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College Calendar.

1893.

CHRISTMAS TERM.

Sept. 12—Tuesday ........................................ Examinations for Admission.
13—Wednesday ........................................ Term opens at 5 o'clock P. M.
20—Wednesday ........................................ Preparatory School opens.
Oct. 5—Thursday ........................................ Theological School opens.
Nov. 1—All Saints Day ................................ Founders' Day.
29—Thursday ........................................ Thanksgiving.
Dec. 20—Wednesday .................................. Term Examinations begin.

1894.

EASTER TERM.

Jan. 10—Wednesday .................................. Term opens at 5 o'clock P. M.
Feb. 8—Thursday ........................................ Ash Wednesday.
22—Thursday ........................................ Washington's Birthday.
23—Friday ............................................... Good Friday.
25—Sunday ............................................. Easter.

Mar. 28—Wednesday .................................. Term Examinations begin.

Chas. A. Dermody,
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This seems to be just exactly what a great number of our own students fear. This class includes particularly the scholarship men, who, realizing that they have neither time nor means to “waste,” as they express it, prefer to keep away from all college associations and stick closely to their books and books alone.

The Student, in an editorial, defends the athlete on the grounds that his class make the best showing in the class room. This sounds to us like the old primary school story of the boy who, first on the play ground, was always first in his class, while in reality, of course, the opposite was just as often true. But let our editorial defend the college politician, as well as his athletic brother. We have just spoken of the bookworm and his aversion to anything that takes time from his studies.

Now, what in the world is this man going to amount to after he steps from the graduating platform with his diploma, summa cum laude. He has spent his course in working for grades and of course he has gotten them. But what else has he gathered in those four long and valuable years? Absolutely nothing. How is his honor grade to carry him through life and earn him a living? Who will know of it at all? He necessarily has acquired a slight polish from an unavoidable rubbing against those whose ideas are not so misled, but nobody would in the least suspect that he was a college man.

We believe that a college education
does not consist in a thoroughness in Greek, Latin, Analytical Geometry, Psychology, and so on; but, while these studies certainly develop our mind, and are not to be despised, experience is to be our chief goal. What are scholarship grades, anyhow? They are nothing. Who of us will not forget his classics and higher mathematics within two or three years of his graduation, unless his calling is of such a nature that he is continually brushed up and reminded of them? The college is a little world of itself, and to receive a true education the student must step forth into it and become a part of it. We now have among us—hardly among us, either—men, whose shallow brains this idea has never reached. They will always be narrow-minded until the outside world has taught them the lesson, which in the course of time it teaches everybody, be he college man or one not so fortunate.

To this class of students, four valuable years have been wasted. They show none of the polish and culture that college graduates should show, and Kenyon hates to acknowledge such people as her sons.

What has become of the "Sophomore" Cotillion of which we have heard so much? For the past two years there has been a great deal of talk, and talk only, on the part of the Sophomore class concerning the giving of a dance in the fall term. This year the same subject arose, and we expected a great deal more from it. Class meetings were held and committees appointed to make the necessary preparations, but all has so far amounted to naught. The "great and glorious" class of '96 has always been thoroughly confident of its own merits, and has not been in the least backward in self-praise, so what was more natural for us to expect this fall, than the swellest society event that ever graced our beautiful halls. And now it seems that we are doomed to disappointment, and we are, however unwillingly, forced to realize and recognize the fact that Kenyon College can exist a whole term without any action on the part of these important Sophomores.

We now have two beautiful dances a year, one in the second term and one in the third, and why should we not entertain as well in the fall? Besides, why should the Sophomores not furnish the entertainment? As far as expense is concerned, they enjoy the lightest year in the course, and as to ability, they invariably regard themselves as the most capable class. The custom remains to be given a start, and '97 will immortalize itself in college annals by giving it.

During the last commencement week, one very noticeable thing detracted greatly from the general success. That was the conflict of events. Several times we were forced to choose between two attractions, both of which would have been very interesting to us, because they came off at the same time. Again, our visitors were greatly disappointed by a delay. On Monday evening the prize drill at the Academy was to have come off shortly after sundown. The sophomore orations were to follow this. After the greater crowd of spectators had gathered on the parade ground, for no reason whatever, unless, perhaps, to delay the proceedings in Ascension Hall, it was announced that the drill had been postponed half an hour. Meanwhile quite an audience had assembled to hear the prize speaking, and, of course, it was a great disappointment to them to wait in a close hall till the drill
was over. Then on Tuesday night the Phi Beta Kappa oration conflicted with the K. M. A. hop, and, as in most similar cases, the dance had the preference, the orator spoke before a very small audience indeed, though it is true that it was not generally known that persons outside of the membership of the society were welcome. All this is unnecessary. Commencement week is certainly long enough to allow its events to come one at a time. No conflicts should be made in the schedule, and, when a schedule is once agreed upon, all should abide by it.

There has been a great deal of dissatisfaction among the alumni caused by the election of the '95 Reveille board by the class. Many of them claim that our annual has always heretofore been published by the fraternities of Kenyon College, and, as two of our fraternities are not represented in the class of '95, they claim that an injustice has been done. It has never been the policy of the Collegian to mingle in fraternity affairs, nor is it now; for we represent the student body at large, but we now are going to take the liberty of overstepping our line for once. This dissatisfaction simply rests upon one question, of course: Who published the Reveille in time past? One side claims it for the fraternities, one for the junior class. Each side is perfectly sure that it is right. It happens that the Collegian has a complete file of our annual, from the time that it discarded newspaper form and became a bound book, and eleven numbers have been gotten out by the class, while the fraternities can show but five. One of the five can hardly be accounted for, the printer gave such dissatisfaction that the book was never accepted and issued. For class reasons, therefore, '95 decided not to change the custom, and they were undoubtedly right in so doing. It has also been said that in other colleges the annual is invariably published by the fraternities. This is not true, for the division between class and society is about equal. Knowing the opinions of the managing editor, we can promise this much to the fraternity men, that all will be fairly represented, and that no imposition whatever will appear in its pages. There is a possibility that the board may be changed, we hear. If the class agree upon this, all right. It is their business. If not, considering the class as a whole, they are still right. The objections to them are wholly unfounded. However, a change of custom will be more agreeable to all next year, and this we certainly favor.

IN GOD'S GOOD TIME.

In God's good time, we'll see the reason why To some he gives, to others must deny: We will not think it strange, nor wonder then Why different gifts he gives to different men. In God's good time, when years have ceased to roll, And ages traced their flight upon the soul, We'll see the reason for our grief and pain, And know what then seemed loss to us was gain.

In God's good time, no sigh will seek release; The angry waves of passion sink to peace; The life will know that simple, restful calm; The soul will breathe the hourly age's psalm.

In God's good time, with all life's lesson learned, The reason for this training then discerned,— In God's good time, on Jordan's farther shore, We'll know why some have less, why others more. —John A. Howell.

All college sports at Kentucky University are now forbidden. The action on the part of the faculty of that institution was taken because of gambling at the games.
HOME RULE OR ROME RULE.

It has been said that home rule would satisfy Irish aspirations, Irish national aspirations. Let us consider what are national aspirations. What is a nation? Is a nation merely a geographical expression? Does it represent only the people who live in a given geographical area? No. This would indeed be a shallow interpretation for such a word. Nationality means something more than living together in one island. It means a community of historical associations, political ideas, and religious views. It means an identity of ideal aspirations. In this sense Ireland is not a nation at the present, the religious differences of the various sections of Irish society are deeper, and seem more difficult, perhaps, to be laid aside than like differences in any other country in the world. It is a most unhappy fact that there are in Ireland two nations, two sets of aspirations, two ideals, two sets of historic memories.

If this be so, and it surely is, what can be said of the political wisdom of those statesmen who would cut Ireland adrift and say to her, “You are a nation and as such work out your own salvation.”

So much is said nowadays concerning the question of Home Rule for Ireland that it may be well to consider here what it really means. Unfortunately we, in the United States, hear but one side of the question. We are told that the whole population of Ireland, with the exception of a few agitators, is clamoring for Home Rule, but when we learn that there are two million of the most enlightened and prosperous citizens of that island, who are bitterly opposed to Home Rule in any shape or form, we naturally stop to inquire what can be the reason for such opposition. Mr. Gladstone’s Home Rule bill, which has passed the House of Commons, means to the protestants of Ireland the placing over their heads of a hateful ascendancy — the ascendancy of the priest on the one hand and that of the rebel and mercenary agitator on the other.

In fact, Home Rule might best be rendered by Rome Rule, for religion is at the bottom of it all. Past experience has taught the protestants of Ireland that their Roman Catholic countrymen cannot be trusted. The history of Ireland from 1688-90, and the records of 1798, show the infamous attempts of the Roman Catholics to rob the loyalists of their civil and religious liberties. The result of these attempts is a matter of history, but the names of Derry, Aughrim, Inniskillen and the Boyne, are not likely to be forgotten.

But to come down to our own time. When we consider what the Land League and boycotting have done for Ireland, we may well ask, “Could cruelty grow worse than that of the men who wreaked their vengeance on dumb cattle and left them weltering in their blood? Could the malice of the infernal regions exceed that of the men who issued the decree of boycotting, so that men were shunned in the streets, in the church, in the market; living as outcasts among their fellow-men; and if death came to relieve them, no one could be found to make their winding sheets or their collins?”

All this they did against men who happened to differ from them in their political or religious views. The perpetrators of these crimes are the men into whose hands Mr. Gladstone would deliver the loyalists of Ireland; into the hands of men steeped to the lips in treason Ulster-men are proud to be a part of the British
Empire, of which they form an integral portion. They love that flag under which they have so long enjoyed prosperity and freedom. What has converted the once sterile province of Ulster into what is today the most prosperous part of Ireland? What has given it its linen factories and its ship yards? Who have brought Belfast from a little hamlet in the last century to that city which today ranks as the third port in the United Kingdom, with a population of almost three hundred thousand? The answer is, "The zeal of the men of Ulster hath done this." Is it then surprising that they should be unwilling to exchange the unity, liberty and prosperity which they have so long enjoyed under the British Parliament for vassalage under the capricious dogmas of a disorderly and absurd assembly in Dublin, which must be controlled by the Healys, the Sextons, the Dillons, and the O'Briens, with, perhaps, the spiritual supremacy of Archbishop Walsh?

The world knows that the men of Ulster and, in fact, the mass of the protestant population, represent the wealth, intelligence and loyalty of Ireland. In their veins runs that splendid Anglo-Saxon blood which has flowed on many a battlefield in defense of civil and religious liberty, and which has girdled the globe with empires. The loyalists of Ireland are determined to resist to the bitter end Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule bill, which, to quote the eloquent and forcible description given of it by the Bishop of Derry, is, morally, the great betrayal; logically, the great fallacy; religiously, the great sectarianism; socially, the great break-up; imperially, the great break-down.

In the face of a five-fold danger of such magnitude, is it any wonder that such opposition should be shown by the men who have the welfare of Ireland at heart, and who have done so much to advance her interests? The time will come when the American people will realize what the aspirations of the Church of Rome are, for already the occupant of the chair of St. Peter stretches out his hand to press the button which is to set the machinery in motion. Those who clamor for Home Rule have very little to lose, while those who have the wealth of Ireland, in their hands, and are opposed to it, signify their intention of seeking happier climes, if Mr. Gladstone should succeed in forcing his infamous measure upon them. So it seems as though Mr. Gladstone wishes to sap the foundations and impair the existence of Protestantism; for not content with disestablishing the church in Ireland and endowing the Roman Catholic College at Maynooth, he now desires to hand over the loyalists to the tender mercies of their ancient enemies, but Ulster, Ireland from the Giant's Causeway, to the Cove of Cork, thunders, "Never!"

D. W. THORNBERY, '96.

IDEALISM IN LITERATURE.

Third Foley Prize Oration.

The intervention of the human intellect in all reproductions of nature intended to be exact imitations, adds a coloring or casts a shadow that is not in the original. An imitation is infused with the vitality, with the spirituality, and the sympathy of the imitator. A painter imports himself into his painting, and his work is colored by those qualities which form the foundation of individuality. Accuracy can only be obtained by the use of that contrivance of mechanical art, the camera. For man turns from what is discordant in actuality and, moved by instinctive aestheticism,
substitutes harmony. The accuracy of
the camera is impossible to him, since his
production is full of his own personality,
permeated with his own soul. There
exists in his mind an ingredient which
must be added to his perception of nature
before nature can give expression to truth,
and thus the ideal is formed. Might we
not, then, call idealism in art the elabora-
tion of that inaccuracy which distin-
guishes a man from a machine, and the
introduction of that subjective quality
which distinguishes a painting from a
photograph? Do we not agree with
Aristotle in his affirmation that "Nature
has the will but not the power to realize
perfection?" Therefore, in search for
beauty, the human intellect conceives the
ideal which is only the projection of
experience, and the summit of excellence is
attained.

How majestic and beautiful is the art of
the poet who strips off veil after veil
from the signification of ordinary scenes
of life, and discloses to us a deeper mean-
ing than we had ever imagined hidden
under familiar circumstances! The noble
instinct innate in every poet to search for
beauty, leads him to discard all the com-
monplaces of this life, and, fired by a vig-
orous imagination, to strike out boldly
into realms as yet unentered; to endeavor
to throw aside all peculiarities and ab-
normities, and to disclose the true object
beneath its superficial covering. The
imagination, when thus used, is not a
false and deceitful distorser which aims
at the production of fantastic hallucina-
tions, but is a true and beautiful ex-
pounder of the deepest truths of hidden
relations to which every other gate into
our thoughts than the gate of imagina-
tion is closed. "Poetic art," Shelley
truly says, "improves upon nature; the
world of the poet is a fairer one than was
ever seen by mortal eye."—

The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream,—
and hence his imagined world may well
become the foundation of the actual
—one—the type which men seek to real-
ize." "Poetry is the only verity—the
expression of a sound mind speaking
after the ideal, and not after the ap-
parent." Imagination and idealism in this
broad field of literature—this beautiful
treasure house, need no defense, for with-
out imagination and idealism there would
be no poetry.

Every man views the world through his
own eyes, influenced by his own prej-
dices and idiosyncrasies. The writer who
endeavors to make his production of
humanity representative of reality, fails
to free it from that subjective quality
which stamps it as a human individual
effort. The minds of men are impressed
differently by the same fact, and they
therefore judge, analyze, and distinguish
with different purposes. A conception of
the world different from our own is all
that we can gain from an attempted re-
production of reality.

But what is the province of fiction—
that field of literature which offers grea-
est opportunity for realism and idealism?
Shall it concern itself only with the
apparent and the doubtful in humanity,
or, rather, should it not strive to be a por-
trayal of the inner soul of humanity? A
man is not what is obvious at first sight,
and nothing more. He has a soul, an
intellect, a personality, which can not be
seen at a hurried glance. His true nature
is not evident at all once, but by a sign
here and a look there, by a few words per-
haps, some insight is gradually obtained
as to his true worth. This true nature
does the idealist discover by careful study, assisted by egotism; and it is his duty to portray for us that true character. For is not the true aim of fiction to furnish the world with models for assistance in comprehending all that is meant by life? Gladstone says that “Lofty examples in comprehensive form are, without doubt, one of the greatest standing needs of our race.” Fiction, powerful and influential, abuses its great privilege and defeats its own purpose if it fails to supply those examples. A noble example, though the creation of a mind, serves as a readable sermon to all men. The value of its influence as a teacher of morals is inestimable.

An obscene and disgusting production, when supported by the plea of realism, secures the author against popular opinion, but he who claims to be a disciple of realism can not have too great a regard for the purity of what he writes, for it is taken as an indication of the condition of his mind. Should anything be an excuse for lowering the criterion of purity in literature when literature is a power, and a great power in this world—an indication of the present condition and present tendencies of humanity, and also an influential factor in directing the course of humanity? It can not be raised too high. The conception of a man, revealed by the divestiture of all extrinsic excellencies and of apparent virtues, but refined and exalted by being the creation of a mind as highly sensitive to purity of its creation as it is responsible for it, can never fail to be worthy of emulation by all who come under its influence. The rejection of all that is false and external, the ennobling of all that is true and virtuous, the constant search for whatever is inherently characteristic, the detection and deposition of all hypocrisy and deceit, make an ideal that is the incarnation of all good.

Does not our great Creator, before the glance of whose eye the mist of deceitfulness which surrounds us vanishes—does not He search the hearts? So ought those to whom has been given this power in a lesser degree and who have the ability to convey to others the results of their labors—so ought they to use these powers to the best interests of mankind; and for the betterment of humanity.

GEORGE P. ATWATER.

THE STUDENT'S RIOT JULY 2d.

Oh! la pauvre fille, pauvre fille. This refrain of a popular French song, intermingled with the sounds of the orchestra and the skurrying of dancing feet, added itself to the usual noises of the Boulevard St. Michel. The ball was at its height; the Cafe de la Source, to-night the envy of its neighboring rivals, teemed with crowds of dancing students, while its gai-colored windows and variegated lights threw fantastic shadows on the crowds outside in the Boulevard.

Eat, drink, and be merry has, to-night, changed to sing, dance, drink, and be merry; gaiety and excitement everywhere ruled supreme. Yet still another sound added itself to the tumult—the regular tramp of many feet, soon followed by the warning, angry murmur of the crowds outside. The Prefect of Police had kept his word, and, while the happy, careless student sang his refrain and sipped his book, was marching his squad of gendarmes on the scene of their revelry.

The student balls were at last to be stopped; the edict against them was to be complied with, and the traditions of
student freedom from all restraints, moral and civil, were to meet an inglorious death at the feet of the false god of revelry which they had served to erect.

Suddenly the music and the dancing stopped, while the angry matterings became louder and louder. The men crowded towards the doors, only to meet at the gilded entrance the body of gendarmes. "I command you to disperse!" shouted the Prefect as they entered the cafe. His answer came quickly, and as the cries of "Put them out!" "Kill the dogs of police!" filled the air, the students attacked them. The fight was short. The small body of police soon gave way before the angry mass, armed as it was with pistols, canes, chairs, and beer glasses; and as they retreated, the now thoroughly enraged mob plunged after them, encouraging their retreat with showers of glasses, stones, and clubs. The rights of the students had been broken down, their franchise on revelry disregarded. No longer could the dance hold forth charms. Revenge took its place in every mind. Quickly the mob sallied out and down the Boulevard, breaking windows, derailing tram-cars, overturning kiosques, blindly destroying every breakable thing belonging to the city whose police had attacked them.

The howling mob reached the Boulevard St. Germain. The police, with reinforcements, six hundred strong, barred their way. The crowd, now armed with every available weapon, broke upon them, and soon the battle waged in its shameful ferocity. At first the police held their own, but as the mass increased and pushed upon them, began to retreat down the Boulevard St. Germain, while the crowd, hoarse with its cries of "liberte, egalite, and fraternite," crowded after them. A quick command was heard; the police turned once more upon their pursuers. Tiros! And after one battalion had fired, and the smoke cleared away, the mob was seen in hopeless disorder, some, more reckless, endeavoring to bring back its fleeting courage, while others, thoroughly alarmed and surprised by the volley, forced with desperate strength their way through the terrified ranks. And in front of all, between the police and the students, lay the dead body of Huger, while two others, desperately wounded, pitifully stumbled and crept away.

With this sad scene, the riot proper of July 2 ended; but all night long the students walked the streets, crying out against the Republic, cursing the police, plotting schemes of revenge, and lamenting the death of their old privileges. So, too, the police, in body of ten to twenty, patrolled the Quartier Latin, ever fearful of some new outbreak. When the dawn of July 3 broke on the scene, the result of the mob's work appeared in all its sadness. The Cafe de la Source no longer offered bright lights and colored windows to the gaze; all these had been broken in the first fight, while its scarred gilding and broken chairs and tables told the fury of the attack. All along the Boulevard St. Michel equally deplorable sights were seen. The overturned kiosques and broken window glass were intermingled with crushed hats and fragments of torn clothes, while here and there a pool of clotted blood told where some one had paid for his rage.

So ended the riot, but the sentiment of the students was so fierce against the Republic that on the 14th of July, its natal day, they trimmed the cafes of the Quartier Latin with black, and each wore on his arm a piece of black crepe, to show his sorrow for the death of what he considered true republican spirit.
A Chicago friend sends us the following quaint specimen of "maccaroni" Latin. Most of our readers will doubtless recognize an old favorite in classical garb:

**TRES CORVI FUERE.**

Olim tres corvi fuere, seatsant summae arbore —
Conclamabant assidue:
"Caw, Caw, Caw!"
Nigri erant quantopere Qualis corvi possunt esse,
Conclamabant magnopere:
"Caw, Caw, Caw!"
Unus horum, caurio,
Diebat suo soci —
Conclamant rostro aperto:
"Caw, Caw, Caw!"
"Per Jovem, vere jejunio; Quod agunt esse pabulo?"
Conclamabant in hoc choro:
"Caw, Caw, Caw!"
"Illic in campo proculbit Equus pinguis, qui ceedit;"
Conclamant "Ohe, olecit!"
"Caw, Caw, Caw!"
Saevus venator percutit, illum vulnera obit;
Conclamabant "Tenerescit, Caw, Caw, Caw!"
Insidebimus nos spineae
Dorsi illius facile —
Clamant "Tu pignus depone, Caw, Caw, Caw!"
"Pro oculos extrahere,
Per Baecheum, tam lantitiae;"
Conclamant omnes aude:
"Caw, Caw, Caw!"
— John S. Zimmerman.

**FOOT BALL.**

**KENYON v. OTTERBEIN.**

Kenyon, in her second game of the season, scored a victory over Otterbein University at Westerville. The constant rain during the forenoon did not dampen the ardor of the foot-ball enthusiasts, who turned out in large numbers to see the game. Thirty students from Kenyon accompanied the team, and each side had plenty of encouragement. After a long and poorly excused delay the game commenced. The grounds were still muddy from the rain in the forenoon, though the rain itself had ceased. The two teams lined up as follows:

KENYON:  | POSITION           | OTTERBEIN:  |
---------|-------------------|-------------|
Hazzard | Left End          | Whitney     |
Hathaway| Left Tackle       | Needy       |
Walkley | Left Guard        | Howard      |
Schofield| Center            | Seneff      |
Wing    | Right Guard       | Fanning     |
Hollenback| Right Tackle     | Koepke      |
Clippenger| Right End        | Bennett     |
Byard   | Quarter Back      | Garst       |
Kunst   | Right Half Back   | Stoner      |
Sawyer  | Left Half Back    | Semple      |
Doolittle| Full Back         | Barnard     |
Referees and Umpires, Foley and E. Barnard.

Otterbein started with the ball and gained 10 yards on the running V. After a few downs with small gains Kenyon got the ball. Kunst ran around the right end for 20 yards. Otterbein then got the ball on downs, and by constant gains by Semple, Barnard and Stoner forced it down the field. Ten minutes after the game was called Stoner carried it over the line. No goal.

Kenyon made 8 yards on a V. Bucked the line to no purpose, but carried the ball around the ends to within 7 yards of the goal line. The ball was lost on a fumble, but almost immediately it was regained by an excellent play by Hollenback. The ball was within two yards of the goal, but Kenyon could not get it over, and it was lost on downs. Otterbein carried it 30 yards back toward the center of the field, when it was fumbled, and Kunst got it. By continued small gains
by the backs, Kenyon carried the ball to within one yard of the line, when time was called.

In the second half Kenyon gained 10 yards on a V. Senell was hurt, and a substitute went into the line. This materially weakened Otterbein, and gains of 5 and 10 yards were made on each down. Kunst, Sawyer and Doolittle bucked the line, and Kunst carried the ball over the line before Otterbein had gotten it at all. No goal.

Otterbein made 15 yards on a V, but was prevented by good tackles by Clippenger, Thornberry and Hollenback from advancing the ball very far. Kenyon got the ball and played havoc with the Otterbein rush line, making holes through which the backs advanced every down. Within 7 yards of the line the ball was gotten by Otterbein and rushed back about 20 yards by Semple and Stoner going around the ends, when Kenyon regained it on downs and rushed it forward again. Sawyer carried the ball over the line four minutes before time was called. No goal.

The last four minutes almost allowed us another touch-down. Score, 8 to 4. The ball was in Otterbein’s territory during most of the game. The best work of the Otterbein team was done by Semple and Stoner. The tackling of Semple was hard and sure. Their rush line was greatly weakened in the second half, and our backs were always effectual then, while in the first half Otterbein stood like a wall. Kenyon played a hard, strong game, but her interference was scattered. Both colleges have strong teams, and the result of another game between them would be by no means certain.

OBERLIN 26, KENYON 8.

The Oberlin team arrived on the morning of Monday, October 23, having defeated O. S. U. at Columbus on the Saturday previous.

The game was called at 2:15, with the ball in Oberlin’s possession. Oberlin started weakly with a V, which was destroyed and Regal downed with a loss. Then the fight began in earnest and the two teams see-sawed back and forth across the gridiron, under the broiling rays of a scorching sun. At last Kenyon, having forced the ball well into Oberlin’s territory, lost it on downs and the Oberlin team settled down to a strong, steady style of play, which soon brought them well down into our territory. Lee bucked hard and, with the aid of a strong interference, ran our ends repeatedly. Finally Boothman circled our left end and by a beautiful run of 35 yards secured a touch-down. Goal by Regal. Score, 6–0. Time, 25 minutes.

The rest of the half was a battle-royal. Back and forth the two teams swayed and strained, now one, now the other, gaining a temporary advantage. Our interference was poor and our best work was done on cross-bucks by Brusie and Kunst. The tackles might have been used to better advantage, at this time, than they were. At last we got the ball on Oberlin’s 15 yard line by a fumble, but, just as a touch-down seemed probable, time was called.

The second half opened with the ball in our hands and our flying V gained 15 yards. Short bucks and runs forced the ball well down into Oberlin’s territory, but it was lost by a fumble on her 15 yard line. Then Oberlin’s offensive play became suddenly stronger, whereas our defensive play became weaker. A little good, strong, spirited coaching, of the right kind, would have helped our men immensely in this crisis, but it came not. Scolding and profanity are of no avail in
such crises, and had two men, high in the councils of the team, done their duty, we might have a different story to tell. Bucks on our tackles, who were both playing too high, brought the ball well down into our territory, when Boothman, by another of his beautiful runs, secured a touch-down. Goal. Kenyon gained 20 yards with her running V and, following it up by short runs and bucks, carried the ball over the line for a touch-down. No goal. Oberlin took the ball and by breaking the line carried it down to Kenyon's 20 yard line, where it was given to us for foul play, and Doolittle punted. Regal caught the punt nicely and made a good run, and then Boothman again carried it over for a touchdown. Goal. Score, 18-4.

Kenyon again gained well with her V, but was soon obliged to punt, and Clippen- ger downed. Regal cleverly, near the center of the field. Oberlin gained well on short runs and a 15 yard buck by Fitch and Shields made another touch-down. Regal kicked goal. Score, 24-4.

Then our good V gains well again, and after good bucking, in which Doolittle "starred," Brusie made a run of 15 yards and a touch down. No goal.

Oberlin took the ball and, although somewhat weaker than at first, by good half back work, secured another touch-down and Regal kicked the goal. Score, 30-8.

The teams lined up again but in a few minutes time was called without much gain on either side. Line-up:

**OBERLIN.**

- Position
  - Left End: Sawyer
  - Left Tackle: Hazzard
  - Left Guard: Thornberry
  - Center: McMurray
  - Right Guard: White

**KENYON.**

- Position
  - Left End: Hazzard
  - Right End: Phellis
  - Quarter Back: Byard
  - Right Half Back: Brusie
  - Left Half Back: Kunst
  - Full Back: Doolittle
  - Right Tackle: Hollenback
  - Left Tackle: Walkley
  - Left Guard: Schofield
  - Center: Kenyon
  - Wing: Mott

Many points in the team's play were open to criticism. The interference was weak, the ends in no case being hit hard enough to entirely dispose of them. Oberlin's center should have been bucked harder, as they were weak in that spot. The signals were given too slowly and there was not enough coaching. A little yelling now and then braces the men up wonderfully. But, perhaps, the greatest mistake of all was to kick on the first down without even trying to advance the ball. Our offensive play was so much stronger than our defensive; that it was folly to give Oberlin the ball without even an attempt at gaining the necessary five yards. However, the men, individually, deserve great praise, and perhaps another year we will do better against Oberlin.

**KENYON 42, O. S. U. 6.**

Saturday, Oct. 28, the "Canvasbacks" from the Ohio State University met their death at the hands of the Kenyon team. It was a great day for foot ball, though the weather was uncomfortably cold for the spectators, whose hopes were evenly divided, for quite a crowd of students from the University accompanied the visiting club.

The game itself was clean and gentlemanly, but a little too one-sided to be very interesting. O. S. U.'s strong point was in bucking Kenyon's line, for her runs
were short and few. Kenyon's interference was strong indeed, and the work of her backs was excellent. Though Kunst is credited with but one touch down, he was almost always the man who carried the ball to the goal line to be put over by someone else. Clippenger and Hollenback did well on our ends. O. S. U., though she had some very fast men behind her line, always sent her runner locked arm in arm with the interference. This of course prevented any star runs on her part. Her ground gainer was Wood.

The teams lined up as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>O. S. U.</th>
<th>Position</th>
<th>Kenyon</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Nagle</td>
<td>Right End</td>
<td>Clippenger</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boynton</td>
<td>Right Tackle</td>
<td>Buttolph</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gibbons</td>
<td>Right Guard</td>
<td>Williams</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reed</td>
<td>Center</td>
<td>Schofield</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Masters</td>
<td>Left Guard</td>
<td>Thornberry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Welch</td>
<td>Left Tackle</td>
<td>Walkley</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dunlap</td>
<td>Left End</td>
<td>Hollenback</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morey</td>
<td>Quarter Back</td>
<td>Byard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wood</td>
<td>Right Half</td>
<td>Sawyer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gillen</td>
<td>Left Half</td>
<td>Kunst</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Withers</td>
<td>Full Back</td>
<td>Doolittle</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Referees and Umpires, Haas and Foley.

Below is a detailed account of the game:

O. S. U. took the ball and started with the Rider wedge. It did not prove such a success as was expected, for it gained only 7 yards. They bucked 1 yard, ran 5, then 2 and lost the ball. Sawyer signaled for Kunst, who ran to O. S. U.'s 20 yard line. Kenyon then by repeated bucks of 4 and 5 yards pushed the ball over the line and touched it down six minutes after time was called. Sawyer failed to kick goal.

O. S. U. started in the same way and gained 10 yards, and lost the ball on four downs. Sawyer made a good run of 20 yards. It was then advanced 2, 4, 8, 5, 3, and 4 yards. No gain. Then by slow bucks and short runs Kenyon scored four more points. No goal.

The same start by O. S. U. makes 7 yards. She bucks 3 more and loses ball on fourth down. Sawyer makes a beautiful run of 47 yards. Clippenger adds 8 more, 6 is gained on a buck, and Sawyer makes another touch down, and kicks a beautiful goal.

O. S. U. gains 7 yards on her wedge. No gain. Gillen carries the ball forward 8 yards. In three strong bucks 5 yards are gained, and Wood runs 19. No gain. Three more bucks and the team lines up 7 yards from our goal line. A criss-cross was then signaled for, and while Clippenger was held by his opposite, Wood touches the ball down behind the line, and a goal is kicked. Score, 14 to 6.

Kenyon leads off with a running V. giving the ball to Sawyer, who proved good for 21 yards. O. S. U.'s lines shoved 4, then 3 yards. Clippenger circles the right end for 13 more, and Sawyer takes the ball with the usual disastrous result to the visitors. Goal.

Wood gains $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. A fumble loses 5, which is regained, and the ball goes to Kenyon on downs. Kunst never stops till within 20 yards of O. S. U.'s line. Sawyer, as usual, completes the affair, and scores four points, adding two for a goal.

O. S. U. by short advances, chiefly made by her right half back, lines up 40 yards from the middle of the field and fumbles to Kenyon: 25 yards are recovered, when Kenyon fumbles and O. S. U. shoves her back 12. The ball is lost again by the visitors, and from this time on our halves alternate in advancing, and Sawyer again touches down and kicks goal.

We are now backed down to the 30 yard line, when we take the ball on downs and carry it 7 yards past the middle of the field. Kunst makes a magnificent run of 48 yards, and credits another touch down. No goal.
O. S. U. advances 30 yards and loses the ball. Kenyon recovers 10, and herself takes the ball. Howard, having replaced Withoff, who retired with a broken rib, punts 20 yards, and time is called. Score—Kenyon, 36; O. S. U., 6.

Only nine minutes of the second half was played, in order to give the victims time to escape on the first Columbus train, but this was time enough for us to score again. Kenyon's ball. The V gains 7 yards, a buck, 6 more. Kunst again runs to the 5 yard line, and Clippenger touches down. Sawyer kicks goal. O. S. U. advanced the ball steadily till time was called.

Summary of points: Touch downs—for Kenyon, Sawyer, 4; Doolittle, 2; Kunst, 1, and Clippenger 1. For O. S. U., Wood, 1. Goals — Sawyer, 5; Gillen, 1.

Our present team shows a great improvement on its condition during the Oberlin game. The blocking off was much better. Doolittle interfered wonderfully for a long run of Kunst. If the eleven keeps up to its present condition, we have no fears for its future success.

KENYON 56, ADELBERT 14.

The Adelbert team arrived in Gambier Saturday night, November 4. She came fresh from a victory over the State University, and ready for another one. She had made every preparation to beat Kenyon, but, apparently, to no purpose. Stockwell was unable to play, having been injured at Columbus; but Wilson, her other crack half-back, had not gone into the game the day before, and was fresh. Evans was not in the best of shape.

The Kenyon team was expected to be weak. Several of our best men were disabled, and three substitutes played in the game. Here is the line up:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ADELBERT</th>
<th>POSITION</th>
<th>KENYON</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Gairing</td>
<td>L. E.</td>
<td>Hollenback</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stewart</td>
<td>L. T.</td>
<td>Hazzard, Capt.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lottridge</td>
<td>L. G.</td>
<td>Thornberry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mathias</td>
<td>C.</td>
<td>Schofield</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taylor</td>
<td>R. G.</td>
<td>McFarland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stevens</td>
<td>R. T.</td>
<td>Martin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wickham</td>
<td>R. E.</td>
<td>Clippenger</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jones</td>
<td>R. H.</td>
<td>Walkley</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilson</td>
<td>L. H.</td>
<td>Kunst</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lee</td>
<td>Q. B.</td>
<td>Byard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evans, Capt.</td>
<td>F. B.</td>
<td>Doolittle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Berry</td>
<td>Referees</td>
<td>Foley</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The following is a detailed report:

Adelbert won the toss, and chose the west side of the field. The referee’s whistle blew at 2:45. Kenyon’s flying V was good for 10 1/2 yards. Doolittle bucked 3 yards. We then lost 5 yards on a fumble. No gain, and Adelbert’s ball. Adelbert recovered 2 yards, and lost the ball herself on a fumble to Walkley, who ran 47 yards and scored before four minutes had elapsed. No goal.

Adelbert’s wedge is good for but 5 yards; but she adds to her 5 by steady bucks and short runs of 5 and 6 yards till within 12 yards of Kenyon’s goal line. Meanwhile, Byard is distinguishing himself by his tackling. At the 12-yard line, she again fumbles, losing 5 yards. Kenyon gets the ball on four downs, and Kunst advances it 7 yards, then 5. Doolittle bucks 5 more. A second buck loses 3. Hollenback, Kunst, and Clippenger carry it to the 50-yard line, and the umpire gives Kenyon 5 yards on an off-side play. Hollenbach runs 9 yards, Kunst 7, Doolittle bucks 6, and Walkley takes the ball to within 5 yards of Adelbert’s goal. Two short bucks, and it is over. Hollenbach kicks goal.

Adelbert’s V gains 5 yards, Wilson 2
more. A shove loses 2, then Jones carries it 7 yards. No gain. Five yards more. Five yards is lost on Clippenger's tackle behind the line. No gain. Evans punts 12 yards, and Doolittle gets the ball. Successive short runs and good, hard bucks score us another touch-down, Kunst scoring the points. Goal.

Adelbert works us for 5 yards on an off-side play at the start. Without stopping, except for a little 2-yard loss at the 20-yard line, she bucks straight down the field, Stevens making a touch-down. Evans fails at goal.

Kenyon starts with a flying V, giving the ball to her left half back, who downs it 21 yards from the center. Walkley takes it next, and crosses the line in good shape. Holtenbach kicks another goal.

Adelbert's wedge gains her 7 yards. Jones bucks 8 yards and drops the ball, Martin picking it up and taking it 3 yards past the middle of the field. Three bucks give us 15 more, and Kunst goes clear through the Adelbert rush line for a touch-down, running 37 yards. No goal.

The visitors carry the ball forward 20 yards. Wilson circles our end for 17 more. The referee here allows Adelbert to keep the ball on a very short 5-yard gain in four downs. Two more gains of 3 yards, and Wickham scores a second touch-down. Wilson kicks goal.

Kenyon advances quite a distance into Adelbert's territory, when time is called. Score: Kenyon, 26; Adelbert, 10.

SECOND HALF.

Adelbert's ball. Five and a half yards made on a V. A shove loses a yard. Three yards gained on a shove. No gain. Kenyon's ball on four downs, and she recovers 7½ yards of her lost ground. Walkley takes the ball, and with wonderful interference runs to within 3 yards of the goal line. Kunst scores five minutes after time is called. Goal.

Adelbert takes her usual 5 yards on her wedge, adds 2, 1, and loses 3. Evans punts 25 yards. Doolittle catches the ball, and with every Kenyon man interfering for him, makes the star run of the day — 85 yards, and right through the whole Adelbert team. Touch-down and goal.

Adelbert advances 18 yards when Kenyon secures the ball, and by good work in Clippenger and the backs, scores four more points. Holtenbach kicks another goal.

Adelbert takes the ball at the center, and our next touch-down is nothing but a repetition of the one before, except that the gains by Kunst, Walkley, and Clippenger were longer. No goal.

Adelbert starts with only 4 yards this time, and she fumbles, but recovers the ball and adds 9 yards. The ball is again dropped, and Holtenbach kicks it up and scores another touch-down in less than one minute after the start at the center. Goal.

Adelbert succeeded this time in building up her score to fourteen points. By this time it had grown so dark that nobody was able to tell who had the ball. No goal.

Kunst takes the ball at the start, and never is downed till he had gained 32 yards. Holtenbach completes the 55 yards, and touches it down, but fails it goal.

Adelbert starts again with her V, which gained 6 yards, but the play was unfinished, for time was called with the ball well into our territory. Score: 56 to 14 in our favor.

The game was too much of a walk-over to be interesting, except to the spirited...
Kenyonites, and its report is a monotonous record of star plays by the home team. Kenyon's interference was unbreakable. As usual, the flying V was very effective.

Our backs all deserve special mention, as the report will show. Clippenger and Hollenback play like veterans. At times the visitors' steady buck caused us to "guess again," and at the end of the first half the result was by no means certain. In the second, Wickham was laid off with a sprained ankle, Evans with an injured knee and a badly torn ear, and Walkley with a bad eye. The appearances of the three victims indicate an unusually dirty game, but such was not the case.

The refereeing of Messrs. Berry and Foley was fair, indeed, the former, possibly, making an unfortunate slip in the first half.

The result of the game was wholly unexpected, for, with three substitutes on the team, we looked for a hard rub. However, there was nothing to indicate that these three men were filling vacancies.

THE NEWS.

Owen J. Davies, '01, paid Gambier a flying visit, October 19.

H. H. Wolf, ex-'96, visited the Kenyon Chapter of Alpha Delta Phi, October 22.


Rumor whispers of a Sophomore dance this term. All hope the idea will be carried out.

The Hon. S. A. Foley, of Lincoln, Ill., paid a short visit to his son, W. H. Foley, and his daughter, Miss Edna Foley, of Harcourt Place.

The Second Eleven scored a victory of 18 to 0 over Mt. Union, at Alliance. Congratulations.

The Bedell lectures on the "Evidences to Christianity" were delivered by Bishop Leonard, of Ohio.

C. H. Pratt, Williams, '94, was in Gambier, October 10, for the purpose of organizing a Republican Club.

Hallowe'en was celebrated in various ways on the hill, but many "celebrators" met with untoward misfortunes.

W. R. Gill, '91, and E. M. Mancourt, '85, spent Sunday, October 8th, with the Kenyon Chapter of Alpha Delta Phi.

R. H. Williams, '93, who has been coaching the football team, left October 9th for his home in Monroeville, Ohio.

Miss Louise Carmen, of Chicago, spent some days on the hill, having come here with her brother, who enters the K. M. A.

Mrs. Russell, formerly of Toledo, has opened a new boarding-house for students in the house next to the Methodist Church.

All rejoiced, when, on October 11th, the chimes were finally repaired, and unity of time was once more restored to us.

Wm. N. Dudley, of Washington, D. C., and H. C. Devin, '88, drove out from Mt. Vernon and spent the afternoon on the hill, October 6.

The Athletic Association notes with thanks the donations of the Hon. Samuel Mather, of Cleveland, O., and Mr. Chas. E. Burr, of Columbus, O.

Strange things sometimes happen. Otterbein College, which is paying one of Kenyon's old half-backs to teach her to play foot ball, posts signs like this:—Williams 8, Otterbein 4, Kenyon 0. One might suppose that Otterbein is hardly out of her "swaddling clothes" even yet.
A Republican Club, called in honor of Prof. Benson. The Edward C. Benson Republican Club has been organized. E. J. Doolittle, '94, is President, and H. H. Kennedy, '96, Secretary.

The Second Eleven elected C. P. Mottley, '95, captain, in the place of C. C. Wright, '96, who was compelled to resign the position on account of his health.

The Glee Club has commenced regular practice, although there are fewer candidates than is desirable. All should bear in mind that the club must be well supported if we are to have any concerts this winter.

October 29 was made memorable by a fire which broke out in the "Annex" of the K. M. A. The "barbs" had a fine opportunity to exhibit their bravery, and the Gambier fire engine (Æ) its increased usefulness.

The "heelers" at Oberlin were Messrs. Foley, Barber, Alden, Armstrong, Heald, Cary, Stanbery, Sullivan, and H. F. Williams. All reported a fine time and enjoyed greatly the kind hospitality tendered them at Monroeville.

EXCHANGE AND INTER-COLLEGIATE.

We quote a few paragraphs clipped at random from a very full set of regulations given to incoming freshmen in the *McMicken Review*:

If a freshman meets one of the upper classmen, or a member of the faculty, he should request (politely) his nurse or attendant, to remove his hood, and should wait in a respectful attitude until his superior passes by.

Freshmen should present themselves with clean faces, their hair nicely combed, and their stockings neatly darned at the knees.

Children wishing to practice the fresh men yell should adjourn to the ash pile back of the campus, unless the junior can be prevailed upon to give them the use of the coal cellar.

The infant class are forbidden to increase their stature by high hats, nor is it permitted them to wear canes, except when carrying them for members of the upper classes.

Horses are not allowed to children on any occasion, not even in a class-rush.

Wesleyan University is rejoicing in the construction of a new gymnasium.

There are thirty candidates for positions on the University of Illinois team.

George Case, '94, has been elected captain of the Yale Base Ball Club.

Dartmouth has no less than thirty-six candidates for the rush line this season.

Nearly half of the men who have graduated at Monmouth College have selected their wives from the girls who were with them in college.

Well, well, well?

At Boston University the Faculty has voted to permit work on the college papers to count an hour's work in the course, allowing seven hours per week to the managing editor and two hours to each of his assistants. The thousands of toil-worn, care-laden collegiate editors would rise up and call their respective Faculties blessed were they all to take such philanthropic action.

A TIME TO LAUGH.

I saw the man who drove the hearse
Grin like a fiend for full a minute;
"Why, sir," I asked, "this ill-timed mirth?"
"Because," he chuckled, "I'm not in it."

—University Chant.
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