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The Kenyon Collegian.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF KENTON COLLEGE.

BOARD OF EDITORS: J. A. NELSON, '98, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
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VOL. XXIV.

GAMBIER, OHIO, DECEMBER, 1897.

No. 6.

Editorial.

FOOT BALL affairs seem to be nearing a crisis. The game is being attacked and its existence threatened by opposition from two entirely different sources. It is an undeniable fact that brutality and slugging have continued in spite of rules framed to prevent them and are fast becoming important and even desirable qualities in a successful foot ball player. Four men have thus far been killed in this year's games. On this account the tide of public opinion is turning against foot ball. In Georgia a law has been enacted prohibiting the playing of foot ball within the State, and a bill of the same character is now pending in the Massachusetts legislature. That such laws should be thought necessary seems to point to a fault in the game itself. The game as it now is, has certainly a very considerable element of danger, and unless the style of play is radically altered it will never become less productive of injuries or even death. There is still another factor at work to destroy the continuance of inter-collegiate athletic foot ball in particular. In many colleges the line of discipline is being drawn tighter every year, and the grade of scholarship raised. This is no doubt in many ways a good sign, but it conflicts directly with college athletics. The man who spends the greater part of his afternoon in foot ball practice is tired out by evening and in very poor condition for mental work. Either scholarship or athletics must give way for the sake of the

other. The colleges or universities must make some concessions to foot ball, or foot ball will either die out, or be degraded to a professional game. The question soon to be settled is: Shall the game of foot ball be crushed out of American schools, or shall it, altered and improved, continue as the great American college game?

A PRACTICAL joke is a difficult thing to perpetrate successfully, and is hazardous at best, for the perpetrator must be careful to keep the humorous and the ridiculous prominent, or the affair degenerates into a malicious trick. Some persons visiting on Gambier Hill — and it is rumored — members of the student body, have undertaken to entertain the community with pranks, supposedly intended to be funny. Unfortunately, the fun and humor of the situation has been lost on so many of us, that we venture to say that the jokes were not entirely successful. They were neither brilliantly executed nor excruciatingly funny. In short, they were extremely puerile, and suggest the thought that perhaps the perpetrators of these smart tricks might be amused and kept from further mischief by recourse to jumping jacks, tin horns and other nursery toys, until they realized that wanton destruction is *not* funny.

WE reprint in this number three Kenyon Songs. One is more or less familiar to all Kenyon men, but we do not remember having ever heard the other two. They are altogether too good to be forgotten. The songs of Old Kenyon are too few and much too seldom heard. College spirit has its expression in college songs, and in turn becomes a promotion of college enthusiasm. We reprint these songs, therefore, in the hope that they may take the place they deserve in the heart of every loyal son of Old Kenyon.

PHILO, which has reigned supreme in college since its revival three years ago, has at length to meet her ancient rival, Nu Pi Kappa. In years gone by competition between the two societies was very keen, and no doubt will be again. A spirit of friendly rivalry will probably do much to sustain interest in both societies, and we look forward to seeing fur fly at future debating contests. The COLLEGIAN heartily congratulates Nu Pi Kappa on her return to college, and wishes her health, happiness, and a long life.

The Judge's Secret.

S. A. H.

IT HAD long been recognized by the people at Bangor, that J. Henry Austin, better known as Judge Austin, was the only attorney in the city who could make a reasonably intelligent jury believe that black was white. For twenty-five years he had practiced law at Bangor. He had never meddled with politics, but he had served one term as judge, whence his title.

From the very beginning of his practice he had directed his work almost exclusively along one line, and it was soon commonly remarked, that whenever Judge Austin took hold of a case, it was half won.

As a criminal lawyer he had no equal (in Bangor at least), and as a man he was esteemed and respected by all. Once a friend, he was always a friend. Naturally enough, in twenty-five years he had accumulated a comfortable fortune.

Although he had never spent a cent recklessly, still there was nothing too good for his wife or for his only daughter. She it was who had helped him save it, and he knew it.

One morning, after looking over his personal mail, he lit his customary morning cigar and settled down in his big office chair to read his paper. His partner, Mr. Wayne, the junior member of the firm, was sitting at his desk sorting some old writs. A suppressed laugh from the Judge startled Wayne, who was intent on his work, but he stopped long enough to remark, "What's that scandal-spreading sheet have to say about us now; something more about the trial I suppose?"

"Yes, so it does," said the Judge, "Only here is a new phase of the matter that I never saw in print before."

"How's that?" said Mr. Wayne.

"Well, you see," said the Judge, "Day before yesterday, before the verdict was rendered, this same paper had the effrontery to remark, that 'Although I had made a touching plea for Hall's life, there was not the slightest doubt but that the jury would be unanimous for a first degree verdict.'"

"What does it say now; tries to make excuses, does it?"

"No, not exactly," said the Judge; "It gives the jury great credit

and says that it would seem from my plea, that I might have been at one time, in the same predicament as Hall."

"What's that?" said Wayne, "You in the same predicament as Hall? Why the very audacity of such a statement! I don't know how it strikes *you*, Austin, but *I* couldn't stand such talk."

"It does seem uncalled for," said Austin, "But do you know, Wayne, that there is more truth than fiction in that statement?"

"What's that?" Said the amazed Mr. Wayne.

"I mean to say," said Austin, "That there is more truth than fiction in that sarcastic remark. Don't you believe it?"

"Believe it; well—yes, I believe it if you say so, but then some of those old Vermont bear stories of yours are still fresh in my mind, you know."

"But what has this to do with bear stories?" said Austin.

"Oh nothing," said Wayne, "only I thought this was one of them."

"No, this not a bear story, even if it did happen down in Vermont," said Austin. "I don't believe I ever told you this story; if I did you surely would remember it."

"No, Austin, you never told me this one, and if it is not too much trouble to you, you'll find that I am not averse to hearing it either," said Wayne.

"I thought you would come to it," said Austin, and he lit a fresh cigar and settled down in his chair, with his feet upon the desk.

"This is a story that few people know, Wayne, for I'll venture to say that I never told more than half a dozen people in my life," said Austin. "It is a true story, nevertheless, and if you don't care, I'll ask you to keep it to yourself."

"You see it was something like this: Some thirty odd years ago I was living down at Newton, down in the southern part of Vermont. Father owned a large tract of land down there, and almost all of my boyhood days were spent right there on the farm. The country around there was much more sparsely settled than it is now, almost all of it being used as farming land.

"About four miles west of father's place, on the Shraftbury Pike, lived old Squire Spence. A nobler old soul, I never knew, and he and father were just like two peas in a pod. Now we had a large barn

down on our place, and it was no uncommon thing, after harvesting was over, to clean the old floor off and have a dance or two.

"You may believe me or not, it doesn't matter, but when I think back of those old times, I sometimes wish I was young again. To be with all the old boys and girls would knock my rheumatism higher than a kite; however, as I was saying, old Squire Spence had a daughter. It's no use for me to try to describe that girl, Wayne; I couldn't do her justice.

"It is needless to say that Caroline and I were fast friends. Old Squire Spence thought a good deal of me too. You see, he liked father and he thought it would be better if the families had some closer ties of relationship. Now, Carrie and I always got along well, and many a happy evening I spent down at the Squire's; but there was a fellow that lived just about a mile below me, fine fellow, too, by the way, who had a soft spot in his heart for Carrie too. I never knew just why it was, but Carrie always liked that fellow just a trifle better than she did me.

"Kent, for that was his name, had often helped father harvest. He was a good worker, and as gentlemanly as could be. He knew that I liked Carrie, and he respected my good taste. He was just about my age, too. Often we would go to see her together, and we were on the best of terms. Whenever we had a dance in our barn, Kent was always there, for he could play the violin to perfection. Things went on in this way for a year or two, until finally I noticed Kent's visits down at Carrie's were becoming more frequent. Now I knew that I wasn't receiving any additional encouragement, so I gradually fell back and finally ceased my visits altogether."

"Very considerate of you," said Wayne with a sigh.

"Yes it was that," said Austin, "And I have often regretted it as you will see.

"About the middle of the following November, Kent was engaged to Miss Caroline. I felt very bad about it at first, but Kent was such a good-hearted fellow, and he had always treated me with such courtesy that I could not help but feel contented. As soon as I heard about it, I went to see him. He blushed slightly when I asked him about it, but I gave him my hand and said, 'Kent, old boy, I'm not

mean enough to wish that I were you, but I thought considerable of that girl."

"Well," said he, "I knew you liked her, Henry, and I hope there's no hard feelings."

"Hard feelings," said I, "Not at all, Kent. Accept my congratulations, and let me know when it's coming off, and I'll fix up the old barn."

"That night I went around to see the old Squire and Caroline. She looked at me shyly when I shook her hand and wished her happiness. 'Henry,' said she, 'I hope we shall always be as good friends in the future as we have been in the past.' I tried to muster up courage and say something, but there was a big lump in my throat about that time, and the best I could do was to tell her about the dance. I tell you, Wayne, I left that house a mighty sad fellow that night; but that is not all.

"The following February they were married. Kent, as I have said before, was just my age, about twenty-three, and Caroline scarcely three years younger. He was tall and handsome, and alongside of Caroline, in her sweet girlish beauty, they were a very charming couple. The Squire built them a house down on his place and there they lived. Kent became a sort of overseer of the Squire's estate, while the Squire took care of his affairs down at Newton.

"The following New Year's day our folks were all invited down to Kent's to spend the day. It was a cold, clear day, and there was about six inches of snow on the ground.

"About two o'clock that afternoon, Kent came to me and asked me how I would like to go hunting. I told him I would like to go well enough, but that I hadn't brought any gun.

"Never mind the gun," said he, "Just come along; you can use mine, and I'll stop in at the Squire's on the way down to the woods and get his." I protested against this, because I knew what kind of a gun the Squire had. I had seen it before. The Squire called it 'Old Tippecanoe.' It was an old muzzle loader, and a frightfully dangerous weapon. But we started out and nothing would do; Kent would have me take his gun. We got 'Old Tippecanoe' from the Squire's house and started for the woods.

"This well known old hunting ground, which was fairly clear of underbrush at this season of the year, was composed of parallel ridges of great length and each about two or three hundred feet wide.

"We each had a dog, and we stayed pretty close together, never at any time being more than two or three ridges between us. We could not see each other, but now and then the report of 'Old Tippecanoe' told me that Kent was not far off.

"We roamed around till about five o'clock. Finally, thinking it was time to be going back to the house, I called to my dog, and started towards the ridge on which I thought Kent might be. I had not heard him shoot for some time, and I thought he had probably gone farther up the woods. I crossed two of the ridges and was half way up the third. I shall never forget the sight that met my eyes. I almost fainted on the spot, and even now it makes me deathly sick to think of it. Stretched out on the ground at the foot of a large hickory, lay poor Kent. The gun was on the ground about four feet from his side, and his dog lay across his body. Imagine if you can, my feelings.

"Three hours past, and we had entered that woods together.

"What would poor Caroline think; what would the Squire think; what would everybody think? I stooped over him and took his hand. I spoke to him; I raised his head off the ground; I felt his cheeks, and they were warm. There was still hope thought I. I unbuttoned his overcoat. His white shirt was stained with blood, and I began to realize the truth of the situation. What was I to do; I couldn't carry him for he was equal to two like me.

"I was in no condition, nor had I time to think, so after removing his watch, I covered him up with my overcoat, and having spoken a few kind words to the dogs, I struck out for the house. The mental agony of that half hour's run was something terrible, but the scene that followed was worse. I met father first and told him. As it was bad news it naturally spread around quickly enough. The poor old Squire was completely broken up, but poor Caroline—I shall never forget that night as long as I live.

"We got a cot and two or three of the Squire's hired hands and went down after poor Kent. We found him just where I had left him, safely guarded by the two dogs.

"The more I thought about the affair the worse it seemed to grow.

"It was an awful disaster, and I the only witness. Poor *Kent* was dead, but *I* was alive. Some people still regarded us as being jealous of each other.

"There I was, looked upon by some people at least, as a murderer. If I had been, I don't believe I could have felt much worse.

"The next day I related the whole affair to the Squire. He had been too severely shocked the night before to listen to anybody or anything. But the next day he called me in his room and said, 'Henry, my boy, tell me all about it; your word to me is gospel, and I don't want to see you harmed.'

"After I had told him all about it, we went down to Caroline together. Poor girl, she was completely prostrated. I gave her the watch. Together, (for it was too much for one of us to do), we related as nearly as possible the facts.

"It was a sad sight, the grief of that young wife, yet she was brave with it all, and when she looked up at my careworn countenance and said, 'Henry, I believe you,' it seemed like a voice from heaven.

"Wayne, I've practiced law for twenty-five years now. I have seen hardened criminals, hard-hearted lawyers, and sober judges shed tears over a jury's verdict, but never yet have I heard a verdict from the lips of twelve jurymen that caused in my heart such gratitude.

"When I stood before that jury last week and pleaded for Hall's life, it was the remembrance of this that spurred me on. That poor fellow was innocent and I knew it. If he had lost, I could never have forgiven myself, but as he won — well I know I shall never regret it."

October Leaves Are Falling.

AIR — "Benny Havens, O!"

O CTOBER leaves are falling, boys,
And o'er each stately tree
Brown Autumn flings her scarlet robe,
That flutters light and free;
The sunset's golded mellow light
Is blushing on each tower,
And tells of summer, past and gone
With each bright, happy hour.

CHORUS— Oh! long may Kenyon's portals
 Withstand th' assault of age,
 And long live all her numerous throng,
 From youth to honored sage.

There is no sorrow in our path,
 No cloud obscures the sky,
 We need no thought for morrow's wants—
 No cause have we to sigh;
 The wind that whistles through our hall,
 To us no chill can bring;
 We watch the curling wreaths of smoke,
 While joyously we sing.

Oh! long may Kenyon's, etc.—*Kenyon.*

Alumni Song.

AIR— "*God Save the King.*"

OLD KENYON, Mother dear,
 We come to hail thee here—
 Old sons of thine;
 We come with reverent feet,
 Thy sacred walls to greet,
 The dear, dear friends to meet,
 Of Auld Lang Syne.

Dear mother, at thy knee,
 Right loyal children, we
 Bow as of yore;
 Accept the songs we sing,
 Trust the true hearts we bring;
 Under thy sheltering wing
 Take us once more.

Ah! while we lowly bow
 Here, close beside thee now,
 Hark! the old bell!
 Old forms before us rise,
 Old memories fill our eyes,
 Fond fancy, sobbing, tries
 Old tales to tell.

Yes! Yes! we know them well,
 Those hours the deep-toned bell
 Pealed swift away;
 Yes, yes, we know them yet,
 Forms we shall ne'er forget,
 Faces that once we met,
 Missed here to-day.

Long as our life shall last
 Thoughts of the buried past
 Shall dearer grow.
 Far pilgrims though we be,
 Our hearts shall cling to thee,
 Our lives look back to see
 That long ago.

With thee our wishes dwell,
 For thee our love we'll tell
 With voice and pen;
 And still our prayers we'll pray—
 God keep thee every way—
 And all thy sons shall say:
 Amen! Amen!

Take, then, the songs we sing,
 Trust the true hearts we bring—
 Trust as of yore;
 God bless and keep thee here,
 God bless thee year by year,
 God bless thee, mother dear,
 Now, evermore.—*Kenyon.*

Parting Ode.

AIR — "*Auld Lang Syne.*"

THE PARTING hour has come at last
 That hour expected long;
 Yet, brothers, let us linger still,
 To sing one farewell song.

CHORUS — Kenyonian day, farewell! farewell!
 We speak it with a sigh.
 To college life, with all its joys,
 We bid a sad good-by.

Like some bright dream our college days
Have glided swiftly by;
And o'er each scene, forever gone,
Fond memory wakes a sigh.

But from those voices of the past —
The sweetest ever heard —
In sadness, now, we turn away,
And speak the parting word.

Farewell, a fond farewell to thee!
Our Alma Mater, dear,
So long as life itself shall last,
Thy name we'll still revere.

Whate'er our lot in days to come,
Full oft we'll call to mind
Thy gentle teachings and reproofs,
So motherly and kind.

Thy consecrated college walls
Shall still be pictured o'er
With visions of the olden time —
The happy days of yore.

And when, some forty years from now,
Our locks are turned to gray,
We'll joy in living o'er again
The scenes so loved to-day.

So now farewell, a fond farewell!
O ALMA MATER dear!
As long as life itself shall last,
Thy name we'll still revere,

The Dramatic Entertainment.

SATURDAY evening, Oct. 30, the Kenyon Dramatic Club rendered a very pleasing program to a large and appreciative audience. The evening was opened by solos from Misses Hill and Duncan, with Miss Young as accompanist, and Messers. Hoskins and Lash with Mr. Grigsby as accompanist.

The farce, "A Proposal Under Difficulties," was then presented by the following:

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Miss Dorothy Andrews (a society young lady).....Mrs. C. H. A. Wager
Jennie (a maid).....Miss May Russell
Mr. Bob Yardsley (a bashful young man who is in love with Miss Andrews)
Mr. P. B. Stanbery
Mr. Jack Barlow (a society young man, also in love with Miss Andrews)

[Time—Afternoon. Scene—Miss Andrews' Parlor.] Mr. Grigsby

Mr. Yardsley having called with the intention of proposing, is ushered in, and while the maid is gone to announce him, he kneels before the sofa to rehearse his proposal. At this juncture the maid returns and supposing his fervid utterances to be addressed to herself, dumfounds him by saying that she will break her engagement to the coachman and accept him. While he is trying to explain the mistake the bell rings again and she is obliged to go to the door. She ushers in Mr. Barlow, who has also come to propose to Miss Andrews. The two gentlemen glare at each other, then shake hands very cordially and each without success invents some reason why the other one should leave.

Miss Andrews now appears, and after chatting a few moments with the two men who are trying to make each other as uncomfortable as possible, she proceeds to make some tea, but after pouring it out she finds that in her nervousness she has neglected to put in the tea. Here the maid appears, and after trying vainly to attract Yardsley's attention, falls in a faint. The scene and explanations that follow are very amusing, particularly as in explaining his side of the affair Yardsley proposes to Miss Andrews before Barlow. To cap the climax, Miss Andrews and Mr. Yardsley request Mr. Barlow—the unsuccessful suitor—to be their best man.

The entire farce is full of wit and humor, and so many droll sayings are brought out and amusing situations produced that the audience is kept in almost constant laughter.

Miss Russell played the part of maid very creditably, as did Mr. Stanbery that of Mr. Yardsley, but their skill is too well known from previous appearances to need any comment. Mrs. Wager and Mr. Grigsby are very welcome and valuable additions to our dramatic circles, and their success is greater because this was their first appearance before a Gambier audience. It is sincerely hoped that it will not be by any means the last.

Athletics.

KENYON 28—MT. UNION 0.

THE game between Kenyon and Mt. Union was played on October 29, on Kenyon's field. The game was clean and well played throughout, though the Mt. Union team was outclassed. Some good punting was done by Doolittle and Williams. Kenyon's line up was the same as usual.

KENYON 0—CASE 50.

On Saturday, November 6, at League park, Cleveland, was played the game between Kenyon and Case, the score showing 50 to 0 in favor of Case.

The game did not begin until after 3 o'clock on account of an argument between Captain Jenkins, of Kenyon, and Captain Stevens, of Case, relative to a change in the time of the halves.

The Case men played a vigorous game, although the contest was unequal, Kenyon played very clean ball and disputed every inch of the ground, and deserve great credit for the manner in which they tried to keep down the score. Case did her best work in the first half, in which Kenyon only had the ball once beside the kick off.

After the length of the halves had been arranged, Case won the toss and took the north goal.

On the kick off, Doolittle punted 20 yards to Stevens, who was downed. Then after a few yards in a couple of bucks Case won a touch down by a left end run, but failed goal.

Doolittle punted 30 yards to Neiding, and after several bucks and an end run, Case scored a touch down and Landgrebe kicked goal.

Doolittle punted to Quarrie for a gain of 30 yards.

Case gained 47½ yards by a number of small bucks and little end runs, during which the ball was fumbled several times; then Case was given 15 yards for an off side play by Kenyon's left end, after which Landgrebe bucked tackle and made a 22-yard run for touch down, also kicking goal.

Doolittle punted 30 yards to Quarrie, who gained 20. Pate made 15 around right, and Lusk bucked tackle for 9 yards. Landgrebe made 35 yards around right and was finally tackled hard by Doolittle.

Neiding fumbled and Peterka gained 7 yards around left. Stevens gained 10 yards, and he then called back the guards, and Parker was pushed through for a touch down. Landgrebe kicked goal.

Doolittle's punt went 35 yards to Healy, who ran out of bounds after catching it. He then made an end run for 22 yards.

Quarrie sprinted around right end for a 30-yard gain, and this, together with a number of smaller gains by bucks and end runs by Lusk, Peterka, Parker and Healy, scored a touch down for Case, Landgrebe again kicking goal.

Doolittle punted 30 yards to Stevens, who ran 14 yards before he was downed. Then by some long end runs Case made a touch down, and Landgrebe failed to kick goal.

The last touch down of this half was made quickly. Doolittle punted 40 yards to Lusk, who gained 28. Then by long bucks and runs Case scored a touch down, and a goal was kicked by Landgrebe. Time was called after Doolittle punted to Neiding.

In the second half Case made three more touch downs.

Kenyon played a hard game, and did all in their power to retard the play of their opponents.

Landgrebe left the game and Gleason took his place at left tackle, and a little later Healy retired and Jones took his place. In this half Kenyon got the ball twice, once after the kick off and again when Doolittle punted out of bounds twice and gave the kick off to Case. Quarrie punted 25 yards to Cunningham, who was downed where he caught the ball.

Kenyon lost the ball on Robinson's fumble. Then by a great number of bucks for small gains Case scored a touch down. Stevens failed goal. Doolittle punted 35 yards to Stevens, who gained 10 and Jones gained 35 by an end run. Quarrie, who bucked tackle for a 6-yard gain was tackled hard by Williams after a 9-yard gain by Pate. Stevens ran 47 yards for a touch down but failed goal.

Doolittle punted twice out of bounds, and gave Case the kick off. Stevens punted to within a few yards of Kenyon's goal and Robinson bucked for 4 yards. Then Kenyon was given 10 yards on a clear case of off side play. In the scrimmage Rice was hurt, and Southworth took his place at right end. McCalla bucked for a 2-yard gain, and bucks by Hamilton, McCalla and Robinson give Kenyon a total gain

of 10 yards. Hamilton bucked for 13 yards, and Kenyon lost no downs.

For Case, Pate gained 38 yards around right end and Jones made 17 more around left end. Pate gained 6 yards around right end and Jones scored a touch down, Stevens failed goal. Score; Case 50. Kenyon, 0. Time was then called on account of darkness.

The line up was as follows:

CASE.		KENYON.	
Stevens.....	Left End.....	Cunningham	
Landgrebe }	Left Tackle	Robinson	
Gleason }			
Parker.....	Left Guard.....	Lewis	
Muhlhauser.....	Center.....	Tilton	
Poe.....	Right Guard.....	D. Williams	
Quarrie.....	Right Tackle.....	Jenkins	
Peterka.....	Right End.....	Rice	
		Southworth	
Neiding.....	Quarter.....	F. Williams	
Healy }	Right Half.....	Hamilton	
Jones }			
Pate.....	Left Half.....	McCalla	
Lusk.....	Fullback.....	Doolittle	

SUMMARY.

Time, 20 minute halves. Umpire—First half, S. W. Scofield. Referee—First half, G. H. Buttolph; second half, interchanged. Time-keeper—Richardson. Touch downs—Healy 2, Stevens 2, Landgrebe 2, Pate 2, Parke, Jones. Goals—Landgrebe 5. Goals failed—Landgrebe 2, Stevens 3. Score—Case 50, Kenyon 0.

KENYON VS. W. R. U.

We regret to say that, owing to a slight misunderstanding, we are unable to publish a full account of the first half of the game between W. R. U. and Kenyon, Saturday, November 20.

Adelbert kicked off, and ball was received by Headington, who made slight gain. Kenyon did some good offensive work, Robinson making two bucks of 8 yards each. Collins made the first touch down for Adelbert on a cross buck. Carpenter failed goal. Score, 4 to 0.

much faster than Wittenberg, especially during the second half. The mass play on tackles and ends with tackles and ends right and left worked most successfully. The halves were 30 minutes, and 25 minutes long.

The line up was as follows :

WITTENBERG.		KENYON.
Myers.....	Right End.....	Hazzard
Erhart.....	Right Tackle.....	Capt. Jenkins
Seifert.....	Right Guard.....	D. A. Williams
Capt. Gardner.....	Center.....	Tilton
Taughbaum.....	Left Guard.....	Lewis
Keyser.....	Left Tackle.....	Robinson
Rilling.....	Left End.....	Cunningham
Ort.....	Quarterback.....	D. F. Williams
Miller.....	Right Half.....	Headington
Franklin.....	Left Half.....	McCalla
Mauss.....	Full Back.....	Doolittle

Referee and Umpire—Casper of Wittenberg, and Phillips, of Mechanicsburg. Time Keeper—Snider, of Wittenberg. Linesman—Foster, of Urbana.

Notice.

THOSE men in College desirous of securing a place on the COLLEGIAN Board at the annual spring election are requested to hand their names to the Editor-in-Chief.

Lecture Course.

MELVILLE D. LANGDON, commonly known as "Eli Perkins," has been engaged to give the opening lecture of the season, on Wednesday evening, January 19th. He is one of the most popular and best known lecturers of the present time, and the lecture should be well attended.

The management shall endeavor to give Gambier people a series of lectures of the very best class, but this can only be done with liberal patronage, and the attendance at this first lecture will indicate whether the management will be justified in engaging other equally high class lecturers. No season tickets will be sold.

Alumni Notes.

REV. HENRY L. BADGER, '62, has accepted a call to St. John's Olympia, Washington, and entered upon his new charge October first.

'62 The Rev. George B. Pratt has become assistant rector to the Rev. Dr. Morrison, Church of the Epiphany, Chicago.

'73. The Rev. L. C. Stewardson, now of Worcester, Mass., has been elected Professor of Philosophy in Lehigh University. He will assume his new duties next September, and in the meantime will spend some months in Europe.

'76. The Rev. Chas. S. Aves preached in the College Chapel on Sunday, November 20.

Bexley, '86. The Rev. A. B. Howard has resigned the rectorship of the Church of the Nativity, Price Hill, Ohio.

'80. Dr. S. Herbert Britton contributed an article to the *Medical Review*, of September 18, on Psycho-Therapy. In an excellent article of Mr. Britton's, reprinted from the *Medical Brief*, entitled "The Doctor and His Morals," he sets a very high moral standard for the physician.

'80-ex. Mr. J. B. Jackson, of Pittsburg, Pa., visited Gambier to attend the Bedell lectures.

'89. Mr. Frank S. Curtis, of Washington, D. C., was married on November 3 to Miss Belle S. Mills, also of Washington, D. C.

Bexley, '92. The Rev. Wm. E. Rambo, formerly rector of St. Andrew's Church, Dayton, is now rector of Christ Church, Brownsville, Penna.

Bexley, '96. The Rev. G. Fred. Williams, of Tiffin, Ohio, spent November 28 and 29 in Gambier.

The following spent October 30 and 31 in Gambier: '87-ex, E. M. Fullington, Marysville; '87, H. C. Devin, Mt. Vernon; '94, A. H. Commins, Akron; '95, L. A. Sanford, Portsmouth; '95, E. B. Brad-dock, Mt. Vernon; '97, A. J. Commins, Akron; '98-ex, G. A. Straw, Carey; '00-ex, G. S. Oliver, Toledo.

'97-ex. H. B. Sawyer was in Gambier with the Adelbert team the week preceding Thanksgiving.

The News—College.

THAT portion of the middle-path between the college gate and Ascension hall was recently turned up and many large projecting stones removed. A great improvement is noticed. Would that the whole path were so treated.

The petition of the students for drinking water, has been granted, and a new pump will soon be in use.

Petitions for holidays on the Friday and Saturday following Thanksgiving, were also granted on condition that the recitations of the last named day be made up.

There is an admirable increase in literary zeal in the community—K. M. A. will soon give to the world the first number of its new quarterly.

The Mandolin club under the direction of Phil. Stanberry is working hard for the winter season.

Prof. and Mrs. Ingham have kindly granted the use of their house and piano to the College orchestra, which is likewise working hard.

Reifsnider, '98, was visited by his father on Monday, Nov. 15th.

Quick, '01, was visited on Oct. 23d and 24th by his mother and his cousin, Miss Ann Stevens, of Zanesville, Ohio.

E. Edgar Shultz, of Circleville, O., spent Sunday, Oct. 31st, in Gambier, the guest of his friend Grigsby, '01.

Dick Hathaway, of Cleveland, is contemplating a course of study at the college.

Mrs. Pfau, of Cincinnati, spent a few days of the first week in November as the guest of her son, Arthur, '01.

Mr. W. W. Myers, of Cincinnati, attended the Bedell lectures, and spent a day or two with his son J. B. Myers, '00.

Geo. P. Atwater Bexley, '98, returned to Gambier Wednesday, Nov. 17th, after having been ill for a week at his home in Cleveland.

On Friday, Nov. 12th, Pres. Peirce attended a committee meeting of the Board of Trustees, at Columbus. On Saturday, Nov. 13th, he

was at St. Mark's Church, Toledo, O. Monday, Nov. 22d, the President spent at Cleveland, and Sunday, Nov. 28th, at Chirst Church, Springfield.

Rev. C. S. Aves, of Norwalk, O., and Rev. G. W. Hinkle, Priest Associate, Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament of St. Paul's, Steubenville, O., preached on Sundays, Nov. 14th and 21st, respectively.

It would not be just to blame the wind for upsetting the derrick which is in use at Rosse Hall, and yet it is hardly possible that anyone connected with the college could have been so thoughtless.

The recent improvement on Middle-path is praiseworthy, and commands the respect of all who use it.

On Monday night, Nov. 22, the following theatre-party attended the Lillian Russell-Della Fox engagement at Columbus. P. Stanberry, '98; Reifsnider, '98; McNish, '98; Maun, '99; Wertheimer, '99, and Curtis, '00. On the train they were joined by Gus Cummins, '97, who was on his way to Springfield, O.

Scott Stewart, last year's coach, was on the hill a few days previous to Thanksgiving, coaching the W. R. U. team in their practice.

Early in October a few of the Freshman held a banquet at the Chittenden, Columbus.

The new roadway leading to Ascension will undoubtedly preserve the beauty of the grass plat in front of the building.

The new hedge surrounding the athletic field, while not at present serviceable, will at some future time be the means of keeping out that element of regular attendance from which the college derives nothing, and without which there would be less rowdyism.

On Saturday night, Nov. 13, Prof. and Mrs. Ingham delightfully entertained at their residence a few of the young ladies from Harcourt and the college Juniors and Seniors.

Dr. and Mrs. Peirce entertained at cards Saturday night, Nov. 20. It was one of those happy social affairs which tend to rob college life of its monotony. Miss Valet won the first prize, while the booby fell to Mr. G. T. Irvine.

Nu Pi Kappa Literary Society has reorganized. Phil. B. Stan-

berry, '98, is president. Meetings are held in Nu Pi Kappa hall every Friday night, and active literary work has been begun.

Class meeting, '99, held Monday afternoon, Nov. 22. Officers were elected as follows: President, C. R. Ganter; Vice President, D. H. White; Secretary and Treasurer, F. G. Wright. Toastmaster, C. C. Bubb. Plans were discussed for the promenade to be held next term.

Class '00 has elected officers as follows: President, Bramwell; Vice President, Lash; Secretary, Stiles; Treasurer, Sawyer; Toastmaster, H. Stanberry.

The Brotherhood of St. Andrew, at their annual business meeting, elected the following officers: Director, G. T. Irvine; Vice Director, Thomas Jenkins; Secretary, C. F. Magee, Treasurer, S. A. Huston.

K. M. A.

CADETS Billingsley and Potts received visits from their parents on Thanksgiving day.

Cadet Marsh spent Tuesday and Wednesday before Thanksgiving with his father in Cleveland.

Cadet Stot went home for Thanksgiving.

Cadet Seal was unanimously elected captain of next year's foot ball team.

The Thanksgiving dance was a great success, and everyone was pleased with the way things went off.

The cadets were given Friday after Thanksgiving as a holiday.

Cadet Garberson's management of the team was very efficient, and he deserves the thanks of the school for his untiring efforts.

The Hudson foot ball team was entertained by the K. M. A., and were very hearty in their thanks.

The *Tattoo* expects to make its appearance in about three weeks. This is the first appearance since '95.

The much talked of game between Hudson and Kenyon Military Academy is over at last, and another victory has been added to K. M.

A.'s list. It is greatly to be regretted that the rain prevented a larger attendance. The game was called promptly at 2:30 p. m. Hudson won the toss and kicked off to K. M. A.'s fifteen yard line. The ball was then carried by Marsh, Leal, Dill, and Cooper to the middle of the field, where the ball went to Hudson. They were unable to advance it, so K. M. A. again took the pigskin. During the remainder of the half, neither side scored, the ball being lost each time on downs. In the second half, Hudson received the kick off, but were unable to advance the ball far enough to keep it. K. M. A. immediately proceeded to rush things. By successive bucks by Evans and Cooper, a touch-down was made. No try for goal was made. Score: K. M. A., 4; Hudson, 0. Hudson kicked off; K. M. A. received the ball near the center of the field, and again rushed it down the field for a touch-down. No goal. Score: K. M. A., 8; Hudson, 0. K. M. A. a third time receives the ball, and by runs by Evans and Leal had the ball well in Hudson's territory, when time was called. It was a splendid game, in which Hudson was out-played. Both teams averaged one hundred and fifty-two pounds each. Evans and Coopers' bucking was the feature of the game. The line-up was as follows:

HUDSON		K. M. A.	
Bissell	Left End	Cunningham	
Lusk	Left Tackle	Richardson	
Landfear			
Karlson	Left Guard	Beecher	
Croy	Center	Schultz	
Parsons	Right Guard	Schaff	
Shakleton			
Shakleton	Right Tackle	Captain, Cooper	
Dorsett			
Fogle	Right End	Leal	
Hopkins	Quarter Back	Higbee	
Hobart	Left Half	Dill	
Dorsett	Right Half	Marsh	
Belden, Captain	Full Back	Evans	

Intercollegiate.

PRESIDENT ELIOT ON ATHLETICS.

In President Eliot's annual report there is considerable space devoted to athletics, which may be well read by all, since it presents a new view of inter-collegiate contests: "The present corporation

consists of seven men all successful in their callings. They know what every student needs; not an abnormal muscular development, but a well developed body, a sound nervous system and a serviceable digestive apparatus. They believe in athletic sports because they are not all physical. Brains can not be dispensed with, and moral qualities are also developed by sports.

The corporation like to see the utmost done under difficulties. But one feature of games they do not like to see: that is, cheering. They want men to have the kind of moral support that cheering does not give. Men should be able to play their best if no Harvard man is near.

My own feeling is that a person who has enjoyed athletic sports can not help enjoying them through life. Personally I prefer those sports which do not need an exaggerated development of muscle. They are more useful in youth and in later years. A man must continue the habit of athletic exercise through life. I do not like those sports which necessitate bodily collision, as well as those that do not. I consider those sports which can be maintained as a man grows older more advantageous.

I believe we have got over most of the difficulties which bothered us some years back. The distinction between the amateur and the professional has been established. The propriety of college games on college grounds is recognized. In this connection, let me say, I have been much indebted to Mr. Lehmann for bringing here the best view of amateur sport.

The University is under great obligations to the Athletic Committee. It has been very helpful in bringing forward athletic reforms. The committee illustrates the true principles of athletics, in that it is laborious, but perfectly gratuitous. Fundamentally, the corporation regards the athletic interests as not the leading interests in university life. The enjoyment of college life, however, is a very important thing. We always want to think of the University as a seat of intense, pure enjoyment."