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The Kenyon Collegian.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF KENYON COLLEGE.

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VOL. XXIV. GAMBIER, OHIO, JANUARY, 1898.

No. 7.

Editorial.

THIS month, by the death of Mrs. Bedell, Kenyon College is deprived of one of her most generous and faithful friends. There has been no one, in later years, who has given so generously, so wisely, and so constantly as Mrs. Bedell. We might write a long list of Mrs. Bedell's gifts to the College, to Bexley and to Harcourt parish, and still fall far short of the truth, for very many good deeds which she has done will never be known. There is much in Gambier to-day that stands as a silent witness to the kind interest and affection of Mrs. Bedell for Kenyon. It will probably be long before a friend will be "raised up" for Kenyon who will combine such a willingness to give with so much means for giving. If riches are often a curse, in this case they were, indeed, a blessing and a source of widespread good.

WE FEEL that there is much cause for rejoicing in the increase of elective courses in the College. Modern life has become very highly specialized, and this tendency is constantly on the increase. The old-fashioned iron-clad inflexible curriculum no longer answers all purposes. The modern man clamors for a practical education, and often sneers at college education as impractical and useless in the struggle for existence. Unfortunately this often contains more than a grain of truth. The modern student *must* specialize if he

would excel. The day of the universal genius is past. The man who would make his mark in this modern world, whether he be a man of business or a scholar, must turn his attention to one pursuit and make that his life work. This principle has, of course, direct application to a college curriculum. The student must choose those studies which will give him direct practical knowledge of use to him later in life, as well as furnish him with mental training.

A liberal choice of electives has still another phase. We believe that much more benefit is to be derived by pursuing a congenial course of study far enough to gain some degree of mastery over it, small though it be; to make it a part of our "empirical self," in psychological terms, than to gain a smattering of this, and a taste of that, and no very clear or complete knowledge of anything. The homely proverb: "Jack of all trades, and master of none," fits this case precisely. It is only a repetition of the principle of specialization. The American universities long ago recognized these facts, and it is to this recognition that their success is largely due. While the office of the college is not to supplant the university, it is wise for it to recognize these facts and adapt itself to the demands and needs of the modern world.

WE RESURRECT the following from a COLLEGIAN of a few years ago — not as an antiquity, however. "Verbum sapientibus satis est."

"The faculty of the Boston University has voted to permit work on the college paper to count as work in the regular course, seven hours being allowed the editor-in-chief, while his assistants are allowed two hours each."

"Would that Kenyon, too, might make this statement; but, alas! many, many yards of Kenyon yarn must be turned out at the factory of the Fates before the spindle may be loaded with silk."

The factory of the Fates Sisters, wool manufacturers, is still turning out Kenyon yarn, and the spindle is still empty of silk.

THIS term each student who occupies a room in Old Kenyon was asked to sign and have his parents sign a document purporting to be a lease in which the college promises to let the student occupy his room; and the student covenants to observe a considerable num-

ber of conditions. These documents have been looked upon by many of the students as curtailing their liberties. A careful study of this unusual document fails to reveal to us anything which gives the college more control over the student than at present. The only penalty for breaking any of the conditions of the contract is eviction, and the college has always had the right to expel students.

What use this lease can be to the trustees or the faculty we can not see. The only provision to be commended is that which provides that each student is responsible for his own room, and the cost of repairs is paid by each individual for his own room alone.

Foot Ball Season of '97.

THE foot ball season of 1897, with the expected and the surprising has closed. Again one is impressed with the uncertainty of the outcome of any game, even if the evidence of comparative games be seemingly conclusive.

It is pleasing to observe that the standard of the game in both east and west has been maintained. Science and straight foot ball have time and again won against mere weight. There has been also a singular absence of slugging and any dirty work on the part of either officials or players. Unfortunately there have been an unusual number of casualties this season, but it must be borne in mind that there were many times the number playing foot ball last autumn than there were even two years ago. Also, the game as it is supported is not responsible for the accidents to untrained men and boys. No serious injury has occurred in any of the large eastern universities, where we look for the hardest foot ball.

Foot ball honors are even in the east this year between University of Pennsylvania and Yale. Comparative scores would point to the superiority of the former, but Yale's unlimited ability to take a brace when needed makes her admirers confident that in a test match she would win. Too much credit cannot be given to Yale for her remarkable development of a perfectly green team.

Princeton had nearly all of her championship team of '96 back this year, and it was expected that with one more year's training they

would make a remarkable showing. However, classing Yale and U. of P. as first we can only assign Princeton fourth place.

Harvard undoubtedly had the greatest possibilities of any team in the east, their players were most experienced, and by far the heaviest. But they lacked two essentials for success on the gridiron, training and nerve as a team; that is the individuals were good players, but the fault lay with the team. Moreover, Harvard will never put out a championship team until they make it a *democratic* instead of an aristocratic organization. Harvard holds third place.

West Point put out their usual strong team, tying Yale and winning most of their games.

Cornell had a good team, but played loosely and poorly. What she might have done is suggested by the score with U. of P.

The Carlisle Indians took about the same place as last year. They improved in bucking and in their end plays. Still their line bucks were their chief strength.

Brown played very fair football, only going to pieces once. With her should be classed Annapolis, Wesleyan, La Fayette, and Dartmouth.

Dartmouth so unmercilessly defeated Williams and Amherst that she is considering withdrawing from her triangular league with them, and forming one with some of the better colleges. We would suggest to Dartmouth that her average record would hardly warrant such action.

La Fayette fell from the high place she occupied last year, but still put out a very creditable team.

Lehigh is still in the background, having done nothing to speak of for several years.

The more important scores of the principal eastern teams are as follows:

CORNELL.

Cornell, 45—State College, 0.
Cornell, 42—Williams, 0.
Cornell, 4—La Fayette, 4.
Cornell, 5—Harvard, 24.
Cornell, 0—Princeton, 10.
Cornell, 0—Pennsylvania, 4.

LA FAYETTE.

La Fayette, 34—Lehigh, 0.
La Fayette, 24—State College, 0.
La Fayette, 41—Wesleyan, 6.
La Fayette, 4—Cornell, 4.
La Fayette, 0—Pennsylvania, 46.
La Fayette, 0—Princeton, 57.

HARVARD.

Harvard, 34 — Wesleyan, 0.
 Harvard, 18 — Amherst, 0.
 Harvard, 13 — Dartmouth, 0.
 Harvard, 20 — Williams, 0.
 Harvard, 10 — West Point, 0.
 Harvard, 18 — Brown, 0.
 Harvard, 24 — Cornell, 5.
 Harvard, 8 — Pennsylvania, 16.
 Harvard, 0 — Yale, 0.

CARLISLE INDIANS.

Carlisle Indians, 14 — Brown, 18.
 Carlisle Indians, 10 — Pennsylvania, 20.
 Carlisle Indians, 9 — Yale, 24.
 Carlisle Indians, 0 — Princeton, 18.

BROWN.

Brown, 24 — Wesleyan, 12.
 Brown, 0 — West Point, 42.
 Brown, 18 — Carlisle Indians, 14.
 Brown, 0 — Pennsylvania, 40.
 Brown, 0 — Harvard, 18.
 Brown, 14 — Yale, 18.

PRINCETON.

Princeton, 43 — Lehigh, 0.
 Princeton, 34 — State College, 0.
 Princeton, 30 — Dartmouth, 0.
 Princeton, 57 — La Fayette, 0.
 Princeton, 18 — Carlisle Indians, 0.
 Princeton, 10 — Cornell, 0.
 Princeton, 0 — Yale, 6.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Pennsylvania, 58 — Lehigh, 0.
 Pennsylvania, 24 — State College, 0.
 Pennsylvania, 34 — Dartmouth, 0.
 Pennsylvania, 22 — Wesleyan, 0.
 Pennsylvania, 46 — La Fayette, 0.
 Pennsylvania, 20 — Carlisle Indians, 10.
 Pennsylvania, 40 — Brown, 0.
 Pennsylvania, 15 — Harvard, 6.

DARTMOUTH.

Dartmouth, 0 — Harvard, 13.
 Dartmouth, 0 — U. of P., 37.
 Dartmouth, 0 — Princeton, 30.
 Dartmouth, 54 — Amherst, 0.
 Dartmouth, 52 — Williams, 0.

YALE.

Yale, 18 — Amherst, 0.
 Yale, 30 — Wesleyan, 0.
 Yale, 42 — Williams, 0.
 Yale, 6 — West Point, 6.
 Yale, 24 — Carlisle Indians, 9.
 Yale, 18 — Brown, 14.
 Yale, 0 — Harvard, 0.
 Yale, 6 — Princeton, 0.

WEST POINT.

West Point, 12 — Wesleyan, 9.
 West Point, 42 — Brown, 0.
 West Point, 0 — Harvard, 10.
 West Point, 6 — Yale, 6.

The season ends in Ohio with Oberlin as clearly champion again as though she had won distinctly every game. Adelbert came the closest to defeating her, playing a tie. But Case lost to Oberlin before defeating Adelbert.

Ohio Wesleyan makes a weak claim for the first place in spite of their losing to Oberlin, on the ground that they defeated Adelbert, who afterwards tied Oberlin. Even if the claim could be substantiated she would not be allowed the honor because of her unsportsmanlike action in playing disqualified men. O. W. U. is in the class with the

University of Cincinnati, and should not be allowed to schedule games with reputable institutions for a year at least.

Case put out what was clearly the second best team in the State. With a competent coach she would have had the championship this year.

Kenyon played in hard luck, but did very creditably considering the support given the team.

O. S. U. had a very poor team indeed, disgracefully so for so large an institution. This was partly due to an incompetent coach, partly to the discriminating rule passed by the college authorities, and largely due to lack of college spirit.

Otterbein started the season well, but went to pieces badly toward the latter part of it.

Wittenburg deserves credit for her attempt to conform to the rules of the O. S. I. A. A., but must not forget that there is room for improvement in the future.

Ohio University played better, and the University of Marietta played poorer foot ball than last year.

The following are some of the more important scores :

OBERLIN.

Oberlin, 24—Purdue, 6.
Oberlin, 14—O. W. U., 5.
Oberlin, 6—U. of M., 16.
Oberlin, 6—W. R. U., 6.
Oberlin, 16—Case, 10.

W. R. U.

W. R. U., 24—B. U., 0.
W. R. U., 0—Buffalo, 24.
W. R. U., 30—Kenyon, 0.
W. R. U., 6—O. W. U., 12.
W. R. U., 6—Oberlin, 6.
W. R. U., 0—Case, 14.

O. S. U.

O. S. U., 0—Case, 14.
O. S. U., 0—U. of M., 34.
O. S. U., 12—Otterbein, 12.
O. S. U., 6—U. of Cincinnati, 34.
O. S. U., 0—O. W. U., 6.

CASE.

Case, 14—O. S. U., 0.
Case, 70—Wittenberg, 0.
Case, 50—Kenyon, 0.
Case, 10—Oberlin, 16.
Case, 14—W. R. U., 0.

O. W. U.

O. W. U., 0—U. of M., 0.
O. W. U., 5—Oberlin, 14.
O. W. U., 6—Marietta, 0.
O. W. U., 40—Wittenberg, 0.
O. W. U., 6—O. S. U., 0.

KENYON.

Kenyon, 0—Otterbein, 20.
Kenyon, 14—Denison, 0.
Kenyon, 0—Adelbert, 30.
Kenyon, 0—Case, 50.
Kenyon, 0—Wittenberg, 6.

The championship of the Middle West lies with the University of Wisconsin. It is gratifying to see that the western teams are really beginning to play the high standard of clean, hard foot ball set in the east.

U. of M. had a good team this year, but only won third place.

Herschberger, of Chicago, again won the Thanksgiving game for his team by his wonderful kicking.

The teams whose scores are given below are the most interesting:

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.

U. of W., 30 — Front, 0.
U. of W., 22 — N. W. U., 0.
U. of W., 23 — U. of Chicago, 8.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

U. of M., 31 — Purdue, 4.
U. of M., 14 — U. of Minn., 0.
U. of M., 12 — U. of Chicago, 21.

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA.

U. of Minn., 10 — O. W. U., 12.
U. of Minn., 0 — U. of M., 14.
U. of Minn., 0 — Purdue, 6.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

U. of C., 21 — N. W. U., 6.
U. of C., 8 — U. of W., 23.
U. of C., 21 — U. of M., 12.

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY.

N. W. U., 6 — Beloit, 6.
N. W. U., 6 — U. of Chicago, 21.
N. W. U., 0 — U. of Wis., 22.

PURDUE.

Purdue, 6 — Oberlin, 24.
Purdue, 30 — Missouri, 12.
Purdue, 8 — De Pauw, 0.
Purdue, 4 — U. of M., 34.

Nebraska University won the championship of the so-called Western Intercollegiate Foot Ball League. On the Pacific coast Leland Stanford University won the championship as against the University of California, defeating the latter 28 to 0.

The southern colleges have done little or nothing with foot ball, and probably never will.

During the past season the game has sustained the most continued and severe attacks of any time in its history. Such papers as the New York Nation having taken it up, as well as certain women's clubs. There will probably be some necessary changes made in the rules of the game, but it has taken too firm a hold on every class of the American public to be abolished or even checked in one year or yet in five.

FOOT BALL NOTES.

No more foot ball at Girard. President Fetterolf, of Girard college, has issued an edict against foot ball, and henceforth the students of the institution must keep off the gridiron.

The Georgia legislature has a new work to do. Hon. Hocus Smith slipped and nearly fell while walking on Peach Tree street the other day. A law prohibiting walking will be passed at once by the Georgia house. Thousands have sprained their ankles, marked their shins or noses or stubbed their toes while engaged in the dangerous exercise of walking. Hundreds of men have fallen into street excavations and been killed or seriously injured. Compared with walking, foot ball is absolute safety. Walking must be stopped.—*Sun.*

Foot ball originated among the Greeks and Romans, who had a sport which consisted in kicking about a ball under certain general rules. Its development through the centuries was upon somewhat uniform lines until, finally, the Rugby and Association games were evolved. The former was introduced at Yale, in 1871, and since then has spread all over the country. The regular intercollegiate matches were started in 1873, when a convention between Columbia, Princeton, Rutgers, and Yale was held.

Since 1894, 1,350 fatal accidents resulted from swimming, 986 from boating, 654 from hunting, 264 from bicycling, 333 from horseback riding, 22 from ice boating, 6 from base ball, 4 from tennis, and 11 from foot ball. This after all does not justify the abolition of the game when we set over against the few objections the vital elements of enjoyment in the game.

Shout for Alma Mater, O!

AIR—"Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl."

LIFT YOUR joyful voices high
To sing of Kenyon measure,
Shout for Alma Mater, O!
Her praise the dearest pleasure.

What care we, with such a theme,
For trouble or for sorrow?
Life is but the present hour—
We know not of to-morrow.
Lift your joyful, etc.

May our only pleasure be
To fright away grim sadness,
And our chiefest study be
To win the soul to gladness.
Lift your joyful, etc.

College law is but a form,
And little to be minded;
Then, jolly comrades, circle round,
To care and study blinded.
Lift your joyful, etc.

Kenyon is our state and guide;
For aye we'll rally round her;
Pleasure is her statute-law,
The student the expounder.
Lift your joyful, etc.—*Kenyon.*

A Christmas Story.

BY J. B. M.

IT WAS Christmas eve, and everyone was anxiously looking forward to the morrow. But stop, did we say everyone? There was one exception, for John Gildersleeve gave Christmas no thought, except as a day upon which he was compelled to give his book-keeper a holiday and waste valuable hours which might be utilized in making money. He felt the loss of this day, for with Gildersleeve money was an all prominent thought, and, although he had more than he knew what to with, he still hungered for more. What he did with his accumulated wealth no one knew. He was never known to spend anything, and no charity ever received the benefit of his savings. As he had coincided with the Bible teaching that "No person can serve God and Mammon," he had made his choice years ago, and had worshiped gold alone for so long that no one remembered of ever having seen him at a church service.

So this night, when everyone else was joyfully preparing for Christmas, we find Gildersleeve sitting in an easy chair before an open fire in his gloomy apartments. His thoughts did not correspond to the joyful season; he was annoyed. How could anybody be happy in

this world of trouble; surely no one met with the annoyance he did, or they would be different. That day he had been compelled to discharge his book-keeper. Yes, to be sure the man had been faithful, but it was a matter of principal; he was assuming too much. The idea of objecting to having his salary reduced! He said he could not work for such a small sum, and of course Gildersleeve could not allow an employe of his to rule him in that manner. The trouble was that so much time would be lost.

Of course another man could be found, but it would be a long time before any new man could learn the business like the one who had just left. But why was it that the face of poor Durket kept constantly coming before his mind. How thin the man looked, and that cough, Gildersleeve had never noticed before. How threadbare his clothes looked; why did he not buy new ones?

What had come over Gildersleeve; usually so hardened to the misfortunes of others? The hours rolled past and yet he sat before the fire and for some reason Durket would return to his mind.

"Perhaps the salary was somewhat small for a man and his wife and family, but a poor man has no business to get married; he had money, and he was single, why should his employes marry? If Durket didn't want to work for the money he offered, he could not help it, he must look out for his own interests, and he had not been making as much lately as he should have done, and those hired by him should have his interest at heart as much as their own, so he was right in what he had done." Still Gildersleeve sat and thought: "What made him so weak to-night? He never used to worry over anything like this? What made that face drawn and worried come before him?"

Ten o'clock came, and found Gildersleeve gazing into the fire; eleven o'clock, and still he sat there wrapped in meditation. Then the distant sound of the chimes striking twelve came to his ears, and as the last note died away, a mist came before his eyes, which finally resolved itself into a figure resembling a man, whose transparent body marked him as a stranger to this world. The countenance and general bearing of this strange visitor depicted a sadness which seemed to be habitual.

Although we might say many things against Gildersleeve, cowardice was one thing that could not be imputed to him, yet on this

occasion he certainly did feel uncomfortable in the presence of this supernatural being. Summoning up his courage, he managed to ask in a voice that did not much resemble his natural tones: "Who are you so rudely disturbs my reveries?"

The spirit responded in slow tones: "I am the Spirit of the Past, John Gildersleeve, this hour thou art mine," and then added the single word, "Come." It seemed that all power of resistance had gone from Gildersleeve, for, as the spirit spoke these words, involuntarily he arose and followed the guide. The next thing of which he was conscious was being on the street and moving rapidly along with his mysterious guide. How he had arrived there he did not know, but there he was and there was that apparition constantly at his side. As they moved along, things seemed changed. He passed houses which he knew had been destroyed long ago, and scenes of his younger days met his eyes. At last, after walking some distance, they arrived at a remote quarter of the town where the buildings were small and oddly built. As they approached one of the buildings, Gildersleeve gave a start.

"Ah," said the guide, "you recognize it, do you? That is well." Recognise it, he should think he did. It was here he had first entered upon the battle for existence, a poor boy.

"Come," said the spirit, "let us enter," and this was no sooner said than they were on the inside.

Although Gildersleeve knew that it was twelve o'clock when they started, the time seemed to be much earlier, for the employes of the place were still at work. Finally, amongst the moving figures, they observed a boy clothed in rags, to whom it seemed no one gave any notice, except rough commands to work, and he looked as if he had done so much of that that he was nearly ready to drop from fatigue.

"Behold thy boyhood," said the spirit.

And now the scene changed, and he beheld a new set of faces in the store. The ragged boy had disappeared, but at the book-keeper's desk there was a young man who bore a strong resemblance to Gildersleeve. He was poorly clad, and from his appearance it was evident that he had difficulty in providing sustenance for himself. Then a voice was heard from the inner office calling "Gildersleeve," and the book-keeper went to answer the call. Soon he returned with a down-

cast look and saddened countenance, and after wrapping a worn muffler around his neck went out into the night.

The apparition then said, "You no doubt remember this occasion?"

"Yes," said Gildersleeve. "He said he must reduce my wages, and when I told him I was not getting enough to live on, he said I could consider myself at liberty to search better wages elsewhere, but why torment me with this; I thought it was gone from my mind forever."

"It is true," said the spirit, "Now since you are rich you dislike to remember your poverty, but to-night you must go over your past life again. Do you remember what took place after this, or shall I refresh your memory?"

"It is not necessary, I remember perfectly well. I went out and tried to find work, but there was no opening. Day after day I searched for employment. I was too proud to go back to the place I had just left, and I could not have regained it for it had been filled at once. I thought at last that I must starve, when one day I received word that by some freak of fortune I had fallen heir to ten thousand dollars."

"Enough," said the guide, "As my time is becoming short, I will finish your story. After receiving this money you were afraid it might get away from you and you have spent that part of your life which might have been used in doing good to your fellowmen, in hoarding your treasure and striving in every possible way to add another dollar to your hidden pile. Do not interrupt me for my time is almost spent; these are facts, however hard they may seem. Instead of profiting by your own experience, and helping others in distress, you have treated them even worse than you were treated, and yesterday when your book-keeper made the same plea that you had made years ago, although you knew that he was right and you were wrong, you sent him out into the cold. And perhaps you may become a murderer, for it is evident that the man has been depriving himself in order that his family might live, and he cannot stand the ordeal of the fasting rendered necessary by your act. My time is now spent and I will leave you."

As he spoke these words the apparition dissolved itself into a mist and then—John Gildersleeve found himself seated in his arm chair staring into the fire-place, which now contained nothing but a few glowing embers. He rubbed his eyes and stared about the room, then he struck a match to see the time; it was just a few minutes after one.

Then the full truth dawned upon him, he had been asleep and dreaming, and in his dream had lived over some of the incidents of his life. Then he sat down and thought. Again the words of the spirit came to his mind, and he realized the full force of what had been said. As he meditated over the events, the image of Durket came again to his mind, and the words of the spirit recurred to him, "You may become a murderer;" he shuddered at the idea.

It had been long since Gildersleeve had allowed himself to go over his days of poverty, but to-night he reviewed his past life, and realized how blessed he was now, and how much good he might have done with his wealth. He sat a long time, wrapped in thought, and when at last he went to bed his face wore an expression which had not appeared there for long years. He had determined to change his life.

Christmas morning Gildersleeve arose feeling for once in touch with the season. He made an excursion to some of the stores in the town, the result of which was that later in the morning Durket was surprised to find a grocery wagon at his door, containing a large supply of Christmas edibles. He insisted that there was some mistake, and that the goods were not intended for him, but the driver remained firm and deposited his load in the kitchen of Durket's dwelling. In looking over the packages a card was found which set all doubt at rest by stating briefly:

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS
FROM
JOHN GILDERSLEEVE.

That was all, but later the author of the note appeared and of course arranged that Durket should return to work the next day at a salary higher than he had ever anticipated. Then Gildersleeve turned in and made himself so generally agreeable that when he left that evening the whole family felt as if something was missing.

From that time on Gildersleeve was a changed man in every way, but what had caused the change no one ever knew, except Gildersleeve and his mysterious guide.

A Catastrophe.

L. H. C.

A CERTAIN man to dissipate
The heat and other cares,
Essayed to draw some cider kept
Beneath his cellar stairs.

Before he started down, his wife
To him a pitcher handed;
But tripping up he tumbled down,
And at the bottom landed.

"My dear, did you the pitcher break"?
Came down stairs sharp and shrill;
Then crushing down his wrath he cried—
No, — it, but I will.

A Foot Ball Sketch.

R. H. H.

THERE was a time when the mention of X— foot ball terrorized all teams that heard it. The X— eleven was looked upon as the ideal football team, and after it all other teams tried to copy.

They were not giants in size, but they certainly were in strength. During the previous season but one team even scored on them. This was the team from Y—. It was with no little amount of interest, therefore, that all concerned looked forward to X—'s coming game with Y—.

The Y— team had begun their practice early in the season, and it was hard indeed to tell which team was better prepared for the match. X— did a great deal of boasting, while Y— wisely said nothing.

Meanwhile, both teams were making the best of the short time yet remaining before the day of the game. New plays were perfected and signals literally cudged into their brains, so that there was no possibility of a mistake.

* * * * *

At length the day for the game has come. It is a fine day for foot ball—rather cold, just a little wind blowing, and enough sun shining dimly through the clouds to make the spectators feel comfortable. The grand stand is well filled with anxious spectators. The colors of both teams are seen scattered through the assembly. The teams themselves now appear on the field, and the yells of both are mingled with the chorus from the grand stand. A few minutes exercise, and the referee's whistle tells them it is time to line up for the kick off.

Both teams respond immediately, and all is ready. A blast from the whistle, a kick, a few second's suspense, and the ball is downed almost in the center of the field. Backward and forward the mass moves. Now it looks as though X—— would surely make the first touchdown. The ball is on Y——'s fifteen-yard line. "Third down and four yards to gain," from the linesman. A desperate attempt to go through Y——'s line is made. Just for a moment the mass wavers and then begins to move slowly backwards. The Y——'s had forced them back, and received the ball on downs.

The teams quickly line up and the ball is soon in play. By hard work the ball is forced back into X——'s territory. An excellently executed end run, and Y—— is on X——'s twenty-five yard line. A series of bucks, and the distance is lessened to five yards. Can they do it? "Eleven, nine, eight, twelve, four, thirty." In an instant the ball is in play, and Y——'s fullback is seen to shoot clear over the heads of the other players and to plow up the ground for a touchdown.

By this time a fierce wind had sprung up so that kicking goal at an angle was not the easiest thing in the world. Biff! The big fullback's number nine hit the ball square in the center, but the wind spoiled what might have been a pretty goal by curving the ball just enough to miss. But, as the old saw goes, "A miss is as good as a mile." Thus the score stood four to nothing at the end of the first half.

One can imagine the feelings of the X—— team as they lined up for the second half. The score of four to nothing touched them deeply. They realized that something must be done, and that they must do it.

The Y—— team, having become a little careless on account of their touchdown, were brought to their senses when X—— made a fifteen-yard buck through their center. The fifteen yard's gain on the other hand, revived the hopes of the X—— team, and they played with such vim and determination that slowly but surely they neared the enemy's goal.

To this day nobody knows just how it happened, but in some manner their left end was seen to dart swiftly around, and instead of carrying the ball around the right end as usual, he wheeled suddenly, and with a swift bound leaves the struggling mass and makes a bee line for the enemy's goal. Y——'s fullback, always on the lookout for something unusual, sees him, and making a wild leap at the runner's knees, misses him, and the crowd goes wild with shouting. The other players seem to have forgotten everything. There is now nothing between the runner and the goal but fifty yards of good running ground. The spectators did not see Y——'s little quarterback skimming along the ground, nor did they fully realize what had happened until X——'s left end was seen to fall violently to the ground with the little quarterback clinging to his knees. Time was called before the game could be resumed, and so they bore the hero from the field, the people began to realize that the X—— team, in spite of its boasting, was not the only team in the world.

WILLIE had a little horse,
Its words he knew quite well.
He rode that horse to class one day
And the teacher gave him — fits. — R. H. H.

A Call in Arizona.

E. F. G.

GEORGE HUNE was a well bred young man, and had taken his degree at one of the best colleges in the country. He had gone even farther, and had begun the study of law. He had always had all the money he needed, and his room at college had been supplied with all the comforts and many of the luxuries of the richest.

That he had enlisted as a private soldier at the out-of-the-way post of Atera, Arizona, was, therefore, a matter of great consternation to his friends. They, naturally enough, considered the life of a common soldier almost contemptible, at least unenviable.

To himself, this move was a source of great vexation, and he hated the thought of the misfortune which brought it about. Now, regretting that he had not waited to find some better employment, he decided to leave the army as soon as possible.

He had always been a bright boy and was now a clever man; as a child, he had learned most of the card games, and now he had reduced the art of card-playing to a science.

Here we find him, at a table in the Atera bar room, playing poker with four companions. Three of the men are drunk and the fourth is drinking, but Hune has not touched the liquor. Now and then he puffs away at his meerschaum pipe, a relic of his better days.

The cards have been dealt and the bidding has begun, when Hune thinks he sees his only sober companion, Jim Chicering, slip a card from his sleeve to his hand. Not certain, he says nothing of it.

The bidding becomes high and fast, one might almost say reckless. At last, only Chicering and Hune are bidding, the chips are all in the middle of the table. Chicering calls. The three drunken men lean forward eagerly. Hune shows the ace, king, queen, jack and ten of spades. Chicering throws down his cards, the ace, two, three, four and five of — spades.

The two opponents, rising, draw their pistols; one, two double shots, break the sudden hush, then a single report, followed by a heavy thud.

As the smoke clears away, the three men, now sobered, peer intently toward the place of the conflict and see, standing there, gun in hand — Chicering. George Hune has left the army forever.

Mrs. G. T. Bedell.

ON DECEMBER 10th, Mrs. Julia Bedell, wife of the late Bishop Bedell, passed away at her home in New York City. Mrs. Bedell had been an invalid for some years, but no especial anxiety was felt for her, and her death was very sudden and unexpected.

Mrs. Bedell's body was brought to Gambier for burial. On Tuesday noon, December 14th, the body arrived, accompanied by Mrs. Bedell's brother, Mr. Strong, Mr. and Miss Strong, Miss Lizzie Brown, and the Rev. Mr. Lisle, rector of the Church of the Holy Spirit, Cleveland. The funeral services were held in the College chapel, at half past two. The services were most impressive. Mr. Moore, Dean Jones, Dr. Benson, and Mr. Lisle were the officiating clergy. The faculties and students of the four institutions were in attendance, and a detachment from the Academy formed a body guard to the grave. At the close of the service the three buglers of the Academy sounded taps, a call to rest which is eternal. It seems almost trite to speak of Mrs. Bedell's generosity toward the college. Mrs. Bedell inherited a considerable fortune from an aunt, and since Bishop and Mrs. Bedell came to Gambier, in 1859, her gifts to the college have been unceasing. In the death of Mrs. Bedell the college has lost one of its truest, best, and most generous friends.

The Rev. William M. Brown.

The Rev. Wm. M. Brown, Bishop-Coadjutor-elect of Arkansas, is a native of Ohio, in which State the most of his life, including his entire ministry, has been spent. After having completed his work in the Theological Seminary of Kenyon College, he was ordained to the diaconate in 1883, in the twenty-ninth year of his age. He took charge of Grace Mission, Galion, Ohio, where he remained until 1891. In 1884 he was advanced to the priesthood. In 1891 he became, at the request of Bishop Leonard, the general missionary of the diocese with the title of arch deacon. During his office as arch-deacon, Mr. Brown was very active in the work of extending the influence of the Church in Ohio. Largely through his efforts twenty-one new mission chapels have been built, and the number of missionaries increased from twenty-one to forty-two. When he entered upon his duties there were many counties in which the services of the Church had never been held. Now her services may be found in every county of the diocese. In all his work he has shown a thorough appreciation of the efforts of those who have labored with him for the extension of the Church, and has thus won the admiration and esteem of both clergy and laity.

The Bishop-elect is also the Secretary of the Board of Missions and of the Trustees of the Diocese.

In addition to the many duties of his office, Mr. Brown has been, for some time, a special lecturer to the students of the Theological Seminary of Ohio, and has also found time to write "The Church For Americans," a book that has been widely read.

Mr. Brown married Miss Ella Bradford, a daughter of Mrs. Mary Scranton Bradford, of Cleveland, who has greatly assisted financially the work of Church extension.

In churchmanship, the Bishop-Coadjutor-elect, of Arkansas, is conservative in every sense of the word.

Alumni Notes.

BEXLEY, '64. An incident of more than ordinary interest took place in St. Thomas's church, in the city of Washington, on Sunday morning, Dec. 5, when four clergymen who were classmates in Bexley Hall, Gambier, Ohio, met together for the first time in thirty-three years, and that without any prearrangement. They all took part in the service, which will long be remembered. They were the rector, the Rev. John A. Aspinwall, the Rev. Herman L. Duhring, the Rev. Dr. Wm. H. Neilson, and the Rev. John G. Ames. The rector gave place to Mr. Duhring as the preacher.—*Churchman*.

'70. Rev. Louis De Cornis has received degree of D. D. He now lives in Columbia, Pa.

'77. Lieut. Harry Benson has received his commission as captain. The post to which he will be sent is yet uncertain, but it is probable that he will go to the Yosemite Park.

'95. W. D. and E. B. Braddock spent Dec. 18 and 19 with friends in Gambier.

'95-ex. Albert J. Bell has returned from Europe and resumed his study of medicine in Cincinnati.

'96. E. B. Redhead will return next term to take a post-graduate course in Bexley Hall.

'96. Invitations are out for the marriage of Bert Barber, of Wauseon, Ohio, and Miss Anna Kerr, of Pittsburgh, Pa.

'97-ex. George Dunham has gone to the Klondike.

'97-ex. It is currently reported that Harry St. Clair Hathaway is to be married next month.

Bexley, '97. Dick Lafferty is to be married Jan. 19th.

'98-ex. Frank Cornwell is in the southern part of the country, traveling for Roehn & Sons.

'99-ex. Fred. B. Schneerer is studying medicine at his home in Norwalk, Ohio.

'00-ex. James Wilson Rice is expected to leave for Lima, Peru, in the near future.

DEATH OF ATTORNEY T. M. JAMES.

'56. Thomas M. James, an attorney, died suddenly while eating breakfast at the home of his sister, Mrs. L. F. Edwards, 818 Euclid avenue, Kansas City, Nov. 30th, of heart failure. Shortly before 8 o'clock he took his place at the table, apparently as well as usual. He was talking with his sister when his head fell forward on his breast and he became unconscious. A physician was hastily summoned, but Mr. James died shortly after he arrived. Mr. James came to Kansas City ten years ago. For about a year he was adjuster of claims for the Kansas City, Pittsburg & Gulf railroad. He was 60 years old and was at one time a member of the law firm of Quarles & James. Last summer he received a sunstroke and has been complaining occasionally of pains in his head. The funeral services were held Dec. 2d, at 2 o'clock from Mrs. Edwards' home. Temple Lodge, No. 299, A. F. and A. M., of which he was a member, had charge of the funeral. He was buried in Elmwood cemetery.

The News — College.

THE election of foot ball captain for the season of 1898 was held immediately after the Wittenberg game, and D. A. Williams, '99, was unanimously elected captain.

Reifsnider, '98, entertained Southworth, '98, and Grier, '00, at his home in Tiffin during the Thanksgiving holidays.

About a dozen of the students went home for a few days at Thanksgiving: D. F. Williams, '98; Bubb, '99; Lash and Southworth, '00; Hoskins, Fillmore, S. D. Blake. Harper, Harvey, Zimmerman, and Quick, '01.

Mann, '99, went up to Cleveland and saw the Case-Adelbert game.

Wertheimer, '99, visited at the home of Sawyer, '00, while in Cleveland.

Miss Stanbery, of Pomeroy, spent a few days in Gambier at Thanksgiving time as the guest of Miss May Russell.

Hathaway, Bexley, '99, visited Tiffin friends on Sunday, November 28.

Rice, '00, was called home early in December by the death of his grandfather, Dr. Wilson.

A very pleasant informal dance was given in Philo Hall, Saturday evening, December 4.

A meeting of the Billiard and Pool Association was held in Stanbery's room, December 8, at which it was decided to have the tables put in order and the rooms closed to all but members.

The programme of Philo for Friday evening, December 10, was a mock faculty meeting, at which the characteristics of the various professors were cleverly hit off. Ganter, '99, took the part of President Peirce; Irvine, '98, represented Dr. Benson; Jenkins, Dr. Sterling; Shoutz, '98, Prof. Ingham; Grier, '97, Prof. West (Secretary of the Faculty); Dimon, '98, Dr. Wager; Sidner, '98, Dr. Newhall; Southworth, '00, took John Parker's place as "chief of police" for the faculty.

The college preacher for Sunday, December 12, was Rev. Mr. Ramsey, of Piqua. His sermon dwelt on the necessity of full preparation before action.

A meeting of the Assembly was called December 13 to discuss the coach question, but as only one proposition was offered, action was deferred until the first week after vacation. At that time, a committee, consisting of Dr. Peirce, Stanbery, '98, President of Assembly, and Williams, '99, foot ball captain, will render a full report of applicants and terms.

Mrs. Prof. Davies entertained some of her college friends at her home on the evening of December 6. The event was a most enjoyable one, and will be long remembered by all who participated.

The new College catalogues are now being distributed. The paper and press work is much improved over the catalogues of former years. Many changes in the curriculum also appear.

A considerable number of students left for their homes on Saturday, December 18.

Dr. Streibert left for his home in Potsdam, N. Y., on December 17.

Mrs. H. W. Jones and Miss Jones left Gambier on December 18 to visit their relatives in Delaware.

On December 17 Prof. Ingham presented all students rooming in Old Kenyon with a lease for their rooms for the students to take home for the signatures of their parents.

K. M. G.

MRS. Hills gave the cadets an informal dance on Tuesday, December 14. Many attended, and all had a most enjoyable time.

Sergeant Dunn received a visit from his mother on December 16-17.

The grading of the athletic field is a great benefit to all out door sports. Regular gymnasium work will be taken up after the holidays, and a basket ball team will be organized. At a meeting of the Athletic Association on December 1, Sergeant Schaff was unanimously elected captain of the '98 base ball team, and Cadet F. G. Ban manager. Capt. Mathison was at the same time elected manager of the '98 foot ball team.

Capt. Kienier has made many changes in the battalion. Hitherto there has been two double companies, now there are four single rank companies.

A class in foil fencing will be formed after the Christmas holidays under Capt. Kienier, who is an expert fencer. Target practice will also be taken up during the coming term.

All are looking forward with much pleasure to the Christmas holidays.

Exchanges.

DEVASTATING FEET BALL.

A LONG toward the fag end of the foot ball season each year, when the big college teams are devoting every energy to getting into condition for each other, the most heart-rending tales of catastrophes, individual and collective, are sent out with all the descriptive and inventive genius which these institutions of learning can furnish. First, one college starts a woeful wail, and, to offset this, the rival college parallels it with a melancholy dirge, and, having once got a good start, they play back and forth until one might suppose that the angel of death had deserted the rest of the world and was hovering with one wing over each team. It fools nobody, however, except the effeminate and mawkish newspapers that are conducting a "crusade against the brutal sport of foot ball." Exhibits in the case of Cinchtown University vs. Quail College, with opinions from the hysterical journals, are appended in collected form:

CINCHTOWN, Nov. 3.—Glooms broods over the college to-day. Yesterday the 'varsity quarter back, Scaird, while running with the ball, was so rudely tackled that he swallowed his whole lower set of teeth. Stuffle, the crack tackle, lost the front stud out of his collar bone and cannot keep it in place. This, with the all but fatal injuries to the rest of the line, makes it highly probable that Cinchtown will not be able to meet the Quail team on Nov. 20. The entire college is much disheartened.

BLUEVILLE, Nov. 4.—The opinion is gaining ground that Quail hasn't a chance against Cinchtown for the championship. Another serious accident, coming close upon the epidemic of bunions that has swept like a pestilence over all the 'varsity backs, has utterly destroyed all confidence in the 'varsity. Yesterday Bagwalloper, the mainstay of the rush line, was pounded so far into the mud by the scrub team piling up on him that a force of Italians are still digging for him, but it is doubtful if he is excavated in time for the big game. Spiffkins, the half back, was scalped during the second half of the game, and Whizzem, the end rush, is said to be dying in his room. It behooves the Quail team to meet these misfortunes bravely; but hope is almost gone.

BLUEVILLE, Nov. 9.—What little hope of a Quail victory remained is now gone. Binkle, the only remaining uninjured half back who knows a foot ball from a quart of milk, became mixed in his signals and ruptured a blood vessel from mortification. Within ten minutes afterward Puggle, the right guard had an epileptic fit, and Muggs, the substitute centre, was attacked with cholera infantum. The Board of Health will forbid all three from playing because of the fear of contagion. If there is any betting by the Quail contingent on the big game it will be on the possibility of Quail's scoring.

CINCHTOWN, Nov. 10.—The faculty has removed Scraggs, Whoopwell, Simpson, and Sled from the game because their mental condition is such that it is feared they cannot remember the signals. This is Cinchtown's doom. Odds on Quail should be at least 15 to 1. Cinchtown can hardly hope to score.

BLUEVILLE, Nov. 11.—Yesterday McPunt, the full back, became involved in a tandem play and was carried from the field in two sections. Neither he nor Bagwalloper, who was finally unearthed in a precarious condition, has the slightest chance of playing in the big game. End rush Whizzen regained consciousness yesterday and may be out by Christmas. The team, the substitutes, the college, the faculty, and the town are utterly disheartened over the prospects of the championship game.

CINCHTOWN, Nov. 18.—All students who have made bets on the Cinchtown team are preparing to leave town before the sheriff can get hold of them. The belief is that no odds are big enough to take. To-day when the eleven started to play it was found that every member was afflicted with locomotor ataxia, complicated by cramps, so that no player could go forward more than a yard without stopping to disentangle his legs. The entire institution is hysterical from grief.

So it goes up to within one day of the great game. A somewhat cautious silence ensues, except on the part of the effeminate journals. The great day comes, and lo! there meet upon the field of battle twenty-two sturdy youths, sound of wind, limb, and nerve, fit and joyously ready to put up the fight of their lives. And when it's all over, with nothing worse than a few bruises or a wrench to an arm or leg, the 20,000 cheering enthusiasts who like to see a manly game played in a manly way go home satisfied. The brutality of the game has all been in print.