Be thou a verdant shield of radiant sheen,
So be thy future, twining Ivy fair,
For loyal hands have sought and placed thee here.

The Better Path.

P. B. S.

“YOU have returned, Sister Margherite? I have been waiting here for you.”

“Yes, Sister Lucia, my visits are over for to-day.”

“How is the child of the Peasant Jacques?”

“He is progressing favorably and will soon recover, I hope. But why are you so animated, Sister Lucia?”

“Ah! you were not at vespers this afternoon, or your question would have been answered. The new confessor is here, and at vespers before the benediction, he spoke for a few moments on the transcendent purity we might attain by our lives of self sacrifice. He reminded me so strongly of you, Sister Margherite, and spoke so well and eloquently the thoughts you have so often suggested to me in our twilight meditations. I wish you could have seen him as the slanting sunbeams, streaming through the paler windows, poured a flood of light on his upturned face. He seemed the incarnation of purity as he stood there. Yet the deep lines of sorrow on his face showed that the inward struggle was not yet quite complete. His voice was clear and vibrant, and its thrilling and exquisite modulations were in themselves an index of the pain he had endured and could still endure. I can still see him standing there, and the memory of his presence and his eloquence lifts me upward. I know not what you would have thought, dearest Sister Margherite, could you have heard your own thoughts, swelled into such grand significance by this noble man. But forgive me! you are pale and tired! I was selfish! Let us walk in the cloisters.”

They issue forth into the dim, silent cloisters, just as the setting sun is gilding the hilltops with a fleeting glory. The valleys are already in repose, the drowsy tinkle of sheep bells, far down the vineclad slopes, alone disturbs the tranquillity of the scene. The sisters had thrown back their heavy veils, without which they might not wander abroad. The sudden appearance of the confessor, at an angle of the cloisters, gives them no time to replace their veils, and his eyes fall full upon them. To their surprise he starts violently, and turning

around, walks rapidly in the other direction. As he turns a corner out of their sight, he casts a last look back; in that face, though none saw it, there shone a whole life of love and anguish. Sister Lucia's bewilderment and surprise, as she follows his retreating figure with her eyes, is so great that for a moment she does not see that Sister Margherite has left her. In utter astonishment, Sister Lucia goes hurriedly to her cell.

Meanwhile, Sister Margherite is kneeling by her straw pallet, and with hands tightly clasped, pleads with supplicating entreaty to the Virgin Mother, "O Mother of Mercy, help me! forgive me, if I sinned and sin again! They told me there would be peace seven years! Alas, more like a life time! O Mother, I could not forget; was it not right to love him? he was so good, so noble! I lived—yes, and died, on that summer evening, when he clasped me in his arms, and told me of his love for me; it was our first, our last kiss. He was my all and I lost him; they took me from him! Peace? it does not come. O Divine Mother, it can not! The higher life they said we could attain is bare and empty! Forgive my wayward pleadings! Help me to forget!—but ah! how sweet a pang of sorrow passed through my heart at sight of his dear form and face; 'twas as if I were gazing across the dark, deep abyss of time and memory, back upon those happy days of contented present, and brightening future. He was there, and for a moment, I was transported; but with what a shock did I realize the cruel present! O Virgin Mother, help me, help him to forget! Peace may yet come! help me, Mother, and forgive me!"

The beautiful face upturned in earnest prayer, is marred with anguish. The twilight shadows deepen and night approaches; but through the gathering gloom, the pale face is still upturned with yearning eyes. Hour after hour she remains kneeling; only the tense strain of the interlocked fingers tells of the dark conflict within. This exquisite soul wrung with anguish, can only find cessation from grief in exhaustion. The convent is asleep, and all is still, when cramped with pain, Sister Margherite walks with difficulty through the dark corridor to the chapel of the convent, there to prostrate herself anew before the altar. The pendant lamp, which illumines only the part in immediate nearness to the altar, intensifies the gloom. The mute, dumb grief can find no words of supplication; she kneels in hopeless

silence. A half-stifled groan startles her; she starts up in alarm—she had fancied herself alone. There, kneeling at the altar rail, his head upon his outstretched arms, is the confessor. Her brain reels. She clutches convulsively at the altar rail. The confessor hurries around the railing and clasps her in his strong embrace and kisses the beautiful face. Without a word, and hand in hand, they kneel in front of the altar, and upon them, kneeling side by side, in thankful prayer, the Virgin Mary with the babe in her arms looks fondly down. That night they leave the convent forever.

In a little village in the region of Picardy, in France, on one of the sunny vineclad slopes, there stands a brown peasant's cottage. A tall stately woman, in no wise like the peasant class, is contentedly trailing the honeysuckle around the door. In a clearing not far distant a tall graceful man, with a face too intellectual for a peasant, though cheerfully performing the work of one, is seen. From the little porch come the glad cries of two little children playing with each other, just within the open door an old shepherd dog quietly sleeps.—Is this not the Better Path?

A Summer's Idyll.

E. G. M.

DURING the last few years Solena has made rapid strides towards improvement, from a four corners with a blacksmith's shop, school-house and a pump as its attractions, it has spread out until it now boasts of a general store, a church and a post office. Although proud of these improvements, yet Solena's pages of the world's history are based not upon commercial importance, but upon the exploits of its greatest organization, "The Farmer Boys' Base Ball Club." Politics and the financial situation might envelope the rest of the world, but "our boys" were an ample and inexhaustable topic of conversation to Solena's best citizens, who could be found any summer's evening perched on the nail and cracker barrels of the combined store, post office and gossip emporium.

The pride taken by the citizens of Solena in its base ball team was not undeserving, for in the year in which this history is written, the "Farmer Boys" were the undisputed champions of that vicinity.

Will Bly was the founder of this organization. Will was educated, that is, he had "kept school" and had been two months in a lawyer's office over at the county seat, and was now a partner and chief clerk of Solena's combined grocery, drug and hardware store. Not a player himself, he was, nevertheless, "one of the boys," and never regretted a quarter spent at a social or a whole dollar spent at the fair or a circus, provided that he had enjoyed himself. Will was manager and umpire, and was ably assisted in his work by Jim Macey, the blacksmith, who was the captain and catcher of the team.

The Saturday games, played on the grounds by the school house, were attended by the entire population of Solena and its suburbs. It would have been difficult to have recognized the "Farmer Boys" by their uniforms, inasmuch as they were of all forms and colors, the fielders being barefooted, while the old time favorites, Macey, "Billy" Peterson and "Hank" Sayles were content to play in overalls, blouses and cowhide shoes. "Billy" Peterson was the famous baseman of the team, and it was useless to reach first base when the ball had been hit toward "Billy" at third. Henry Sayles, known throughout the county as "Hank" Sayles, was the pride of the "F. B. B. Club," for with "Hank" in the box it was a sure victory for his team. Tall and muscular, with long and powerful arms, the swift curves that resulted from the disentanglement of his arms, were always a mystery to his opponents. As is usual in such cases, he was the king of kings in the neighborhood, and his slightest word or action was considered authority. "Hank" reigned supreme o'er the ladies of the township, and especially the young ladies, for next to her base ball team, Solena prided herself upon her pretty girls. Sayles was proud of his dominion over the fair maidens of the village, but especially proud of his conquest of the heart of Mamie Wells, the recognized belle of the town. The rivalry among the young men for the honor of her affection had been keen and spirited, but the craft of the pitcher won him one more victory, and the celebrated Mr. Sayles and the charming Miss Wells were "keepin' stidy company."

The course of true love never runs smoothly, and this love affair between the two young people proved to be no exception to that rule. Miss Mamie was pretty and also a flirt, and became enamored of the long hair, slender form and city manners of a "dude" from the city, who was sojourning during the hot season at a neighboring farm house. Little was known of this stranger's history, but that he read most of the day, that he captured the hearts of all the fair maidens of Solena, and that his name was Mr. Ponsonby, was common history in the village. Ponsonby, being good looking, well dressed and possessing the faculty of making himself agreeable, soon captured the hearts of all the girls and soon had his choice of the prettiest girls of the village to escort to church, prayer meeting, or to socials, actions which soon brought him into disfavor among the young men of the village.

Many were the schemes and petty annoyances to which Mr. Ponsonby was subjected, but the intended joke had always fallen back upon the would-be joker, for all contests of wit and craft had resulted in a victory for the pale faced city "dude."

At a Friday evenings council held in the post office, it was decided, as a last resort against Mr. Ponsonby, to entice him out onto the ball field and there disgrace him before the world. On the following afternoon, when the "Farmer Boys" were to have crossed bats with the Venice Heights nine, great was the mock chagrin of the Solena men to discover the absence of one of their number. A short conversation was held between the manager and captain, and then Mr. Macey was seen to cross the field to a certain pink sunshade, beneath which were seen the smiling faces of Mr. Ponsonby and Miss Wells. In a few moments the captain was seen to enter the diamond followed by Mr. Ponsonby, who, on being asked to play had quietly consented and remarked that he "preferred first base, if no one objected." His proposition was willingly accepted, and then Will Bly tossed a new ball to the pitcher and the game commenced. Every young man on the home team was anxious to annihilate the cool and quiet Mr. Ponsonby, but the first opportunity was given to Peterson at third base. A slow hit was knocked to him and stopped in fine style, followed by a very swift throw to the "dude" at first base. Mr. Ponsonby was seen to reach forward for the ball, then wheel suddenly around and, although looking pale and startled, cling firmly to it. Again, in the next inning, Mr. Ponsonby was seen not only

to catch a swift throw from the catcher, but also to throw it across to Peterson at third. "Billy" must have had the sun in his eyes, for by some unexplained reason the ball missed his hands and struck him full in the face. Loudly bewailing his own carelessness, Peterson was assisted from the game and a boy taken from the crowd to fill his position.

The expected downfall of Mr. Ponsonby was a little slow in arriving, and it now rested on "Hank" Sayles to "kill the dude" with one of his swift curves. At length the opportunity arrived, a ground hit was stopped by Sayles, who, winking knowingly to the crowd, threw it swiftly to the quiet Mr. Ponsonby at first base. Already the exultant young men could almost see Mr. Ponsonby's linen suit bespattered with blood and his limp and helpless figure carried in triumph by the "Farmer Boys" past the young ladies. But luck must favor dudes and children, for Mr. Ponsonby was seen to grasp the ball, smile faintly, and then throw the ball back to the grinning Sayles. The pitcher reached out for it, then dodged, and placed his hands upon his stomach, then gasped and faintly muttered that "he felt sick and his stomach hurt him." That stopped the game, and the umpire sorrowfully gave the game to Venice Heights.

It was unusually quiet at the store that evening; true, all the young men were present, but their recent defeat put them in no humor for conversation. Will Bly was moodily reading the city paper, with "Hank" and Peterson occupying the cracker barrel near him, the former looking pale and weak and the latter bathing his bruised and swollen face with arnica from the store's supply. Then, just as Mr. Ponsonby was seen to saunter past the store in company with the charming Miss Wells, Will Bly slowly read from the paper: "Clarence De Puy Ponsonby, the celebrated pitcher of Harvard College, is spending the summer in Solena. Mr. Ponsonby has refused several offers from the professional league for the coming summer."

Each "Farmer Boy" looked silently at his neighbor, and the only sound audible was the noise of the receding footsteps of Miss Wells and Mr. C. D. P. Ponsonby, when Peterson slowly exclaimed: "Guess I'll go home; give me a quarter's worth of this arnica and some court-plaster."

William Cowper.

O. A.

ALTHOUGH the world for the most part runs on smoothly, yet there are times when great upheavals occur. The minds of the people seem to change slowly until they are all turned in the same direction; then a sudden leap is made and the desired end at last attained. Just at this time one of the greatest revolutions that the world has ever witnessed was in progress. With France as a center it spread out in concentric circles until it embraced the whole world.

In England the progress was slow. The first noticeable awakening was in the style of writing. New subjects were written about in an entirely new style. This seems at first sight to be a slight change, but is it so? Surely not. People write what they think; they think about what interests them, and what interests them determines their mode of life. So when we find a change in literature we may be sure that there is a corresponding change in the life of the people.

Cowper first introduced this change. He was a retiring man addicted to melancholy, and little dreamed of changing the mode of thinking of a great nation. How often do we notice that those who make the least pretensions do the most in the world. Pope in his best writings can not move us as the modest Cowper can. Pope may appeal to our intellect, but our hearts remain untouched; Cowper reasons well and touches our hearts also.

Is love of nature essential to a true poet? It seems to me that it is. If in looking out on the world around him, he does not see things to interest himself, neither will he notice anything anywhere that will interest us. Cowper fulfills this condition to a very high degree. We can hardly read a page of his writings without perceiving his love of nature. The country delights him as nothing else could do. We all know his oft quoted saying that "God made the country, but man made the town."

Cowper was a great lover of freedom. In his youth he suffered enough oppression from his associates to make him sympathize with all down-trodden people. He says, "all constraint except what wisdom lays on evil men is evil." Of his native country he says, "Thee I account the

chief among the nations seeing thou art free." Surely such sentiments as these ought to be sanctioned by all reasonable men.

Cowper possessed a true poetic nature. His imagination cast a halo of glory around his every day life. A great part of his writings are taken up with his own experiences. In "The Task" we have his mode of life described, his views of nature set forth, and his thoughts, opinions and beliefs expressed. He recognized the fact that man is pre-eminently interesting to man, and acted accordingly. He left the ambitious and luxuriant subjects of fiction for those of real life and simple nature.

A kind of tenderness characterizes most of his writings. His "Lines to my Mother's Picture" is one of the most touching poems to be found in the English language. In "The Task" we find little wit or humor. His whole life was filled with such sadness that he could not write of humorous things. "John Gilpin" is light and playful but it forms an exception to his other works.

In Cowper we see a change in the way of looking at man. It is not the man of England, it is not the man of Europe, it is not the man of the civilized world that absorbs his interest. His plans were for mankind, for the whole human race. The wildest savage of Africa is included in the common brotherhood just as much as the citizen of civilized England. Many new questions relating to the destiny of the human race were introduced into literature by him.

Cowper has been accused of too much digression. It is true that he does not closely adhere to any definite subject. His "Task" is simply a collection of descriptions and reflections. But what is the object of poetry? Sidney says it is to please and at the same time to instruct. Now do not his writings fulfill both of these conditions? His object was not to teach some great truth in a masterwork of art, but rather to make us see the things of our daily life as he saw them. His mind was not fitted to devote itself to some definite plan; it rather gave itself up to each subject that came before it. His nature was easily impressed, and his emotions and feelings were continually clamoring for utterance. So although he does digress, and although this may detract from his greatness as an artist, yet he will always be popular and be read with pleasure by lovers of nature and by lovers of true poetry.

The Ivy Day of Ninety-Eight.

WEDNESDAY, May 22d, Ninety-Eight planted their class ivy. The ceremonies were simple, and were witnessed by about half the students. The ivy, obtained after several unsuccessful attempts, was a Virginia Creeper. Two healthy shoots were planted in front of Old Kenyon to the right of the middle division.

President Sterling, Prof. Benson, and Dr. Strong had kindly consented to make a few remarks on the re-establishment of the honored custom.

Promptly at two o'clock, Beach Clark, the Class President, announced to the assembled students the purpose for which they had gathered, and closed by introducing President Sterling.

The President first spoke of the pleasure that the reviving of the ivy planting gave him, and said that he hoped that the "Ivy Day" would come to be a more important one every year. After touching on the beauty of the custom, he pointed to the bare portion of the walls which the ivy is intended to cover, and spoke somewhat as follows:

"By the setting out of this ivy you assume a greater responsibility than you would at first imagine, for by the planting of an ivy that will grow year by year, making the old college more beautiful by decorating that vacant spot on its walls, so you signify your intention and purpose to be loyal sons of Kenyon, and to fill up and decorate to the very best of your ability that portion of her history into which you have, and will have come"

After the applause had subsided, Beach Clark introduced Prof. Benson. The reverend and worthy professor jocularly remarked that he believed he was acquainted with some of the students before him, casting a meaning glance at one or two possible delinquents. He proceeded to describe the advantage that had been suggested to him of planting an ivy in the Freshman year, for by so doing, the class could tend, or, if need be, replace it. Then he spoke of the beautiful effect in the fall, produced by the varied tints of the different ivys as their leaves turned. He remarked on his love for the college, saying that though Old Kenyon might not possess as great architectural beauty as some of the other buildings, yet to him there could be nothing more beautiful than the rough walls of his

old college. He spoke of the old arrangement of rooms, and mentioned the secret organizations of his day. He disliked the fraternity feeling that strengthened at the expense of class enthusiasm. He hoped that this was an indication of the revival of a distinctive class spirit. The telling point of his speech was embodied in the following beautiful figure: He likened the ivy to the love of the student toward his Alma Mater. The ivy with its clinging tendrils would beautify and adorn and protect the old gray walls, increasing in its beauty year by year. And similarly the love of the student would cherish and protect her, who formed and fitted him for an entrance into life.

Professor Benson sat down amid enthusiastic cheers.

President Sterling had reviewed the practical aspect, Prof. Benson the poetical. Dr. Strong, in turn, took up the moral suggestions. His voice trembled as he recalled with pathetic tenderness his old college days and fellow students, now "fifty years behind." He mentioned his strong conviction then and now that Old Kenyon would some day become one of the leading institutions in the West, because what Kenyon College would be depended upon what it was in the heart of every student. He proceeded to compare the ivys now on the college with those on the ruins abroad, and said that "though these were not as luxuriant as the ones he had seen in the old world, yet here they served a much more cheerful purpose, for there they covered rotting ruins, while here, placed on the walls by loyal hands, they add the venerableness of age to massy strength. So should learning add grace and true venerableness to the rugged dignity and vigor of manhood."

Subdued applause, more expressive than cheers, ensued.

The commemoration ode, composed for the occasion by the class poet, was read by the author, Goodwin, '98.

The class then assembled and gave their yell. This was followed by the college yell, in which all the students joined. And thus the time honored custom was renewed.

Athletics.

KENYON 21—CASE 20.

One of the most exciting games of base ball ever witnessed on the Kenyon grounds was played with Case, May 10th. The interest was aroused at once by Kenyon retiring the Case men in one, two, three order and getting two runs in the first inning. These were due to errors and bases on balls, the only hit being made by Wolverton, who was put out on an attempt to steal second. In the second Case got a run on a double and a single. Kenyon was put out in order by three plays from short stop to first. Two singles, a steal, and a sacrifice hit gave Case another run in the third. Kenyon also gained one on errors. In the fourth Case took the lead by making two runs, but lost it at once by letting in two runs for Kenyon on a block ball. Neither side scored in the next inning, nor did Case in the sixth. Two singles, a double, and a triple, with a base on balls, gave Kenyon a clear lead, the score standing 8 to 4 at the end of the sixth. The "unlucky seventh" passed very well, Case gaining two and Kenyon one, but the eighth seemed to have taken up all the ill luck which we generally ascribe to the seventh; Case bunched her hits and Kenyon her errors, with a total of seven runs for Case. Kenyon's only gain was a long drive over the railroad by Wolverton for a home run. Case continued to hit the ball in the ninth, batting out a triple and a home run. This made the score 17 to 10 in favor of Case, when Kenyon took her last chance to bat in the ninth inning. But the boys were equal to the task, and despite of the fact that Case changed pitchers three times, they made a total of 13 bases, which with a wild throw gave them 7 runs, tying the score. Two singles and a home run gave Case three more runs, and in Kenyon's half with two men out and only one run, it looked as though the good work of the last half of the ninth had been in vain. There were now three men on bases as Jacobs came to bat. As two strikes and three balls were called the excitement became intense. The next ball would settle the game, and Jacobs settled the ball away out over the left fielder's head for three bases, bringing in the three runs necessary to win the game. The game was very exciting throughout, and it was quite a unique experience for Kenyon to bat out a game in the ninth inning.

Neither side could be particularly commended for its fielding. The features of the game were Wolverton's home run, the base running of Blake, who ran for two of our injured players, and the unusual number of pitchers which Case developed.

The following is the batting order and score:

KENYON.					CASE.				
Straw.....	Third Base	Schlessinger.....	Left Field						
Blake.....	Left Field	Wickham.....	Third Base						
Myers.....	Pitcher	Gleason.....	First Base						
Wolverton.....	Catcher	Haliday.....	Short Stop						
Esselburne.....	Right Field	Langrebe.....	* Pitcher						
Burnett.....	Center Field	Weidenkopf.....	Center Field						
Jacobs.....	Short Stop	Wildeman.....	Catcher						
Sawyer.....	First Base	Schofield.....	Right Field						
Follet.....	Second Base	Cragdon.....	Second Base						
INNINGS.....	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10								
Case.....	0 1 1 2 0 0 2 7 4 3—20								
Kenyon.....	2 0 1 2 0 3 1 1 7 4—21								

* N. B.—We have lost the complete record of Case pitchers.

WITTENBERG 5—KENYON 2.

Kenyon played a very close game with Wittenberg at Springfield, May 16th. Neither side scored in the first inning, and up to the end of the seventh there had been only three runs made, two by Wittenberg and one by Kenyon. In the eighth Wittenberg batted out three runs which won the game, as Kenyon was able to get only one more run in the ninth. Esselburne pitched a good game, and he was very well supported. The fielding work was good all around, Wittenberg making only one error. As usual Wolverton gave us a home run. If the batting of the team could be improved our success would be more frequent. In this game the boys did better than usual, but it is just here that Kenyon loses her games, and we cannot expect to win, no matter how good our fielding, till there is more improvement in this line.

The score was as follows:

INNINGS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Wittenberg.....	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	3	0—5
Kenyon.....	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1—2

OTTERBEIN 7 — KENYON 6.

Otterbein played a very close game with Kenyon on our grounds, May 18th. Otterbein failed to score in the first two innings, five of these first six men being struck out by Myers. Kenyon made two in the second on a double by Clark and a couple of wild throws. A single and some costly errors gave Otterbein three runs in the third, Kenyon failing to score. Each side gained a solitary run in the fourth, and Kenyon tied the score in the fifth with a single and a triple, and passed their opponents by one run in the sixth. In the eighth Otterbein scored with no men out and the bases full. Two men were cut out at home and the third put out at first on a double play from catcher to first. Two doubles gave Kenyon another run, but Otterbein took the lead in the ninth on a single, an error and a two base hit. Kenyon failed to score and the game was finished with the score 7 to 6. The feature of the game was the pitching of Myers, twelve of the Otterbein team retiring without hitting the ball.

There were a number of very close decisions in which each side argued strongly for the point. At one time it seemed that the Otterbein team was about to leave the field, and from that time on there was a great deal of discussion about the fairness of the decisions. This made the game far from enjoyable. One of the "consoling" murmurs of the Otterbein club was "*baby* them a little more." To one knowing the high sounding nick name of their umpire this cry was very expressive.

The following is the batting order and score of innings:

OTTERBEIN.		KENYON.								
Miller.....	Short Stop	Straw.....	Short Stop							
Stoughton.....	Second Base	Blake.....	Left Field							
Gardner.....	Third Base	Myers.....	Pitcher							
Quin.....	Catcher	Wolverton.....	First Base							
Long.....	First Base	Lowry.....	Catcher							
Jones.....	Right Field	Esselburne.....	Right Field							
Clements.....	Center Field	Burnett.....	Center Field							
Keller.....	Left Field	Clark.....	Third Base							
Wescott.....	Pitcher	Jacobs.....	Second Base							
INNINGS.....		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Otterbein.....	0	0	3	1	0	0	0	1	2	—7
Kenyon.....	0	2	0	1	1	1	0	1	0	—

KENYON 20—CASE 15.

The Case game at Cleveland May 25th, was very much a repetition of the game played in Gambier. Kenyon took the lead in the fifth. Case bunched their hits and made seven runs in the seventh, but Kenyon again took the lead by heavy batting and kept it to the end.

It was Wolverton's first appearance in the box and he made a very creditable showing, although he has not yet gained thorough control of the ball.

The game was a clean one in every respect, and the boys report a very nice time.

INNINGS.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Kenyon.....	0	4	0	0	3	6	0	5	1—20
Case	2	2	0	1	0	2	7	1	0—15

O. S. U. FIELD DAY.

On Friday, May 24th, the track team made its first trip. Kenyon men took part in the following events at Columbus:

50 Yard Dash—Blair, O. S. U., first; Griffith, O. S. U., second; Doan, Kenyon, third. Time, 6 seconds.

Putting the Shot—Thornberry, Kenyon, first; Rightmire, O. S. U., second; De Loffre, O. S. U., third. Distance, 33 ft. 7 in.

Standing Broad Jump—Rightmire, O. S. U., first; Wilson, Kenyon, Foster, O. S. U., Workman, O. S. U., tied for second. Distance, 9 ft. 9½ in.

100 Yard Dash—Griffith, O. S. U., first; Workman, O. S. U., second; Sutphen, O. S. U., third. Time, 11½ seconds.

Standing Hop, Step and Jump—Workman, O. S. U., first; Rightmire, O. S. U., second; Hollenback, Kenyon, third. Distance, 26 ft. 3 in.

220 Yard Dash—Griffith, O. S. U., first; Blair, O. S. U., second; Mottley, Kenyon, third. Time, 25 seconds.

Standing High Jump—Griffith, O. S. U., first; Genheimer, O. S. U., second; Doan, Kenyon, third. Height, 4 ft. 6 in.

Running Hop, Step and Jump—Hollenbach, Kenyon, first; Stewart, O. S. U., second; Griffith, O. S. U., third. Distance, 37 ft. 10½ in.

Running Broad Jump—Foster, O. S. U., first; Stewart, O. S. U., second; Wilson, Kenyon, third. Distance, 17 ft. 5 in.

440 Yard Dash—Mottley, Kenyon, first; Workman, O. S. U., second; Sutphen, O. S. U., third. Time, 58½ seconds.

Throwing the Hammer—Rightmire, O. S. U., first; Thornberry, Kenyon, second; Griffith, O. S. U., third. Distance, 70 ft. 1 in.

Running High Jump—Thornberry, Kenyon, first; Haas, O. S. U., second; Griffith, O. S. U., third. Height, 5 ft.

Half Mile Run—Howard, O. S. U., first; Hollenbach, Kenyon, second; Braun, O. S. U., third. Time, 2 min. 19 sec.

Mile Run—Lane, O. S. U., first; Dallas, O. S. U., second; Mottley, Kenyon, third. Time, 5 min. 4½ sec.

The events passed off with very little delay or confusion. The only trouble was in the dashes, where the fields were large and the starters inexperienced. Four heats were required to decide the fifty yard dash, as the starters seemed to have no control over the men. In the one hundred yards, every man made at least one false start. Blaire made three and was ruled out.

The most exciting race was the 220 yard dash which was anybody's race from start to finish, and was won by only a few inches. In the quarter mile Mottley outclassed the O. S. U. men, winning in a jog with the rest of the field bunched several yards behind.

Thornberry would probably have made a better showing with the hammer if it had had a wooden handle. A rope handle was a new thing to him, but as it was he made a close second.

Taken as a whole the field day was very successful, and gave us grounds for the hope that we will do even better at Denison.

Alumni Notes.

ON MAY 4th, at Coshocton, Ohio, death again touched the ranks of our alumni, and William Humrickhouse, '51, at the age of sixty-five, passed over to the great majority. The deceased was one of the most popular men in college while here, happy and magnetic in temperament, genial and clever. After graduating he began the study of the law, was admitted to the bar but never devoted himself to the active practice of his profession. For several years he was engaged with his brother

Thomas in the nursery business, but for some time past ill health had unfitted him for any regular employment. He was buried at Coshocton which had been his home since childhood, honored and respected by all.

'91. We take pleasure in announcing that the Rev. Owen J. Davis, assistant minister of the Church of the Savior, Philadelphia, has been elected rector of Grace Church, Haddonfield, N. J.

'92. The announcement of the marriage of Dr. Paul Morrison to Miss Geneviève Carpenter, of Westchester, N. Y., has been received by Gambier friends of the groom.

'56. We copy the following article, without comment, from the *Shreveport (La.) Times*:

At Kenyon College, Gambier, O., one of the leading collegiate institutions of the land, and in its early history, almost exclusively patronized by Southerners, there graduated in 1856, a class of ten students, whose career in life has certainly few parallels in collegiate history. This class was composed of D. D. Benedict, physician, Norwalk, O.; Geo. T. Chapman, lawyer, Cleveland, O.; Geo. F. Dawson, orange cultivator, Lake Maitland, Fla.; R. L. Ganter, Episcopal minister, Akron, O.; John E. Hamilton, lawyer, Covington, Ky.; Thos. M. James, lawyer, Kansas City, Mo.; Oren S. Penny, civil engineer, Coushatta, La.; James T. Sterling, railroader, city treasurer, Detroit, Mich.; Fred. D. Tunnard, State treasurer's book-keeper, Baton Rouge, La., and Will H. Tunnard, editor, Shreveport, La.

During the thirty-nine years since they have graduated, but one member has died, Rev. R. L. Ganter, who was laid to rest about two years ago.

Every member of the class has married, and have thirty-four children and eleven grandchildren, making the total of sixty-five. Two members, J. E. Hamilton and F. D. Tunnard have lost their wives. Dr. D. D. Benedict has lost a boy and Col. Jas. T. Sterling a boy and a girl. There are now living nine members, eight wives, thirty-one children, eleven grandchildren — total fifty-nine.

Most of the class served in the two armies during the war, about equally divided. It was only during the four years of that bloody struggle they have ever lost sight of each other. The youngest man in the class is nearly 58, and the oldest 66. Some of them have hair and

beard as white as the driven snow. The ties of their earthly friendship are deathless and unbroken. They have never had a class meeting but are making efforts to meet this year on the battlefield of Chickamauga, when it is dedicated as a national park next fall.

No misfortune ever befalls the family of one of them that there is not a ready response of genuine sympathy from the rest, born of a tenacious friendship that has never yielded to the crimson tide of war, the decaying fingers of years, the vicissitudes of life, or the flight of time. It is doubted whether any similar record has been or can be shown in the history of any collegiate class in the United States.

The record furnished was completed during the past week, by correspondence between the members of the class, and is in response to an inquiry set afloat by Harvard University, at Cambridge, Mass., to secure vital statistics of old college classes. The class of '56, of Kenyon College, believe no record will approach the one they show, which will prove an interesting item in every United States university.

The News.

PRESIDENT STERLING made his regular tour of the East in the interests of the college the early part of May.

Fifteen candidates for confirmation were presented to Bishop Leonard at his visitation here May 5.

Madame Rhea, during the stay of her troupe in Mt. Vernon, April 25-27, visited Gambier, the guest of her friend, Miss Monsarrat.

The second ball team was organized the latter part of April with W. D. Braddock, '95, as Captain, and are playing very good ball.

Rev. R. A. Holland, S. T. D., of St. Louis, will deliver the Bexley Baccalaureate sermon June 16.

Messrs. Mottley, Williams, G. F., Harris, Barber, Blake, Williams, H. F., Hathaway, Youtsey, Clark, and Southworth attended the Convention of the Northern Division of Delta Tau Delta held at Columbus May 9-11. R. L. Harris, '96, was re-elected President of the Division.

Philomathesian Society was recently made the recipient of a new gavel, the courtesy of the English professor.

Henry Stanbery, '96, and W. C. Armstrong, '97, attended the Convention of Psi Upsilon, at Utica, N. Y., May 8-10. The Convention were the guests of Psi Chapter, of Hamilton College.

The Misses Alice and Margaret Bodine, of Philadelphia, are spending a few weeks in Gambier, the guests of Miss Jones.

The overflow of college enthusiasm attendant upon our victory over "Case" on our new athletic field, May 10, found vent in an unusual amount of yelling, the ringing of the college bell and chimes, and a gigantic bonfire which illumined the whole hill.

L. A. Sanford, '95, and A. J. Commins, '97, attended the National Convention of Alpha Delta Phi, at New York City, the latter part of May. The banquet was at Delmonico's.

Harry Hathaway, '97, spent a few days at his home in Cleveland recently.

About twenty of our boys were at Columbus last month to see De Wolf Hopper.

Professor Pinkham spent a few days with friends in Philadelphia about May 12.

Miss Ethel Ayer, of Harcourt, assisted by Miss Brown, the Misses Fisher and Miss Kerr, entertained a select number of their friends Saturday evening, May 18. Dancing and refreshments were the order of the evening.

The Misses Canda, of New York City, are spending a few weeks in Gambier, the guests of Miss Monsarrat.

Miss Crocker, of Harcourt, gave a card party to a few of her friends on May 20, in honor of the Misses Bodine, of Philadelphia.

President Thwing, of Adelbert College, entertained a Gambier audience Wednesday evening, May 15, his subject being "Holland." This is the fifth entertainment of the lecture course.

J. A. Sipher, '96, and J. A. Nelson, '98, attended the Founders' Dinner of Beta Theta Pi, at Cincinnati, in May.

A stereopticon entertainment was given at Rosse Hall May 22, by the "King's Daughters," representing Gambier, past and present. The views were furnished by the Kenyon Camera Club, and Dr. Jones gave a very entertaining talk concerning Kenyon's past history.

Mrs. Theodore Seibt has returned from a visit with relatives in Detroit.

Exchanges.

The Intercollegiate Lacrosse Association will send a team to Canada this summer.—*U. of C. Weekly.*

According to a recent investigation of games, foot ball was supposed to have been played as early as the eighth century by the Japanese, who considered it suitable for training soldiers.—*Ex.*

THE NEEDFUL THING.

"Oh, ye plains of broad Sahara,
Rich in witchcraft's cunning art,
Pray tell me how to win a kiss
From her who holds my heart."

Then the plains of broad Sahara
Sent an answer to me, and
This is the whole of what they told me,
"Come, and get a little sand."—*Yale Record.*

The faculty of the University of Michigan will offer a prize for general excellence in athletics. It is to be in the form of a trophy, which will become the personal property of the winner.—*Harvard Crimson.*

Of the twenty-three men who received honors at Harvard this year, eleven are prominent athletes.—*Ex.*

The new building of the University of the City of New York will be ten stories high and will cost \$700,000.—*Oberlin Review.*

Yale has graduated 92 college presidents.—*University Herald.*

By a recent act of the trustees of Wesleyan, no student will be allowed to matriculate next year who uses tobacco in any form.

FIN DE SIECLE.

As Providence willed
By her bicycle killed;
'Twas thus that her epitaph ran:
"In bloomers and cap,
Though sad the mishap,
She went to her death like a man."—*Ex.*

Four hundred and fifty-one American colleges have an income of \$14,001,034 and funds invested or available of \$94,509,748.—*Miami Student.*

ACKNOWLEDGED.

"I made you what you are,"
The tailor said unto
The youth, who nodded and replied,
"I owe my all to you."—*Ex.*

THE oldest college in the world is the Mohammedan College at Cairo, Egypt, which was 1,100 years old when Oxford was founded.—*Bates Student.*

There will be no summer foot ball practice either at Harvard or the University of Pennsylvania this year.—*U. of C. Weekly.*