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THE KENYON COLLEGIAN.

VOL. XXVII.

JUNE, 1901.

No. 3.

AN INSPIRATION.

The moonlight through the diamond panes
Shines quaintly on the chequered floor,
Without it lights the country lanes
And shines resplendent on the moor.

It shines upon the fair green hills;
The river breezes whisper 'ev'n',
One all but hears the fairy trills,
The music of the spheres of heav'n.

The pale moon sheds its peaceful light
And steals on shafts through diamond pane;
One figure stands forth in the night,
One fancy fills my weary brain.

* * * * *

The sunbeams stream on meadows green,
And glance upon the chapel spire;
I sit and ponder on my dream,
Nor hear the chanting of the choir.

The window casts a shaft of light,—
My eyes pursue the rainbow gleam;
There in the chapel gallery
Sits the fair creature of my dream.

J. C. McK.

COLLEGE TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SUCCESS.

EVERY college man, I think, must have been much interested in the recently published remarks of Mr. Schwab, the president of our newest and greatest industrial combination, on the value of a college education. The original statement was made to a gathering of school boys, but the prominence of the speaker has gifted his words with the value of a public utterance. The position taken by Mr. Schwab has been so unusual that it has been, I fancy, more or less of a shock to us. It has been customary for us to hear of men who worried through life with more or less success, without the advantages of college training, but who never ceased to regret the fact. But here is one, and no mean one, either, who glories in his lack of a college education!

A butler of the late Charles Dickens, on the advent of an addition to his family, reflecting upon life in general, remarked, "Wot a mystery it is! Wot a go is natur." Which remark, I take it, was not occasioned by the natural anxiety attendant upon such an event, but rather by the deeper thought that all this living and moving and having our being, all this providing of bread and butter and boots must of necessity have a meaning, must be part of some great scheme, and if a scheme, what is it?

When the settled convictions of months, or of years, or of generations as to what are the best aims of life—what is most worth having—what is really the *summum bonum*—are disturbed by the appearance of a new element in it, poor, perspiring, overworked humanity is brought up all standing, as it were, and is prone to ask, Where are we at?

Most of us have been bred in the belief that college is a *sine qua non* of all that is best in life for a young man. Young men have striven, or their parents have striven for them, to obtain this pass to success. Boys have drawn water and hewn wood that this first stepping stone to future greatness might not be lacking. Widowed mothers have worried along with the scant comfort of a crust that this golden panacea might not be denied to their sons. And now there has come a new prophet out of the wilderness who has declared that it doesn't count.

The published remarks of the president of our greatest industrial organization are not to be passed lightly by. He has said that few of our great industrial leaders are college men. The four years spent in college are, he avers, a handicap impossible to overcome. He has gone farther than that. He has declared that most of our *successful* men are *not* college men. Have we then come to this? Has all this eagerness for higher education, all this hewing of wood and drawing of water, all this stinting

of the widowed mother and draining of the father's hard-filled purse been of no avail? Have all these generations of broader education produced nothing? Verily "Wot a go is natur!"

It must not be forgotten that Mr. Schwab's statement refers primarily to industrial success, to the success of the business man. In the walks of professional life the assertion could be so easily refuted that it is hardly worth consideration. But in the ordinary course of actual business it cannot be gainsaid that the advantages of a college education are not so apparent. Beyond a certain polish of address, an ease of manner in dealing with men, an almost undefinable breadth of mental vision, it may perhaps be safely doubted whether college training is a factor in business success. But is it as Mr. Schwab would have us believe, a distinct disadvantage? I think not.

In the first place, is Mr. Schwab's definition of success broad enough? Is success to be measured by the amount of money accumulated or even by the power acquired? What of the home and the family to be reared? Are all the boys to become business men in turn? Perhaps the guiding mind of the father may be a little better fitted for the task of making them into what they should become if he is college bred. What of the many hours spent outside the office, hours which must surely be counted as much of life as those passed in the administration of business? Surely the college education is of great value here.

And this, in truth, brings me to the burden of my song. Is not Mr. Schwab dosing us for a disease which we have not got? The average college man, I take it, does not care very much for the success which Mr. Schwab deems so all-important. Of course, every man worth the name wants to be busy, to have an aim in life. Nature indeed would be a sorry "go" but for that saving grace. But the point I wish to make is that the broadening influence of college leads the mind naturally into other fields, other ambitions than those of the industrial captain. A competence of worldly goods is surely much to be desired, but beyond that I believe the college does not wish to go. Books, pictures, music, while certainly not denied to the commercial mind, just as certainly finds less room for lodgment there than in that which has had four years of college training. The time spent in the company of the brightest intellects of all ages might, no doubt, be profitably employed in cornering the wheat market; but *cui bono*? After all there is a vast difference in the point of view.

And it is to be remembered that Mr. Schwab is speaking of the old-fashioned college and not of the modern technical school. The latter institution, with all due regard to its great value, is properly to be classed with business training, or medical training, or reading law, or any other of the specialized branches of educa-

tion. In reality he has only asked the old question, What good are Latin and Greek in a business career? My dear reader, if you are still my dear reader, I can't tell you, but I have never heard the question asked by a man who has studied Greek and Latin. Nor have I ever heard such an one wish that the time devoted to those dead but immortal tongues had been devoted to the computing of compound interest or watching the flow from a blast furnace.

The discussion reminds me somewhat of an aged stone-mason I once knew, who, while working in the South, was seized with a sudden illness. He consulted a physician who gravely announced that one of his kidneys was entirely consumed. In great terror the old man hurried to his home in the North and prepared to die. But he didn't die. After some weeks of suffering, which the entire pharmacopœa failed to allay, the old man suddenly turned one day to his family doctor and said: "Hal, I'm going to stop bothering about that kidney. You fix up my stomach and we'll let the darned old kidney go to blazes!" The result proved a correct diagnosis, for the old man speedily recovered.

Now I am quite willing to admit that for some reason college men may not be found in great numbers in the front rank of industrial success, but I maintain that our physician has not made a correct diagnosis of the symptoms. And if we have a disease, those of us who have got it will have to worry along the best way we can—at least until we can get a better doctor. But for my part I am quite willing that any of my friends and relatives be exposed to the same bacteria. Indeed, I shouldn't be in the least alarmed if one of them should sneak into the systems of those who have hitherto been immune.

Truthful James.

GRATITUDE.

Black haired little maiden
From the sunny South,
Love is in your brown eyes;
Smiles around your mouth;
Your presence is infective,
It fills my heart with joy;
I ever will be thankful
The Lord made me a boy.



The walls of a harsh, stern-looking building abruptly rose, lending a chilliness to the atmosphere by their very chilliness. The many windows in front gazed boldly at the beautifully colored maple trees which shaded a broad gravel path, stretching into the distance to pass between two gate posts, the guardians of the college campus.

A grove of majestic oaks surrounded this Elizabethian structure, their tops rising higher than the tallest of its pinnacles. Under the trees, scattered here and there, groups of college boys, some in football clothes, some in old, worn out suits, excitedly talked as they walked about or meditatively lay on the ground.

Freshman Sand was stretched out flat on his back looking up at the slowly moving clouds. He was thinking of the past and future. He reflected on his inglorious attempts at foot ball and wondered if he would appear to any better advantage in the imminent cane rush. All he knew about the impending crisis had been told him by his inexperienced classmates. He tried to imagine himself seized by the fellows and carried down to college on their shoulders after an undisputed victory gained through his own herculean efforts. He did not know what he was going to do but he had a vision of an indistinct form wrapped in a cloud of dust, flour, and flying legs, from which in rapid succession bounding bodies were hurled by a mighty arm. Or he would see a cloud of fellows flitting over the campus as they tried to seize a darting, dodging figure which now and then was visible amid the confusion, making its way with cane swung aloft toward the door of the college dormitory. He could almost hear the cries and shouts of the spectators as they witnessed this marvelous act. The captain's voice gave him a rude shock when he was sharply told to wake up.

All was now bustle and disorder until the men were formed in the pre-arranged formation, listening to the captain's last words of advice.

"Now, fellows, all I've got to say is—stick to the cane and don't let go. Wait for the whistle. Dive into the pile and work for the cane."

The president came up and delivered his address. After discussing the rules of the cane-rush, he presented the cane to the class with wishes for good luck.

They were off down the path—the Freshies with a few guardian Juniors running along on either side like newsboys at a circus parade. Through their efforts the Freshmen quickened the pace, shouted their yell louder and redoubled the volume of the song which they blew out in discordant puffs.

Sand was calm. He had decided to be calm and calm he meant to be. Sand always kept his resolutions—unless something interfered. It is true his heart beat a little faster than usual and his breath came irregularly, but he was exerting himself. His face was calm. He knew it.

The college gates were passed and no sooner did Sand see a swimming group of figures than he was forced to run. He had longed to turn back before. Now he was in for it. It reminded him afterwards of the first time he had gone down a toboggan slide; at first the sickly wish to go back; then the insane desire to get back at any cost, and at last the surrender to circumstances as the water approaches to swamp you.

He distinguished two wedges coming on either side, then there was a blinding shower of flour, an egg hit him on the head, he was thrown up, jerked and found himself on the ground about three feet from a heap of struggling fighters. He observed a hole in the pile near the bottom and remembering his captain's words, dove head first, wriggling in inch by inch, tearing and pushing the living wall which blocked his way. He got in waist deep and stuck. Somebody from the outside grabbed him by the belt and began to pull. They jerked and tugged. His breath came in gasps. He grew stubborn, gritted his teeth and clung to the mass around him. Just as he felt that he would have to let go the tugging was stopped and he found himself still deeper in the pile. Some one had jumped on him and he lay flat on the ground, his teeth literally biting the hot dust.

Around him the bodies were packed tightly. No light was visible. The air was putrid with the flour and dust and the smell of perspiration. All around him his companions wasted their breath with useless oaths. A dull confusion of sound from the outside could be heard, the noise of wrestling and the cries of the crowd.

Now he suffered acute pain. A knee was pressed against the small of his back. He could not move to shift the weight an inch. Each moment it became more painful until it was absolute torture. In his anguish, he groaned, implored, screamed and was finally compelled to stop and gasp from mere want of breath. His ambition deserted him and he lay lifeless, enduring his misery as best he might.

The whistle heard, he came to life again and a desperate desire to get out seized him. Again he yelled but with no effect.

The same condition existed. Above the groans and curses could be heard the muffled noise from the outside. The whistle was sounded again and he felt an additional weight. It was immediately removed and slowly, O how slowly the burden released him.

At last he was able to move. He staggered to his feet and tottered to the ring formed by the onlookers. He reeled and somebody assisted him out of the crowd. He fell exhausted on the grass.

Sand now tells of his first cane rush as an amusing experience.
A. M. N.

A RAILWAY TRIP IN JAPAN.

(Yokohama to Tokyo.)

THE distance is only eighteen miles, but after leaving Yokohama there are five little wayside stations before one reaches Shinbashi, the terminal station in Tokyo. Yokohama station is about the size of Hubbard Hall and its paved floors are always damp and refreshing during the warm spring days. There are two large waiting rooms. One of these, which has "FOR FIRST AND SECOND CLASS PASSENGERS" in several languages upon its door, contains two sorts of seats,—the quaint oriental theory being that one who is a second class passenger will sit on the cane bottomed benches, while the first class passengers occupy the cushioned seats. I have at different times been both a first and second class passenger but I always sat in a cushioned seat.

There is always a newspaper in the English language, (generally the JAPAN TIMES, a government organ) and several Japanese publications on a table in the middle of the room. It is an amusing and not unusual sight to see a native come in and, after hunting about the table, ostentatiously draw forth the English sheet, sometimes, alas, holding it upside down for the space of half an hour or so,—that depends on how late the train is.

The third class waiting room is much more crudely furnished, and is generally very crowded. Here there is always a motley crowd to be seen. Country men, very dark, and as honest looking as is compatible with being Asiatic, form a peculiar contrast to the brightly dressed dancing-girls who are doubtless going to perform at some pleasure resort during the night, and have been to Yokohama for a day's outing.

All the world knows that Japan is trying very hard to be civilized, and nowadays the trains are seldom more than two or three hours late.

The first station after leaving the main one in Yokohama is Kanagawa, just on the outskirts of the town. Here about half the dancing-girls and a large number of foreign sailors leave the train, for Kanagawa is the pleasuring place of Yokohama.

For a few moments after leaving Kanagawa a splendid view is obtained of the harbors and of the stately ships lying there, whose beauty is enhanced by the long rays of the afternoon sun which casts their long shadows on the sea and throws a thousand scintillating rays on the ripples about them. Then the land juts out for about a mile and the sea is hid from sight by the fields and dunes. Only a few farmers get out at Tsurumi and the train seldom stops there more than twenty minutes.

Between Tsurumi and Kawasaki a very pleasant vista of green rice fields stretches as far as the eye can reach, except that some miles to the left a stately range of mountains, with Fuji as an acme of grandeur looms purple in the distance. To the occidental newcomer the sight of the quaintly (and to be sure, rather scantily) dressed men and women working in the fields, or, perhaps,—for the sun is now setting—wending their way homewards or pausing to form a strange oriental ANGELUS is decidedly picturesque. Indeed the prospect here calls to mind the lines about Ceylon in one of Bishop Heber's hymns "Where every prospect pleases and only man is vile." But man is not utterly vile even in the far East,—as witness yonder white-robed pilgrim, who is sure of a good night's lodging though, mayhap, he never saw his host before. The Mongolian races certainly have their share, perhaps more than their share of evil traits, but they can generally be relied upon to be kind to children (if they are boys) and to the weary sojourner of their own race.

At Kawasaki there are several houses near the station, so it is something more of a town than Tsurumi. A few more country people are dropped here.

The sun has almost disappeared when we reach Omori, but there is light enough left for us to admire the exquisite beauty of the cherry blossoms which are the chief attraction of the place. There are not many houses near the station, nor is the ground entirely taken up with paddy fields, for a large part of it is reserved as a public pleasure-ground. At Omori we again catch sight of the bay to our right. To our left the sun is setting behind Mount Fuji which rises snowy and sublime some seventy miles away.

As we go from Omori the dusk grows deeper and we doze off for a bit. Presently as the train slows up we look out and see the soft southern moon reflected in the waves which lap the feet of the old stone forts, some three miles away.

Then we enter Shinagawa.

Shinagawa is on the outskirts of Tokyo and is situated towards it much as Kanagawa is to Yokohama, only, of course on a much larger scale, for Tokyo is many times as large as Yokohama. Here the remaining dancing-girls and the rest of the foreign sailors leave the train, and fifteen minutes later we steam into a stone station, almost the counterpart of that at Yokohama. This is Shinbashi, the end of our journey, for now we are well within the ancient city of Tokyo.

JOHN COLE McKIM.

POEM.

Suggested by the title "Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné,"—
V. Hugo.

The leaves are rustling 'gainst the iron bars
The little wavelets ripple in the moat
And with strained gaze I see the summer stars
Reflected where the water lilies float.

The birds are nodding in the dreamy boughs
Nor start nor stir in deep and dreamless sleep—
To me a cruel fate no sleep allows
But one, the last one, visionless and deep.

JOHN COLE McKIM.

BROWN EYES.

Into thy limpid depths I gaze
O eyes of hazel brown, and see
A gleam of light that me repays
For mine own love's intensity.

THE KENYON COLLEGIAN.

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The resolutions recently adopted by the Assembly regarding the wearing of the "K" on jerseys and the election of captains of the athletic teams must commend itself to all as a wise move. Heretofore the rules governing the K have enabled too many men to earn it and as a consequence any particular distinction has been denied those men who really deserve such distinction. By the new rules, which we publish in this number under College News, the K is awarded only to men who have unquestionably earned it by their work on the teams. While the rule may at first seem rather stringent to those whom it deprives of the right to wear the K, to the rest it is only justice, and in the future we may expect to see the K respected as something well worth a season's hard work.



The election of captains, too, is a thing which will be improved by the new resolutions. It is obvious that the men best qualified to select the captain are the men who have played through a whole season with each other and have observed, as no spectator can, the behavior of each man "under fire." Formerly a substitute who may have played but two minutes in one of the minor games has had an equal vote with the regular players. This condition of affairs gave the captain the opportunity of playing, in the unimportant games, substitutes who would vote for him at the next election. We believe that our captains have never been actuated by any such motives; certainly not recently. But the opportunity and temptation to do so has always been at hand until the adoption of the new rules.

The track meet with O. S. U. marks, we hope, the beginning of a new era in track athletics at Kenyon. In the past two years Kenyon has not contested on the track with other colleges, and this is probably the main reason why track athletics have not flourished here as they should; for in comparison with the work of the baseball, football and basket-ball teams, track athletics cannot be said to come up to the general standard. This is not entirely because of the small number of students and the consequent scarcity of material. Baseball would not command such general preference over track athletics were it not for the fact that Kenyon has not for some time endeavored to meet teams from other colleges. It is the spirit of competition which makes all athletics what they are. Track meets with other colleges will undoubtedly do much to raise the standard at Kenyon. At present not all the material in college has been utilized and very few men have given to track work the careful attention necessary to success. While we were badly defeated this year if another meet is arranged for next year it is safe to predict that more enthusiasm will be shown in making preparations for it, and that our team will make a better showing.



The work of the baseball team has, so far, been unsurpassed in Kenyon's history. When this number of the Collegian has come from press, the game with O. S. U. in all probability will have been played and the state championship practically decided. But whether Kenyon wins the championship or not, the team deserves praise from everyone for its unbroken list of victories up to this time, a record which has only been obtained by hard work and conscientious practice.

MIND WANDERINGS OF AN "IT."

WANDERING NO. 2.

(Induced by a burst of piety in the worship of Dionysus.)

YESTERDAY afternoon the devotees of Dionysus had done reverence to their deity, and as evening shades were falling, had wandered home to old Kenyon. As I had not been elected to the office of Drivohomerus that day, and on account of my particularly onerous sacerdotal duties, I was somewhat wearied and early in the evening sought rest in refreshing sleep.

When I had been in bed a few moments, a violent earthquake shook the earth and I thought old Kenyon was going to tumble down upon me. My bed rocked and the moon, calmly

peeping in at my window, began to go through the most violent gyrations. The last red glimmer of the wire in the gas lamp above me, jerking hither and thither, resembled the constellation of Orion.

I was not frightened, I was merely wonder-struck. Everything was in motion, yet the silence was profound. Was I becoming deaf? No! I could hear my heart beating like a hammer. I could have imagined Old Kenyon to be the Ark, tossed upon the immense waves that must have rolled unbroken around the world in that great flood-time. Up and down, back and forth we surged. The dear old college is going to stand on her beam ends, I imagined. As I tossed to and fro, trying to hang on to the radiator pipe beside my bed, I forgot I was in college. I was away on the rolling sea with A. Gordon Pym. Mercy! what a squall. I heard the snapping of the masts and the crash of the debris on the deck. (I learned later that this momentary noise was caused by the breaking down of my bed during my frantic efforts to maintain a firm hold on the cold and icy radiator pipe, which I imagined to be a sleet covered rope.)

After this all became quiet and I concluded that the storm must be over. I slept long and soundly and when I began to awaken—began, I say, for I was not yet fully awake—in the dim gray light which comes just before the dawn, I noticed hanging directly above me a hideous something. Long I gazed at it till my eyes closed from exhaustion. What I saw I am almost afraid to tell. For a while the shape above me would appear to be one thing and again something else. It seemed to be the gigantic head of a savage, a dark, fiendish face, moulded into a most horrible blood curdling grin—the grin of a wild beast, a savage dog or a hyena when maddened and showing his fangs. This face gradually faded away into another more horrible. A fiend from below, breathing flame, with bleared but fiery eyes, a most unearthly joy expressed on its features, gloatingly gazed upon me for some time, only to be superseded by something more terrible.

Despite the awfulness of the sight, I was fascinated; no, not exactly that. I was curious. I wished to know what appearance the horror which haunted me would take next. I thought my end was come, but still I felt a sort of satisfaction in watching each detail, each shade of change in the hideous transformations.

Thus did I lie, with eyes fixed, gazing upward until the darkness imperceptibly faded and the light of morning filled the room. The horrid shape above me slowly grew dimmer and finally I found myself gazing at a bare patch upon my ceiling. Nothing but a patch of plaster, rough sand plaster, which had been put on to replace some that had fallen in the wood-stove epoch. The

unsightly smear of sand and lime had been there for many months, and owing to some misunderstanding, had never been papered over. I remember it all now. I had kicked about it till I grew tired and finally decided to see how long it would stay thus, an evidence of the progressive and obliging spirit of the "powers that be," and to have some ornament to point out whenever an old alumnus comes back, throwing up to me the barbarous manner in which he used to live in Kenyon compared with the *elegance and luxury* which we now enjoy. But enough of this rot about elegance and luxury. I am writing a pipe dream merely and not trying or wishing either to get too far into the improbable and visionary.

My morning meal consisted of an orange or two and I soon found myself meandering up the path. I use the word meandering as the unique word to describe the desultory gait which adapted itself to my benumbed, dreamy and uncertain state of mind. I had reached a point half way between Old Kenyon and the Church, when turning my head toward the left, I saw what seemed to me a sight most wonderful. I could imagine myself back in the time of the Odyssey, looking at one of the buildings of that age. Surely the restoration of ancient architecture was most wonderful. An old Doric structure only, yet it had something to it which I had never before seen imitated in modern work. This something was the finishing touch which gave to the ancient appearance of the building the stamp of genuineness. Around the cornice just beneath the roof was placed a strip of moulding of that bluish metallic appearance mentioned in Homer, and spoken of as tiles or iron, but which we know now to have been wood, at least an eminent authority on Greek antiquities has so informed me.

As I gazed at the work of art which so recalled the days of Homer, I could almost imagine I saw Nausicaa sitting on the door step, with her bare feet dangling to and fro. (The step, I noticed, was for some reason very high) while the old cribber, pick-pocket, what's his name, Odysseus was bashfully hiding behind a tree. Just then some pusillanimous freshman, coming down from the post office, whistling that gem of lyrics "Our baby's gone and left us," and noticing my eager and astonished gaze at Old Rosse, destroyed my picture by yelling: "Isn't it a shame? Wonder why they don't paint that galvanized iron up there? Looks like a barn, don't it?"

Nausicaa vanished and as I started away I saw the figure, which I had thought was Odysseus, step out in plain sight. He very much resembled an engraving by William Blake, labelled *Procrastination*.

THE NINETEEN TWO REVEILLE.

IN the last few years there has risen into importance, among the universities and colleges over the country, an undergraduate institution—the college annual, which, from its foundation in the early forties, has ever received but trifling and insignificant attention. Today Cornell, Columbia, Yale, Chicago, and many other colleges point with as much pride to their annuals as to their athletic teams; and from this pride there has sprung a more quiet rivalry, in which there is even a greater zeal to surpass not one but all. Today, instead of the cheap and worthless book of a few years ago, we find on the tables of many college rooms large and handsomely bound volumes, the fruit of endless labor and as great expense.

Founded over sixty years ago, the intention was that the college annual should be a broadside and a journal of protest. From this, however, it fast grew into nothing more than a yearly calendar and fraternity and society catalogue with no literary character whatsoever. Later it combined its two former selves and passed rapidly from broadside to pamphlet and then into book form. But owing to the indifferent interest taken in it its further development was slow. The literary department of the book consisted entirely of banter, severe ridicule, and jokes of a more or less malicious nature. The book, when it appeared, was seldom welcomed, and its mission would seem to have been the provoking of ill will and enmity among the students; it sometimes sank so low as to be but the medium for the venting of personal spite by its editorial board.

In recent years, however, with the revival of interest, the college annual has made rapid and almost marvelous development. It has lost to a great degree its bitterly satirical character, and on the principle that a little chaffing is better than a good deal of heart-break, has substituted much that is true humor and real wit. In addition to this there is much in the college annual of today that is of literary merit, in which respect it has usurped what was formerly the office of the college paper, namely, the publication of the best literary work of the undergraduate body. In many ways the annual of today has aimed at, and almost attained, perfection. It is now the very acme of the bookmaking art, and the illustrations, while for the most part the work of amateurs, are often very superior. It contains elegant engravings and halftones, and in many instances is a model of artistic taste.

Judging it in the light of the history of college annuals, and by their present standard, the Nineteen Two Reveille can receive nothing but the most favorable criticism. That it meets all the

requirements of the annual of today must be admitted by the most critical, and that in many respects it will compare to its advantage with the best eastern annuals will be admitted by those most favorably inclined. Kenyon certainly has an annual this year of which she may be justly proud.

When it was proposed by the class of Nineteen Two to publish an annual that would be a "large handsomely bound volume, to compare favorably with the best of eastern annuals," the idea was ridiculed. Even the most sanguine thought it impracticable, and were satisfied to hope that at least with the experience and example of Nineteen One, a better book might be published than last year's. Letters were received from alumni, "who were interested in the success of the book," or were "on the boards of former *Reveilles*," advising "to be modest, and not attempt what had been tried so often and always resulted in failure."

Despite every discouragement that could be thrown in the way, the work proceeded. Plans were laid to make the book what had been intended, and no end of untiring effort was spent in their execution. Difficulties arose at every turn. There was not sufficient literary ability in college to furnish all and the best of work for the literary department, and the alumni had to be solicited to help out in this respect. The drawings, also, owing to the hopeless lack of talent in the college had to be solicited outside, and were obtained at considerable expense and trouble from many and various quarters. Printers and engravers of the highest grade were engaged to make the book, and that their work is a model of artistic printing and the halftones and etchings are of the finest quality we leave to a severer critic.

The tone of the whole book is rather one of dignity, and entirely consistent with the annual of today. The amount of satire and humor is in its proper proportion and the wit itself is in no wise malicious, and at the expense of no one's feelings. The truly literary part of the book is, and must necessarily be, the weakest part, but considering the conditions that had to be contended, even this part must deserve the most favorable comment.

Of course there are those whose criticism may not be so favorable. And there are those who may proclaim the book an utter failure. There is the chronic kicker, in the faculty as well as the student body, who will find every fault that does exist and many that do not; and all because the date of his Ph. D. was missed by a day, or he was not given credit for having been class historian in his Freshman year. Then there is the all-wise critic, who will tell to a few of his hair-brained sympathizers how he would have done with this, or what really should have been done

with that. Last and least there is the "sore-head" who, blinded by ideas of his own importance, has missed the point of a particularly good joke, and believes the entire energy of the board was expended in hunting out for him an exceptionally rough roast.

Against the book there remains this seemingly very grave criticism: that the book is not strictly a Kenyon annual; that it is not wholly the product of the student body. This criticism we have not seen fit to make, and indeed feel bound to say in the book's behalf that we are glad it is not wholly the product of the student body. The amount of literary ability in college is very small, and the talent for drawing is altogether wanting. Imagine an annual from such material as this. If we are to have an annual at all, and if a little of the work must be done outside, why not enough to make the book a good one? Why not make Kenyon's annual the equal of any, if there is to be any Kenyon annual at all? To say the least such criticism is not practical and, if I may be allowed the word, un-Kenyonlike. For ourselves we prefer to look at it in a more truly Kenyon way, and be proud that her annual is such in the face of these conditions.

After all is said, however, the majority will gladly acknowledge that they are pleased with the book. The custom of publishing an annual, so long forgotten as the result of repeated failures, has again been revived, and of this at least we are glad. And now that the custom has been revived, and two annuals have been published, both of which have been fairly successful financially, it would be a shame were the custom again to be forgotten. There will, however, be the ever recurring difficulty of a class too small to afford the talent for a successful book. But, even though it were necessary to make it no longer a class affair, and to take it out of the hands of the Junior classes entirely, and make it an interest of the whole student body, this indeed were far better than to let die an institution, which with the old spirit of the college in it to insure success would ever reflect credit and honor upon Kenyon.



TRACK ATHLETICS.

O. S. U. vs. Kenyon.

The dual meet between O. S. U. and Kenyon on May 13th, was attended by the largest crowd which has been seen on Benson Field for several years. Although Kenyon was badly defeated, great enthusiasm was manifested in each event. Under the circumstances our showing was as good as could have been expected, but if more men had taken part in the preliminaries the result might have been vastly more creditable to Kenyon. The O. S. U. team appeared to be in much better condition than the Kenyon team, some of whose members in fact failed to equal or even approach their records in the preliminaries. Kenyon took four firsts and two seconds, which were scattered through the various events so that her weakness was apparent in no particular class except in the longer dashes and the runs. It is unfortunate that the time for the 220 yard dash could not be settled. It was first given out as twenty-one seconds; this was disputed and it is believed that through some error the course, as laid out, must have been short.

The events were held as follows:

1. 220 yard dash. Representatives: O. S. U., Hyman and Schauntz. Kenyon, Brickenstein and Morris.

Hyman 1st, Schauntz 2nd, Brickenstein, 3rd. The time is in dispute.

2. Mile run. Representatives: O. S. U., Kellogg and Long. Kenyon, McNish.

Kellogg 1st, 4 min., 59 4-5 sec.; Long 2nd, McNish 3rd.

3. 220 yard hurdles. Representatives: O. S. U., Connors and Dunlap. Kenyon, Jackson and Morris.

Jackson 1st, 28 3-5 sec.; Connors 2nd, Morris 3rd.

4. Pole vault. Representatives: O. S. U., Cooke and Johnson. Kenyon, Gorman and Coolidge.

Cooke 1st, 8 feet 9 inches; Gorman 2nd, Coolidge 3rd.

5. Running broad jump. Representatives: O. S. U., Cooke and Dunlap. Kenyon, Morris and Brandon.

Morris 1st, 20 feet 6 inches; Dunlap 2nd, Brandon 3rd.

6. Running high jump. Representatives: O. S. U., Miller and Kunkle. Kenyon, Morris and Brandon.

Miller 1st, 5 feet 6 inches; Kunkle 2nd, Morris 3rd.

7. Shot put. Representatives: O. S. U., Miller and Kunkle. Kenyon, Aubrey and Stauffer.

Miller 1st, 34 feet 9 inches; Kunkle 2nd, Aubrey 3rd.

8. Hundred yard dash. Representatives: O. S. U., Dunlap and Johnson. Kenyon, Brickenstein and Aves.

Brickenstein 1st, 10 2-5 sec.; Dunlap 2nd, Johnson 3rd.

9. 120 yard hurdles. Representatives: O. S. U., Miller and Dunlap. Kenyon, Jackson and Morris.

Miller 1st, 18 4-5 sec.; Morris 2nd, Jackson 3rd.

10. Half-mile run. Representatives: O. S. U., DeWolf and Connors. Kenyon, Irvine and Gorman.

DeWolf 1st, 2 min., 18 2-5 sec.; Connors 2nd, Irvine 3rd.

11. Hammer throw. Representatives: O. S. U., Graham and Kunkle. Kenyon, Carlyle and Stauffer.

Carlyle 1st, 76 feet 9 inches; Graham 2nd, Stauffer 3rd.

12. Quarter-mile. Representatives: O. S. U., Hyman and Schauntz. Kenyon, Jackson and Morris.

Hyman 1st, 52 3-5 sec.; Schauntz 2nd, Jackson 3rd.

Referee, Prof. Ingham; Judges, Mr. W. E. Davis and Mr. H. F. Williams; Clerk, E. A. Rodgers; Announcer, G. F. Davidson.

SUMMARY.

	First.	Second.	Third.	Total of Points.
O. S. U.	8	10	1	71
Kenyon	4	2	11	37
	First.	Second.	Third.	Points.
Morris, Capt.	1	1	2	10
Jackson	1	..	2	7
Brickenstein	1	..	1	6
Carlyle	1	5
Gorman	1	..	3
Aubrey	1	1
Brandon	1	1
Coolidge	1	1
Irvine	1	1
McNish	1	1
Stauffer	1	1

BASEBALL.

Kenyon 6, Oberlin 5.

On Saturday, May 4th, the baseball team played its first hard game of the season at Oberlin. The game was one of unusual interest from the fact that our relations with that team have been severed for a number of years. While not a brilliant one the game was interesting throughout owing to the close score.

Weak hitting was the feature of the playing of both teams, especially of Kenyon. Randall, of Oberlin, pitched a splendid

game, allowing but five hits and striking out fifteen of the Kenyon batters.

Both teams fielded in good style, Kenyon, however, showing up better in this department. The base running on both sides was of the High School variety. The teams showed lack of headwork on bases and failed to take advantage of blunders.

Workman caught a steady game for Kenyon, his back-stop work being of the highest order and his throwing strong and accurate. He has shown himself to be one of the best college catchers in the state. Brandon also played a consistent game, fielding his position in clever style and hitting in fair form.

On the whole the team deserves the praise of the whole college for the victory—the first that Kenyon has gained over Oberlin for many years.

The line-up was as follows:

Kenyon.	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Liddell, ss.	5	2	1	2	4	0
Brandon, cf.	4	2	1	3	0	0
Cromley, p.	4	0	1	4	3	0
Workman, c.	4	1	0	3	1	0
Harper, 3rd	4	0	0	1	1	0
Brown, 2nd	5	0	2	1	4	1
Jackson, lf.	3	0	0	0	0	1
Babin, rf.	4	0	0	0	0	1
Connor, 1st	4	1	0	13	1	2
	37	6	5	27	14	5
Oberlin.	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Pierce, cf.	4	1	0	0	0	0
Holter, 3rd	4	0	0	3	0	0
Woodworth, ss.	4	1	1	3	2	1
Robinson, c.	4	1	2	17	0	0
Hotchkiss, rf.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Lightner, 2nd	4	0	0	0	2	2
Jones, lf.	4	1	0	0	0	1
Tompkins, Shepler, 1st	4	1	1	3	0	2
Randall, Akins, p.	4	0	1	0	0	1
	36	5	6	27	4	7

Two base hit, Robinson; home run, Brandon; passed ball, Robinson; double play, Liddell-Connor-Harper; struck out, by Randall 15; by Cromley 4; first base on balls, off Randall 3; off Cromley 3. Umpire, Clancy of Oberlin.

KENYON 8, O. W. U. 4.

O. W. U. game was played at Delaware, May 11th. Cromley's steady work in the box with good support on the part of the team resulted in a score of 8-4 in Kenyon's favor. Costly errors on the part of Delaware's short stop and third baseman had a great deal to do with the score. Delaware seemed to go up in the air at times completely. Hills pitched a good game under discouraging circumstances at times. Kenyon made two double plays and narrowly escaped a triple. The line up and score was as follows:

Kenyon.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Liddell, ss.	5	1	2	2	2	2
Brandon, cf.	5	1	0	1	0	0
Cromley, p.	5	2	2	1	8	0
Workman, c.	5	2	3	3	2	1
Harper, 3rd	5	1	0	1	2	0
Brown, 2nd	5	1	2	4	2	0
Jackson, lf.	5	0	1	1	0	0
Collins, rf.	2	0	0	0	0	0
Conner, 1st	5	0	1	14	1	1
	42	8	11	27	17	4
O. W. U.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Rickey, c.	4	0	1	7	1	1
Tuttle, 1st	3	1	1	9	0	0
Pyle, cf.	4	2	1	2	0	0
Kirkpatrick, 2nd	3	1	1	3	1	2
Apple, ss.	3	0	0	1	0	4
Brant, 3rd	3	0	3	1	2	3
Nash, rf.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Andrews, lf.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Hills, p.	3	0	0	1	5	0
	31	4	8	24	9	10
Kenyon	0	1	2	0	3	*—8
O. W. U.	0	0	0	1	0	2 0—4

Two base hits, Brown, Liddell, Pyle; sacrifice hits, Kirkpatrick, Apple, Brant; stolen bases, Liddell, Rickey, Tuttle; base on balls, off Hills 1; hit by pitched balls, Collins 3; Tuttle 1.

KENYON 10, WOOSTER 6.

The Wooster game was played at Wooster, May 14th. The game was more or less an easy one, Cromley playing with the

Wooster batters, striking them out at will. Wooster only scored when he varied his speed to such an extent that they could not miss the ball. In the first inning after Wooster had scored a run and had two men on bases Cromley struck out three men. In the second he struck out one man, and in each of the third, fourth, fifth and sixth innings he struck out two men. In all he had fourteen strikeouts to his credit. Neidiger, for Wooster, pitched a steady game with the exception of the sixth inning, when Kenyon made seven runs. Score by innings:

	Runs. Hits. Errors.								
Kenyon0	0	2	0	0	7	0	0	0-9 10 3
Wooster1	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	0-4 6 7

COLLEGE NEWS.

Geo. F. Russell, '01, and Walter T. Collins, '02, attended the annual convention of the Psi Upsilon fraternity at New York City May 3rd and 4th, as delegates from the Iota Chapter.

A. V. Spinosa, '01, and T. M. Cartwell, '03, were delegates from the Kenyon Chapter to the annual convention of the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity held at Buffalo, N. Y., May 23rd and 24th.

On Saturday evening, May 11th, Prof. Louis C. Stanton gave a very pleasant and instructive piano recital at Harcourt Place Seminary, where Mr. Stanton is engaged as instructor in music. The recital was made extremely interesting by the clever explanations which Mr. Stanton inserted from time to time.

The Poverty Ball was held Wednesday evening, May 15th. The informality of the affair increased the pleasure of the evening. Bread and cheese and water were served as refreshments. The programs were made of butcher paper with rope attachment. The dancing to the music of a hurdy-gurdy was entirely out of the ordinary and the novel effect was rather pleasant although one would hardly care to dance (always) to its measures.

The Harcourt May-party was given on Monday evening, May 27th. As usual it was one of the most pleasant dances of the spring term.

On Tuesday evening, May 28th, a gymnastic exhibition was given at Rosse Hall. The program consisted of marching, exercises on flying rings, parallel and horizontal bars, and side horse, including tumbling, torch swinging and Roman statuary.

"The Princess Aline" play which appeared in the Ladies' Home Journal for April, a two-act comedy from Richard Harding Davis' story "The Princess Aline," was presented on Wednesday evening, May 29th, by the Impromptu Club. The proceeds of the entertainment will be devoted to the church organ. The

characters of the play were: Morton Carlton, an American artist; Walter J. Morris; The Duke of Hohenwald—Lloyd A. Grigsby; Captain Montague, English attache to the Duke, A. J. Aubrey; Nolan, Carlton's servant, J. K. Coolidge; Princess Aline, sister to the Duke, Miss Tewksbury; Edith Morris, an American girl, Miss Russell; Mrs. Downs, her aunt, Mrs. O. J. Davies; Simpson, the Princess' maid, Miss Skilton; officers, soldiers, ladies and gentlemen of the court.

The class of 1901 wish to announce that no charge for admission will be made to the Senior reception except to those who dance. The object is to have all the alumni and elderly people come for a good social time.

The football schedule for the coming season of 1901 is:

September 28, Mt. Vernon H. S. at Gambier.

Oct. 5, Otterbein University at Gambier.

Oct. 12, Oberlin at Oberlin.

Oct. 19, Case School at Cleveland.

Oct. 26, O. W. U. at Delaware.

Nov. 2, W. R. U. at Cleveland.

Nov. 9, Denison at Gambier.

Nov. 16, Marietta at Marietta.

Nov. 23, Wooster at Gambier.

Nov. 28, Ohio State University at Columbus.

President Peirce, the President of the Ohio Tennis Club, is very desirous that the college be represented in the tri-state and state tournaments which will be held this year at Cincinnati and Cleveland. The tournament at the first named city will occur on July 15 to decide the tri-state championship of Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky and is open to all comers. The state tournament of Ohio will be held at Cleveland two weeks later, July 29, and is open to residents of state only. If it is an impossibility to be represented this year it may not be next year. Pres. Peirce has several times won second place in the state singles and always participates in these tournaments.

A golf club has been recently organized in college and preparations made to set out the course in the college park. A constitution has been adopted and the fees for admission are announced as \$2.00 with an additional annual fee of \$2.00 payable half in the spring and half in the fall.

At a recent meeting of the Assembly the following resolutions were adopted regarding the K's to be awarded to members of athletic teams and the election of captains by the various teams:

Football K's shall be awarded to those members of the student body who shall have played through two whole, or parts

of four championship games. These games to be the O. S. U., Marietta, Oberlin, O. M. U., Case and W. R. U., or such games as shall hereafter be deemed by the captain, manager and coach of sufficient importance as to be classed among the aforementioned games.

The same requirements shall be necessary for a vote in the selection of football captain.

Description. The K to be worn shall be a block K of seven inches on sweater and a one-inch block K on cap.

Baseball K's shall be awarded to those members of the student body who shall have played in five whole or parts of seven intercollegiate games.

The same requirements shall be necessary for a vote in the selection of baseball captain.

Description. The K worn shall be an old English K of five inches on jersey and one inch (1) old English K on caps.

Basket ball K's shall be awarded to those members of the student body who shall have played in three whole or parts of four college games.

The same requirements shall be necessary for a vote in the selection of basket ball captain.

Description. The K to be worn shall be an old English K of five inches enclosed in a circle, on jerseys only.

Track K's shall be awarded to those members of the student body who shall have won a first place in an intercollegiate track meet, or who shall have broken a college record.

A first place in a college field day shall be necessary for a vote in the selection of track team captain.

Description. The K to be worn shall be a block K of three inches enclosed in a circle, on jerseys only.

Pres. Peirce attended both the Northern and Southern Diocesan conventions and delivered at each his annual report of the college. The Southern convention was held at Hillsboro, May 8-9, and the Northern at Cleveland, May 21 and 22. The convention at Cleveland voted to hold its next annual session in Gambier. It will take place some time in May and during the time of the convention historical exercises commemorative of the 75th anniversary of the laying of the corner stone of Old Kenyon will be held.

The program for commencement week, 1901, is as follows:

June 20, Thursday, 10 A. M., the first Bedell Lecture

4 P. M., the second Bedell Lecture.

June 21—Friday, 10:00 A. M., the third Bedell Lecture.

The lectures will be given by the Rev. Morgan Dix, D. D., D. C. L., rector of Trinity Church, New York City.

Saturday, June 22.

2:00 P. M., Kenyon Day athletics, Benson Athletic Field.

8:00 P. M., Informal reception, Rosse Hall.

Sunday, June 23.

7:30 A. M., Celebration of the Holy Communion.

10:30 A. M., Ordination Service.

Sermon by the Rev. Wm. Winfield S. Baer, of Grace Church, Sandusky.

Ordinations to the Diaconate by the Bishop of Ohio.

7:00 P. M., Baccalaureate Sermon. The Rev. James O. S. Huntingdon, O. H. C.

Monday, June 24th.

9:30 A. M., Tennis Tournament, beside Old Kenyon.

2:30 P. M., Baseball Game, Benson Athletic Field.

8:00 P. M., Kenyon Minstrels, Rosse Hall.

Tuesday, June 25th.

3 P. M., Class Day Exercises.

5 P. M., Phi Beta Kappa Initiation and Supper, Ascension.

7:30 P. M., Promenade Concert, College Park.

9:30 P. M., Fraternity Banquets.

Wednesday, June 26th.

10:00 A. M., Morning Prayer, College Chapel.

10:30 A. M., 73rd Annual Commencement, Rosse Hall.

Alumni Oration, the Rev. Herman L. Duhring (Bexley '63), Philadelphia, Pa.

1:00 P. M., Alumni Luncheon, Philo Hall.

4:00 P. M., Alumni Business Meeting, Ascension Hall.

8:00 P. M., Senior Reception, Rosse Hall.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'38—Henry L. Richards, now approaching the ripe old age of eighty-seven years, writes most entertainingly, and legibly, according to Dr. Francis W. Blake, '80, of Columbus, who has been in communication with him. Still he has had strange modifications of his address to contend with. The street in Winchester, Mass., on which he resides is called Black Horse Terrace on account of the "Black Horse" tavern, half-way between Boston and Lowell. In the catalogue it is "Block House."

'47—Alexander W. Griffith, now residing in Ottawa, Ill., hopes to be with us this commencement. It gives us great pleasure to welcome back to the "Hill" the older graduates of Kenyon; and it is gratifying to know that years have intensified rather than dimmed that hearty affection which every true son of Kenyon bestows upon his alma mater.

'59—The Hon. James Denton Hancock, of Franklin, Pa., has signified his intention to attend the Commencement this year.

'60—The Hon. Matthew Trimble, of Washington, D. C., is most faithful in giving encouragement of his presence at Commencement week. He is arranging to be in Gambier this month.

'66—Charles Stewart Medary died at his home in New York City, April 22nd, 1901.

68—S. Ringgold Huyett has removed from Chicago to Fairfield, Iowa, where he is manager of the Western Music Company.

'69—The Rev. A. B. Putnam, of Mayfield, visited Gambier about the middle of the month.

'70—Frank Compton has removed from Chicago to Windermere Ranch, La Mirado Co., Los Angeles, California.

'69—The Rev. Thomas A. Stevenson, of Waverly, N. Y., has a little Kenyon Association with his college friends in South Central New York.

'76—The Rev. Edward M. McGuffey asks that Gambier be moved 500 miles nearer New York. He might take a lesson from Mahomet, and be with us in June.

'78—Chesterfield Adams, now residing in Wichita, Kan., suffered a stroke of paralysis in April. His friends will wish him a further and complete recovery.

'80—Bexley—The Rev. Edward L. Kemp has removed from Arkansas to his old home—Baltimore, Md. His address is 2809 Elliott St.

'80—The Rev. A. A. Brasee, of East Mauch Chunk, Pa., and Grove D. Curtis, '80, of New York City, are planning to attend Commencement this month.

'84—Cards have been received announcing the marriage of the Rev. George E. Benedict and Miss Jennie Gladding Clark, of Boonton, N. J. At home to their friends in Cedartown, Ga.

'90—The Rev. Wm. E. Rambo, of Brownsville, Pa., was elected delegate of Ohio Society, Sons of American Revolution, to the National Congress, which was held in Pittsburg.

'92—Lewis C. Williams is now Instructor in physics in the Erasmus Hall High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

'94—The Rev. Wm. Russell McKim has returned to his work at Norfolk, Nebraska, after an enforced rest of more than a year.

'61—The Rev. Royal Blake Balcom, of Jackson, Mich., visited in Gambier for a week, the middle of May.

'92—H. W. Buttolph, of Indianapolis, spent Sunday, May 19th, in Gambier.

'92—G. H. Buttolph, who has been employed for the past two years in connection with the mines of the South American Company, of Ecuador, arrived in Gambier the early part of May, and will remain over for Commencement.

'95—Bexley—The Rev. Edward S. Barkdull has removed from Toledo, Ohio, to Lake Forest, Ill.

'97—Bexley—The Rev. Thomas A. Schofield writes from Cripple Creek, Colorado, that he was most happy to meet representatives of the Kenyon Chapter, Brotherhood of St. Andrews, at the Richmond convention, and hopes to meet Kenyon men at the convention in Detroit next July.

'99—Bexley—The Rev. Thomas Hazzard reports that his parish at Sidney, Ohio, has just completed a fine new church at a cost of \$5,000. For a Mission station this is surely good work.

'95—The Rev. Arthur Dumper, assistant in Trinity Church, Cleveland, spent a few days in Gambier last month.

The recent Diocesan Convention held in Cleveland elected as delegates to the convention in San Francisco, next October, the Very Rev. Charles D. Williams, '80, of Cleveland, Ohio; the Rev. Charles S. Aves, '76, of Norwalk, Ohio, and the Rev. Abner L. Frazer, '80, of Youngstown, Ohio. Alternates: The Rev. William F. Peirce, The Rev. Hosea W. Jones, The Rev. A. B. Putnam, '69, and the Rev. H. S. Leffingwell, of Toledo.

Three of the four delegates chosen are Kenyon men, and they are equally well represented in the alternates.

'66—Dr. Nathaniel P. Dandridge, of Cincinnati, was elected trustee by the Diocese of Southern Ohio.

'80—The Rev. Abner Lord Frazer, of Youngstown, Ohio, was re-elected trustee by the Diocese of Northern Ohio.

The Chicago Alumni Association will hold their annual dinner in Chicago, June 6th. President Peirce will attend the dinner.

The following has been taken from the Thirty-Seventh Annual Report of the Board of Overseers of the Poor of the City of Boston:

RESIGNATION OF MR. RICHARDS.

"In January of this year Mr. Henry L. Richards ('38), who for twenty years had been one of our most valued visitors, was obliged through the infirmities incident to his advancing years to resign his position. During his long term of faithful service Mr. Richards had endeared himself to those with whom he was brought in contact by his sturdy character, his earnest endeavor to do his duty as he found it, and his keen interest in the welfare of those whom he served. The poor always found him patient

with their infirmities, alive to their needs, and a firm friend. His remarkable vigor enabled him to continue in active service till past his eighty-fifth year."

The Rev. John H. Ely, of Cincinnati, and the Rev. John Hewitt, of Columbus, were chosen delegates to the General Convention.

In the early part of May a new Alumni Association was organized at Pittsburg, under the name of the Association of Western Pennsylvania. Those present were: John A. Harper, '60; George A. Hogg, '67; James Denton Hancock, '59; M. A. Woodward, '59; Martin Myers, '96; John O. Little, '96; Joseph A. McAdoo, '96; David H. Crosser, '99; Levi H. Burnett, '96, and W. H. Brown, '01. The following officers were elected: President, John A. Harper; Vice-President, Levi H. Burnett; Secretary and Treasurer, David H. Crosser.

TO THE REVEILLE.

"A diller, a dollar, a ten-o'clock scholar—
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come in April
But now you come in June."

In the '95 Reveille
We read this little rhyme—
'Twas written to the Collegian
For not coming out on time.

But now, since you're the late one
Give ear to this, we pray:
"Don't make your roasts too scorching—
Your turn may come some day."

SANDERSON,

Jeweler
and Optician.

South Main St., - MT. VERNON, O.

HARDLY SAFE ENOUGH.

Two inmates of a Scotch asylum, working in the garden, decided upon an attempt to escape. Watching their opportunity when their keeper was absent, they approached the wall.

"Noo, bend doon, Sandy," said the one, "and I'll clim' up your shoulder to the top, and then I'll gie ye a hand up tae."

Sandy, accordingly, bent down. Tam, mounting his back, gained the top of the wall, and, dropping over the other side, shouted, as he prepared to make off:

"I'm thinking, Sandy, you'll be better ta bide anither fortnight, for you're no near richt yet."—Glasgow Evening Times.

The Gambier Savings Bank Co.,

Gambier, Ohio.

Loans money, pays interest on time deposits, buys and sells domestic and foreign EXCHANGE, and does a general banking business.