Since our last issue The Collegian Board has undergone a few changes. Mr. Gottschalk, whose graceful pen has often adorned our pages, did not return to college this year, so a vacancy occurred in the Literary Department of the paper. We are pleased to announce that Mr. G. Fred Williams, '95, has been elected to fill this vacancy. We are also sorry to announce that Mr. Little, '96, whose able management and zeal for the success of The Collegian had made him almost indispensable in this department, has been forced by the pressure of outside work to resign his place on the board. He is succeeded by Mr. Stanbery, '96, who thus mounts to the pinnacle of newspaper management, and will accordingly have charge, offensively and defensively of The Collegian's business interests. Mr. Straw, '98, aspires early to the fame of college paper journalism, and steps into the Business Department of the paper, as Assistant Business Manager. We wish further to announce in this connection that after January 1, 1895, the subscription price of The Collegian will be one dollar and a half a year, this increased price having become necessary to maintain the present size and form of the paper. We trust our friends will see the justice of this action, realizing that the present cost of publication is much more expensive than that of the old paper.
When a student meets a professor on the path, or about the college, the custom left to us by our illustrious predecessors, demands that the student should raise or touch his hat. It may seem like stickling for trifles to refer to such details, but observance of the custom is justified by good form, if not by any special meaning beyond this. As a part of our college culture and as a nicety of our community, its observance should not be disregarded, and no student, be he a Senior or a Freshman, can afford to neglect this little courtesy. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the professor should in return show his appreciation of the courtesy.

There is another custom, more or less abused. For the sake of appearances, if nothing more, class distinction should be more clearly defined in chapel. Every student must know by this time that it is not the proper thing for a Freshman to precede a Junior, or for a Junior to precede a Senior in leaving chapel at morning prayers. Furthermore, a Freshman should not try to squeeze into the Sophomore seats until his second year. All such customs are founded on good taste, and, as heretofore, are honored in the observance.

The Oberlin Review acquits itself in the usual self-laudatory manner by referring to a "continual row" purporting to be the athletic contest at the State Fair last September, in which Oberlin did not take part; but in which, according to the aforesaid Oberlin Review, Kenyon took a conspicuous part. If this slander were true, we think that at best a very doubtful glory which one college gains upon the disgraces of another; yet some colleges, like some human beings, have been known to prosper upon the failings of their neighbors. Let it be distinctly understood, the accuracy of Oberlin journalism to the contrary, that Kenyon did not take part in the State Fair games; and furthermore, that Kenyon put herself on record early last spring, condemning such games as utterly below the dignity, and dangerous to the morale of college athletics. It will be remembered that Buchtel managed to get the most out of this so called "continual row," and also that Buchtel was coached by Heisman. Does it not seem strange that noble, honorable Oberlin should hire this same Mr. Heisman, whose coaching was so demoralizing to the principles of Buchtel athletics, to coach the Oberlin eleven this fall?
EDITORIAL.

To go where the crowd goes is the comfortable instinct which dispatches many a son to Yale or Harvard; to go to Kenyon because it is a small college which is not trying to do the work of a university is an argument, unfortunately, but seldom heard. The advantages of the university are known too well to suffer by comparison with those of the small college; yet that there are advantages peculiar to the small college has often been shown. Although at this late date, we can not resist the temptation of referring to an article written by Prof. Smith in The Churchman of August 18. In this article, which is too good to be mutilated by fragmentary abstracts, Prof. Smith has presented the argument for the small college in a liberal and truly convincing manner. It would be pleasant and profitable time spent, could all the students on the hill, and the friends of Kenyon generally read it, especially as it contains an inspiring allusion to Kenyon’s brilliant record. That “no large college ever approached Kenyon in the proportion of its graduates who gained a national reputation and historic position,” is justly a matter for pride, but to know that she as a small college is still just as capable as ever of doing great things is a fact not only assuring, but in the highest degree inspiring.

At first sight, college life is chiefly distinguishable from previous school life by a large freedom in matters of personal government. For a time it seems as though each man were a law unto himself. The truth is not in the appearance, however, for without curtailing the responsibility of the individual, and without taking away opportunities for the lesson of self control, a law still governs the college man. There is in truth a minimum of written law. Tradition, custom, and public sentiment, an unformulated code, have taken the place of written statutes, hence the law is implied rather than indicated. Here is found, accordingly, the first and grandest opportunity for cultivating the life of self control; it is the period of independent discovery, independent thought, and independent action.

The spirit of this unwritten code is soon determined, even by the latest comer. Honor, courage, modesty, self respect, are the royal currency of the college world. It is a mistake, and the folly of a Freshman, to infer that such law can be overridden without penalty. A sense of fitness dominates the collegiate mind, while the college training tends to
a wide application of this characteristic. The student proves all things, nothing is taken for granted. A Freshman, for example, is an uncertain quantity for the first three or four months of his course, he is fresh and new, and nobody can tell how he will wear. He is an unlabeled enigma, and stalks about almost as an uninvited guest in a circle harmonious without him. Naturally, then, there is a prejudice against him, he is closely observed and his failings noted; if his mistakes are flagrant, he is ignored, which amounts to the most recent and the most severe method of hazing. Everyone, however, who in conduct has been actuated by right principles before coming to college, is assured of a worthy position in his new surroundings.

The position a student takes in his new environment depends very largely on the purpose which has placed him there. The well aimed purpose makes sustained effort and position possible; without such purpose, the student is like the much lamented ship which leaves port without a compass. Now, the college proposes to educate men, and the truly wise student will make his purpose agree with that of the college. Ex and duce. Every power, every faculty, every bit of manliness is to be drawn out and developed in a culture broad but not superficial. This purpose lays stress on genuine work, says that hard study accomplishes much, and that athletic sports are manly. Athletic skill is not always productive of broad mindedness; while "the grinds" are not the most in need of hard study. It may be popular among some to speak of the narrowness (?) of close study, but popularity does not yield the compensation of the student.

The old Greek ideal of "nothing too much," is after all the only guide. The true college man is to-day a student of symmetrical development, he is as broad as college training itself. He is not ounces of gray matter; nor a device for playing foot ball. his aim is higher and more comprehensive than these. When developed, he is a physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual man among men.

The following is the schedule of the foot ball games: October 13, Oberlin at Oberlin; October 27, Mt. Union at Gambier; November 3, Massillon A. C. at Gambier; November 10, Wittenberg at Springfield; November 17, Case School at Gambier; November 24, Adelbert at Cleveland; November 29, O. S. U. at Columbus.
Were the birth of the novel carefully indicated and its development traced, we should discover that it occupies a comparatively recent position in the succession of literary epochs. To be definite, it represents the literary activity of the last two centuries. The esteem accorded it by popular opinion—that critical, yet generous dispenser of laurels—indicates most conclusively that it has supplanted all other forms of literature. Works, steeped in scholarship, permeated with the richness of original inquiry, are forced to take a secondary place, to allow precedence to these products of the human imagination aroused by the contemplation of life and its environments.

Nor can we say that without cause, or without good judgment, does the "vox populi" demand the novel with eagerness and remain indifferently quiet when a work is anticipated which, were the novel unknown, would be honored with the homage of all readers. The glory of the sun seems to have been supplanted by another glory. Not without cause, I say, for the novel began to flourish with advanced civilization, and with civilization life grew richer and deeper. New forms in literature, departures from ancient models, are the result of advancements in the development of humanity. "The reflection of moving stars and overhanging trees in the depths of still waters is not more perfect than the reproduction of the thoughts and aims and passions of a generation in the books it writes and reads." Not without good judgment, I say, for the novel strikes a responsive chord in the soul of man. All great novels we are told, are the products of experience, but experience refined and interpreted by a sympathetic soul. The yearning for comfort, for sympathy, drive many overburdened workers and restless wanderers of this earth to these creatures of the imagination. They are havens of rest when the cold aphorisms of renowned ancients—men of heart, perhaps, but neglecting finer feelings in their appeals to the intellect—would prove entirely inadequate. Exuberance of spirit, freshness of tone, attract to the novel those seeking for entertainment; condolence and tenderness attract those seeking for rest.
High civilization, to which we may attribute much of the success of
the novel, has been the most influential factor in directing its growth
and selecting, alas, its readers. It is true that women and girls pre-
dominate in the novel-reading world. Not that men do not read novels,
but the distribution of labor in this epoch has given to women more
time to read, than it has vouchsafed to men. Is it not reasonable to
expect that the subjects which are of most interest to the gentler sex
would be selected naturally for themes by novelists? I do not mean to
say that we are relegated to novels of ribbons and laces in place of
novels which have a sure foundation in commerce and politics. There
is a middle ground—preserving the essence of the novel in its integrity—
estowing balmy comfort on weary hearts—and yet partaking of an
element which is fascinating to women. The ever abiding theme of
noveldom is Love.

For two centuries, especially in England, love has been the moving
spirit of imaginative writing. It cannot be possible, however, that this
off-repeated passion can have interest for all classes, for young and old
alike; that the novel is to be occupied always with the best and bravest
fellow wooing the most divine and excellent girl, all with variations.
Novelists are betraying their great trust and abusing their great privileges
if such is to be the only outcome of imaginative genius. But imaginative
genius has recently turned to another field. And where is another com-
prehensive and entertaining field to be found?

The answer to our question is to be found partially, if not, indeed,
mostly, in American life. England, to be sure, has an antique, dignified,
perhaps revered, setting for her stories and plots; old ruins with their
legends, history with the places hallowed by it, furnish the writer with
the original material for a novel, bristling, if need be, with grandeur or
pomp, stateliness or antiquity. America, the land of nature, offers as its
inspiration God’s handiwork, unaltered by human hands, unattended by
arousing memories. This material, glowing with inspiring meaning for
the imagination, seems to our English cousins entirely inadequate and
worthy of but little notice.

But to the imaginative, and especially to those who write with a
purpose, there has existed in America, and there exists to-day a never-
failing source of inspiration. What stories, indeed, are more fascinating
than the stories of the Indians, those children of nature whom our
ancestors looked upon as part of the forests in which they dwelt. The early colonial wars, do they not furnish material for dozens of romances involving bravery, patriotism, and devotion—all that is best and noblest in humanity?

The broad extent of our country has made it possible for regions inhabited by divers types of men, organized into various forms of society, to exist and prosper under one flag, to which they may look for protection. Can we fail to see that here the modern novel has its requirements satisfied and its fallacy—its stumbling-block—avoided: life given it to portray, love, which is absorbing the novelist’s attention, rendered unnecessary to the novel’s consistency and credibility? Extension of horizon, familiarity with novels written with a purpose, are the promoters of that richness of soul in the reader, which forms the corner-stone of the structure in whose inmost recess is hidden the secret of all secrets—vague though the expression may seem to those not influenced by its power—the secret of Life.

We cannot contend that America has produced a master comparable with those of yore. But we do contend that should such an one appear in our midst, lavish is the preparation for him and abundant the material with which he may immortalize himself.

Nathaniel Hawthorne is an exponent of the departure from the conventional modes which are the enervating restrictions of writers of the old school. In a few of his books he, with a masterly hand, has drawn pictures, suggested by simple incidents, in which the passion of love is not the chief ingredient. I do not mean to say that love is a pernicious theme, and that, therefore, it is to be entirely avoided by such great writers as Hawthorne? It is the excessive use of this theme, its predominance over all other themes that is to be guarded against. We cannot doubt that New England furnished Hawthorne the setting and inspiration for his work. New England towns, New England people, are portrayed, their characteristics depicted, and their lives woven in a wonderful way with questions of vital importance to mankind at large.

This land of activity and restlessness demands more than the insipid trash which is burdening its market; it demands more than the sensational outbursts of misguided writers. Lifeless romance, not dazzling us with true gold, but with base tinsel, threatens us—a grievous plague in this fair land. Yet true literature has many worshippers, untouched by
the seductive allurements of its false imitator, who bear aloft its glorious standard, realizing that the good will be victorious over the bad. They are hopeful and exultant over the rapidly developing literature of our land. For our comfort we have such creations as will solve the problems of our life; for our pleasure we have abundant opportunity to rejoice with those that do rejoice; for our sentimentality we have abundant opportunity to weep with those that weep.

The literary resources of our country, rich as its commercial resources, are being rapidly developed. Our country has a long history, has not many traditions, has not Roman ruins. It is new in its prosperity, it is new in the product of its genius. It is filled with vigorous life and fairly trembles with activity. People from every continent find homes here. Literature is not unaffected by this amalgamation of hardy races.

A well-known writer has said recently that the material out of which the English novel has been constructed is in danger of being exhausted. Quite true. But he further asserts that in America, for a novelist with the temperament of Mr. Howells, there is nothing left but the careful portraiture of a small portion of the limitless field of ordinary humdrum existence. He adds that the material in this direction will be promptly exhausted. This, perhaps, may be true, but it can not be accepted unhesitatingly. The failure of our coal fields is about as likely as the failure of our literary resources. But cannot "ordinary humdrum existence" be fraught with a deep meaning which the novelist seeks to discover. This deeper meaning is not apparent to the careless observer. It must be disclosed to us by the student of humanity, he who can pierce beyond the superficial, beyond the covering, and can discover the real and the true. The environments of life, the circumstances of life, are often accidental, serving as a cloak to the hidden essence. Can we not agree then with Hon. Hamilton Mabie that "Nothing that is human is without interest for us. Our common search is not for the theories of life—they are all being thrown aside because they are inadequate—but for the facts of life."

A rapid survey of characteristic American literature will reveal the fact that our writers are getting a loftier idea of culture and its relation to literature. They do not believe with Hamlin Garland that "we are standing for a literature that will rise above culture," but they trust in
that "highest result of culture which is not to know books and language, but to be able to extract truth from life."

Let us glance hastily at a few American writers who have been inspired by American life or environments. The Indian supplied Cooper with an intensely interesting theme. Irving likewise was not compelled to seek abroad for the material of his best stories. Indeed, everywhere we turn we see that genius has transformed legend into literature, inspiring and elevated. Another notable exponent of our American school has already been commented upon—Nathaniel Hawthorne. New England, to his far-penetrating eye, was a treasure box glowing with jewels. Nor have the various types of character found elsewhere throughout this broad land been neglected. The magazines of recent years have been filled with stories of localities. Richard Harding Davis, studying the great stage upon which comedy and tragedy are enacted in quick succession—New York city—has given us a wonderful, brilliant picture of certain features of that great panorama.

Bret Harte, across the continent has portrayed American life in the fierce grandeur of rough western settlements. How different these two pictures and, yet how true.

William D. Howells introduces us to people that we know. Yet a strange light has he thrown about them. It is hard for any particular community to remember that their particular community is not the standard from which all differences are to be measured. We exhibit peculiarities that are not evident to us from the very fact of their being ours. When therefore the novelist uses us as the fountain head of his characters we must remember that all are being subjected to the same treatment.

Thomas Nelson Page sees in Virginia a fruitful field for story. Edward Eggleston in Indiana has drawn never-to-be-forgotten pictures. "The Hoosier School-master" is refreshing with its vigor and life. Thus we might continue through a long list, including the names of Joel Chandler Harris, James Lane Allen, James Whitcomb Riley and the Murfee sisters.

The objection will undoubtedly be urged, and with some justice, that such stories have attracted attention on account of the peculiar environments of life there presented, and so soon as this becomes tiresome such literature will vanish. Perhaps it would be sufficient to say that even if
such literature is evanescent it is indicative of a wealth of present material. But we must realize that though the novelty of the existence of peculiar types is fleeting, the deeper life is there. The novelty of the type is but a small portion of the wealth that appears to the eye of the novelist. The surroundings of such lives are made the settings for the disclosure of the principles of life. For we must conceive that every novel has a deeply centered purpose. This purpose may be attained in the portrayal of the rough peculiarity of some far removed community, as well as in the highly polished gentility of modern society.

American life has then its attraction for the imaginative mind. "Literary instinct seeks to discover what is significant in the life that is nearest, convinced that all life is a revelation, and that to the artist beauty is universally diffused through all created things."

'Mid the Oaks of the Old College Hill.

D. L. B. Goodwin, '98.

Oh, my father sent me to old Kenyon,
My head with classical learning I should fill;
And so I settled down
In that college of renown,
'Mid the oaks of the old College Hill.

'Mid the oaks of the old College Hill, my boys,
'Mid the oaks of the old College Hill;
And so I settled down
In that college of renown,
'Mid the oaks of the old College Hill.

Four long years I spent at jovial Kenyon,
'Mid the ups and downs of college life; but still
I'll give a rousing cheer
For the place I hold most dear,
'Mid the oaks of the old College Hill.

'Mid the oaks of the old College Hill, my boys,
'Mid the oaks of the old College Hill,
Oh, let's give a rousing cheer
For the place we hold most dear,
'Mid the oaks of the old College Hill.
We are loyal sons of old historic Kenyon,
We will guard her ancient name, as such, until
Her walls are in decay
And the world has passed away,
'Mid the oaks of the old College Hill.

'Mid the oaks of the old College Hill, my boys;
'Mid the oaks of the old College Hill;
Till her walls are in decay
And the world has passed away,
'Mid the oaks of the old College Hill.

O, the old familiar Path of classic Kenyon,
May the grass your spacious borders never fill;
We'll remember you for aye,
When "Old Kenyon's" passed away,
'Mid the oaks of the old College Hill.

'Mid the oaks of the old College Hill, my boys,
'Mid the oaks of the old College Hill;
We'll remember you for aye,
When "Old Kenyon's" passed away,
'Mid the oaks of the old College Hill.

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TUNE—"On the Banks of the Old Tennessee."

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Merriman's Church.

BY C. C. WRIGHT.

Mr. Merriman stopped before the stately Gothic pile of granite, now covered with a network of scaffolding, but soon to stand unveiled before the world, a noble massive tribute of man's reverence to his God. The intricate tracery and tiny pinnacles gleamed against the clear blue of the morning sky and seemed like so many fingers pointing upward to the golden cross at the top of the spire, glittering in the bright sunlight. — the glorified emblem of a godlike Death. And, as if impelled by the mysterious pointing of those granite fingers, Mr. Merriman lifted his gaze to that shining cross and his shrewd gray eyes lost their quick glance in the soft revery of a peaceful mind. All his life he had lived in this
city striving for that success in worldly goods which men crave, and then, suddenly, he had been filled with the idea of another life which might be the fruition or the penance of this earthly life and like the prudent man that he was, he had resolved to seek the fruition. And so, he had kindly lent his ear to one of the numerous divines who had been trying for years to divert his thoughts from from the stock-market to the Church and soon had become greatly absorbed in religious matters. Thus it came about that when the Rector of this parish had approached him for a gift to the new church, he had generously offered to double all other gifts. The edifice which was soon to be completed, while known in ecclesiastical circles as St. Luke's, in business circles received the sobriquet of "Merriman's church."

"A fine building, Mr. Merriman,—a very fine building," said a voice at his elbow, and Mr. Merriman, turning in its direction, beheld a queer little old man, with a wrinkled face that told of years greater than those commonly allotted to man.

"Ah! good morning, Mr. Tracy," said Mr. Merriman affably.

"Yes, it is a very fine building," repeated Mr. Tracy, as if he had not heard the other's salutation, "but did you ever stop to think, Mr. Merriman, what endless experiences the money that is to go toward building it, has seen? What luxury and extravagance, what miserly hoarding, what pinching of poverty, what shame, what crime that money has seen!"

"Never crime, I hope, Mr. Tracy," said Mr. Merriman.

"Well I don't know," replied Mr. Tracy, with a queer little chuckle.

"But I do know, that some of that money has been unjustly wrenched from the hands of the widowed and the fatherless. Yes, I think it might be called crime—robbery, I should think it was—downright robbery, sir," and Mr. Tracy looked sternly up at his companion.

"It is possible," answered Mr. Merriman with a benign smile. "I suppose there are some hypocrites in our church, though I don't know of them. But of course there must be some; it could hardly be otherwise. However, I don't know to whom you refer, Mr. Tracy."

"Don't you?" said the other. "I'll tell you. Some twenty years ago, a man who is now a member of your church, was engaged in a manufacturing business. The business, as was afterwards discovered, was steadily losing money, although its credit among the people of the
community remained good. And just at the time when the company's affairs were at the lowest ebb, an old lady, who was a widow, wished to invest her little capital and put it in the hands of a friend to place where it would bring her an income. It was not much money, but it was enough to keep her from want for the rest of her days, if properly invested. Her friend took it to the men who composed the company and lent it to them. They gave him a note for it, although that very day all the officers of the company had transferred their personal property to their wives and were consulting about an assignment. Three days later the assignment came, but the officers of the company were safe. They owned no property, although their wives did. The widow died of hunger before the affairs of the company were settled, but it was just as well, for the creditors only received thirty cents on the dollar. However, the officers of the company soon recovered, for their wives kindly gave them some money with which they as quickly made more and one of them has since given of his abundance to this church. I think the widow, too, gave her 'mite,' but I doubt if she is credited with it. As Mr. Tracy finished his story, he gave a queer look at his companion.

"It was certainly a dastardly deed," said that kindly gentleman, "but do you think, Mr. Tracy, that the officers of this company intended to do wrong? Is it wrong for a man to secure his home and enough for his family to live on, when his business affairs are in a bad way?"

"No, I don't think so," said Mr. Tracy. "But I do think it was wrong for these men to accept such a loan when they knew they were insolvent."

"That is so," assented Mr. Merriman. "But who is this man, Mr. Tracy, who has given to our church? I think something ought to be done about it."

"Mr. Merriman," said Mr. Tracy, "there is a story in the Bible—which I fear you do not know as well as you know the stock quotations—there is a story in the Bible of Nathan the Prophet and David the King. Nathan was telling David of a certain rich man—who, although he had great flocks of his own, stole a poor man's only sheep—a little pet ewe lamb—in order that he might entertain some guests with a feast. The tale greatly enraged the King and he inquired who the rich man might be, that he might visit judgment upon him. And Nathan said to the King, 'Thou, thou art the man.' . . . . Though I am not a prophet,
I may also say, with the certainty of absolute knowledge, "Thou art the man."

"I think," he added slowly, as he turned to leave, "I think that the walls of Merriman's Church have heard to-day their first sermon, and I doubt if it be the worst."

Athletics.

A. D.

Our competitors are sending out "coached" teams, and are meeting with success. We have no coach, but without disparaging the team, think that we need one. Now, one of the grand lessons taught by good old Bishop Chase—one which will probably be a main spring of the college life so long as it lasts—is that everything comes through work and patience. Believing this, it is not to be inferred that Kenyon, who, three years ago in order to compete with her more fortunate rivals, was compelled to take half of the men in college, good, bad, or indifferent—to make up her football eleven, rather than give up her athletics, is now going to stand by with folded hands and see her big sister colleges snatching her laurels simply through the superior advantages of professional training. This, in the nature of things, is simply impossible, and if to compete successfully in football requires the services of a coach, why a coach we will get. We are not now making an idle boast, but rather a sincere prediction, based largely upon the genuine love of graduates and undergraduates for the success of Kenyon's institutions.

In the meanwhile, to turn from prediction to fact, too much praise cannot be given Mr. Watson, '98, for his untiring efforts and self-sacrifice in the interests of Kenyon athletics. The coaching Mr. Watson has been giving the team for several weeks is but a small though a very valuable part of what he is constantly doing for our athletics. Our defeat at Oberlin and the sad accident which deprived us of our captain seemed to dispirit us, everything was going wrong. Mr. Watson came in the nick of time, reorganized the team and revived our football spirit. As an incentive to honest and faithful training the football quarters—due also to Mr. Watson—have worked marvels, and we now begin to realize how badly we needed them before.
Williams, was game yer's Oberlin's because down, through with run down, outclassed. one succeeded around lately line. Taking Oberlin by the the entireletic all very brace," Oberlin a ball "subs" and half dozen "heelers" along the side lines crouch behind one another for protection.

The game was called at 1:37 P.M., Oberlin winning the toss and taking the field. From the beginning it was evident that Kenyon was outclassed. Hollenback started with a good kick-off, but Fauver advanced the ball to the middle of the field; a buck followed, and then Boothman by a fine run behind good interference carried the ball behind the goal line. Bogrand kicked goal and Oberlin had made six points. Immediately after the second kick-off Fauver made a run of 75 yards, and Oberlin pushed the ball over the line again. Goal. Score, Oberlin 12, Kenyon 0. Fauver caught the ball again, but was tackled; Kenyon "took a brace," secured the ball, gave it to Oberlin on a fumble, was pushed down the field, and Bogrand went through the center for another touch-down, failing to kick goal. Oberlin 16, Kenyon 0. Fauver made another run of the length of the field, but the teams lined up on the 15-yard line because of Oberlin's foul tackle. A few bucks, and Boothman went around the end for another touch-down. No goal. The half soon closed, with the ball on the 15-yard line, the score being Oberlin 20, Kenyon 0.

In the second half Kenyon's play improved somewhat, but Oberlin succeeded in bucking the line for two touch-downs and in gaining another through Miller's run. Twice Kenyon had the ball within a few feet of Oberlin's goal, once through Hollenback's kick, and once through Sawyer's 20 yard run and the succeeding short bucks. At the end of the game the score stood, Oberlin, 38; Kenyon, 0.

A few minutes after the first kick-off, Kenyon's captain (Williams) was laid-off with a fractured hip, quite a serious injury, and soon R. H. Williams, who had taken his place, retired with a bruised knee. Wing
played Kenyon’s left guard the remainder of the game. Atherton, too, was obliged to leave the game, and was succeeded by Phellis. Later in the game Fitch and Cole retired, and their places were taken by Wheeler and Behr.

Perhaps the most noticeable features of the game were Oberlin’s interference and the runs of Fauver and Boothman, the tackling of Sawyer and Hathaway, and the Oberlin referee’s ignorance of the fine points of the game. The onlookers, as was to be expected, amused themselves by jeering at the visiting team, and even went so far as to hiss the Kenyon referee for not getting down on his knees in order that they might see over his head.

The teams lined up as follows:

**OBERLIN.**

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<th>Position</th>
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<td>Left End</td>
<td>Hathaway</td>
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<td>Left Tackle</td>
<td>McFarland</td>
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<td>Left Guard</td>
<td>Williams, Capt.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Centre</td>
<td>Schofield</td>
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<tr>
<td>Right Guard</td>
<td>Jenkins</td>
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<tr>
<td>Right Tackle</td>
<td>Bell</td>
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<tr>
<td>Right End</td>
<td>Clippinger</td>
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<tr>
<td>Quarterback</td>
<td>Myers</td>
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<tr>
<td>Left Half</td>
<td>Atherton</td>
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<td>Full Back</td>
<td>Phellis</td>
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**KENYON.**

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<td>Right Tackle</td>
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<tr>
<td>Right End</td>
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<tr>
<td>Quarterback</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Right Half</td>
<td>Phellis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Left Half</td>
<td>Phellis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Full Back</td>
<td>Hollienbach</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Referee — Barber.
Umpire — Clancy.

**MASSILLON ATHLETIC CLUB 9 — KENYON 32.**

The second of Kenyon’s home games was played on November 3, with the Massillon Athletic Club. The teams were very unequally matched, owing to the visitors’ ignorance of and lack of experience in the game, and as a consequence the game was rather slow. Massillon’s redeeming feature was its bucks through the center; its runs around the end were total failures. Herd’s bucking, Kell’s, Wittman’s and Markel’s offensive work were the most noticeable features of Massillon’s individual playing. During the first half Kenyon made a very poor showing, but braced up
in the second half and did herself justice. The interference was far better than has yet been shown, particularly around the left end, where Straw made a great many long runs; Mottley's and Sawyer's bucks were especially good, and Phellis gained considerable by his end bucks. Hollenbach's work as quarter back shows that he has evidently found his place; his interference was excellent. The larger score of the second over the first half is an evidence that the substitutes' playing was at least not inferior to that of the regular men. Emery's judgments as umpire were several times questionable, but were evidently more from ignorance than from a deliberate intention of giving Massillon undue advantage.

The teams lined up as follows:

KENYON.                      M.A.C.
Hathaway  { Left End  Kell
Little    { Left Tackle Sylver
McFarland { Left Guard McLain
Crosser   { Center   Eitner
Jenkins   { Right Guard Malvin
Schofield { Right Guard Cleaver
Thornberry { Right Tackle Wittman
Hessendeen { Right End Reeves
Bell      { Right Half Markel
Martin    { Full Back Captain, Herd
Phellis   { Quarter Back King
Mottley   { Left Half
Straw     { Right Half
Doan      { Captain, Herd
Sawyer, Captain { Full Back
Hollenbach { Quarter Back

Referee — Prof. Pierce. Umpire — Emery. Lineman — Burnett.
Twenty-five minute halves.

The game was called at 2:45, Kenyon having won the toss, with the wind in her favor. Massillon kicked off and Kenyon brings the ball to the center of the field, but it is soon lost on a fumble, when Massillon takes the ball, but finally, after several good bucks, loses it on downs. Kenyon advances the ball by bucks and wins to within a few feet of the goal and makes a touch-down, which is not allowed by Umpire Emery. Massillon loses ball on downs, and Sawyer bucks over the line and touches down. No goal. Score, 4 to 0. Massillon makes a good kick-off, but the ball is soon brought back by Kenyon. Lost on fumble. Massillon gives up the ball on downs. Mottley and Straw make good runs and Phellis bucks. Time called on 25-yard line. Score at end of first half, 4 to 0.
Kenyon starts with a kick-off and makes 15 yards. Massillon punts on the third down. Little catches the ball. After a series of bucks by Mottley and Sawyer, Straw makes a run around the left end and behind the goal line. Hollenbach kicks goal. Score. 10 to 0. Mottley catches the ball on Massillon's kick-off. After several bucks Kenyon loses ball on a fumble. Massillon is given 25 yards on Thornberry's throttling. Kenyon regains ball on a fumble and Mottley bucks over the line. Goal is kicked. Score. 10 to 0. After Massillon's kick-off, Hollenbach brings ball to the center. Massillon gets the ball on downs, but immediately loses it for the same reason. After a series of runs by Mottley, Sawyer and Straw, the latter touches down. Hollenbach kicks goal. Score. 22 to 0. Kenyon rapidly advances the ball after the kick-off by Phellis' and Mottley's bucks, when Straw makes a 20-yard run and a touch-down. No goal. Score. 22 to 0. Ball is caught by Kenyon on 15-yard line, is advanced 10 yards, where it is lost on downs. Massillon loses on downs, and Doan in two or three good runs carries the ball over the line. Goal. Score, 32 to 0.

MT. UNION 0—KENYON 36.

The game was called at 2:30. Mt. Union won the toss, and chose the west end of the field. Hollenbach kicked off for 30 yards. Mt. Union recovered some ground, but soon lost the ball on downs, and by successive bucks and a run by Wolverton, Kenyon secured a touch-down. Hollenbach kicked goal. Score, 6—0. Time, 24 minutes.

For Mt. Union, Johns sent the ball 30 yards into Kenyon's territory, and Kenyon advanced it steadily almost to Mt. Union's goal, but lost it on downs. Mt. Union lost 10 yards on the second down, and Johns punted for 40 yards. Kenyon fumbled, and Mt. Union regained the ball, but lost it again on four downs. Then Kenyon, after good gains, lost the ball once more, but secured it almost immediately on a fumble, and advanced steadily, Wolverton finally carrying the ball over. Hollenbach kicked goal. Score, 12—0. Time, 15 minutes.

On the kick-off, Johns kicked 35 yards. Kenyon advanced the ball to within 15 yards of the opponent's goal, when it was lost. Mt. Union lost ground, and Johns punted. By runs and bucks, Kenyon steadily advanced the ball, and Straw carried it over. No goal. Score, 18—0. Time, 24 minutes.
ATHLETICS.

Johns kicked-off for 30 yards, and Kenyon carried the ball back close to Mt. Union's goal. Here it changed hands several times, till finally Mt. Union punted. Kenyon rallied, and by strong bucks secured another touch-down. Hollenbach kicked goal. Score, 22—0. Time was called immediately after the touch-down.

Mt. Union had the ball at the beginning of the second half, and Johns made a poor kick-off. Kenyon lost the ball in Mt. Union's territory, and after three unsuccessful attempts to gain ground, Johns punted. Wolverton fumbled, and Mt. Union again punted. Hollenbach returned the punt. Mt. Union again attempted to punt, but lost 4 yards. Kenyon carried the ball close to Mt. Union's goal, but lost it. A poor punt by Johns gave the ball to Kenyon on almost the same spot. Hollenbach bucked, and Wolverton carried the ball over. No goal. Score, 26—0. Time, 17 minutes.

Johns kicked for 35 yards, but Wolverton caught the ball, and by a pretty run made 40 yards. By bucks by Little and Hollenbach and runs by Sawyer, the ball was again carried over. Goal. Score, 32—0. Time, 21 minutes.

Johns kicked for 30 yards, and Kenyon carried the ball back to the center of the field, where it was lost on a foul. Mt. Union punted out of bounds, and regained the ball and punted again. By bucks and runs by Sawyer and Wolverton, Kenyon secured another touch-down, but failed on the punt-out. Score, 36—0. Time, 28 minutes. Time was called with the ball near Mt. Union's goal.

The teams lined up as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MT. UNION</th>
<th>KENYON</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Baxter Left End</td>
<td>Hathaway Left</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dumbauld, Captain</td>
<td>Little</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heacock Left Guard</td>
<td>McFariand</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rider Center</td>
<td>Jenkins</td>
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<tr>
<td>McConkey Right Guard</td>
<td>Schofield</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Couley Right Tackle</td>
<td>Wing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whitehill Right End</td>
<td>Bell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caskey Quarter</td>
<td>Phellis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marsh Left Half</td>
<td>Burnett</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brown Right Half</td>
<td>Sawyer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Johns Full Back</td>
<td>Hollenbach</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Umpires and Referees—Pierce, of Kenyon, and Marsh, of Mt. Union. Linesman—Barber, of Kenyon.
The latest notion, which comes from Paris, is to wear white chiffon blouses, an extravagance which, however, cannot be followed by the many. But white is very much used altogether over the water. White cloth forms facings and trimmings to nearly all the costumes which are made of the popular periwinkle blue, or hyacinth blue. The exact shade of the blue hyacinth, which is really mauve, is the color of the autumn. There is nothing else to be seen in Paris, so I hear. It forms whole dresses and hats and blouses, and evening cloaks are made of it in combination with ermine. — Pittsburgh Bulletin.

A. H. Commins, '94, and Clay V. Sanford, '94, were reviewing old "stamping grounds" for a few days last month.

Miss Van Valkenburg, of the class of '94, Harcourt, spent a few days in Gambier about October 20, on her return home from a summer's pleasant visiting in the east.

George P. Atwater, '95, attended the general convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, at Washington, as a delegate from the Kenyon chapter.

Mrs. President Sterling recently returned to Gambier after an extended vacation at Deer Isle, on the coast of Maine.

A class of elocution, to which the Juniors and Seniors of the college and the Bexley students are eligible, has been organized by Prof. Pinkham.


The Freshmen elected as their class officers: President, W. B. Clark; Vice President, Alden; Secretary, Stanbery; Treasurer, Youtsey; Toastmaster, Goodwin; Historian, Straw; Prophet, Dimon; Poet, Lee; Foot Ball Captain, Southworth; Base Ball Captain, Sharpe.

The following men accompanied the team on its trip to Oberlin in the capacity of "heelers": Barber, Wilson, Sanford, Harris, Alden, Youtsey, Dunham and Armstrong. Young "Eph" was taken as a mascot, but his success in fulfilling the duties of his office was not, as the results show, marked by any particular brilliancy.
Prof. Brusie's many friends will be pleased to learn of his election recently to membership in the American Philological Association.

Dr. and Mrs. Seibt gave a charming reception to the Junior class of Bexley Hall in the Doctor's lecture room at the seminary. Misses Seibt, Benson and Crocker assisted in receiving.

Acting on the suggestion made in a communication to the September number of the Collegian, the Freshmen have determined to revive the old custom of ivy planting, which for many years has been suffered to fall into abeyance. Southworth, Nelson and Lee were appointed a committee of arrangements. The class is to be highly commended for the resurrection of a custom not only picturesque in conception, but of such practical utility.

Exchange.

John Clarkson will coach the Harvard base ball team this winter.

The Yale Glee Club gives a part of its proceeds to poor students.

The University of Michigan graduated 780 students last year, the largest class ever graduated from any college.

The Yale Glee Club has offered two prizes of $25 each for the best music and the best words of a new song.

The Harvard Crimson has recently made arrangements whereby in the future it will be furnished by telegraph with news from other colleges.

Chicago University has one instructor for every six students.

About thirty-five men are enrolled in the new military course at Harvard.

The Crescent A. C. is being coached by Beecher, the old Yale quarterback.

An annual prize of $60 is to be given to the member of the Dartmouth Athletic Association who stands highest in his studies.

Cornell has more fellowships than any other university except Columbia. Two of these are worth $600 each, and the other twenty $500 each.
J. D. Upton, '98, of Harvard, is coaching the Williams team.

Four million dollars have been donated to the new American University at Washington, besides a site given by the city equal to five hundred thousand dollars.

There are one hundred and ninety college papers in the United States, while England has none.

Twenty-two Yale graduates will coach foot ball teams this fall.

Fennessy, '96, has been elected captain of the Harvard crew for next year.

James Mitchell, who holds the world's record for throwing the hammer, has entered the University of Pennsylvania.

The grass is green and the sea is green,
But the thought of his heart is greener.
Fresh! Fresh! Fresh!
As the daisy that blows on the lea,
And oh! that my tongue could utter
His utter simplicity.

—Ex.

Wesleyan's new gymnasium was formally opened October 5. The principal address was made by President Andrews, of Brown University, on the subject, "The educational value of the gymnasium." His reference during the address to the game of foot ball is interesting. "Foot ball, as played by college men, just on account of its element of danger, does more to bring out and develop manhood, quick and cool judgment, than any other game I know. We do not send our sons to college and expect them to play tag or copenhagen."