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## Kenyon Collegian - December 1903

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# The Kenyon Collegian.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF KENYON COLLEGE

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## ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

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R. S. JAPP,  
H. M. EDDY.

BUSINESS MANAGER.  
F. WHITING AVERY.

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VOL. XXIX. GAMBIER, OHIO, DECEMBER, 1903.

No. 56

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## Editorial.

AT the November meeting of the board of editors several changes were made. We regret to announce the resignation of E. A. Oliver, Esq., who has been in charge of the Athletic department of the paper for the past year. This department will now be managed by Mr. R. S. Japp of the Sophomore class.

Messrs. E. R. Dyer and F. H. Hamm continue in charge of the Alumni and College News departments respectively, duties which they have ably discharged for some time past.

H. M. Eddy, Esq., of the Freshman class, has been elected to the Board and has been placed in charge of the Society News department. This department will include the mention of all the social functions of the College and such other events of a social nature as may concern or interest the students. This department will of course include all S. T. parades (it is hoped that these initials will be self explanatory) and other H. P. S. receptions, informal or otherwise.

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WE take great pleasure in reminding our readers of the fact that its status under the assembly finally fixed last Spring, the business department has taken a new lease on life. F. W. Avery, Esq., of the sophomore class was appointed to the manager-ship, and his able and efficient work has already borne much fruit.

Mr. Avery's experience as manager of his preparatory school paper renders his services all the more valuable to the COLLEGIAN, and he should certainly be accorded the hearty support of the entire student body.

THERE is a college named Hobart up in New York which has the honor of having as her president an *alumnus* of Kenyon College, the well known Rev. Dr. Stewardson. The following from the *Hobart Herald* for October, 1908, should be interesting, not to say novel, to our readers:

"One familiar face did not appear in the faculty seats upon the first day of chapel. It was that of Dr. R. C. Manning, assistant professor in Greek and Latin. Although there was a rumor about College last spring that Dr. Manning was about to leave, it was not confirmed until this year. We are glad to see that Dr. Manning has been selected to fill the chair of Greek and Latin in Kenyon College."—"HIP! HIP! HOBART!"

THE following from the O. S. U. Lantern for October 21st has surprised us, as it will doubtless surprise many of our readers.

The Lantern is the representative publication of O. S. U. and this article shows the spirit with which, even in cold blood, the O. S. U. men regard the 'hoodlumism' of some of their rooters. As this was the first issue of the Lantern after the O. S. U.-Kenyon game, the clipping plainly refers to the action of a coterie of cads in trying to break up a conference between Dr. Eckstorm and the team between halves. Evidently the students of O. S. U. approve of such behavior. Excesses of exultation have always followed upon victories of the "tiers état," but even the French republicans of today, in reviewing the events of '97, regret the excesses of the *reign of terror*. The students of O. S. U., however, have gone them one better in *sans-cullote*-ism for what we at first thought to be the cropping out in hot blood of innate bourgeoisie qualities they have deliberately pointed to as the embodiment of their corporate spirit. One of the Columbus

papers, in referring to the acts in question, says that they will constitute "a blot which will long stain the O. S. U. banner," or words to that effect, but it has already become difficult to tell one blot from another on an escutcheon where so very little of the original *Scarlet* and *Gray* is visible.

The following resolution has been handed to the *Lantern* :

"WHEREAS: It is with the greatest difficulty that students witnessing a football game can restrain themselves from giving vent to their enthusiasm and even at times in a manner not calculated to please the opposing team, and

"WHEREAS: The students at Ohio State from all newspaper accounts seem to be especially at fault in this regard, and

"WHEREAS: They are at all times willing to give ear to kindly suggestions for the improvement of their wholly degenerate and unseemly conduct,

"RESOLVED: That a committee of three, to be called the Board of Football Ethics, be chosen; said committee to be made up of those three down-town newspaper men who at all times and all places conduct themselves in a manner befitting exemplification by the afore-said O. S. U. students, before which Board of Ethics all plans for rooting, jollification, etc., shall be laid for approval before being carried into effect."

**1906 CLASS SONG**

(Tune, Andreas Hofer)



Come, class-mates, fill your glasses,  
We'll drink a brimming toast.  
May Kenyon's glory widen  
Till it spread from coast to coast.  
Fair Kenyon's name we'll e'er uphold;  
Our love for her shall ne'er grow cold,  
Nor for the dear old class, the class of nineteen six.

And when in life's long journey  
We feel forlorn or drear,  
We'll think of dear old Kenyon  
And our companions here.  
The thought will cheer us on our way  
Like sunshine on a gloomy day,  
Whenever we remember the class of nineteen six.

Then let us sing the praises  
Of the class of nineteen six;  
For Kenyon's future glory  
On her our hopes we fix.  
Throughout the world, whate'er we do,  
To Kenyon we'll be ever true,  
And to the dear old class, the class of nineteen six.

L. S. D.

### A Broken Shell.

Gold and the azure glory of the southern seas,  
A whisp of zephyr and eternities;  
These are thy hair and these thine eyes, fair miss,  
These are the keynote and the song is this:

Still gold thy hair, still gold thy metal proves;  
Still blue thine eye, still truth thy spirit loves.  
A winsome jewel of the days of old,  
Come to a lustre and a sheen untold.

### Memories of College Days.

In the twilight, deep and silent,  
Thoughts of Kenyon come to me;  
When the college and my classmates  
In fond reveries I see;  
Sweet visions of those bygone days  
Rise and wane so fitfully.

As the moonlight and the starlight  
Shed a glow upon each place,  
So my mem'ry calls each fellow,  
Each fond old familiar face.  
Back my classmates come to me,  
And beside me take their place.

Together back we go in fancy,  
Back to Gambier's wooded hill;  
Back to Kenyon—grand old temple,  
Fair shrine of our youth, and still  
Mecca of our fondest reveries,  
Thy memory inspires a thrill.

R. A. C.



## ESSAYS



## A "Steer-Roping" Contest.

Last summer, after finishing my last year at a preparatory school, I visited a little before returning home, so did not reach there until the third of July. One of the first things I heard was that Independence Day was to be celebrated in the Western fashion—that a great steer-roping contest would be held at "the park."

Upon arriving at the scene of the contest we found a large crowd already assembled. The ground set apart for the exhibition was a large circular plot enclosed by a rather weak wooden fence. At one side of this enclosure was a large pen filled with steers carefully selected for spirit and endurance, and by the gate of this pen was grouped the crowd of competing cowboys. They were principally from two places—Mulhcell, a country town a few miles away, and from a large cattle range in the Indian Territory known as Ranch 101.

The plan of the contest was as follows: The steers were let loose one at a time and the cowboy selected rode after his own at full speed, whirling his lariat around his head. Coming up alongside the fleeing animal, though ten or twelve feet distant, he throws the loop about its horns and passes it by a twitch across the steer's opposite flank and around its rump. Then, while both his pony and the steer are going at top speed, he suddenly whirls his mount off at right angles and brings him to a dead standstill.

The tremendous jerk caused by the sudden stopping of the pony is nearly always sufficient to send the steer rolling, and in one case that day a steer turned a complete summersault in the air.

As soon as the steer is thrown, the cowboy jumps from his pony, and carrying with him a piece of stout rope provided for the purpose, runs up to the prostrate animal and tries to tie his two front legs to one of his hind ones, using a peculiar knot known only to the initiated. At

this point, however, everything may be spoiled by a refractory or badly trained pony. If the pony kept his weight upon the rope, however much it may be slackened by the struggles of the maddened and terrified steer, the latter will be unable to rise, and the cowboy can tie him quickly. But if the rope is loosened, and the steer once "gets his head," he can spring up and then he must be thrown again.

As the object is to rope, throw and tie the steer in the shortest possible time, if he must be thrown a second time many valuable seconds are lost.

The exhibition both of riding and skill of roping was, on this occasion, particularly good, and I was extremely glad to have had an opportunity of witnessing the contest, for with the passing of the American cowboy such unique exhibitions of skill and horsemanship grow every day more and more rare.

J. T. B.





## FICTION

*An Accidental Love Affair.*

Some years after I left college and while I was building up my business affairs, I was living with a number of other young bachelors in a very comfortable old mansion, which we had fixed up to suit our tastes, in a good part of the city. Greatly to our dislike our lease expired one sultry June day and our landlord informed us he intended to sell the house, and that we must seek other quarters.

After much parleying and seeking, the boys hit upon another house of much more modern construction and furnishing, and only about five or six doors from our former abode. Meanwhile I had left for my vacation before it was completed to our liking, and for the next two months and a half not a thought of city life entered my mind. But all good times have an end and so did my vacation. Thus it happened that, one day late in September, I alighted from my car and started up the same street.

Before I go further with my narration I will say that it is the customary habit of women always to hide the door key under the door mat. Our old housekeeper had been no exception to this rule and we had been in the habit of letting ourselves in with her key when she was out, rather than reaching into our pockets for our own.

As I say I came up the street late in the afternoon, provoked that I must again resume business and city life but not sorry to see the boys again. Now wasn't it the most natural thing in the world for me with my thoughts far away to turn in at the old place and proceeding up the walk and up the steps, to even reach under the mat and, finding the key there, take it out insert it in the lock, turn it and enter? All this I did, and seeing no one thought that "mother" and the fellows were out, as indeed they were.

I went into the sitting room, sat down and lighted my pipe; having placed my valise by the wall, I sat enjoying my smoke and contemplating the return of the folks as evening drew on. Suddenly I noticed two people, a man and a young woman, turn in at the walk and approach the house. They were complete strangers to me. They came on up the walk and up the steps onto the porch, and then for the first time I began to realize my mistake.

But how to escape, how to explain matters in a plausible manner so they would not regard me as a common burglar, was now the serious question that perplexed me. At last I resolved to face them and explain things as well as I could and trust to their not calling the police. I heard the girl feel for the key in its hiding place, and then when she did not find it, appeal to "John" to get his out and open the door, saying she was positive she had put it under the mat. I heard John calling down damnation upon keys in general as he fumbled with the lock. I caught a glimpse of them through the beveled glass window in the door, and I noticed how extremely beautiful the girl was. She had large brown eyes and lovely chestnut brown hair, which grew beautifully away from her forehead and temples.

They came into the room and the young lady went straight to the mantel and felt for a match. In the dark she did not notice me. John meanwhile was fussing with the bundles. Twice she tried to light the gas, and failing I said, "May I assist you?", hoping not to scare her, but I did nevertheless and she drew back, about to scream, when John spoke up and said, "Hello George! did you come after all?" Then she was all smiles in a moment, and coming up to me asked when I had gotten into the town and furthermore how I had gotten into the house, and then putting her rosy lips up to me she kissed me and said, "My, but you have changed."

To say that I was surprised would not in any way be expressing my feelings, but I did not seem able to make known the true state of affairs. John now came up and shook hands heartily, the gas meantime having been lit. He assured me he was glad to see me and said that he had not been sure just when I would come and that he thought I had changed perceptibly.

John left me alone with Anna, as he called her, and I was not displeased at this, although at every turn I saw my chance of escape growing smaller. She asked me how I liked South America and reminded me of the days when we were young, and I was obliged to say that that had indeed been a happy time. Suddenly she sprung up and asked me if I had awakened Pa. Now Pa was a member I had not counted upon and I was perplexed but admitted that I had not disturbed him. Thereupon she went up stairs and came back with Pa, resplendant in a smoking jacket and a pair of slippers, and looking as if he had just been aroused from a pleasant doze.

Accordingly I was introduced to Pa and then supper was announced. We were lead into the dining room where the conversation was continued all through the meal. I adopted a sort of parrying course of action, feeling for ground and endeavoring not to make any bad "breaks." After supper the father and John adjourned to the library and Anne and I to the parlor. I took it from the way they left us alone that there was supposed to be some tender relation between us. I had begun to fear that the real cousin might turn up at any moment and I would be exposed; yet I really enjoyed the conversation and who would not with such a beautiful girl. Suddenly there came a ring at the door and my heart was in my mouth as she went to open it. Imagine my relief at seeing only a diminutive messenger boy at the door with a telegram. I paid him myself and returned to where she stood under the gas jet reading, and this is what I saw over her shoulder:

"New York, Sept. 26, 1901.

Miss Anne Helman:—

Missed the 3:40 express; will be there tomorrow noon.

George Babbington.

For a moment she seemed stupified, and then turning to me she scanned me closely and extended the telegram toward me saying, "Please explain this." I read it over twice to gain time and for the same end asked, "What of this?" "Well, how did you manage to get here at the time the express would have brought you if you missed

it?" I was now somewhat calmed and said I would explain. "You see, Anne, there was a wreck." "Well," said she, "how does that affect the circumstances." "Well you see (ahem) I missed the express and was about to wait until tomorrow, so I sent that telegram. I found out that there was an accommodation that could get me here late tonight, and I resolved to take it and surprise you. This I did, and imagine my good fortune, when about fourteen miles from New York, we stopped just behind the tail end of the express which had in its turn been stopped by a slight wreck of a freight train. This was nearly cleared away; I was thus enabled to run ahead and catch the express and we made up nearly all the time by fast running, and here I am."

"Oh, I see" she said. "Well, I'm very glad anyway," but I imagined she did not say it quite as heartily as the nice things she had said a little while previously. I sought the first opportunity and went to my room on the second floor and sat down, putting my valise on the bed and resolving to wait till all the house was quiet and then to steal out and away. So I lighted my pipe and sat smoking far into the night. At about midnight I arose, took my valise and extinguished my light, stole noiselessly out into the hall and descended the first flight of stairs. To my disconcertment and amusement I saw a bright light coming from under the library door. I endeavored to pass it and reach the second stairs noiselessly, when I suddenly stepped upon a match head and it exploded. The library door burst open and there stood Anne fully attired and holding a book in one hand.

To say that I felt cheap would by no means be doing justice to the feelings which filled me. She said nothing but beckoned me inside, and closing the door said anxiously, "Who are you?" "Well at any rate," I managed to reply, "I'm not your cousin." "Of that I am already satisfied," said she, "and think I have you located." "Did you not at one time board in this house with some friends, and when you left did you not leave this behind?" At this she extended a photograph toward me which I perceived was indeed one of myself. I remembered having missed it after we had moved to our new home. I

was obliged to admit the truth of her deduction and sheepishly explained all. She said she had guessed as much and added that my fable of the train was certainly a good one, and then she smiled in the most bewitching way imaginable.

As we stood thus I heard the bell below stairs sound violently and a moment later a sound overhead as if some one had gotten out of bed and was dressing to answer it. "O, John must not see us so," said she as we heard his door open. "Nor shall he" said I, and turned out the gas, greatly to her discomfort, but as John was now nearly outside the open library door she could only submit to my drawing her back into the darkness while John turned and descended the second flight, not happening to strike any of the matches she had strewn, to trap me.

He opened the door and stood a moment viewing the intruder whom we could not see. "Don't you know me," asked a voice from outside, and from John's mumbled reply it was to be gathered that he not only did not, but did not care to become acquainted. "Yes, I am your cousin George. Didn't you get my telegram?" "O, get out, cousin George has been up stairs in bed hours ago, and I have no more time to fool with you here." "Why, I can prove it. Have you the note I wrote you? I can write a duplicate of it, and you may compare." "Yes, I have. It's upstairs in the library desk, come up and you may write it there."

"What shall we do?" whispered the lovely being at my side, clinging to my arm in terror. Plainly there was only one thing to do, and that was to get behind the screen, and this we did. We were in somewhat cramped quarters here, but I enjoyed it immensely. Up the stairs they came, the brother struck a match at the top and came into the room, shielding it between his palms. He lit the gas, and I noticed with great relief through a crack in the screen, that he was at least decently clothed. The cousin, I noticed, was the homeliest man I had ever seen, and I was filled with resentment, and whispered much to Anne, who thought it a huge joke.

Writing paper and ink having been produced, the cousin sat down

and wrote a short note which he submitted to John, who compared it with the original and smiled sardonically. He reached into the drawer, produced a huge revolver and simply said "come," and started upstairs, the cousin following in his wake. "Come quickly," gasped Anne, when they had gone. "Leave the valise and I will see that you get it later. Only come now," and down the stairs to the front door she lead me, and out into the vestibule we both stole softly, "and now please go quickly," she said, as I lingered. "But may I return some day?" "O, yes! only go now." But mayn't I claim something before I go," said I, "as you did of me," and I know that those beautiful cheeks were on fire at the thought of that kiss. "No! no! not tonight; do please go now. O well, then, if you must."

At this moment, the electric lights on the hall and vestibule lighted, and we stood facing three angry men, Pa, cousin George and John. The latter calmly covered me with his detestable shooting iron. "Are you aware, sir," he began, "that you have your arm around my sister; and sir, how dare you kiss her as you did just now?" The fact is that I was aware of the situation of my member and as to the other, I heartily agreed that it was a great piece of presumption.

"Sir," gasped the irate parent, "explain your presence here, and your imposition, as well as your conduct to my daughter." I thought verily that I would explode before he finished.

"We will send for the police, sir," said John, "and meantime we will lock you in the cellar." Anne was furious, and several times burst out with, "Father, am I not old enough to ——," but Pa, each time cut her short, and finally ordered her to her room. They proceeded to conduct me to the cellar, although I suggested that they might take me to the station immediately, considering that it was three to one, I could not escape.

To the cellar I went, and prepared to resign myself to wait for the police, when suddenly there came a soft knock on the door, and Anne's voice asked, "Is it you?" Upon my admitting my identity, she unlocked the door, put my valise into my hands and led me mysteriously to a back door, and thence out. Of course I may add that I saw Anne

again, many times after that, and that one day, having overcome even the dislike and misgivings of John and Pa, I led her smiling up the church aisle to the altar, and after that no one disputed my right to claim a kiss whenever I liked.

H. M. E.

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### Bill Carter.

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It had been a fine autumn day and the sun was sinking behind the last mountain range. Its rays danced over the little lake and the long shadows, which played across its placid surface, were commencing to lengthen and fade.

I had wandered in the woods from early morning and now I was content to sit in silence on the little veranda and enjoy the peaceful twilight scene.

I had come to the Catskills, in preference to the busy sea shore, to spend a quiet month, and now the day for hurrying back to the mad, rushing city had nearly come. As I sat there, how I dreaded those long days at the desk and those endless hours of hustle which soon again I must begin. How different they seemed from this life and in what contrast with this scene of peace. But in life the law is motion and motion means change. One cannot expect all the bright sides at one time. They come in kind of checker board form.

As I sat there my gaze happened to fall upon a little, unpainted house below in the valley. It was a strange little shanty and I well remembered the day that I had passed by it on my way to the Presence Springs. It was situated on no road and had but two small windows and one door. From the weather it had taken a brownish-gray color, like the tree trunks. On one side there was a high wooded bluff, and on the other, with a ravine between, stretched a vast forest. If an unobserving visitor should by chance pass, very likely his glance would not be attracted to the little house, but anyone seeing it could not help wondering to whom such a dwelling belonged. As I sat there, the house was hidden from my sight by the darkness, but I well

recollected the night that I had returned to the little inn and how I had searched the bluff and at last found the house nestled among the trees. I had asked the hotel proprietor whose dwelling it was, but he only said that before I left, if I still cared to know, he would tell me.

At that moment I waked from my musings, and turning I saw the inn keeper close beside me looking intently in the direction of the little house. We were the only ones on the veranda and, as I turned, he said: "You were thinking of the little house below, were you not, and about who lives there?" As he spoke he pointed. "Indeed, you have guessed correctly this time," I said. "Well," he replied, "it is a long story, but as I told you I would tell it to you some time before you left; I will do it now, if you care to listen." Of course I was anxious to hear the story and so the old fellow, having filled his pipe and taken a chair beside me, began the following tale:

"About five years ago, in my old home town of Anawaida, a place about ninety miles west of here, we had a great epidemic of small pox. The malady spread rapidly and at one time there were some seventy cases. Among the families that suffered most from the disease was that of William Carter, who lost his wife and their four children. 'Old Bill,' as he was called, was left practically without relatives, although I believe he had a sister in England.

" 'Old Bill' was a peculiar kind of man. He was a kind hearted fellow and a great favorite with all the children of the town. Bill had one accomplishment. He was a fine musician. He could play almost any instrument and I never knew him to fail on any piece of music that he ever tried. 'Old Bill' certainly was a musical genius if there is such a thing.

" Well, all Carter's family having died, he was dissatisfied with life in Anawaida. It was in early May that all this happened and about the time that I usually open up here in the mountains. Bill had often done work about the house for me and he had taught my elder son to play upon the violin. I had always liked the fellow and I remember that one day, after he had sawed up a pile of boards, he had asked me if I supposed I could find any work at the mountain hotel

for him. 'Well, Bill,' said I, 'perhaps I can; you might come along and we'll see.' The outcome was that I gave Bill a job. Well, he stayed all season with me that year and when we closed the hotel he had saved up quite a sum of money. I recollect how the poor fellow took me by the hand when I started away, and with tears in his eyes bade me good bye at least a dozen times. 'Jim,' said he, 'you don't know how I'll miss you, but I'm going to build a little shanty up here and I'll be on hand next Spring if I can winter all right.'

"I did not see Carter for five months and then he came to Anawaida with a couple of violins which he had made. These he sold easily, and after stopping in my office a few moments, he departed for the mountains again. Bill was generally reserved, but I managed to find out from him that he had built 'his shanty,' as he called it, and was living as best he could.

"The next May, when I returned to the hotel, I found a dead body lying in the back room of the store house. It had been badly eaten, so badly in fact that the features could not be distinguished at all. I knelt over the body and soon it came to me that this must be 'Old Bill,' and that, becoming sick, he had crawled into the store house and died. The door was unfastened and I could tell by the way things were scattered about the room that some kind of encounter must have taken place there. It was plain, too, that it must have been with some animal, because the body was gnawed and most of the flesh devoured.

"I carefully took up the remains and called in a few of my mountain neighbors. We made a crude coffin for 'Old Bill.' The mountain men had often seen the old fellow around the hotel and had learned to like his simple way. With such simple ceremony as the circumstances permitted, we buried the body in his back yard. Such, I thought, was the sad end of poor Bill Carter. Yet, perhaps after all this might not have been Carter's body but that of some unfortunate traveler, who had wandered there and possibly had been driven into the store house by wolves and there killed.

"I never had noticed the little house up to that time, but one day, while on a long walk over the bluff yonder," and the proprietor

pointed across the ridge now just visible in the moonlight, "I came to the queer, unpainted, one-doored house which you saw. I did not stop to examine it, however. I was rather well acquainted with the surrounding country, but I never had seen the place before. However, I took for granted that this must be the house built by the poor violin maker. I turned, after I had passed it, and looked back, but did not feel like breaking into the dead man's dwelling, and afterwards feeling grew stronger upon me. Often after that I passed the little house but I never could quite make up my mind to go in. It was the only thing poor Bill had left and I felt a reluctance to disfigure it.

"Somehow, after the burial of the body, Bill's house came to be thought haunted. The simple mountain people went out of their way to avoid passing it and the feeling grew stronger with time.

"One day, about a year after this, as I was driving along a mountain road some twenty miles from here, I noticed ahead of me a man carrying something in his arms. As I came nearer to him I saw that what he was holding was covered with a shawl and that he carried it with much care. The man limped and seemed to be very tired. He scarcely noticed me and would have passed without speaking had I not hailed him. As I spoke I stopped my horse and for the first time he looked up at me. I bent forward and peered into his face. Where had I seen that face before? and then it flashed over me that the man standing before me was none other than "Old Bill" Carter. I sprang from the high carriage seat to the ground and grasped his arm. He looked at me a moment and then recognized me, or seemed to do so, for he stooped and placed his bundle carefully upon the ground and rising again, seized my hand, appeared greatly pleased to see me. Still it seemed to me that he did not yet know who I was. "Bill," I said, "do you know me?" and then it all came to him. I have never seen a fellow so pleased at seeing another, as Bill was me. He even danced around me, with my hands clasped in his. At this moment the bundle moved and he again picked it up with care. This time he raised the edge of the shawl and showed me the little face of a baby.

"No one ever found out where 'Old Bill' had been, or where he had gotten the baby. Once more his old house was opened and Carter

again began to do the chores at the hotel. The baby grew stronger under the old fellow's tender care.

"One fine August morning, he did not come, as usual, to his work and so I walked over to his little dwelling, which I had visited often since Bill had returned. I entered without knocking, and not seeing him in the living room, went to his bed room. There on the bed lay "Old Bill," his face turned up, and a horrible expression of anguish was upon it. Close beside him, with its little head on his arm, lay the baby, playing with Bill's fingers. I moved about as quietly as I could but the sick man must have heard me, for suddenly he sat upright in bed and a wild look came into his eyes. He sat there a moment, with his gaze fixed upon me, and then slowly sank back. I stepped to his bed-side and bent over him, but 'Old Bill' had passed away.

"And now as to what became of the little baby." At that moment the hotel keeper's younger boy came out upon the veranda and seeing us broke into a run. "Here is 'Old Bill's' baby now, he said, and taking the little one upon his lap held it fondly. "You see," he continued, "after the old fellow's death, I felt sorry for the baby and so we took it ourselves. We buried Carter's body just back of his house, in his little sunny garden. Here every day the sun streams over the grave, and warms it. Some people will not pass the shanty now, and many of the mountain folks speak of it yet as 'Old Bill' Carter's haunted house."

L. H. G.



### College News.

The north wing of Hanna Hall has been completed and occupied. The other stairways are nearing completion and their readiness for occupation is a question of only a few weeks.

On Thursday, November 5th, the matriculation of new students took place. After the singing of a *Te Deum* and a few introductory prayers and observances, the large Freshman class was matriculated with the usual reading of the majestic founders' memorial and the observance of the other rites peculiar to Founders' Day. Immediately after the matriculation the first Bedell lecture was delivered by Right Reverend the Bishop of Albany. The lecture was an able and eloquent one. The second lecture was delivered on the afternoon of the same day, and the third was delivered on the following morning. The subjects of the addresses were "Evidence," "Experience," and "Influence," and they will be printed in due time by the college. This is the first time that attendance upon the lectures has not been compulsory, and it must be confessed that attendance on the part of the students was deplorably small. We feel compelled to express our regret at the manifestation in this matter of a spirit which does little credit either to the courtesy or to the intelligence of those that display it.

The new college catalogue is out and can be obtained at the president's office. It shows a total undergraduate registration, up to date, of 116. Before the end of the year this will doubtless exceed 120, which is pretty close to the limit.

### Alumni Notes.

DIED—Henry Livingston Richards, of the class of 1838, died at Winchester, Mass., Sunday, November 8th, in the ninetyeth year of his age. The funeral services were held at St. Mary's Church, Winchester, Tuesday, November 10th, at 10 A. M.

Those of the Alumni who visited the Hill during the past month are as follows: W. F. Webb, '76; The Rev. Rolla Dyer, '76; Major Harry Coupland Benson, '78; W. M. Townsend, '79; B. B. Schultz, '88; H. H. Kennedy, '96; L. Thornberry, '96; C. W. Webb, '96; Dr. Henry Stanberry, '96; P. B. Stanberry, '98; W. H. Clarke '98; J. W. Diamond, '98; R. Southworth, '00; H. Shontz, ex. '00; George Russell, '01; J. C. Simmerman, '01; A. E. Filmore, '01; R. C. Harper, '01; A. J. Aubrey, '02; E. A. Rodgers, '02; A. T. Bagley, '02; W. S. Jackson, '03; L. T. P. Cromley, '03.

Eugene McCutcheon, ex. '00, is in charge of the Newark office of the Logan Gas Company.

E. S. Ballard, ex. '00, has removed from New York to Chicago.

H. Shontz, ex. '00, is paymaster's clerk in the general army department.

J. V. Blake, '00, has gone from Akron to Detroit. He is in the branch office of the Goodyear Rubber Company.

Hart Stanberry, '00, is hunting in the Maine woods.

A. T. Bagley, '02, is with the U. S. Geological Survey.

Tate Cromley, '03, plays left half-back on the Georgetown University team and has won his G.

Hammond, '03, has accepted a position in a bank in Pittsburgh, having resigned his place in the Steubenville bank.

W. H. Eisenmann, '03, had a poem descriptive of his journey to the West in the Jamestown weekly.

R. R. Munger, '03, is assistant city engineer at Geneva.

C. M. Aves, ex. '04, is pursuing a course of study in the University of Texas.

The Editor-in-chief is in receipt of an interesting letter from Chicago, which will doubtless prove of interest to many of the students :

NOVEMBER 14, 1903.

On Friday, Nov. 6, the Kenyon Alumni Association of Chicago held an informal dinner and smoker at the University Club, and I hope that you will find room for a brief account in the next issue of THE COLLEGIAN.

There were only eleven alumni present but what was lacking in numbers was more than made up by the enthusiasm developed. Mr. W. P. Elliott acted as toastmaster, and after the cigars and punch had been passed, Messrs. Henry J. Peet, Rev. Geo. B. Pratt, Chas. M. Sturgis, Wm. N. Wyant and Eugene Ballard were successively called upon to respond.

Mr. Peet, the president of the Association, gave an excellent account of last commencement week in Gambier, and while he said that this had been his first visit in many years, he expressed a determination to allow nothing to interfere with his regular return in the future and urged all those who have not been on the Hill in recent years to return and see for themselves the rapid progress which the old college is making under the present executive head. It is only to be regretted that there were not more of those present who have been long enough out of college to allow their love for their Alma Mater to become overclouded by the more active interests of everyday life.

Mr. Pratt spoke of the work of the college in connection with the church, and then, in lighter vein, he read several amusing extracts

from the first copy of THE COLLEGIAN, published in 1855, and from the "Reville Ye," a travesty of the "Reveille" published by certain "nameless" members of the class of '70.

Mr. Sturgis entertained the company with several humorous anecdotes, which broke the ice for several stories from different members of the company, including the toastmaster, which served to enlighten the younger men present as to "how it was done in my time."

Mr. Wyant responded for the newly graduated class of 1903 and demonstrated clearly that the happy faculty of after dinner speaking is not confined to those of the advanced years of Mr. Chauncey M. Depew.

Mr. Ballard spoke for the Alumni Association of New York, of which he is a member, and said that, after gaining a degree after four years of work at an Eastern University, he found true college life only when he came to Kenyon.

An informal discussion of college matters in general followed and that result was accomplished which was one of the objects of holding this reunion, viz.: that the younger men might get in touch with the older graduates, and the advantage derived from this contact was mutual. The ease and wit with which Mr. Elliott filled the office of toastmaster added largely to the enjoyment of the evening.

The enforced absence of Mr. Fred. W. Harnwell, the secretary of the Association, owing to the illness of a child, was a matter of great regret to all present. We are glad to say that Mr. Harnwell's child has since completely recovered.

The president and secretary of the Association having both expressed a desire that their term of office should end, an election of officers was held. Mr. Harnwell was elected president, and Mr. Convers Goddard, secretary, of the Kenyon Alumni Association of Chicago.

The gathering broke up in time for certain of the members who live in the suburbs to catch their trains, though some of the younger

members were unwilling to relinquish each other's society at so early an hour.

The annual dinner of the Association will be held later in the winter on a date which will be convenient to President Peirce.

A list of those present is as follows: W. P. Elliott, Rev. George B. Pratt, Henry J. Peet, Eugene Ballard, Chas. M. Sturgis, Geo. F. Russell, Convers Goddard, Thos. J. Goddard, Wm. N. Wyant, John Rathbone and Walter D. Connor.

Yours faithfully,  
CONVERS GODDARD.



# ATHLETES



KENYON, 22; DENISON, 12.

In a one-sided game, Kenyon easily defeated Denison on October 24th. The Kenyon supporters went down the field with gloomy forebodings owing to the poor showing made at Columbus the preceding Saturday, and to the vaunted puissance of the worthy folk from Granville. Kenyon was further handicapped by having to open the game with four substitutes and numerous cripples. Once the game was started all fears were at an end. Our substitute backs went through the line and around the ends at will, while Denison would probably never have scored at all but for the referee—at best on “flukes.” An official who says “Did I blow my whistle? I don’t remember!” ought certainly not be given another opportunity to exhibit his imbecility on a Kenyon field.

## LINE UP.

KENYON	POSITIONS	DENISON
Quinn.....	Left End.....	Loughride
Gawne.....	Left Tackle.....	Van Horn
Ricketts.....	Left Guard.....	Howell
Holmes.....	Center.....	Hixon
Rockwell.....	Right Guard.....	Bailey
Irvine.....	Right Tackle.....	Davis
York.....	Right End.....	Shephardson
Jackson.....	Quarter Back.....	Roudebush
Hall.....	Left Half Back.....	Trego
Brown.....	Right Half Back.....	Van Horris
Laudick.....	Full Back.....	Johnson

Touchdowns—Laudick, 4; Roudebush, 1; Johnson, 1. Goals—Rockwell, 2; Roudebush, 2.

## UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI, 0; KENYON, 18.

Six years ago Kenyon played U. C. in Cincinnati and was defeated 18 to 0. On October 31, Kenyon went to Cincinnati, but this time Kenyon left the field victorious, scoring three touchdowns and kicking the three goals. Kenyon was in good condition and played a fine offensive game, losing the ball on downs but once. The game was replete with long runs and good tackling by the U. C. players.

In the first half Ricketts kicked off over U. C.'s goal line. A thirty-yard kick was made by U. C. from the twenty-five yard line. By a series of bucks Kenyon returned the ball twenty yards when they were forced to kick, the ball going to the five yard line. U. C. was forced to kick, being unable to gain against the strong line of Kenyon. Jackson made a twenty-five yard run and Boggs bucked over the goal line. Rockwell kicked the goal.

Kenyon kicked off to Nelson, who returned the ball twenty yards before he was downed. U. C. could not gain and punted. The Kenyon backs then bucked steadily down the field, making about six yards each buck. Boggs again bucked the ball over the line and Rockwell kicked goal.

Ricketts again made a long kick-off over the goal line. U. C. kicked to Kenyon from the twenty-five yard line. U. C. got the ball on a fumble but were forced to kick. Jackson made a good run to the ten yard line where he was downed. Brown bucked two yards and the first half was up.

In the second half the ball was kept in the center of the field and was devoid of interest except the quarter back kick, which Quinn caught and made a good run for the third touchdown. Rockwell kicked goal.

## LINE UP.

U. C.	POSITIONS	KENYON
Flach	Left End	York
Brokaw	Left Tackle	Gawne
Schaeffer	Left Guard	Ricketts
McClure	Center	Holmes

McCray	Right Guard	Rockwell
Kreimer	Right Tackle	Irvine
Hurley	Right End	Quinn
Weisman	Quarter Back	Jackson
Inott, Nippert	Left Half Back	Boggs, Hall
Nelson	Right Half Back	Brown
Dickerson	Full Back	Lee

Times of Halves, 20 minutes. Referee, Morrill. Umpire, Johnson. Linesman, Lewis.

Touchdowns—Boggs, 2; Quinn, 2. Goals—Rockwell 3.

#### KENYON 17—WESLEYAN 38.

Kenyon was decisively defeated by Wesleyan in a poorish game on the 7th. Both teams were weak on defense, but when Wesleyan had the ball she showed the superior speed and endurance which comes, not as a result of better coaching, which she certainly has not had, but on account of the more faithful training which her men have evidently observed. It is becoming increasingly evident that some of the team are habitual offenders in this line.

KENYON	LINE UP.	WESLEYAN
Quinn	Left End	Rardin
Gawne	Left Tackle	Kellar
Ricketts	Left Guard	Hultz and Smith
Rockwell	Center	Wyker
Stephens	Right Guard	Hickox
Irvine	Right Tackle	Searle and Kennedy
York	Right End	Tultz
Jackson	Quarter	Rittenour
Boggs and Hall	Left Half Back	Evans
Brown	Right Half Back	Riker
Lee	Full Back	Lewis

Touchdown, Riker 3; Kellar, 2; Lee, 2; Horn, Lewis, Ricketts. Goals, Hickox, 3; Rockwell, 2.

Umpire, Morrill, Cincinnati. Referee, Inglis, W. and J. Headlinesman, Riddle, W. and J. Timers, Brayton and May; twenty-five minute halves.

#### KENYON 10—WOOSTER 11.

Our confidence and unfaithful training probably go a long way to account for the defeat which Kenyon suffered on November 14th. It is true that we played numerous substitutes, but still had the pace been sustained during the first ten minutes of play when our two touchdowns were made, there can be little doubt as to the outcome.

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### Correspondence.

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THE EDITOR COLLEGIAN.

DEAR SIR: In looking over a back number of the COLLEGIAN I notice an editorial on the advisability of wearing caps and gowns by the whole student body. I think I speak for a large number of my classmates when I say we are in favor of it. It will emphasize the tone of the place which should be, and is more dignified and academic than that of any other college in this country. Kenyon is a grand old classical college, and an academic garb would be in keeping with her traditions and surroundings.

SOPHOMORE.

KENYON, Nov. 15, 1903.

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THE EDITOR OF THE COLLEGIAN.

DEAR SIR—Perhaps some of the readers of the COLLEGIAN will be able to enlighten the writer of this as to the significance of one of the stones in the north wall of Rosse Hall. The stone referred to is about five feet from the ground at about the middle of the wall. On this stone are carved the letters B. C. W. carefully executed in Old English capitals. Just below the letters is a design which resembles an inverted interrogation point.

Having never heard an explanation of this matter I would like to be enlightened.

Sincerely,

KENYONMSIS.

### Among the Colleges.

There are fifty men on the Yale football squad, fifty-seven on Harvard, and thirty-five on Princeton, (and thirty-three at Kenyon.)

The young country editor fell in love with the clergyman's daughter. The next time he went to church he was rather taken back when the preacher announced his text: "My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil."—*Ex.*

The return of Coffin, the stroke of the Cornell crew, to the football training squad has filled the hearts of the red and white supporters with joy.

Yale and Harvard have been running pretty even for the last four years. Each university has won one game and the other games have been tied.

The Harvard stadium, built for the Yale-Harvard game at Cambridge, is the best in the country.

