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## Kenyon Collegian - May 1902

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# The Kenyon Collegian.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF KENYON COLLEGE

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

J. COLE McKIM, '04.

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MAXWELL GANTER, '04.

T. M. CARTMELL, '03.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

EDWARD A. RODGERS, '02.

ASH'T MANAGER.

THOMAS J. GODDARD, '03.

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VOL. XXVIII.

GAMBIER, OHIO, MAY, 1902.

No. 2

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## Editorial.

SHORTLY before our last issue went to press several changes occurred on the editorial board which the time, then at our disposal, did not permit us to refer to in these pages. The new board comes into being under fairly auspicious circumstances owing to the standard which has been maintained by our predecessor.

Few who have not been intimately connected with the paper can realize the embarrassments which menaced the KENYON COLLEGIAN at the beginning of the previous volume, a little more than twelve months ago. In spite of these difficulties the magazine came out regularly, and in a manner becoming the representative publication of Kenyon, and to reflect credit on the former editor-in-chief and the former manager.

While the present outlook is not, as we have said, so dark as that which faced our predecessor, there is still plenty of work in sight for every department of the paper, combined with the new and not inconsiderable task of maintaining the record of the past year.

IN looking over exchanges we are constantly coming across articles contributed by students who are not members of their editorial boards. Issues of the KENYON COLLEGIAN, without a single line not emanating from a member of the board, are of more frequent occurrence than is to be desired.

AT this writing the outlook for the baseball season seems a bright one, and it is hoped that the game with the Ohio State University, which will in all likelihood have been played before this number of our magazine is published, will result in our favor. The game with Otterbein showed a serious want of practice, which was, however, the result of unavoidable circumstances, and which a fortnight of fair weather will go far to eradicate. With all but two of last year's team on the field and with the new men, Messrs. Babin, Clarke, Evans and Oliver, showing up well, we certainly ought to equal or surpass our record of last season.

SINCE our last issue the pamphlet containing the radical changes in the curriculum which were adopted in March have been published.

It will perhaps seem a pity from a sentimental standpoint that the time honored Christmas, Easter and Trinity terms, are to be superseded by the more prosaic semester, but the new system is not without its advantages. It will doubtless make the examinations somewhat more difficult, as they will cover a longer period, and a good mark obtained in one of them will stand for a more thorough knowledge of the subject in question than is now very often the case.

Other changes, all no doubt for the better, have been adopted. Among them we note with pleasure the offering of certain studies in theology as junior and senior electives. The student who enters college at anywhere from nineteen to one and twenty years of age does not always, we imagine, look with pleasure on the prospect of waiting seven years before entering on active life. With this in view the temptation to curtail his college course, and to enter the seminary at

the earliest possible date by which he can scrape together sufficient knowledge (which certainly is not of very great extent) to pass his examination, is very strong; and of course that sort of thing does not at all conduce to the development of a learned clergy, nor does it add to the respect which should be accorded that body. Anything which lessens this tendency—and we think this shortening of seven years to six will not fail to do so—is therefore very welcome to many students.

We notice, not without a tinge of regret, that less is required in the study of ancient languages in the classical course, for the degree to which it leads has always been, not only *our* best, but has ranked with the best degrees in arts given anywhere; largely because of the thoroughness with which the classics are taught at Kenyon.

THERE are several things of which Kenyon may well be proud. and her church music is not the least of these. Visitors have remarked with surprise that in spite of the smallness of our body we have an excellent choir. And in spite of their propensity to make the most of any error, the student body is always ready to admit the same. The efforts of the choirmaster, who recently resigned, have, in recent years, had much to do with this, and we regard it as a most agreeable duty to make mention of the fact in these columns. It is also our great pleasure to compliment the present leader on his success in the difficult task of maintaining the same degree of excellence.

In speaking of church music, it would hardly be fair not to say something in praise of the choir which sang at the services on Easter day. It is the best mixed choir we have heard in Gambier, and although our own experience of 'holiday choirs' does not date back into the very remote past, we have it on good authority that it is among the best which have ever sung in the chapel. Several of the ladies who sang had been members of the chorus, and their voices were certainly delightful on the "Queen of Seasons"—as when are they not?

THE news that the work of enlarging the library is to be commenced in the near future will be agreeable to everyone. The fact that the accommodations of the present library building have been taxed somewhat beyond their convenient limits, has for some time been rather uncomfortably obvious, and we imagine that the presence of valuable books—some of which could not, in all probability, be duplicated—in a building by no means fire proof, has caused a slight tinge of uneasiness, if not indeed of anxiety, to those intrusted with their preservation.

ARRANGEMENTS have practically been completed for the "Democratic National Convention" to be held this month among the students. Some interest has been shown, and there is no reason why the convention should not be a very amusing and interesting feature of the Diocesan Convention holidays.

WE regret to announce that this is the last issue in which the name of Mr. E. A. Rodgers will appear as business manager. If the paper is always served as he has served it, the time is not far distant when the KENYON COLLEGIAN will be a flourishing institution. Mr. Rodgers' resignation was tendered on the twenty-first of April, and the editorial board on that day passed unanimously a motion tendering a vote of thanks to him. His coming graduation is the cause of his withdrawal. He has served the paper in one capacity or another for three years.

### Verse.

#### AN EYEBROW.

When savages caved in virgin stone,  
The barbarous crypts grew up ungainly,  
But time sped on and Roman and Norman,  
Rounded and vaulted in fantasies graceful  
The Arch.

In vain they labored to reach consummation,  
Though majestic and grand they heavenward strove,  
For the fairest of Arches without human labor,  
Surmounts thine own deep floodgates of love.

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THE FAIR UNKNOWN.

---

Far away the Kokosing shines up to my eye,  
A mirror reflecting the fair summer sky,  
So far away that no one would think,  
How muddy it is when seen from the brink.  
Fairy maiden so lovely to see,  
As merrily tripping you pass by me,  
Perhaps it is best that I get but a peep,  
Or I might find that beauty is only skin deep.  
So ere I have met thee and shattered this dream,  
I haste to write verses to what you now seem,  
Striving against all reason to think,  
You will still be clear water when seen from the brink.

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The Educational Monopoly

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(A FAILURE)

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John Serton was every inch a man. Though he had inherited an immense fortune, it had not turned him into one of those brain-sickly creatures which are usually the products of unearned wealth. On the contrary, he was the possessor of a doctor's degree from a first class university and of no small reputation as a scientist.

His features were strong and pleasant, but scarcely handsome. A pair of keen gray eyes formed a marked contrast with the full, almost sensuous mouth. He was of medium height and rather spare in build. He wore no mustache or beard, but went clean-shaved, which was in keeping with the general neatness of his person. His actions

were nervously rapid and yet had in them a certain decisiveness that inspired confidence in those about him. He spoke but little.

Appearing to his brother Nathaniel one day, he opened the conversation with, "Nat, I've got a plan."

"Have you?" said Nat, "what is it?"

"Well," answered John, "I'm going to start a concern to revolutionize modern learning."

"Humph!" grunted Nat, "rather big undertaking. What theories are you going to upset now?"

"None," replied John. "I'm only going to make the old ones work in a new way. You see it's like this: I intend to found a school and assemble there all the most learned men in every science and art known. It will be fitted out in the most complete manner. Students who show ability and marked determination will be admitted, and their course so adapted as to show each one the field in which he is best fitted to work. Half of our past successes are due to the wrong man in the wrong place, and most of the other half to poor instruction. You see this will do away with both those evils. In this institution, brains, and not money, will determine a man's standing. Then another thing: We'll make men, and after we've made them keep the best, so that the school, in time, will grow to be the sole great seat of learning for the world. I haven't exactly an idea of monopoly in mind, but rather one of centralization. I would create a great disseminating agency of knowledge. Think of the strides that can be made in the atmosphere of such a place! Think of the facilities offered! Think of the benefits all mankind will derive from it! It will take money, I know, but I have enough to at least get it started. After it is once going it will attract sufficient wealth to maintain itself. What do you think of the plan?"

"It's all right," said Nat, looking wise, "except getting your wise men."

"Oh, they'll come for higher salaries," answered John.

"Yes," said Nat, "but some have been established in their present

positions for years, and have gathered about them all their pet appliances."

"That's true enough," replied John, "but we'll fix them up so well in the new place that they will forget all about their old quarters. Of course there will be stations all over the world where every kind of work can be done, but this one place will be the center of operations. Any more objections?"

"Only one."

"Well?"

"Suppose you do get them together, how long do you imagine it would be before men of such decided opinions as these savants were fighting like cats and dogs? Why, some of the biggest ones can't stand the sight of each other."

"That we'll provide for later. But say, will you undertake to look up the men we want? That's what I came to see you about."

"Whew! Are you going to get me mixed up in it too?"

"If you'll come."

"Um-m, if it were anybody else I wouldn't do it, but as it's you, why—"

"Then ask them, at least as many as can come, to assemble for a preliminary conference on the 20th of April, next, at our old home. That is where I am going to establish the school."

"Seems to me you're taking a good deal for granted. But all right, I'll do it."

There were some six months before the meeting in April and Nat entered into his part of the work with heart and soul. That was his way. His time was fully occupied with flying trips across the country and in managing the correspondence which increased with amazing rapidity. John was engaged in drawing up plans for the buildings, in getting quotations on apparatus, and in the thousand and one details attendant upon the starting of such a huge enterprise. About a month before the tenth he removed to the place where he intended to locate his institution, in order to buy up the land for the site. The locality was perfectly familiar to him as he had grown up



in the neighborhood. Many of the residents were old friends of his. Thus aided he had little difficulty with most of his purchases. Some indeed, were unwilling to sell, but money is a powerful agent and each had his price.

The worst snag was in the most important purchase of all, the Chelsingham estate. The name gave him a turn, for there he had romped and played as a boy; in fact, he had almost been brought up on the place, and there still lingered a feeling of strong attachment for it. But he overcame his scruples by forcing forward the thought that it was the key to the whole situation.

Late one afternoon he set out from the village to begin negotiations. After a walk of a mile or so along the country turnpike, the old place suddenly burst upon his view as he came from behind a dwelling close upon the road. The house was set upon a slight eminence and separated from the road by a wide pasture where the horses were turned out to graze on the new grass. The road was skirted by an unsightly hedge—unsightly now, because the season was still too young to call out the green shoots to cover the ragged brown stalks. On the far side a lane, shaded by rows of venerable maples, wound up to the house, but Serton knew that pedestrians always took the short cut through the field.

He opened the little white paling gate, swung with the familiar weight and chain, and crossed the well remembered footbridge over the ditch. On the other side of the field the house peeped over its evergreens at him. The arms of the old poplar close beside it were just beginning to show evidences of Spring. To the rear the lofty wind-mill lazily revolved and swung to and fro at the will of the light breeze. The merry medley of the returning birds rose from every tree. The air was heavy with the odor of new grass and budding trees.

At length he came to the wire fence that kept the live stock out of the grounds immediately about the house; he passed beside the tennis court and up the hill, and there stood the mansion before him, old-fashioned and stately. The rays of the descending sun glinted dazlingly from the slate roof and touched the dull gray of the bricks

into a livelier hue. The little narrow windows and the projecting gables looked down at him as of old; the large, comfortable porch, extending across the whole front and the kindly air of the place made him feel as though he were a wanderer returning home.

Like a thief he tiptoed to the side and looked back. A sense of satisfaction stole over him as he saw that no marked changes had been made. The big white barn, the carriage house, the scraggly apple trees, and even the old hitching post with its bit of iron chain on which he had swung so often, were just as they used to be.

Catching himself up guiltily, he squared his shoulders and mounted the porch steps. He pulled the bell knob and the tinkle of the bell sounded far back in the house. Mrs. Chelsingham herself answered his ring. She gave him a warm, motherly greeting. After the usual formalities he inquired for Mr. Chelsingham. Her eyes filled with tears as she replied that he had died some two years ago. John was both shocked and disconcerted. After a fashion he managed to explain the reason of his visit. When she understood, a chill crept into the manner of Mrs. Chelsingham, and she replied that under no circumstances could she consider his proposition. It were far better had he never mentioned it. John's heart was with the woman, so, filled, with many misgivings, he took his leave.

When he got out of sight of the place he felt that his purpose had been defeated by the awakened remembrances of old association. The words had choked him in his very mouth. He had stammered and stuttered like the proverbial school boy. He made up his mind to go again, and resolved that the next time he would conduct himself in a strictly business-like manner.

The talkative landlord of the little hotel greeted him as he came in: "Nice day. Been out walkin'?"

"Yes," answered John.

"That's good. Been far?" he continued sociably.

"Quite a little distance," replied John.

"Yes, I seen you a-comin' from the direction of Chelsingham's,"

persisted the landlord, unabashed by the other's reserve, "fine farm, ain't it? Good as any round here. But it's mortgaged for every cent it's worth. The old man hardly left enough to bury himself with. And Lord! how proud they are. Ain't got a cent and the mortgage a-comin' due on the eleventh of April and yet those two fool women wouldn't borrow a cent for their lives."

"What two women?" inquired John, suddenly alert.

"Why, Mrs. Chelsingham and her daughter," answered the landlord, pleased to have at last aroused interest, "they've been livin' out there with an old nigger woman and a man to tend the place for three—no, let me see, it must be nigh to two and a—"

"Who's got the mortgage?" broke in John.

"Hey? Oh! Why old Judge Hartman. Him and his son Samuel is about the slickest pair in the county. Only last Thanksgivin' they—"

John saw that the old man was getting settled down to a steady pace, and as he had got all out of him that he wished to know, he cut him short by leaving.

That evening he went to interview Judge Hartman, with the result that when he returned to his hotel the mortgage was buttoned inside his coat. He tried to chuckle over his good fortune, but could not. The grounds for his great institution were now practically secured but he was not as glad as he ought to have been. The estate soon would be his and he knew that in a short time he could do as he pleased with it, pull down the half-century old dwelling, blow up the trees, destroy the walks and flower beds and—and turn out two penniless women. He gave himself mock ease by promising himself to make them full restitution in money.

Next day he set out to come to terms. This time he kept his wayward feelings strictly within bounds, and walked up on the porch and gave the bell a determined pull. A colored woman came to the door.

"Is Mrs. Chelsingham in," he inquired.

"Yessah," replied the negress, "but she's abed with a sick-

headache an' can't see yo'. Jes' set down en' I'll call Miss Chels'ngham."

She was gone before John could say a word. Louise! He had'nt seen her for years, and the near possibility disturbed him amazingly. The peaceful, quiet brooding over the place only served to increase the tumult within him. It brought back the memory of how he had sat there in years gone by listening for her footfall in the hallway, and waiting to hear the massive door swing back and see her standing in the vestibule with a welcome in her eyes and voice which he knew was never there for any one else. The winds blew the spirit of those times, the birds sang it, the ground breathed it back again to him.

The soft rustle of skirts caused him to look up. Miss Chelsingham stood in the doorway; a single ray of sunlight fell upon the coppery masses of her hair and formed an aureole round her face. He rose. Standing one step above him her head was on a level with his. Her figure had lost none of its girlish gracefulness in adding the more beautiful lines of the woman.

"How do you do, Mr. Serton?" she exclaimed, frankly holding out her hand, "mamma is a little indisposed today and can't come down. Won't you take a chair?"

"Thank you," said Serton, "I will. I am very sorry, though, not to be able to see your mother as I came out on very important business. No, I'm afraid you won't do," he laughed, as the girl looked up inquiringly.

"So you think you can't trust me, do you?" she returned, a trifle piqued at his words.

"Most assuredly I do not. I hadn't so much as thought of implying that. You see it is a purely business transaction and young ladies are usually not very much interested or—pardon me—very deeply learned in such matters. Perhaps even your mother will not wish to attend to it personally. I see she is still troubled with her old affliction, sick-headaches."

"Yes, whenever she is greatly worried they come on. She suffers agonies."

"I remember," said Serton, "but you're looking as well and natural as possible."

"Oh," she answered lightly, "I never get sick. And you?"

"It's against my principles. I don't believe in men's getting sick."

She laughed. "Be careful, you know what happens to over-confident people."

"Yes," he replied, "and to under-confident ones too."

"Do you expect to be here long?" asked the girl.

Serton winced under the simple question and answered clumsily: "If — that is, if my plans carry through successfully I intend to remain in the neighborhood some time."

"Then mamma and I shall expect to see you very often," came another innocent thrust, sharper than the one before.

"I hope so," said Serton. The mortgage inside his coat seemed to be growing hot, and he was in mortal terror for fear that it would eventually burn its way out and his intention stand discovered. He imagined that he felt the eyes of the girl upon him in a kind of exultation over his discomfiture. Whatever may have been her thoughts, she gave no evidence of them, but with perfect calmness broke the silence:

"You have gotten rather beyond our horizon in the last few years, Mr. Serton. Tell me about yourself. What have you been doing?"

"Oh, nothing particularly wonderful," answered Serton deprecatingly, "just dipping into science a little. I've made a few discoveries but nothing worth talking about. And what have you been doing with yourself?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "What can a woman do out here? A little housekeeping and managing. It's the same all the year round."

"Yes," said Serton, glancing around, "things look just about as they used to. The 'pink' horse died, didn't he?"

She emitted a merry peal of laughter. "Is it possible that you remember old Dick?"

"I couldn't forget him," answered Serton. "He was actually the slowest beast on four legs I ever saw."

"Be careful how you slander him," she returned, "or it may brew trouble."

"Don't worry," said Serton, "I'll stop. But you know that the morning we drove up to Fergesson's it took till dinner time, and they don't live more than ten miles away."

"No argument allowed," she replied.

"Those were good old times," said Serton.

"Yes indeed," she answered with a queer little laugh.

"We were good old chums," said Serton.

"Why yes, if you wish to call it so."

An indefinable change had come over her. She seemed uneasy. Her eyes dropped and a slight flush mounted her brow. She fingered her handkerchief nervously. Serton noticed and was puzzled. He thought over their conversation and remembered nothing that could be assigned as a reason. At length when the silence began to grow embarrassing, she raised her eyes, and in them he saw a look that at once surprised him and set his pulse bounding. But no sooner had hope been aroused than, like a spectre on its heels, followed the thought of the mortgage. Hardly knowing to what extent his feelings might betray him, Serton hastily rose to go.

"Why, you're not going so soon, Mr. Serton," said the girl in surprise.

"Yes," mumbled John, "I — I must."

"I'm sorry," she replied, "but come out and see us again, soon."

"Thank you," said John. "Goodbye."

"Goodbye," she answered, then stood on the porch and watched him all the way as he stumbled down the hill.

That night Serton tossed restlessly on his bed, torn by alternating hope and fear, wracked by the contending passions of ambition and love.

The following day was the ninth of April. From early morning the special trains had been discharging loads of distinguished guests

of all nations, and versed in every subject of learning under the sun. They were quartered everywhere; in fact, there wasn't a house but had its full quota. The sleepy little country village in a few hours was changed into a centre of learning unequaled in the world. The streets were thronged with groups of men. Some exchanged the compliments of the day; others passed by with looks of cool reserve.

Shortly after supper two such groups met. Their relations were apparently friendly as they joined in small talk on current events. In a short time, however, two of their number drew aside in an argument which rapidly grew more and more heated. At length one tweaked the other's nose, and the man whose nose had been so insulted delivered a blow. This drew the party to them and the altercation became general. Some of the more hasty became worked up and entered with both fists. A crowd quickly assembled. It was a great tinder box, an aggregation of exceedingly testy tempers whose owners had been accustomed to having their own way and would brook no opposition. When the spark touched them they flamed up immediately, and, fanned by the rising storm of feelings, joined in the fracas.

The air was thick with learned expletives and ponderous epithets, and dignified arms and legs were flying in a very undignified way when John arrived on the scene. He took in the situation at a glance. Turning to a couple of villagers he said:

"Go and get steam up in the fire engine right away, and bring it here."

When it came he attached a hose and turned a drenching stream of cold water on the combatants. The street cleared as if by magic. But the occurrence was disastrous. Next morning the wise men, in high dudgeon, boarded the trains and departed. Some few stayed, but it was such a pitiful remnant that John dismissed them. When the last had gone, Nat came up:

"There goes six months of the hardest work I ever done in my life," he complained.

"Yes," answered John, "it's a failure."

"You don't seem much cut up over it," said Nat in an aggrieved tone.

"No, I'll confess I'm not," replied John, "I just about gave it up yesterday. I've got a new scheme on hand, though."

"What!" exclaimed Nat; "well, you can count me out."

"It's another monopoly," went on John with a quiet smile.

"No you don't," cried Nat "I'm through running all over the country getting monopolies on your wise—idiots."

"You won't have to," said John "I'm going to manage one myself," and that afternoon he called at the Chelsingham's. At the foot of the hill he gave a start for he caught sight of Louise on the porch. She was trying to read. But he saw the despair in her attitude before she was aware of his approach. As soon as she perceived him she feigned an air of cheerfulness, though the wan smile on her face served as a poor screen for the torrent of unshed tears behind her eyes.

"Well, you're quite an unexpected guest," she called while he was still some distance away.

"More business," answered John.

"I'm sorry," said the girl with a little gulp, "but mamma's gone to town. She went in to see Judge—I mean on important business."

Serton sat down, and a rather lame conversation was carried on. Finally he asked abruptly:

"What's the matter, Louise?"

"Nothing. Why?"

"I don't wish to pry into your affairs, but it's plainly evident that something is wrong. Tell me, perhaps I can help you."

"Thank you, Mr. Serton," she replied haughtily, "but we can get along very well without assistance."

"Don't take offence at what I said, Louise. It was with the kindest intentions, and as a friend."

"Oh I know," she cried impulsively, rising. "I know you're a good friend, and I appreciate it and thank you for it from the bottom of my heart."



"Your best friend, Louise," said Serton also rising and moving towards her. She drew back at the look in his eyes, but suffered herself for an instant to be drawn resistless into his arms. Suddenly a look of remembrance leaped into her eyes and she tore herself away.

"Oh what a selfish creature I am anyhow, to forget poor mamma! and how hard it is for her."

"There, there," said John soothingly, "don't carry on so, things will come out all right. Take this paper over to the edge of the porch and tear it up."

She scarcely seemed to notice his words, but when he pushed the paper into her hands she mechanically obeyed.

"Why did you want me to do that?" she asked with a certain curiosity, "what was it?"

"That was the mortgage," answered John.

Serton settled down on the estate which, the with recent addition, was of considerable size. He still continued his scientific pursuits and gained a wide reputation in learned circles, but the institutions for inquiry which he afterwards founded were strictly private concerns.

MAXWELL B. LONG.





### Base Ball.

On April 17th, Kenyon, owing to the late Spring, and consequent lack of early practice, was able to defeat Otterbein only by the score 11-7. Most of the candidates were given a trial. It is almost too early to judge the worth of individuals. The score—

KENYON	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.	OTTERBEIN	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Workman, c.....	5	4	2	5	0	0	Bates, 1st b. ....	3	2	2	5	1	3
Brandon, cf.....	3	2	1	1	0	0	W. Lloyd, 2nd b....	4	2	2	3	3	2
Stauffer, cf.....	2	0	0	1	0	1	Chapman, p.....	4	0	0	3	0	0
Oliver, lf.....	4	0	1	0	0	1	Jolly, c.....	5	0	3	1	2	1
Harper, 3b.....	2	0	0	5	1	0	Hughes, ss.....	5	0	1	2	1	0
Clarke, 2b.....	4	0	0	3	2	3	Coons, cf.....	5	0	0	3	0	0
Babin, ss.....	3	0	0	2	1	1	Frick, 3rd b.....	4	2	1	5	1	0
Jackson, 1st b....	5	1	2	6	1	0	C. Lloyd, rf.....	2	0	0	0	0	0
Collins, rf.....	5	2	2	3	0	0	Wise, lf.....	4	1	1	2	0	0
Cromley, p.....	5	1	2	1	2	0	Totals.....	36	7	10	24	8	6
Liddell, ss.....	0	1	0	0	1	0							
Totals.....	38	11	10	27	8	6							

Kenyon had a practice game with the Deaf Mutes of Columbus,

on Saturday, April 19, defeating them by a score of 9-3. Cass was given a trial in the box and made a good showing. The line up:—

KENYON	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.	DEAF MUTES	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Liddell, ss.....	6	0	0	0	0	0	Chwielinski, ss....	4	0	0	4	0	1
Oliver, lf.....	5	0	1	2	0	0	Hinch, cf.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Workman, c.....	5	3	2	1	2	0	Harris, 1st b.....	4	1	1	8	0	0
Harper, 3rd b....	4	3	1	2	1	0	Swartz, rf.....	3	1	0	0	0	0
Clarke, 2nd b....	4	2	3	0	1	0	Dix, 3rd b.....	3	1	0	3	1	2
Babin, cf. 1st b...	3	0	1	5	0	0	Romoser, p.....	3	0	1	2	0	2
Jackson, 1st b....	2	0	1	2	0	0	Case, 2nd b.....	4	0	1	8	2	2
Cass, p.....	3	1	1	0	1	0	Bocock, c.....	3	0	0	0	2	0
Collins, rf.....	5	0	1	3	1	0	Robinson, lf.....	2	0	0	2	0	1
Cromley, p. cf....	5	0	1	1	1	1							
Totals.....	40	9	12	27	5	1	Totals.....	30	3	3	27	5	8

### Foot Ball.

Negotiations have been closed and the contracts signed by Benj. W. Alling, Dartmouth, '02, to coach next year's foot ball team. Mr. Alling has the highest recommendations, both from Kenyon's coach of last year, Mr. Wentworth, and from men who have played with him at Dartmouth. Before going to college, he played half back on his "Prep" school team; during his first two seasons of collegiate football he played both back of and in the line; and for the past two years he has held the position of tackle. Last fall he acquitted himself most creditably as acting captain for the greater part of the season, Mr. O'Connor, captain, having sustained an injury early in the fall which prevented his playing. Mr. Alling's experience in these various positions has given him a comprehensive knowledge of the game, and we have every reason to believe that his coaching will be as eminently successful as that of previous Dartmouth men in Ohio.

### College News.

On March 22nd, the members of the Sophomore and Freshman gymnasium classes gave an exhibition in Rosse Hall. There was not

a very large attendance, and as the performance was only fair, this is not to be wondered at. College men, as well as other people, like to get the worth of their money.

We have now two representatives among the township officials. With the support of the college vote on the 7th of April, Dr. W. P. Reeves was elected to the School Board and Mr. L. T. P. Cromley to the office of Justice of the Peace. It is needless to say that, elated by their victory, the college students celebrated the event. A speech was obtained from each of the new officials, and cigars were smoked at their expense.

At a meeting of the College Assembly the following officers were elected: President, O. O. Hammond; Vice-President, L. T. P. Cromley; Secretary, F. R. Tschan; to the Executive Committee: A. G. Liddell, H. Mc. C. Billingsley, Ben Woodbury and W. T. Collins.

Ohas. M. Aves has left college to go to Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, where he will engage in business. Orly Ulry and H. B. Linthwaite have also discontinued their work here.

L. T. P. Cromley and T. J. Goddard were lately elected to  $\phi. B. K.$

In view of approaching summer a great deal of work is being done to get the college campus into proper shape. The building of Hanna Hall will necessarily mar the beauty of the place around the college. The efforts expended on other parts of the grounds are to be praised. Roads and paths are being placed where they have been needed for a long time, and the lawn is kept in good condition.

A. L. Devol and J. F. Skogland were appointed valedictorian and salutatorian, respectively, of the graduating class of 1902.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, the 13th and 14th of May, the Convention of the Diocese of Ohio will be held in Gambier. The mock Democratic National Convention will occur at the same time. Everyone in college is to take part in this, and it promises to be a very interesting and instructive affair.

The Rt. Rev. G. Mott Williams, Bishop of Marquette, was here on the 18th of April with a view of sending two of his sons to Kenyon next fall.

The Prayer Cross will be unveiled during Commencement week.

Mr. Jas. D. Stephens has already placed \$13,000 in the hands of the trustees so that work may be begun on the new stock room for Hubbard Hall. The building will be attached to the south side of the present library by a short connection. It will have three stories, each seven feet high, glass floors and steel stacks. It is expected to accomodate 52,000 volumes so that all of the books will be placed in this fire proof wing and the main part of Hubbard Hall will be used as a reading room only. The committee in charge of construction is: President W. F. Peirce, Mr. Chas. E. Burr, and Mr. T. P. Simma.

The board of trustees at their last meeting appointed President Peirce as a committee to investigate a solution of the question of the college water supply. A trial artesian well will be constructed in May, and if it is found that this method is impracticable, enough money has been furnished to try other ways. It is expected that next year the college will be plentifully supplied with water easily got.

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### Alumni Notes.

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The following extract may prove of interest to some of our readers:

"The death of John D. Caldwell removes another of the city's pioneers, as well as one of the conspicuous and public-spirited figures in Cincinnati's history. He passed away at the family home, 422 John street, in his eighty-sixth year.

For over forty years he was prominently identified with many public measures, and not a few of the business enterprises which made Cincinnati what it is today. Though retired from the busy scene for over a decade, and identified more with the past two generations than

the present, there are still many who will regret of the passing of this venerable leader of the past.

John Day Caldwell was born at Zanesville, December 28, 1816. The family was one of the Scotch-Irish who were among the early settlers of Ohio. He went to KENYON COLLEGE and remained there for three years. Coming to Cincinnati in 1835, he first found employment as clerk on the steamers in the Ohio and Mississippi River trade. Later he became transportation agent for the Little Miami Railroad, one of the first steam roads in the West, and he remained there till called to become the first general Secretary of the C. H. & D. Railroad. His first entry into politics was in the campaign in which General Winfield Scott was a candidate for the Presidency. Mr. Caldwell at that time became proprietor of the Atlas and Chronicle, a newspaper. It was while he was managing this that he met Murat Halstead and gave him his first newspaper engagement in this city, an incident that he was fond of reverting to in subsequent years. The paper was later sold to the Cincinnati Gazette, of which Mr. Caldwell was editor, along with Judge John C. Wright, for two years. It was in these years that, with others, he organized the movement to establish the Cincinnati Public Library.

Later he became clerk of the School Board, editor of the Journal of Education and for two years Clerk of the Ohio House of Representatives.

In Civil War times Mr. Caldwell was one of the leaders of the Union cause in Cincinnati. He organized the Home Guards, was Chairman of the Committee of Safety, served on the staff of General Burbank when the latter came here to arrange for the defense of the city, was foremost in organizing the Sanitary Fair, the Refugee Relief Association, and the National Union Association.

During these and after years part of his time was taken up with the Masonic order, to which he was warmly devoted. He took the first degrees in Amity Lodge at Zanesville in 1844; in this city became identified with N. C. Harmony Lodge, the Cincinnati Council and the Templars, and took the Scottish Rite degrees in 1865. In 1852 he was

elected Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Ohio, and continued in that position until 1887; became Recorder of the Grand Commandery and of the Grand Council in the same year, and served in these places for over thirty years.

He used to relate how, in 1853, while traveling on a canal boat from Chillicothe to Columbus, he met the distinguished mason, Wm. B. Hubbard, then interested in the effort to introduce the Scottish Rite into Ohio, and wanting some energetic man to take hold of it in Cincinnati, Mr. Caldwell recommended the late Enoch T. Carson, with results that are familiar to all. Mr. Caldwell's final honor in Masonry was the position of Emeritus Grand Secretary, especially created for him by the Grand Lodge and Grand Council.

He was married in 1845 to Miss Margaret Templeton, daughter of Captain William Templeton. His death occurred Friday night at 7 o'clock.

The funeral service was held at the Scottish Rite Cathedral on Monday at 2 o'clock, conducted by the Masonic fraternity, Messrs. Charles R. Folger, Wm. Michie, Geo. B. Johnson, Luther Parker, M. L. Buchwalter, Jas. Dillaby, M. S. Turrill and J. E. Bruce acted as pallbearers."

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'87. Mr. Alfred Hoyt Granger of Chicago, was in Gambier this month. Mr. Granger will have charge of the construction of a couple of buildings to be erected here the coming summer.

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'98. Mr. James A. Nelson, who is attending the University of Pennsylvania, was recently elected a member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia.

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'78. The Rev. C. M. Roberts of Massilon, Ohio, has become assistant to the Ex-President Bodine in Philadelphia.

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'64. C. M. Dobbs, of Memphis, Tenn., attended the funeral of his aunt, Mrs. French.

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Musical and Social.

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There has been nothing much in a musical way since our last issue. It is sufficient to say in passing that the choir is doing admirably under the new leadership.

The Library Party given at Harcourt on Saturday night, April the nineteenth, was very interesting, and, to some of us, instructive. The rooms were filled with sounds of glee, and although as the night went on some fair eyelids were observed to droop, this was in rare instances and only tended to variagate the thousand entrancing charms which their owners wielded so deftly.

It seems to us that there are two objects to be held in view in trying to represent a book;—both to aptly represent the title and at the same time to do it in such a way as to render detection difficult. Several of the fair mummers succeeded admirably in fulfilling these qualifications. Among others we cannot fail to mention the appropriate presentation of "When Knighthood Was in Flower." We do not cite this instance for purposes of comparison, but because it so admirably illustrates the principle of book-mummery—for though the volume in question might have stood unrecognized for ages to the uninitiated, yet when once the cue was given one could not fail to be struck by the plainness with which the title was written—though in the mystic scroll which cannot be read without a key.

Long time the connoisseurs from Kenyon poured over the dainty leaves and when the thoroughly studied volumes were at length returned to their respective shelves, we trust it was for a grateful and pleasant rest.

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Exchanges.

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We have pleasure in acknowledging the following exchanges which we have received during the past month: The Trinity Tablet, The Hobart Herald, The St. Stephen's College Sentinel, The Yale Alumni Weekly, The Oberlin Review, The Adelbert, The McMaster



University Monthly, The Tech., The College Transcript, O. W. U., The Kilikilik, The Eureka College Pegasus, Eureka, Ill., The Western University Courant, Alleghany, Pa., The Grove City Collegian, Grove City, Pa., The Washington Jeffersonian, The Mirror, Athens, O., The Colby Echo, The Bates Student, College Days, Ripon, Wis., The Agricultural Student, O. S. U., Phagocyte, O. M. U. And the following preparatory school papers: The Shattuck Cadet, The University School News, Cleveland, Ohio, The Cheltenham Reveille, Ogontz, P. A., The Sentinel, Howe, M. A., Lima, Indiana, Lake Erie Record.

Seventy-two students were dropped from Cornell University for failure to maintain a sufficiently high standard of scholarship, as shown by the recent examinations.—Ex.

Ten hours of study, eight hours of sleep, two of exercise, and four devoted to meals and social duties, is what President Eliot of Harvard recommends to students.—Ex.

Cornell has dropped Columbia from her football schedule for next season, because Columbia refused to play in Ithaca.—Ex.

"Now do you understand?" shouted the professor, as he hurled an ink bottle at an exasperating student. "I think I have an inkling," replied the bespattered student.—Ex.

The first football game played in the United States took place in 1776 between Yale and Harvard.—Ex.

Harvard, Pennsylvania, Yale and Princeton have never had a fatal accident happen to any of their football players.—Ex.

"So your husband died while you were abroad," said the hostess.

"Yes," replied the young widow of old John Skinflint with a sigh, "poor John has gone to his final reward."

"Beg pardon," said the host suddenly, "that reminds me. I must go down and look at the furnace fire."—Ex.

Graduate, at parting, with emotion :—" Professor, I am indebted to you for all I know."

Professor:—" Don't mention such a trifle."—Ex.

Adelbert has instituted a weekly newspaper, to be purely local in character, while the original student publication, *The Adelbert*, is to be continued as a literary publication.

Professor (in chemistry)—Mr. X., will you please name an oxide?"

Mr. X.—" Leather."

Prof.—" Oxide of what?"

Mr. X.—Oxhide of beef."—Ex.

Wimbleton—" Hello, old man, have you taught your dog any new tricks lately?"

Quimbleton—" Yes; I've been teaching him to eat out of my hand. He ate a big piece out of it yesterday."—Ex.

Gin a body meet a body in the library.  
Not the time to talk an hour,  
And ought not to be,  
Ilka lassie has her laddie,  
Nane say they hae we,  
Had we one, we wouldn't meet him  
In the library!—Ex.

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