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The Kenyon Collegian.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF KENYON COLLEGE

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VOL. XXVII.

GAMBIER, OHIO, OCTOBER, 1901.

No. 5

Editorial.

THE success of this year's football team depends upon the hearty support of all Kenyon men. The season is only half over, and to finish it creditably requires the earnest attention of every one interested in the success of the team. The work of the second team has been, as a rule, very good. There has been a considerable amount of competition for the vacant positions. But the final standing of the team is, of course, as yet undetermined, and if it is to be higher than last year the interest hitherto shown must not be allowed to flag for an instant. We would urge every man who has any football ability whatever to report for practice, and do his best to help the team, and all others to give their financial support to the management. If this is done, we may well expect a team worthy of our highest hopes on Thanksgiving Day.

Whether there is enough material in college for a good glee club is at present uncertain, but it is to be hoped that those most interested in the matter will take immediate steps toward the organization of such a club. If it is successful, as seems probable, it will be one of the most effective means at hand for bringing money into the Assembly, since very little outlay of money is necessary. If it is to be successful, however, some hard work must be done this term, and we hope no time will be lost in beginning practice.

A Sinister Tale.

ONE of the best friends I made at the convent school, where I studied in my early 'teens, was Louis Cholmondely. I had not seen him for some years, but when he learned that I was once more in his part of the world, which, by the way, is Tokio, Japan, I was tendered a very pressing invitation to visit him at the home of his father. I am quite comfortably off, and, therefore, did not feel the need of cutting short a vacation which promised to be so pleasant.

I joined my friends, therefore, in the month of May, and you, who have never seen it, can scarce conceive the beauty of the district surrounding the city of Tokio at this time of the year. The river for miles and miles of its course is lined by cherry trees whose delicate blossoms are in full bloom. Out on the bay the white sails of the gay pleasure boats dart hither and thither "where the refulgent sunsets of India stream o'er the rich, ambrosial ocean isles, and, crimson hued, the stately palm woods whisper in odorous heights of even."

A month passed very pleasantly. Yachting, fishing and picnicking were our chief amusements. Old Mr. Cholmondely (for he was well on in years and had been twice married) was a very kind host, but I did not notice anything very unusual about him except an inordinate passion for punning. "That's the rector over yonder," he would say, "and he'd very much like to be director as well—ha, ha! —he forgets that he's only a cor-rector after all."

Louis had a cousin Stephen whom neither he nor his father had ever seen. He was now, however, on a trip around the world, and a visit from him in the near future was expected. I had intended to seek other quarters upon his arrival, so as not to strain my kind friends' accommodations, but both Louis and his father so earnestly desired me to stay that I gave up all intention of leaving them before the fall.

Stephen came one afternoon when Louis was out, and my host was taking his siesta. When the native maid brought up his card, I noticed, with some surprise, that it had been engraved only a few days before, for the ink smudged when I passed my finger over it. Evidently Mr. Stephen Cholmondely had not come to us straight from the vessel. The morning's shipping list, however, recorded the arrival of his vessel, so that he must have disembarked at Kobe and come overland by rail; thus gaining a week.

These conjectures passed rapidly through my mind, for, as you know, I am of a rather observant nature, and have formed a habit of almost unconsciously putting two and two together. My mind was, in the same involuntary way, trying to reason out some cause for this peculiar behavior, when the subject of my thoughts was ushered in.

He was a tall man, much tanned by travel, but naturally of a light complexion. He bore no resemblance to either of my friends, and it was not long before I noticed that he was left-handed. He also looked several years older than I had been led to expect.

Old Mr. Cholmondely soon came down, and our guest rose at his entrance accidentally extending his left hand, for which, however, he quickly substituted the other. Mine host, however, in accordance with his hobby, remarked: "A sinister greeting, indeed, young man!" I did not fail to notice the puzzled and, as I thought, rather frightened look which came over the face of our new friend. It soon vanished, however, and was followed by a smile, but even that was of a nervous nature which suggested something of the fear I had already noticed.

Louis and I saw little of Stephen for some time after his arrival,

for we devoted our time almost entirely to enjoying ourselves in our own out-of-door fashion, while he spent a great many hours in the library. In the cool, moonlit evenings, when we smoked or chatted on the veranda, he would often take a pair of binoculars and go for long walks in the surrounding country. We did not, at first, think this very safe, but as he was a tall and very powerful man, and never went unarmed, we began to look upon his doings with a sort of complacent resignation—'Very peculiar, but fairly safe, and pleasant to him, no doubt.'

Here I should say something about the house. The ground floor was divided into four rooms, which communicated with each other by large folding doors, so that the whole floor could be practically made into one apartment, an arrangement which contributed to the coolness of the house. A hallway ran down the middle of the building and there were two rooms on either side of it.

Upstairs the same plan had been followed, save that the rooms had no direct communication with each other, but a broad veranda ran around the outside and each room had a door opening upon it. It was our custom to leave both our veranda and inside bed-room doors open at night, so that the breeze might run freely through the house.

Stephen Cholmondely had been with us for several weeks when the event which I am about to describe took place.

I was awakened one night about midnight by the rain beating in on my bed, which I had drawn up to the open veranda door. I arose to get a waterproof blanket that was in a bureau at the opposite side of the room, and was just about to open a drawer when a peculiar sound in my host's room caught my ear. It was half sigh, half groan, but I had never heard anything exactly like it in my life. I hesitated for a moment as to whether I should pay any attention to it or not, when the rasping sound came to my ears once more, and I fancied I detected an attempt to articulate the word 'Help!' I hesitated no longer, but, snatching up my candle, which was lighted, hurried into his room.

You may, in some degree, imagine my horror at finding the old gentleman's throat cut from ear to ear. His hands were tightly clenched over the gaping wound, and it was evident that he was fighting hard for his life, but I saw at a glance that he had only a few seconds to live. He recognized me as I bent over him. "Sinister—very," those were his last words. I had called Louis, and by daylight the authorities were examining the body. They came to the conclusion that it was a case of suicide, for the knife with which the crime had evidently been committed was lying in the bedclothes. I have by me at this writing a copy of the official finding. "The cut," it reads, "has an upward trend which would render it extremely unlikely that it was made by an assassin, standing, as he would be obliged to stand, at the left of the sleeper, for the right hand side of the bed was placed against the wall. * * * * *

I had, however, formed a different opinion partly through a sort of intuitive instinct and partly—well, I hardly dared to base any opinion on that,—still it was worth considering. Mr. Cholmondely was not, in my opinion, at all the sort of man to put an end to his own life, as I testified at the inquest. Naturally enough, Louis concurred in believing that his father had not committed suicide. Stephen, however, upheld the decision which had been rendered at the inquest. He did not remain with us long after that, but sailed for Vladivostock a few weeks after the accident.

A few days later, as my friend was sadly broken down by his father's death, I proposed a trip on the Inland Sea, and it was finally decided to start as soon as possible. His schooner-yacht, the "Flora," was made ship-shape; and a very few weeks saw us under way.

* * * * *

It was now early in October, and we were still cruising among the countless isles of the Inland Sea. On the fifth, which was Sunday, we made out an island of unusual beauty on our lee bow. The rich, autumnal tints of the vegetation, the rippling wavelets glinting in the sunlight,—all combined to give a tranquil peace to that quiet

morning. It was not to be wondered at then that we lowered our boat and went ashore for the day.

We had been walking for some time and were now on the opposite side of the island. Here, instead of a beach, the coast was composed of a line of low cliffs which varied in height from thirty to fifty feet. We had been walking along this for some time, when we came upon a large hole in the ground, which evidently widened into a subterranean chamber of some sort. Whether this was natural or artificial we were not sure. An orange tree grew over the opening and, supporting myself by this, I peered down into the cavern. What was my astonishment to hear a human cry in my own tongue, "Help!" The cry was not repeated. Leaving Louis to watch the place I hurried back to the boat, detached her painter, and, taking two of her crew with me, returned with the utmost speed. The painter was an unusually long one and strong enough to bear my weight.

In the dim half light at the bottom of the cave, I was, at first, unable to see anything. Soon I managed to make out a human figure prone upon the earth. I soon observed that he was very near death, but whether from having fallen through the hole or from some other cause, I could not make out. However, it was not a time for idle speculation. The man was entirely unconscious. I fastened the rope under his arm-pits, and he was hauled up by the sailors. When I also reached the top, we were at loss for some method for carrying the still unconscious form. I was not long without an idea, however, and sent one of the sailors to fetch a couple of stretchers and enough of the boat's false bottom to answer our purposes. When he returned, we laid the man on this impromptu couch and bore him to the boat. Once aboard the ship, every convenience at our command was placed at his service. Several days passed before he was able to converse save in monosyllables. By Thursday, however, his condition had improved to such an extent that we ventured to ask to what we owed the pleasure of his visit.

His answer to our first question surprised us greatly, as you may imagine. "My name," he said, is "Stephen Cholmondely." Louis was so agitated that I bade him leave us. Already, although he was pale and worn, I had noticed the strong resemblance between our guest and Louis. I asked him, if he thought himself strong enough to tell me his story. It was a short one, and I will try to repeat it as he told it to me.

"I set out early in the spring of this year, to make a trip around the world. I left England in the company of one Joseph Crane, of London, with whom I had formed quite an intimacy. Our passage from Hongkong to Yokohama was taken aboard the Pacific Mail Steamship 'City of Pekin.' The vessel was scheduled to stay at Nagasaki for some time, and at Crane's suggestion we hired a Japanese junk and commenced a cruise on the Inland Sea. The crew was composed entirely of Japanese, but Crane spoke the language perfectly, having spent a large part of his life in the Orient. As the time for our return drew near we approached an island, the most beautiful upon which I have ever set eyes. Crane suggested that we should land, but as I have an uncle in Tokio, who was expecting me by the "Pekin," I did not wish to risk missing our ship. However Crane was so positive that we had plenty of time that I gave in. We had been wandering about for some time when we came upon a peculiar opening in the ground. As I displayed considerable interest in this phenomenon, Crane suggested that I should descend into the cave by means of a coil of rope which they had brought. He said that he would follow me. What was my astonishment when I had reached the bottom to have the other end of the line thrown down to me. Then I heard the footsteps of my late companions rapidly leaving the spot. For several hours I waited, telling myself that they had accidentally let go the line and had gone back to fetch another.

But I hoped and waited in vain. Perhaps you noticed the orange tree that overhangs the opening. When I began to feel the cravings of hunger, I looked about me for something that I might eat. Directly under the tree was a pulpy mass. It was

the remains of the oranges which had for years been dropping from the tree above. I knew that I could expect no ripe oranges until November, so that I have since that day subsisted entirely upon the pulp of rotten oranges."

"Was this man Crane, tall, rather weather-beaten, powerfully built, and above all, was he left handed?"

"That's him exactly."

"Did he look anything like this?" I asked, showing him a snapshot which I had taken of Stephen (so-called), Louis and his father.

"This is he" he said, laying his finger upon the likeness of our late guest.

"This gentleman," I said, "was your uncle Philip Cholmondely, this is your cousin Louis, and *this* gentleman was known to us by the name of Mr. Stephen Cholmondely." I then briefly stated all that had happened since his incarceration.

Later on I told Louis the story which I have just repeated. Louis, when he had recovered from the shock which he at first experienced on hearing this strange history, began to discuss with me the personality of this man Crane.

"In the first place," I said, "he is a Russian."

"How do you make that out?" said my friend looking at me in astonishment.

"He spoke English like an Englishman," I said "and Japanese like a Japanese. No one could do that but a Russian unless he were brought up in the country from his childhood. Three times round the fingers of your hands would include all the white men of Crane's age that spent their childhood in Japan. You and I know them all. I know from experience that Russians are the best linguists in the world."

"I think, on the whole," I said after a moment's thought, "that we had better go back to Tokio as soon as possible."

* * * * *

Another week found me in the presence of the official who had held the inquest.

"No," he said slowly, "I did not consider when rendering my decision, that possibility. It is still on the files, and I will have it altered."

I then went to the government office where the records of Capt. Cholmondely, U. S. N. (retired), late foreign instructor I. J. N., were kept. In a record dating some fifteen years ago I came across the following entry: "Captured in the act of trespassing the I. G. seal fisheries, the bark 'Vladimir,' Russian; the schooner, 'Ost Asien,' Russian—owner, P. Basilweich, Vladivostock. Value of prizes about 250,000 Mexicans. Value of cargoes 125,000 Mexicans."

I hurried back to the house and looked over the correspondence of Capt. Cholmondely of about the same date. As I expected, under a somewhat later date I found a letter from Vladivostock.

"You have taken my wealth" it ran, "but I will have your life—P. B."

I slipped the letter into my pocket. "Goodbye Louis," I said calmly, "take good care of your cousin." Louis looked up in surprise.

"Business calls me to Vladivostock," I explained, and before dark I was aboard the German ship "Hohenzollern" steaming past the ports of Kanonzaki. This was the same vessel in which our sinister friend had sailed. From the regularity with which he had acted and the convenient date at which he sailed, I inferred that his passage had been engaged some time before. He had, therefore, probably taken one of the most comfortable cabins, doubtless somewhere amidship on the port side, which is generally the lee side at this time of the year.

I managed to enter the cabin when the occupant was at lunch. As the passage had been a rough one I thought I might find something of a clew. It was a rather faint hope but it was not disappointed. One of the pillars or little wooden supports which upheld the mirror and tank in the wash basin was broken, and this broken pillar was on the right hand side. Evidently the former occupant had clung to this for support while performing his toilet and it was equally obvious that he was a left handed man, for a right handed

man would have held on with his left hand while he performed the more delicate operations of his toilet with his right.

My next step was to inspect the passenger list for the date upon which he had sailed. Opposite the number of the state-room which I had inspected I found the name 'R. Dankovitz' of Vladivostock.

Certain of the passengers were able to tell me that this Dankovitz had lately set up business as a lumber merchant in Vladivostock. They said that he was constructing sleepers and had obtained several contracts for the great Siberian railway.

The day after I landed, I went, as a decrepit old man, to the office of Mr. Dankovitz. My disguise was complete for I have an aptness for this sort of thing. The man I sought had dark hair and a very long beard, but there was no mistaking that tall, graceful figure, and the supple dexterity of that left hand. I told him a story which I had been at some pains to perfect. I spoke in French. I said that I was acting in the interests of the Japanese government who were about to construct a railway in Yezo. We discussed the matter for some time and I at last prevailed upon him to accompany me to Tokio, and we lost no time in setting out.

A few days later on a pretense of conducting him to the government railway office, I led him into the presence of the Chief of Police. The latter had been expecting us for some time, and, upon our entrance all doors were fastened behind us. "This," I said, as if about to introduce a client, "is Mr. Basilweich, alias Mr. Joseph Crane, alias Mr. Stephen Cholmondely, alias Mr. R. Dankovitz." With these words I stepped up to the Russian and coolly tore the beard from his chin. Underneath was a blonde stubble of a few days' growth. "In his early youth," I continued, "he did nothing worse than to pirate a few seals, for which, I believe, his own government would give him a few years of mine and knout. His captor, however, was a merciful man and did not report him to the Russian authorities. On the 17th of June of this year, this same gentleman entered the room of the aforesaid captor, and, shortly before three in the morning, took that knife on the desk there, and cut the aforesaid captor's throat. It was

a warm night, and this gentleman's hand perspired rather heavily. If you will compare the marks on the handle of the dagger which was formerly part of the furniture of cabin 42, S. S. Hohenzollern, you will at once be struck by the extraordinary resemblance.

This fragment was kept by Mr. Ah Fok Chow, cabin boy of the ship, who saw it in the hand of this gentleman. Further, you will observe that this gentleman is left handed. This tallies with an amendment which has been attached to the coroner's report, 'except only that the act may have been committed by a left handed man.' Perhaps it would be well to request the Russian Consul to look into the matter."

The trial lasted just three hours.

A few months later we were standing on the deck of the "Flora" approaching the coast of Shagalien. It was evening and the water sparkled with the blaze of the autumnal sunset as it babbled lazily on the beach. As we approached the coast a company of soldiers fired a volley. We landed and asked the reason for the firing. A sergeant explained: "We have just executed a prisoner sent up by our consul in Yokohama," he said.

JOHN COLE MCKIM.

The First and Last Toast

One hot Thursday night, the last in June, in an old college town, hallowed by its past and the association its name recalls to hundreds, there assembled a party of young men around a festive board. The day before had been for all of them the ending of an old life, the beginning of a new; and these very recent alumni had stayed for one more feast and one more song, before they departed on their several ways.

When the last course was finished, cigars and cigarettes lighted, and all were impatiently awaiting the will of the toast-master, one of their number arose to suggest a novel plan. His speech was received with much enthusiasm, and finally the following agreement was

entered into. They were to unite once a year in the town of their Alma Mater, and hold a banquet on the last Thursday in June. They were also to meet and hold a banquet at the marriage of each of their number. No new member should ever be admitted, and at the death of any member the rest should meet to drink a silent toast to the departed. The meetings were to be secret, and the bottle of wine first opened was to be corked again and left for the last survivor to finish on the last Thursday in June in the old familiar spot, drinking 'to those who are gone.' Great was the pleasure evinced at this means of holding indissoluble the bonds of college friendship. Great the solemnity attending the opening and recorking of that first bottle, the drinking of that first toast. High rose the old songs. Fast ran the fun. Youth and friendship were supreme! Bacchus and Venus ruled all things!

A year passes and again the feast is spread, the revellers assembled. Joyous, happy, yet with a touch of sadness they take their places at the table, — four on one side, but three on the other. For already the silent toast has been drunk to the memory of Charles Baldwin, drowned in the treacherous waters of Lake Michigan. Yet youth, friendship, stimulating associations are great cures for regret or sadness; and ere they parted many were the renewals of their former vows to stand by their unique contract.

Ten years go by; in the meanwhile much has been the mirth and hilarity at wedding feast and June banquet. But what place is this? Who are these stern sad men? Surely not the careless comrades of college days? A few hot words, a moment of ungovernable passion, and James Prescott, — gay, generous, quick-tempered Jack, — John today — pays the penalty exacted by that dread law which society has established for its safety, — that life must be paid for with life.

Let us steal a march on time and attend the fiftieth anniversary of that first commencement banquet. Four old men sit down at the now shortened table. Prosperous, hard-hearted men of the world, but still true to the good fellowship of their long ago college days. Quiet comradeship and moderation mark their banquet, whist and

an early departure their evening. 'Short' their former selves would have called them. Four times in recent years have they drunk the silent toast.

The years still flow on. The whist needs a dummy now, and is soon followed by cribbage. The hardiest must at length succumb to Father Time's all-levelling scythe. And so, at last, the curtain rises on the scene which is to close forever the history of that agreement entered into so merrily by those tried comrades and friends of long ago.

Again a long table stands laden with the glories of the banquet. At the head of the table, from the toast-master's chair, rises an old wrinkled man over whose hoary head has passed four-score and nine winters. His blinking eyes can but dimly discern the further confines of the room and the room of empty chairs. With trembling hand he uncorks the dingy bottle by his side. With many an uncertain clink he pours what is left of its contents into a glass, while the tears roll down his furrowed cheeks.

He raises the glass: "To those who are gone." But why does he pause? Why that straightening of the form? Why that light in the eye? Around him stands a ghostly company. Again he hears the clink of the glasses. Again ring in his ears the old songs. And as the last note dies away, high in his unnatural strength he lifts the glass and drains its contents to the dregs. Then a crash of shivering glass. He totters — falls — and has gone to join those true comrades whom even death could not sever.

C. S. M.

A Sophomoric.

In the fall of the year when first I had come
 To these groves academic on peaceful Kokosing,
 All nature was glowing; the blue sky above
 Was hid by green leaves where the birds loved to sing.

And the blood-red glory of maple in Autumn
 Tinted the azure and gold of the sunsets.

A year has passed and again it is Autumn,
 Gold, azure and blood again mingle their glory:
 And her halls throb again where Kenyon's true sons
 Would leave their fair fame on the rolls of her story.

And a far fairer beauty than gold, azure or maple,
 Brightens the live-long day in old Gambier.

Gold is the hue of treasure most precious,
 Red of the noble and blue of the good:
 But what shall I call this brighter pure radiance?
 For it is all precious and noble and good.

Thy beauty which darkens the sun on Kokosing,
 Resplendent illumines the long nights of dream-land.

J. C. McK.

Alumni Notes.

The Alumni will be glad to know that Dr. Benson is able to walk about the grounds and shows an interest in the college work.

Although he is too feeble to witness the athletic contests, he is a loyal supporter of the mauve and contributes liberally to each team. His heart and best wishes for success attend the teams in all their work, and the athletic field which bears his name is a constant reminder of the esteem and respect in which he is held.

'88. Mr. Andrew E. Douglass, of New York City, died Sunday, September 29. Mr. Douglass was an eminent authority on numismatics.

Messrs. D. B. Kirk, '69, and James H. Dempsey, '82, together with Senator Hanna's architect, visited Gambier the first of the month and looked over the site for the erection of the new dormitory. All plans will soon be perfected and the work will be rapidly pushed.

'96. Mr. Harris H. Kennedy, of Zanesville, spent a week in Gambier during the opening.

'00. Harry S. Bramwell, of Lincoln, Ill., spent a few days in Gambier the latter part of September.

'00. Rufus Southworth and Raymond I. Sawyer, '00, spent ten days on the "hill" during September.

'01. Mr. Lloyd A. Grigsby is located at Lake View, Washington, where he is engaged in teaching.

'01. Mr. Charles Owens, of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, was married in August and has removed to Dayton, where he is employed in the telephone business.

'01. Mr. Charles Magee, of Newark, has entered Bexley Hall.

'01. Mr. Bates G. Burt is working for the Federal Lead Co., Flat River, Mo.

'01. Mr. Marcus Gunlefinger has entered the Law Department at the University of Cincinnati.

Football.

Between twenty-five and thirty men reported for the opening day of practice on Benson field. Nine members of last year's team are back this year, and there are several candidates for the vacant positions. Under Coach Wentworth and Captain Rogers the first team is rapidly getting into form, and, at the date of the writing of this article the prospects for the season are exceptionally good. The schedule is as follows:

- Oct. 8. Denison at Granville.
- 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 Wooster.
- Nov. 28. O. S. U. at Columbus.

A complete account of the games played will be published in our next number.