

3-1-1900

Kenyon Collegian - March 1900

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Vol. XXVI.

No. 7.

The -KENYON- Collegian

March, 1900

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
EDITORIAL	149
A SERMON	150
CINCINNATI ALUMNI BANQUET	158
PRIMITIVE KENYON	161
CHURCH STUDENTS' MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION	163
AN IMITATION OF BURNS	166
PHILO DEBATE	167
OBITUARY	168
ALUMNI NOTES	169
EXCHANGES	171

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VOL. XXVI.

GAMBIER, OHIO, MARCH, 1900.

No. 7

Editorials.

IT is with something more than regret that we are forced at this, the close of the Collegian year, to come before our readers with an apology. That those who support the paper think one is due, is no doubt true, and the fact that we also are conscious that the conduct of the paper for the past year has not been what it ought to have been, enables us with all the more frankness to admit it. But confession and apologies are not what our readers want. They want a paper once every month and they want it out on time. This, in part, we have at times failed to do, yet even this is not the only source of regret to us. There is also a feeling on our part that whatever stigma may have fallen upon us for what has occurred in the past year, may hamper those who are about to take up the work where we have left off, and it is our earnest desire to make clear the way for those who are to follow, that prompts us more than anything else to ask the

indulgence of our readers. To an entirely new editorial board will fall the duty of issuing the next COLLEGIAN, and it is for them that we ask the further hearty cooperation of those who have assisted us in the past, and we believe furthermore, that under their management, we can assure our readers and advertisers of a speedy return to the former regularity of THE COLLEGIAN's appearance.

NOT long ago it was suggested to us by an alumnus that an issue of THE COLLEGIAN should in the near future be devoted exclusively to the publication of Kenyon songs. The almost universal lack of a Kenyon song book of any kind and the need of the same, the opportunity to thus place in the home of each subscriber such a book, and the possibility of supplying many other needs which such a book might fulfill, seem to render such a plan advisable. This issue of THE COLLEGIAN will be known as the "Song Issue" and will take the place of the February issue which we have been compelled for other reasons to omit. We ask, therefore, all those desiring to contribute to this issue to do so as early as possible. All suggestions in regard to the publication of such a book as well as orders for extra copies will be gratefully received.

A Sermon

[Preached in the College Chapel, Sunday Morning, February 11th, by The Very Reverend Chas. D. Williams, D. D.]

S. Matt. 16:26. "What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

VALUES, at least market values, are expressed in comparisons and determined by exchanges. For instance, in the old days of barter, a bushel of wheat would be worth so many bushels of corn; a horse so many cows, or the village newspaper so many pecks of small potatoes. Now we have in money an universal medium of exchange and so measure of values, and all things merchantable are

rated in dollars and cents. Still, back of the most complicated transaction in stocks and bonds lies in the last analysis the simple determination by comparison which comes out clearly in the primitive method of barter. Two commodities, two things are put alongside of each other and equivalents are struck. So much of this, is worth so much of that.

Now we have in our text such a comparison instituted between certain two things in order to find, if possible, an expression of the value of one of them.

What are the two things, the two terms of the comparison? On the one side it is a human soul. Let us understand clearly what is meant by that word here. It is not a certain part of a man, such as his body or his mind or his spirit. We sometimes think and talk of the soul much as the Jewish Rabbis used to think of the alleged indestructible bone called *Luz*, supposed to be situated somewhere in the spine of every pious Hebrew, which made its way from wherever the body was buried, through the earth and under the seas, to the sacred soil of Palestine, there to await resurrection in the last day. In that bone, it was thought, resided the identity which should connect the existence of that Jew in this world with his existence in the world beyond; that should make him the same man. That was what was immortal, eternal in him. Exactly so, men frequently think and speak of the soul as "the immortal part of our personality." But not so is the term used here, it strikes me. Rather does it mean the whole man, as a spiritual being, the man himself, at least his highest self, all in him that is worthy of being called a *MAN*, all the moral and spiritual potentiality and capacity that distinguish him from the mere animal, the brute below him. Therefore we say the soul is immortal, for only what is man can be immortal; whatever is merely animal in him can not survive the grave. We see that this is the meaning of the term from the parallel passage in St. Luke's Gospel where this same utterance is rendered, "What is a man advantaged if he gain the whole world and lose himself." The word "soul" in the one passage is plainly equivalent to the man himself in the other. We have a survival and reflection of that use of the word in our common speech; we speak of a ship with so many "souls" on board.

This, then, is the first term of our comparison, a human soul, a spiritual being, in short a MAN.

The other term of the comparison is rendered "the world." And if you go back to the original, you will see that it does not mean simply the "earth," the round ball on which we live and float through space; no, it means vastly more than that; the word used is "kosmos," which we have carried over into our own language, and it means the whole order and system of things physical and material, the sum total of created things, of material existence, from planets and moons, suns and stars and solar systems, down to houses and lands, stocks and bonds, monies and clothes.

Here, then, is the problem of our text. Christ is striving to find an expression for the value, the market value, if you choose, of a human soul, a MAN. What is he worth? What can he fairly be exchanged for? What will he fetch in God's mart? Or rather, at what price should he hold himself? On the one side of the bargain Christ sets this solitary soul, this lonely human being, this one MAN. And on the other, the sum total of things material, the universe, as we call it. And then he declares that no comparison can rightly be made, no exchange justly effected; that the whole material universe were too insignificant a standard by which to measure the value of that one man, too cheap to fix the market price of a single soul. For nothing material, nor yet all things material can express the worth on any thing spiritual.

That is Christ's valuation of a man. That is the Divine estimate of the worth of a soul.

But men do not always share God's high estimate of themselves. They do not always hold themselves as dear as God holds them. To be sure we get glimpses of that inestimable value of a soul now and then in our common experience. For instance, what father or mother can ever reckon in any material terms or comparisons the value of a child's love? What man could set a price on his wife's devotion, her faithfulness and purity? What would he barter it for, what would he take in exchange for it, though the wealth of the material universe should be poured at his feet. All material comparisons fail utterly in the presence of spiritual values. We smile when the baby boy says to his mother "I love you a thousand bushels."

We share instinctively God's estimate when it comes to putting a price upon what of our souls we have to give each other or ask from each other. The love of a child, the devotion and faithfulness of a wife, the loyalty of a friend, these things are beyond price. We recognize that, at least the best of us do, at our best moments.

But when it comes to what of our souls we shall have to give back to God, at the last, our potential spiritual manhood on the one side and the world's bids for us on the other, we often hold ourselves most cheap, dirt cheap. We sell our souls for naught sometimes. For the world has its markets for the sale of souls, along with other things. Like the mystic Babylon of the Apocalypse, its merchandise is varied. "Gold and silver and precious stones and pearls, fine linen and purple and silk and scarlet, cinnamon and odors and thyine wood, wine and oil and fine flour and wheat, sheep and horses, and chariots and slaves, and souls of men."

The sale of souls, how it has written itself into the world's literature and painted itself in its art. You remember the legend of Faust and his bargain with the devil. You recall Retch's famous picture of the man playing chess with Satan, with his own soul as the stake of the game.

Only that sale is not usually effected all at once and in so dramatic a manner as the legend and the picture present it. Good were it for us if it were so; for then we could be on our guard against such a catastrophe. But a soul is not lost in a moment any more than a soul is saved in a moment. No, the bargain is not generally a transaction but a process and a most insidious one. It is gradually, and by imperceptible degrees that men lose themselves, their higher selves as they go through life. It is bit by bit, here a little and there a little, now in this market and now in that, and often in petty, apparently insignificant transactions, it is thus that men surrender their ideals or part with their spiritual possibilities and capacities in exchange for the world's prices. It is thus that they sell their souls, by retail, as it were. And O, the price is so pitifully cheap sometimes.

For instance a young girl makes her debut in society, with artless manners, the simplicity of self-unconsciousness, sweet and urging affections, trustful faith in everybody, frank speech, open, innocent,

sincere eyes, soulful eyes we sometimes call them and we say true, for the fullness of a fresh, pure soul looks out of them.

You go back, after a few seasons, and you find, perhaps, the brilliant beauty, the reigning queen of some fashionable and perhaps fast set. But, alas, the artlessness, the naivete of the guileless girl have become the artful manners of the accomplished flirt; the simplicity and self-unconsciousness have been exchanged for the unfathomable guile, the polished hypocrisies of the typical society woman whose genuine feelings are past finding out. All freshness of impulse, all generosity of sentiment, all readiness of sympathy have been withered in the hot glare and close atmosphere in which she has habitually lived.

She is blasé, knowing, worldly-wise, perhaps heartless. The soul no longer looks out of her eyes. Why? Because she has lost it, at least the best part of it. She has sold it for the position she occupies, the power and influence she wields, the pleasure she has had, the admiration or adulation she has won. That is the price the world has paid her for her soul, or so much of it as she has parted with. And yet you cannot put your finger on any one definite transaction in which the bargain was closed. No, it was here a little, there a little, now in this experience and now in that; bit by bit she has sold her soul, her spiritual capacity and possibilities, bit by bit she has lost herself, the high, true, innocent, beautiful self of her girlhood.

Here is a boy just entering college, we will say, a boy with clean, clear-cut features, with frank, fearless eyes that look straight and steady at you without blinking or shrinking; and in their depths you discern the beauty of a pure heart, a transparent, unsullied soul. He is full to overflowing with generous enthusiasms, high ideals, soaring aspirations. It is an inspiration to be with him. He has noble ideas about honor and truth and principle. Perhaps we in our worldly wisdom smile and call him quixotic. He will not swerve a hair's breadth from the right line of honesty and justice, no, not for anybody or anything. He will not compromise his standards of conscience or trail his banners in the dust, nay, not for the world. He

realizes the poet's ideal of the youth who "by the vision splendid is on his way attended,

For trailing clouds of glory do we come from
God who is our home."

But by and by, after the world, even the college world, has tried its hand, its dirty hand, with your boy for a few years, after it has fingered him over with its foul fingers, you go back; and you find perhaps, the clean, clear-cut features sodden with sensualism, the eyes heavy and clouded with low indulgence. He has sold his soul for unclean pleasure; not all at once in some tremendous fall, perhaps, but here a little and there a little he has bartered away the best of it now in this and now in that base indulgence.

Or (what seems to me even worse, for sins of the spirit are apt to be deep-rooted and more ineradicable than the mere surface sins of the flesh) your boy goes out of college into the business world; you come across him by and by grown to middle age and you find the cold, calculating eye and the shrewd, practical temper of the accomplished and successful money-maker. Everything is measured by money standards now. He smiles indulgently at his youthful notions of sensitive honor and transparent sincerity and absolute justice and all that. They are impracticable ideals, if one would really get along in the world; too fragile ware for human nature's daily use, well enough for bric-a-brac to be kept under glass cases on parlor mantel pieces, but by no means to be trusted in the kitchens of life where the food is to be cooked. He has no more visions. He would call them dreams, illusions, ay, delusions now. Conventional respectability is now to him a sufficient standard of conduct and the commercial code a high enough law of conscience. What is legitimate or even legal, what is allowed by the trade rather than what is essentially and inherently true and righteous and honest and just. The man has become, no longer a man, in the best sense of that word, but a mere sordid, shrivelled money bag. He has sold his soul, his spiritual capacity for gold. And yet you cannot put your finger on any single, definite bargain like Faust's or the Chess-player's, wherein the sale was consummated. No, it was here and there, gradually, imperceptibly, that he lost himself, his best self, that noble,

beautiful, ideal self, whose rudimentary possibilities shone so fair even in the face of his youth. For souls are lost, my friends, not so much by the sudden damnations of great crimes as by the shrinkage and shrivelling of an insidious worldliness.

So men and women are selling their souls piece-meal, at retail and for paltry prices at every mart. The unclean pleasure, the unjust gain, the unrighteous riches, the wrongful power, these are the world's wares and prizes; and you pay for them invariably, if you win them, in just so much expenditure of your soul life, just so much diminution of your spiritual capacity and vitality, just so much loss of your highest and truest self.

And is "the game worth the candle?" Is the world we buy at such tremendous cost worth the least part of the soul we give in exchange for it? Ah, how many a man who has attained the highest peaks of his ambitions, how many a man who has won the widest power, the highest position, the richest pleasure, the most unlimited wealth the world has to give, how many such a man would gladly give it all, if he could get back one moiety of the clean heart, the innocent happiness, the buoyant enthusiasms, the splendid visions and ideals, the simple trust and confidence, the warm sympathies and affections, the spiritual opportunities and capacities, in a word the soul of his youth! How many a man has learned by bitterest experience the sad truth of those mighty words "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose himself? For what shall a man give, ay, give to his God, at last in exchange for the soul God gave him at the first?"

The world and the man, the work and the soul, these two face each other constantly in every experience, these two stand in constant comparison at every man's bar of judgment, and we are asked to determine for ourselves their relative value to us, we are asked to make our choice between them. Some of you are standing now where the great choice must be deliberately made for life. In a thousand practical issues that choice forces itself daily upon every man of us. And we are making our choice, bartering our souls for the world or giving up the world for the sake of our souls. And by and by death comes to close the accounts.

When a man dies, how everybody that knew him sets to work at once to balance his books for him, to reckon up the profit and loss of his life's trading.

The public asks "How much was he worth?" and the answer is invariably given in stocks and bonds and lands and houses, that is, in the amount of the world he has acquired. That satisfies the public. That is their estimation of the man's worth.

But the friends who stand about his coffin reckon not so. They search their memories with candles for every kind attention, every good deed, every generous, honorable, loving thing they have known him to do, every noble sentiment they have heard him utter, every high aspiration and lofty purpose he has cherished. These are the things they whisper to each other about that open casket. These are the things they treasure as of inestimable value in that hour. And why? Because these are the evidences of the soul that was in him. They show what spiritual manhood he had attained, what stock of high character he had acquired and accumulated out of his life-rent of this world. For that is the only riches which he can carry over with him to be the capital with which he is to make his ventures in the life beyond. Ah, how instinctively and instantly we resort in such hours to Christ's standards of value, to God's estimates of the relative worth of the man and the world in which he lives.

So shall it be with you, my friend, some day. So shall the results of your sojourn here, your trading with life's capital be summed up at last by the public, by your friends, ay, and by God Himself. What is your ambition for that hour? What verdict do you most crave? "Do you want simply that men should be able to say "He was worth so much in stocks and bonds and lands and houses," so much for your executor to itemize and your heirs to squabble over and squander and then perhaps all to curse your name and memory? Will you be content with that? Nay, will you venture to offer that to God Almighty at His judgment bar in lieu of the soul He expects of you, the ideal man with whose potentialities and capacities He endowed you at the start but which you have bartered off for this paltry bit of the world?

Or shall your friends say about your coffin, "He was a good man, an upright man, a kindly, true, loving man, ay, a noble man? And he has left us the best heritage and bequest a man could leave his

loved ones, the heritage of a name fragrant with all that is beautiful and holy, the bequest of a lofty example to cherish forever in loving and grateful memory and to be a perpetual inspiration to all high and holy living? Ay, more, as you stand before God at your judgment day, shall you be able to look Him in the face and say "Lord, Thou gavest one, two, five talents of spiritual capacity, behold I have gained other five also?" And then hear God say to you, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord, and have thou authority over ten cities." That is, take the accumulation of soul-character, of spiritual capacity you have acquired in this lower world, to be the capital of your trading in eternity. Tell me, my friend, which is the nobler ambition? Which would you rather death should find you possessed of, more world or more soul?

Ah, my friend, be sure of this, however the world may dazzle your eyes and befool your judgment for awhile with the tinsel of its false riches, at last you must come to Christ's standard of values, at last you must return to God's estimate of the relative value of the world and the man, the soul and the material environment it lives in.

At last you shall see as Christ sees and as I pray God you may see now, that you may have a right judgment in all things. At last you shall cry out with Him, perhaps in bitter remorse as I would have you say with earnest conviction now, "What advantageth it a man if he gain the whole world and lose himself? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

Cincinnati Alumni Banquet.

THE annual banquet of the Kenyon Alumni Association of Cincinnati was held at the St. Nicholas, Monday evening, February 12th. Dr. E. C. Benson, '49, was the guest of the evening, and his presence was most gratifying to the Alumni, old and young.

The more unimportant part of the banquet, the satisfying the material man, was prolonged to an agreeable length, owing to the excellence of the repast, and the frequent bursts of song from

the younger members, gathered at the lower end of the table. This position however was no mean one, there being no salt at the Kenyon banquets. It was late when the cigars were lighted and all settled themselves to listen with unabated interest, to the remarks of the speakers of the evening. President Marfield rose, and after a few well chosen words of welcome, called upon the guest of the evening to respond to that toast which takes precedence of all others at our banquets, and, though annual in occurrence, is yet the most interesting to all alike, that of "Kenyon." The venerable professor thanked the Association for this invitation, and expressed his pleasure at being able to attend the dinner. He was glad to be the bearer of good news, and announced, first, the near completion of Rosse Hall, which as a gymnasium will be unsurpassed in the Middle West; then, that the college was in excellent condition financially, owing largely to the care of the Treasurer, Professor Ingham; and that numerically it was larger than in many years. He spoke highly of the new members of the Faculty, Dr. Shaw and Dr. Whitaker, and of that body as a whole, as being composed of most able men. He gave great and deserved praise to Dr. Sterling, who has been for over thirty years connected with the college and who was president from '91 to '96; and also to Dr. Peirce, the president today, to whom the recent great improvements are due. In regard to the needed increase in endowment, Dr. Benson said that the endowment of the McIlvaine professorship was a matter most to be considered. This chair had been, he said, of the greatest credit to Kenyon, when held by such men as Dr. Strong and Dr. Southworth, and that it continued to be so under Dr. Wager, their worthy successor. As he closed, Mr. Benson alluded to the fact that his teaching days were over, and reaffirmed his affection towards all the old students: "The kind memory of every Kenyon man will remain always in my heart."

Mr. Marfield next called upon Mr. N. L. Pierson, '80, to respond to the toast, "Dr. Benson." Mr. Pierson spoke of the high regard that he and every Kenyon man felt for Dr. Benson; and of the uniform kindness with which he himself had always been treated by him through all the vicissitudes of his college career. He closed by proposing the "health of Dr. Benson, the dearest man we know."

Dr. N. P. Dandridge, '66, was then called upon, and gracefully compared the "Old Times and the New," bestowing great praise on the elegance and scholarly character of the Kenyon Commencements that he had recently attended. The Rev. J. H. Ely, Bexley, '71, in replying to the toast of "Kenyon and Bexley," called attention to the fact that almost for the first time in the history of the institution, it was run entirely within its income; and that this most necessary condition, and the many recent improvements in the comforts and equipment of the college, were all very largely due to the energy and enthusiasm of President Peirce.

At this point several letters of regret were read by the Secretary, including those of the Rt. Rev. Boyd Vincent, the Rt. Rev. L. W. Burton, Mr. W. P. Elliott, the president of the general Alumni Association, and from Mr. Albert Douglas, whom political duties kept away.

In reply to the toast, "College Widows," the Rev. Alfred Blake, '62 (whose father founded the Harcourt School for Boys), read an entertaining poem composed for the occasion. "Harcourt of the Old Day" was assigned to Mr. A. L. Herrlinger, '83, of "the class that graduated only honor men." Mr. Herrlinger exercised the privilege of the evening and did not adhere very closely to the subject assigned. He, too, testified to the kindness of Dr. Benson to him in his college days, and also to that of Mr. Hills, and he rejoiced with the guest of the evening in the good news that he brought.

Mr. Marfield then called upon Dr. F. W. Blake, '80, to respond to the toast, "Kenyon's Alumni." Dr. Blake treated his subject in a practical manner, and, as secretary of the General Alumni Association, urged the men to take a larger interest in the annual election of trustees, and briefly explained the rules regarding their election. Mr. Marfield seconded these remarks, and then called upon Mr. J. D. Follett, '93, "College Societies," and upon the Rev. P. Tinsley for the closing remarks of the evening. Both of these gentlemen spoke interestingly, the latter thanking the Association cordially for his invitation.

Then was dispatched the small amount of business before the Association. Mr. Marfield, '83, was re-elected President by acclamation, and in a similar manner, Mr. A. L. Herrlinger was elected Vice-

President for the ensuing year. Constant Southworth, '98, was re-elected Secretary.

Soon afterwards the company broke up, but before leaving all agreed that the banquet had been most successful and promised to attend again next year.

Those present were:

Mr. Elliott Marfield, President, '83.

Dr. E. C. Benson, '49.

The Rev. Alfred Blake, '62

The Rev. J. H. Ely, Bexley, '71

The Rev. P. Tinsley

Mr. A. W. Haywood, '84

The Rev. Frank Dyer, '76

Dr. W. H. Bell, '85

Mr. W. B. Morrow, '68

Mr. A. L. Herrlinger, '83

The Rev. R. B. B. Foote, '96

Mr. T. O. Youtsey, '98

Mr. D. H. White, '99

Dr. N. P. Dandridge, '66

Mr. J. H. Ely, K. M. A., '91

Dr. A. J. Bell, '95

Dr. F. W. Blake, '90

Mr. N. L. Pierson, '80

Mr. J. D. Follett, '93

Mr. Charles Follett, '96

Mr. Clay V. Sanford, '94

Mr. P. B. Stanbery, '98

Dr. Henry Stanbery, '96

Mr. Constant Southworth, '98

Primitive Kenyon.

BLACK HORSE TERRACE,
WINCHESTER, MASS., Feb. 25, 1900.

Editor Kenyon Collegian:

I HAVE just come across a letter which I wrote to my father during my first session in old Kenyon. The letter is dated May 10, 1830, and I have been interested and somewhat amused in recalling the scenes and incidents of those primitive days of dear old Alma Mater. It has occurred to me that perhaps a slight sketch of those scenes and incidents may prove interesting to your readers. Possibly, the students of the present day may learn a lesson not only of contentment but also of satisfaction and thankfulness in contemplating the contrast between their present circumstances and those of the students of the early days of the college.

I was about sixteen years old at the time of my first visit, and my object in writing the letter above alluded to was to give my father some idea of my experience and mode of life at that time. The college had been transferred from Worthington to Gambier in 1828, and the first class was graduated in 1829. At that time the middle building of the old college, alone, had been built, and it was the home of the venerable founder of the institution, Bishop Chase, as well as of the students. The bishop's wife was an admirable woman, and proved a mother to the students. She had charge of our linen and looked after our morals and our well-being generally. The dining room was a long room in the basement, on the south side and was served from a kitchen—a stone building in the rear. The dining room served also as a chapel. Prayers were said there before breakfast and after supper, and on Sundays the tables were cleared away and a movable pulpit placed in position for the service.

In the letter alluded to, I tell my father that there were four tables in this dining room, occupied by thirty to thirty-five students each and presided over by a stern looking professor who had difficulty in keeping order. Very little ceremony was observed at the table. A general scramble took place, especially when some short-cake or hot johnny-cake was brought on. Two plates of bread were placed upon each table, one at each end, and the students in the middle who wanted a piece of bread nudged his next neighbor and cried "bread." This word was passed down the table to the head and brought the desired slice. I need not repeat here my boyish description of the "sumptuousness" of our fare. Those were primitive days in gastronomic art as well as in other things.

I have recently noticed with pleasure the very great improvements that have been made in the furnishing of the rooms of the college. In contrast, I tell my father in this letter, that I had to send to town for a chair which cost fifty cents, but I remark with satisfaction that it is mine and I can keep or sell it as I please. As for the table, we are obliged to pay rent for that and expected to return it in as good condition as when taken, which seldom happens. We wash in a tin basin and we bring our water from a spring half a mile away. [That, I am bound to say, was an exaggeration, though it was a considerable distance.] Carpets and even rugs, were very rare, and our beds were

simply rough, three-story bunks, to accommodate the three occupants of each room. I occupied the upper berth near the ceiling. Loose straw in a sack did duty for a mattress. For light we, of course, had only tallow candles, as the blessing of kerosene oil, gas and electricity were far in the future.

There was no bell in those days, the best substitute they could provide being a tin horn which startled these sleepers, who were not too closely locked in the arms of Morpheus, from their slumbers about sunrise. Two hours of study, then the horn calls to breakfast. After the labors of the day, which I describe particularly, the supper horn blows and, "after supper," I go on to say, "comes the doleful task of going to bed, doleful, for I tell you that I sleep not without company, and friends that stick closer than a brother." It is, of course, unnecessary to describe particularly the nature of these unco-affectionate "friends." The subject at the time employed the "poetic" pen of a fellow student, the two concluding lines of which, alone, remain in my memory:

"The truth to tell, I do assure you,
Bugs, fleas and lice, I can't endure you."

May I not hope that even this brief and imperfect sketch of the early struggles and sacrifices of the founders and first occupants of old Kenyon may awaken in the minds of the present generation of students a sense of gratitude for the great changes that have been brought about in the last seventy years and a determination to profit by the really exceptional advantages which they now enjoy?

HENRY L. RICHARDS, '88.

Church Students' Missionary Association.

THIS is the name of an organization of Church students in preparatory schools, ladies' seminaries, colleges and theological seminaries; most of these, but not all, are Church institutions. It is a movement among the student body of the Church in the United States and Canada, having for its object the furtherance of the cause of missions. More especially the organization undertakes to study missions, to pray for missions, and to secure the enlistment of volun-

teers for missionary work. The organization took its inception thirteen years ago among the students of the General Theological Seminary in New York. It will be seen that the organization raises up, not only volunteers for mission work for in the home and foreign fields, but also prepares a body of laymen, able and willing to take an intelligent and active part in the missionary work of the Church.

The Thirteenth Annual Convention of the Association was held in Gambier, February 22-25, under the auspices of the Bedell Missionary Society of Bexley Hall. After a pleasant reception in the library of Bexley Hall, the convention was formally opened in the Church of the Holy Spirit by an address of welcome by Dr. Jones, the Dean of the Faculty of Bexley Hall. Both he and Bishop Leonard, the next speaker, referred to the missionary history of Gambier, and the zeal of the bishops of Ohio in the missionary work of the Church. Bishop Gilbert, whose recent sudden death was a great shock to us all, made the final address of the evening, striking the key-note of the convention in the idea of, "Consecration to the work which God gives us to do, wherever be the field in which we find it."

On Friday morning after a corporate celebration of the Holy Communion, the business session began with the address of the president, Mr. Arthur Dumper (Kenyon '95), of Bexley Hall. This was followed by reports from the different chapters and two very stirring addresses by the traveling secretaries, Mr. Owens and Mr. Lee of Alexandria, Va. On Friday afternoon a conference was held on the topic, "The Parish Priest and Missions," conducted by Bishop Vincent and the Rev. Prof. Davies. The first speaker pointed out that the parish priest must arouse the interest of his people by constant prayer for missions, and by setting forth what is actually being done in the mission field, especially emphasizing the value of missionary biography. Dr. Davies dwelt on methods used by other church organizations and spoke of the stimulating effect of correspondents with missionaries in the field. The Rev. W. A. Guerry, chaplain of the University of the South and the first speaker of the evening session, made an address on the subject, "The World's Preparation for the Coming of Christ." The Rev. J. Addison Ingle then gave a graphic account of work in China, based upon his own personal experience.

The speakers on Saturday morning were the Rev. Lawrence T.

Cole, warden of St. Stephen's College, whose address was on the subject of "Prayer and Missions," and the Rev. Dr. George H. McGrew, who discussed the topic "Missions as a Life Work." The last speaker showed the great variety of work the missionary is called upon to do, illustrating his address in a very interesting manner from observations of his own, made while he was a missionary in India. During a recess in the afternoon session, the delegates to the convention made an inspection of the college buildings and properties, under the direction of Prof. Ingham. "The kind of men wanted," was the subject of an address by Dr. Correll at the evening session. Dr. Correll has been a missionary for twenty-seven years in Japan, and was accordingly able to speak in a practical and concrete way. Mr. Pendleton, a former traveling secretary of the Association, urged the importance of the mission study class.

On Sunday, the last day of the convention, Bishop Francis, of Indiana, formerly a missionary in Japan, preached the annual sermon. He took for his text, "Whom shall I send and who will go for us, then said I, 'Here am I,' send me." At the final service, Sunday evening, addresses were made by delegates. Of these addresses that of Mr. Kah-o-sed, a Chippewa Indian, a deacon, and a student of Seabury Divinity School, made a very profound impression upon all who were privileged to hear it. In happily chosen language and with well selected facts, he presented the work done and being done among his own people. His own stalwart manhood, his unassuming manner, his beautiful Christian spirit added force and charm to every word he uttered. Dr. Streibert, in an address of farewell, summed up briefly the benefits and inspiration that the convention had given to all, and especially to the people of Gambier. As a result of the interest and the enthusiasm awakened by the convention, chapters of the Association were formed in Kenyon and at Harcourt Place Seminary.

An Imitation of Burns.

[INSPIRED BY——.]

H. B. W.

"My love is like a red, red rose,"
Thus has the poet said;
But similes fail him who knows
Thy charms, bewitching maid.

When in the sunshine of thy smile,
I bask contented—then,
I would I had a thousand eyes
To drink thy beauty in.

Oh, might I ever dwell in this,
The garden fair where blows,
Flushed by the sunshine's tender kiss,
My radiant, red, red rose!

"The Father of English Learning."

WEDNESDAY night, April 4, was the occasion of a very interesting and instructive lecture on the above topic by Dr. C. H. A. Wager. It is to the credit of the Bexley Chapter of the Church Students' Missionary Association, that it was successful in securing Dr. Wager's consent to lecture, both because of his eminent qualifications as an English scholar, and because many were gratified who have long desired to hear him.

Rarely has the "Venerable Bede" been dealt with by one so appreciative of his many virtues and of his importance as a figure in early English literature and history. Dr. Wagner gave a complete historical setting of a considerable period previous to the life of Bede, a period of English history none the less interesting or important because of the scant notice commonly given it. Of the saintly life of the man of Northumbria, Dr. Wager painted a beautiful picture, and showed by many references to his works and to those of his contem-

poraries, the trend of his thought, his lasting influence, and justified his title, "The Father of English Learning."

Philo Debate.

ON Saturday night, March 17, Philomathesian Literary Society gave a public debate on the Boer War. The debate was the outgrowth of the desire on the part of the members of the society to revive the old Twenty-second of February celebration. Owing to the fact that the Church Students Missionary Association was holding its thirteenth annual convention here at that time, it became necessary to change the date to March 17. Not since ninety-six has a public debate been given in Gambier and this, coupled with the fact that it was the first entertainment of its kind to be given in the newly completed Rosse Hall, was the reason for the rather large attendance. A neat little sum was realized and it is the intention of Philo to increase this from the treasury and to purchase for the new gymnasium a piece of apparatus as a memorial to the Society.

The debate was as follows:

"RESOLVED: That the present policy of Great Britain in the South African Republic is justifiable."

The affirmative was sustained by Messrs. Huston and Southworth, the negative by Messrs. Blake and Squire. After an interesting and lively discussion by the debaters, the judges, Dr. Wager, Dr. Shaw, Dr. Sterling, Mr. Hills and Mr. Williams rendered their decision in favor of the affirmative. The debate was presided over by Mr. McCalla and the College orchestra made time less burdensome during the consultation of the judges.

Nu Pi Kappa.

ONCE more Nu Pi Kappa Literary Society has been revived. This time the society bids fair to continue its existence for a somewhat longer time, than that following its last revival. The opening night the members listened to an interesting story by Dr. Benson of the early founding of the society and of late rivalry with Philo. Dr.

Benson's presence added much enthusiasm to the work of reorganization. The following are the officers of the society: President, Sawyer; Vice President, Magee; Secretary and Treasurer, Simpson; Programme Committee, Burl, Bigler and Owen; Sergeant-at-Arms, Cuff.

Obituary.

ON March 16, occurred the death of Dr. Albert B. Strong of the class of '68.

The following tribute of Dr. Brower is clipped from the Chicago Times Herald of March 17:

"When I came to Chicago in 1875 Dr. Strong was here, and he was regarded at that time as one of the rising young men engaged in the practice of surgery," said Dr. Daniel R. Brower. "His advancement was very rapid, and he was considered by the medical fraternity of this city as having few equals in his profession. He entered Rush Medical College in 1872 and graduated in 1875 with high honors. The faculty recognized his ability, and he was appointed a member of that body of demonstrator of anatomy. He continued in that position until 1885, when he resigned to practice his profession.

Dr. Strong was born at Galesburg, Ohio, in 1844, and after receiving a common school education he entered Kenyon College, where he graduated, receiving the degree of master of arts. He served during the Civil War in the Eighty-fifth Ohio Volunteer Infantry and was a member of George H. Thomas Post, G. A. R. During his career as a physician he was an active member of the Chicago Medical Society, Illinois State Medical Society, America Medical Association, and a member of the Church of the Epiphany."

On March 19, the Kenyon Alumni Association of Chicago met and passed the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, Dr. Albert B. Strong, a graduate of Kenyon College in the class of 1868, and for more than a quarter of a century an active and efficient member of his profession in this city, died March 16, 1900; and

WHEREAS, by his brief service in the Union army while scarcely more than a boy, by his courteous and conscientious demeanor at college, by his manly efforts in securing a professional education that placed him at once high in the esteem of his professional brothers, and by his valuable services to the commu-

nity in which he lived, he has attained distinction for himself and his family, and shed lustre upon his Alma Mater;

THEREFORE, resolved, that we deplore the inexorable malady that undermined his health and closed his useful life; that we extend our heartfelt sympathies to his family and kinsmen in their bereavement; that a committee be appointed to represent our Association and his Alma Mater at the funeral services; and that these resolutions be duly published in THE KENYON COLLEGIAN.

PHILANDER F. CHASE, '68,

WILLIAM P. ELLIOTT, '70,

FREDERICK W. HARNWELL, '87,

Committee.

Chicago, Ill., March 19, 1900.

Alumni Notes.

'49 Dr. E. C. Benson has for some time past been confined to his house by a very severe cold. With the advent of the cheerful and pleasant spring weather every one hopes to see the Doctor once more amidst the familiar scenes on Gambier hill.

'85. Orion B. Harris, of Sullivan, Ind., was on February 21, nominated on the Democratic ticket for the Judgeship of the Circuit Court of Sullivan and Greene Counties in Indiana, which is tantamount to an election.

'01-Ex. D. S. Rockwell was at the recent election, elected mayor of Kent, O. Mr. Rockwell has the distinction of being the youngest mayor in the state of Ohio.

College News.

DR. Shaw has made the course in Astronomy one of unusual interest, and hence one much appreciated by those whose privilege it was to take it. One particularly clear night the boys spent in the observatory. Many telescopic objects of interest were viewed, among which were, the Moon, Venus, Jupiter, Saturn, the various types of Stars and Nebulæ.

Wednesday night, March 21, the Gambier Choral Society, with Miss Helen F. Young as conductor, presented what was undoubtedly the most ambitious musical work that has ever been given in Gambier, viz., A. R. Gaul's Oratorio, "The Holy City." The society was ably assisted by the following soloists whose work was of the very highest order: Miss Alice B. Turner, of Columbus, soprano; Miss Laura Minturn, of Circleville, contralto; Miss Edith Holbrook, of Gambier, mezzo-soprano; Mr. Lester Bartlett Jones, of Chicago, tenor, and Mr. Leslie H. Ingham, of Gambier, bass.

The programme was as follows:

Oratorio, "The Holy City"	A. R. Gaul
Choral Society.	
Elizabeth's Prayer, from Tannhauser	Wagner
Miss Turner.	
Israfel	Oliver King
Mr. Jones.	
Le Parlate D'Amor, (from Faust)	Gounod
Miss Minturn.	
The Vikings	Eaton Fanning
Choral Society.	

Bishop Vincent spent the last few days of March in Gambier, at which time he delivered a series of lectures to the students of Bexley Hall. The Bishop also delivered an address in the Church of the Holy Spirit under the auspices of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew.

It is a matter of great regret to the members of the Senior class that their former classmate Mr. Tilton will be unable to graduate with them. For three years Mr. Tilton was a member of the class of 1900, played on both football and baseball teams, and in other ways distinguished himself. Last summer Mr. Tilton was taken down with a malady which deprived him of the use of his limbs and it is only recently that he was enabled to adopt the use of crutches. In a letter to the boys he writes: "My athletic days are over, I suppose, but my sympathy and rooting are on the Kenyon side."

Officers of Philo for the ensuing term have been elected as follows: Blake, President; Higbee, Vice-President; Stewart, Secretary and Treasurer. Programme Committee, McCalla, Cummings and Hammond.

The four Wellesley teachers of Harcourt Place, Miss Plympton, Miss Dewey, Miss Smith, and Miss Tewksbury, are being assisted by a number of the College boys and Harcourt girls, in their efforts to present in the near future an Operetta entitled "Lady Nancy," written by Miss Florence A. Spaulding, of Wellesley, and presented there for the first time.

On Saturday, April 7, President and Mrs. Peirce set sail for home and Dr. Peirce is expected to arrive in Gambier not later than April 27. Mrs. Peirce will remain with relatives in the East until June.

Thursday night, April 5, Dr. Shaw presented before the Phi Beta Kappa Society a thesis on "The Sub-conscious Self." Dr. Shaw will read the same before the American Society of Mathematicians at a meeting to be held in Chicago sometime during the Easter holidays.

If the C. A. & C. R. R. Company becomes much more stringent in its method of accommodating (?) its Gambier patrons, what may we expect next?

Exchanges.

THE NEW "BOX-COAT."

THE lady in the new box-coat
Now trippeth down the street,
She has no curve nor crooked line—
She's straight from head to feet.
There is no wrinkle any place,
But prim and plain is she.
Her arms flap down so limply, too—
And, say, it puzzles me.
Now, is she plump, or is she lean?
Hath she a witching form?
Does she wear such a coat as that
For looks—or to keep warm?
She's comely, as to smiling face,
But, leave it to a vote,
And every man would vote against
That flour-sack-looking coat.
They do not look like other coats,
Which used to be thought nice.

Yet one resemblance you will find,
 And that is in the price.
 These coats make you just like cigars,
 Fair Laura, May and Liz—
 The wrapper never indicates
 Just what the filler is.
 —Baltimore American.

A LITERARY FOOTBALL ELEVEN.

Several literary men have been having much sport in selecting football teams from the pages of the novels. Professor White of the University of Pennsylvania makes this selection of an All-American football team:

Left end—Magna.
 Left tackle—Dick Bullen.
 Left guard—Hurly Harry.
 Centre—Natty Bumpoo.
 Right guard—Chingachgook.
 Right tackle—Hugh Wynne.
 Right end—Uncas.
 Quarter-back—Van Bibber.
 Left half-back—Specimen Jones.
 Full-back—Richard Carvel.
 Head coach—Mr. Dooley.
 Assistant coach—David Harum.—Ex.

HARVARD CLASS CHOOSES PROFESSIONS.

Four hundred and eight members of the graduating class at Harvard have indicated their choice of a profession. One hundred will study law, twenty-nine medicine, twelve for the ministry, forty-five will teach and about one hundred will enter business; twelve are to be journalists, eleven architects, three literary men, one an artist and one a musician.—Ex.

Yale Law School has adopted the honor system, and all examination papers will be turned over to the students without the presence of professors. The law school is the first department of Yale to adopt the honor plan.—Ex.

Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio.

THREE DEPARTMENTS.

A COLLEGIATE SCHOOL—Kenyon College.

A THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL—Bexley Hall.

A PREPARATORY SCHOOL—Kenyon Military Academy.

Gambier, the seat of Kenyon College, lies about fifty miles north-east of Columbus in a region of beautiful rolling hills. Its situation is one of great healthfulness and of unusual natural beauty. The college buildings, all of stone, are fine types of architecture, and commodious in their arrangement. The dormitory, Old Kenyon, has been remodelled and supplied with hot water, heating, plumbing and all modern conveniences. The library contains an unusually well selected collection of 30,000 volumes, and the reading room receives all the standard magazines and periodicals. The chemical and physical laboratories are new and well supplied with apparatus. The observatory tower contains an Alvin Clark telescope and other modern instruments. The college park is extensive and beautiful and the athletic field is unsurpassed in the State. It is hoped that the gymnasium, which was burnt in 1897, will shortly be restored, and opened for indoor athletics.

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fessor of the Latin Language and Literature.
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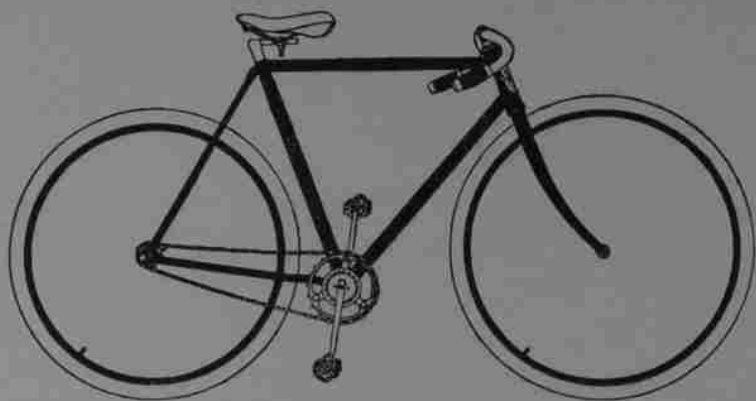
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Northbound (Read Up).					STATIONS.	Southbound (Read Down).				
No. 7 daily exc Sun.	No. 25 daily exc Sun.	No. 27 daily	No. 3 daily	Dist from Col		Dist from Hud	No. 2 daily	No. 28 daily	No. 28 daily exc Sun.	No. 5 daily exc Sun.
F. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.				A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.
12.10	7.30	5.40	170.2	Ar.	Cleveland	Lv	25.8	8.05	7.40	8.15
11.42	7.05	5.15	162.4		Newburg		18.0	9.58	8.05	3.30
11.02	6.30	4.40	144.4		Hudson		0.0	9.30	8.40	4.15
10.48	6.17	4.27	136.5		Cuyahoga Falls		7.9	9.43	8.54	4.27
10.37	6.05	4.15	131.1	Lv.	Akron	Ar				
	5.55			Ar.		Lv	13.3	9.58	9.07	4.45
			124.0		Barberton		20.4			
			117.1		Warwick		27.3			
	2.40	4.55	3.22	107.2	Lv.	Orrville	Ar		10.48	10.00
	9.35	4.45	4.17		Ar.	Lv	37.2	10.53	10.10	5.45
				89.2	Holmesville		55.2			
7.35	8.50	5.05	4.35	83.7	Millersburg		60.7	11.34	11.00	6.30
				77.8	Killbuck		66.6			
				65.5	Brink Haven		80.9			
				59.4	Danville		85.0			
6.25		2.40	1.26	50.3	Gambier		94.1	12.07	12.19	7.07
6.10		2.25	1.15	44.1	Lv.	Mt. Vernon	Ar	99.5	12.48	12.35
6.05		22.0	12.35		Ar.	Lv	108.0	12.53	12.40	7.25
				35.8	Mt. Liberty		113.2	1.18	1.10	7.52
5.39		1.51	12.46	31.2	Centerburg		123.0			
				21.4	Sunbury		131.9	1.48	1.52	8.28
5.02		1.06	12.10	12.5	Westerville		144.4	2.10	2.15	8.55
4.35		12.35	11.45	0.6	Lv.	Columbus	Ar			
		8.00	8.00	120.0	Lv.	Cincinnati	Ar	254.4	5.45	6.40
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.				P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.

WHEN IN MT. VERNON CALL ON

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