The Kenyon Collegian.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF KENYON COLLEGE.

BOARD OF EDITORS: ALBERT N. SLAYTON, '96, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
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Editorial.

We take great pleasure in presenting to the Collegian's readers in this number some reminiscences from the pen of Mr. William Richards, '38. Although addressed to the Philomathesian Society and intended for its members exclusively, in consideration of the death of that body and the interest which all Kenyon's friends will attach to the letter, the Collegian has taken the liberty to publish it, as the surest means of bringing it to the notice of the members of the defunct society.

One of the events of the spring term which merits especial attention is the organization and campaign of the track team. Even while a member of an association in which track athletics received a due share of consideration, Kenyon has always been lax in her preparation for this important department of college athletics. After the dissolution of the Ohio Intercollegiate Athletic Association, the efforts of a few absurdly unprepared men on Kenyon Day represented our prowess in this direc-
tion. Although very often possessing skill and strength of more than an ordinary character, the college has suffered it to remain entirely undeveloped, and has rendered track athletics of such little importance that until within a week or so before the annual field day, they are seldom given more than a passing thought. The spirit and enterprise is therefore the more commendable in those men who, early in the season, effected an organization from the best available material in college to the intent that track athletics might be brought to a higher state of perfection. It usually requires time for any body, however much may depend on the inherent ability of each of the original members, or even of their successors, to attain its greatest efficiency; consequently the field days at O. S. U. and at Denison, though apparently of little success to us, promise much for future development. The efforts of these men to mold track athletics at Kenyon into a permanent form should by no means be allowed to remain fruitless under the careless indifference which has demoralized so many student movements.

Unlike our predecessors, we are unable in this closing number of the school year to congratulate the Lecture Course Committee on a successful series of entertainments. Yet we do not intend either to criticize the committee's actions or to offer an apology, were such necessary, for lack of judgment or negligence in the performance of its duties. The failure of the local dramatic talent to furnish the two entertainments which they had promised for the Lecture Course, and which had been announced by the committee to its patrons as members in the course, is excuse enough, as far as the committee is concerned, for the non-completion of the series. But what may be the effects of this on the interests of the student body and, in particular, those of their organizations which are dependent on outside patronage, is not a pleasant reflection. The establishment of such a lack of confidence in the minds of those from whom a large measure of the support of college institutions is anticipated, would eventually be found rather embarrassing to say the least. The root of this whole evil lies in the indisposition of some students to assume the responsibilities of various positions whose functions would seem to carry with them more labor than honor. This will account for defeats in many an athletic contest and for the failure of many a student movement, beneficial both to the student and to his Alma Mater. In
the same connection, another case in point was the choice of the committee last fall; not until after repeated elections and resignations of men fully competent in every way to make the course a success, could a number be found, practically a volunteer committee, willing to perform its duties. Without doubt there is no office in college with less distinction for the hard work necessary to be performed; but it is work which is important enough for the attention of the best talent, and whether the incumbent's services receive due recognition from his fellows or not, that it is done for Alma Mater's welfare should be a sufficient guerdon.

In a late issue of one of the current weeklies a complete account of the honor system at Princeton has been published, comprising a history of the movement at that college, its workings and effects. This system, which has reference to the conduct of students in examination, has become deeply rooted at Princeton, even within the brief time since its inauguration, and has been introduced with marked success into other colleges. Princeton has only followed in the footsteps of a number of institutions, particularly in the South, where the system has been prevalent for many years; but her case is the more remarkable on account of the especially rapid progress she has been making towards a raising of the standard of student honor. We see in this one of the most favorable signs of the times. Years of experience have taught educators that the utmost vigilance not only can not prevent "cribbing," but that it will do positive harm in dulling the student's moral sense. No matter how the instructor may regard giving or receiving help in an examination which is under strict surveillance, the student's sense of honor will seldom be nice enough to consider it more than an outwitting of the authorities. The true solution of the problem of cheating will be found only in making the students themselves responsible for fairness in their conduct. This system, which abolishes the instructor's espionage, and which requires of each examinee a written pledge, with his papers, that he has not given or received help during the examination, has created such a change in the moral atmosphere of those colleges into which it has been introduced, that the faculties have not the slightest hesitation in leaving to the students the detection of any cases of "cribbing." Cheating in examination is diminishing—the best evidence of the growth of a higher sense of student honor. The students are, after all, perhaps, not so much
to be blamed for what the lives of their fathers teach them. "In the competition of business, of politics, of professional life," as a recent magazine writer has remarked, "men are continually trying to gain prizes with the least possible expenditure of labor." But the standard of honor is an arbitrary one, continually in a state of change, and we may consequently congratulate ourselves that the rising generation has set for itself a standard while young, which means higher ideals in future society, business circles and government.

To the Ocean.

BEXLEY.

Sweep on, sweep on, thy restless waves.
O mighty world of waters!
Thy bosom hides the thousand graves
Of earth's fair sons and daughters.

Sweep on, sweep on, 'gainst rock and shore,
Nor still nor standing ever!
Thy crested billows, sullen roar,
Earth's dearest ties do sever.

Sweep on! with storm and tempest wild,
In rage the frail bark spurning;
Thy wrathful billows earth's fair child
From home and friends are turning.

Sweep on! thou bearest on thy breast,
From every land and nation,
The corn for bread, and all the best
Of this world's fair creation.

Sweep on! 'cross thee the zephyrs blow,
Both health and pleasure bringing;
Earth's sick ones seek thy waters' flow—
They love thy wild waves' singing.

Thou mighty world of waters, sweep!
Sweep on with restless flowing!
Earth could not be without thy deep
Blue waters coming, going.
It is Easter Day. The Church of the Purification is thronged with worshippers. The chancel is banked with flowers. Their fragrance is perceptible everywhere through the edifice. The choir boys are hidden by rows of palms, which form a dark background for the stately lilies, fit emblems of the Resurrection. The service has been one grand triumphal burst, everyone taking full part in the simple yet stirring music of the Easter season. The congregation, composed largely of working people, have just finished singing, and are standing with bowed heads while the Invocation is being pronounced. There is a rustle for a moment while the mass settle themselves in their seats, and then all eyes are turned upon the minister. He lingers for a moment before announcing his text, making a visible effort to control himself. The death-like pallor on his face shows clearly the marks of some great inward conflict. Could one have seen his agonized face, as he knelt in prayer during the last cadence of the hymn, the deep lines of pain which had already furrowed his face, he would have been startled and bewildered. The pang is evidently passing, for the minister is giving out his text in measured tones, with a magnetic and commanding voice, indicative of great nervous force. "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and is become the first fruits of them that slept." Something in the voice or manner of the minister holds the congregation spellbound.

The Rev. Ralph Lyon has been the incumbent of the Church of the Purification a little less than a year, and in that short time has worked up the parish to a high degree of organic efficiency. He has been particularly successful with working men, as the congregation shows. They like his frank whole-heartedness, his ready sympathy, his guileless sincerity of purpose, and the heartiness which characterizes all that he does, whether in the pulpit or out of it. In short, they love him, because they realize that he has a sincere and earnest love for them. He has been far from well during his incumbency, and his premonitory pause has produced in his hearers a ready sympathy with their beloved pastor. They do not await his discourse with cold surprise,
but with the warm human solicitude which has so often strengthened him in moments of physical weakness, and with the hope, too, that the vacation which they have offered him, but which he has refused until the arduous labors of Lent are over, will fully restore him to health. His sermon to-day, notwithstanding his evident weakness, lacks none of the force and directness which mark his utterances. Simple, plain and clear, he outlines with remarkable vividness the significance of the Resurrection to the early Christians, and their joy when they found that He who had told them that He was their life, had proved it to them by this, His victory over death. Yet vivid and intense as his exposition of its historical bearing is, it is far outshone by his present day application of the text. He depicts with masterful power the ability of each one present to enter into Life. He lifts their dull souls to a new conception of the throbbing earnestness of living, and strives to unbar their fettered senses that they may at least apprehend, if not comprehend, the full meaning of a newer and a larger life. He points them to their Master as the King of Life, in whom and through whom, they may attain this germ of life eternal. The answering expectant glow on the faces of the congregation shows clearly their marked interest in the theme. "To live," he utters in conclusion, "in the dull, round of being, to drag out the sordid existence of the moment, to eat, to sleep, to work, to die, these are the portion of the brute. Lift yourselves, by your allegiance to Christ, into a higher and more exalted sphere. Be not content to breathe the foetid air of the noisome marsh, but mount on wings of noble aspiration and nobler humility to the throne of grace, and ask from Him the King of Life, that new life, which He is waiting to bestow." The earnest resolve depicted on every face, shows how deeply the congregation are moved. A deep, vibratory "amen" follows the ascription. The clear voice of the soprano swells upward with the "Christus Resurrexit," and then the vast congregation leave the church.

The minister has gone to his study. The flush on his cheek betokens fever. His eyes are unnaturally bright, and he gingers with nervous haste the manuscript of his afternoon sermon. Ever and anon he rests his head upon his hands. Once he kneels, and cries with agony to God: "O God, thou hast forgiven me. Help me to forgive myself. Thou hast said that Thou wilt blot out transgression. Help me to blot it from remembrance."

His little wife steals in softly and walks over to the kneeling figure. She places her arm lovingly about his shoulders, and when he looks up at
her touch, strokes back the hair from his hot forehead. He rises unsteadily and puts his arm about her, leads her to the lounge, and sits down beside her. Her pleading eyes bespeak an anxious solicitude which no words can express. They are silent for a few moments. "O Ralph, dear," she murmurs, "please, please try to forget; God has forgiven you! I did not think that I had anything to forgive; you did not know me then; please do not think of it again! And now try to eat something. You have fasted so long, you are so feverish. I wish you were not compelled to preach. I shall be so glad when the service is over. Tomorrow we are going away, and when you are well these morbid fancies will disappear." Moved by the entreaties of his wife, the minister strove to swallow a little food, and drank a glass of wine. He then lay down and followed her movements with his eyes, as she placed his sermon in its cover in readiness for the approaching hour of service. Soon the bell announced the hour and, robing, he left the rectory by the entrance which communicated with the church. His wife, until now outwardly calm and self-contained, could no longer restrain her tears. She looked after his retreating figure with the longing anxiety which betokened so plainly her profound love. When, a few moments later, she sat with serene and graceful dignity in her pew, only her lustrous eyes betrayed the deep concern she felt for her husband. As the service progressed and the time for the sermon approached, her anxiety visibly deepened. She knew so well the strain which her sensitive and highly-strung husband would be called upon to endure. In a few minutes he mounts the pulpit. His eyes have a strange gleam. His face is flushed. He announces his text: "Peace at the Last." In the pause he makes before commencing, the silence may be felt. To a student of character the whole situation would be apparent. He is evidently preaching to himself. His passionate earnestness as he depicts the final peace when the conflict is over, is pitiable in the extreme. He defines peace as a positive entity. It is not stagnation, but the great calm after the great conflict. His face is luminous with faith as he seems to catch for a moment, a far-off vision of his desire. The congregation are petrified. There is that in the face of the minister which chills the heart. The agony depicted there is too great for words.

The eloquent pleading of this soul in despair is electrifying. Its effects are visible upon the congregation, even when they are leaving the
church. The picture of this passion-tossed being cannot be dismissed. They have witnessed the anguish of a great soul, and since they can not comprehend, are awed to silence. The minister is again in his study. The exhaustion which his wife expected is absent. He walks excitedly up and down the hall. His flashing eyes and hurried breathing tell of the fever in his veins. Now and then he murmurs excitedly: "Peace at the Last!" "Peace at the Last!" Outraged nature has asserted herself, and delirium has taken its cue from the prevailing impression of the mind. His wife walks with him up and down the hall. He does not see her. She knows that nothing can be done until he is quieter. Once she attracts his attention for a few moments to give him the medicine he is accustomed to use when suffering from fever, and then the hurried pacing up and down is resumed. Hour after hour he walks, and the occasional monotone in which he utters the dread sentence is the only sound which breaks the painful silence. The walk becomes slower. Consciousness is returning. His wife rises to meet him with ineffable delight as she sees the conscious smile he gives her. "You look so tired, dear," he says. "You must say good night, now." With his arm round her, he leads her to her room, and says, "Good night, Mildred; I love you." His wife, however, has no intention of remaining away from him, and hastily changing her dress for a white dressing gown, she returns to her husband. He is still walking up and down, but the fever is leaving. She induces him to lie down and stays near, ministering to him with yearning tenderness. He seems much quieter, and his eyes close drowsily. Rest does not yet come. The fever returns. Another thought seems to possess the mind of the minister. He goes to the church and returns robed, reverently carrying the vessels and articles for the celebration of the Communion. His wife is struck with horror at the possible blasphemy of this celebration of the sacred mystery by one in the delirium of fever, and yet there is nothing but reverence in the action and attitude of her husband, as he disposes the sacred vessels and begins the solemn liturgy. Involuntarily she drops upon her knees with a prayer for pardon for him. He has no book; but every word of the service is recalled with accuracy. He seems no longer delirious. With another prayer that this may give him peace, she tries to enter into the meaning of the sacred mystery. He has communed, and then he turns to her, and prepares to administer the consecrated elements. A shadow
passes across his face and his voice falters. "— which is given for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life." He waits and looks at her with unspeakable love, and then places the holy element in her hands. She still kneels, in eloquent silence beseeching God to heal him, whom she loves.

Her husband concludes the sacred ceremony, and stands with hands outstretched to bestow the benediction. She looks upward to meet his glance. His radiant face has lost its haggard aspect. He looks down with more than earthly love upon her. Once he steps forward as if he would take her in his arms; but he seems to remember the holy office, and he turns aloft his glowing eyes. His wife can hardly see him through her tears of thankfulness. Her prayers are answered. She sees the joy benign upon his face. "The peace of God which passeth all understanding," he begins with deep solemnity. The joy is present in his perfect intonation. He pauses and looks down again. A holy light beams in his eyes. He clasps his hands, gazes steadfastly upon his wife for a moment, and then falls backward—dead. And thus Thou gavest him, O God, Thy peace.

A Student Sigh.

D. Le B. G.

THE examination days are come,
The saddest of the year;
When Seniors bluff, and Juniors puff,
And Freshmen quake with fear.

James Duramer, '97.

Constant Southworth, '88.

Yes, yes, said the old alumnus, as he put his feet on the stove and reached for my box of cigars; of all the men I knew in college, James Duramer was the oddest; no one knew and no one cared to know where he came from. He was banished to one of the "bull's eye" rooms
after the first term of his Freshman year, on account of a frightful cuckoo clock, whose hourly wail was not in the least more attractive because he was the maker of it.

Nobody knew Duramer, and nobody wished to. A tall, ill favored man, with a sharp, sallow, unpleasant face, with black hair and sunken roving eyes, is not the ideal careless college man. His character was negative, never attracting, and seldom repelling. He had no enemies, consequently he had no friends.

It happened that my room was under his and so I saw more of him than I would otherwise have done. He seemed to have liked me as well as it was possible for him to like any living thing, for once or twice he had helped me with a difficult physics lesson.

He was wonderfully quick at all the sciences, easily leading in any study of mathematical application or practical research. Though a Junior in class rank, he was still taking German and Prep. French. No one ever saw a text-book in his hands; yet in the studies he liked he never failed. Not infrequently the questions he asked "stumped" the professor, and once or twice where he had differed from the professor he had been proved correct. All the dusty books in the library on advanced science were devoured by him, and several times he had been locked in. There were one or two books that never left his room from the beginning of a term to its close. When asked about them he would gruffly answer, "I will pay the fine."

The interior of his "bull's eye" room had never been seen. There were many stories told of the queer machines in that room and the uses to which they were put. Every night until one or two, if I happened to be awake, I could hear the stroke of his hammer or the squeak of his file. There were other rumors connected with him and his room, some said that he was turned on perpetual motion, and many openly avowed that they would prefer to sit in a grave yard all night to visiting Duramer after dark.

Though shabbily dressed, he always had money to buy whatever tools and chemicals he wished, however expensive. By express and freight he constantly received packages of all sizes, weights, and descriptions.

One day in the electricity class a new galvanometer was found to be broken. The professor made a gesture of disgust, and said in a disappointed tone: "I suppose I shall now have to postpone my lecture for
a month or so, until this machine is mended." Duramer raised his hand. "Professor, I think that I can mend that instrument." The professor smiled, and said: "Do you know what one like this costs?" For the first and only time during his college life the color was seen to rise on Duramer's cheeks, but he replied in his former tone, "If this is not mended within a week, I will pay you twice for it." The professor looked at him keenly, and slowly handed to him the delicate piece of mechanism. On the fourth day thereafter, he brought the galvanometer from his room; possibly there was a trace of pleasure on his face when he handed back the instrument to the astonished professor, perfectly mended, and received his merited praise. Whatsoever he was called upon to do, if it had any connection with his studies, was done perfectly.

So things continued into his Junior year. Perhaps his face grew more sallow, and his eyes became more sunken. But during the second term of that year a change came over him. Whereas before, he had worked till one or two, now regularly until three or four his light burned and his hammer sounded. After about two months his thin body became thinner, his sharp features, sharper. He often missed his meals. His eyes came to have a wild instead of an absent look. Alone, one felt uncomfortable in his presence. His recitations became poor; once or twice he even cut, and finally capped the climax by flunking dead in his favorite electricity.

During the Easter recess that year he did not leave college.

The Trinity term opened. If his recitations had been poor before, they were wretched now. The professor, the president expostulated with him, but no improvement followed.

Formerly, no sounds save those of his hammer or file had issued from his room, but now-a-days, more and more frequently he could be heard talking. What he was saying was a mystery which no one cared to solve. Sometimes for a whole day nothing would be heard or seen of him; but silent or noisy I began to dislike to go up the lonely stairs to my room late at night, and once inside my door was securely bolted. It became distasteful to me to stay up there, the vacant wing rooms seemed so deserted, and so full of uncanny noises.

For several days now, Duramer had been making almost straight cuts; at night he was particularly gleeful; his voice seemed to me to have a maniacal ring. The following night I was suddenly awakened,
and felt a cold shiver run down my back. With difficulty I lighted a match. My clothes were lying on the floor just where I had dropped them the evening before, the litter of books and papers on the table was untouched, my room was undisturbed. The silence was stifling. I felt as if a mad man had been in the room. I slept no more that night, though my lamp was lighted. That morning several of the boys spoke of having heard Duramer that night give a loud shout of boisterous exultation. But now there was a strange silence in his room, a silence that made me feel more uncomfortable than his noise had done. For two days nothing had been seen or heard of him. While at the depot on the afternoon of the third day, I was given a package to hand him. I took it to my room, and hesitated for some time before I started up the remaining flight. It was just dusk. Twice I started, as if I had been stung, at the creaking of the stairway under my own footsteps. How deserted the old college seemed! Why had I not noticed it before? Why had I not brought the package up while it was light? At last I reached the door. I knocked, but only heard the faint distant sounds of the ball nine returning from their practice. Finally I tried the door; it swung open with a harsh creak that made my heart leap. Though the sight of many strange instruments, complete or incomplete, and the peculiar composite odor of mixed chemicals greeted my approach, yet I only saw one picture, one which I shall never forget. Across a table, facing me, with his chin resting on the edge, with one hand on a hammer, the other laid jealously on a peculiar glass covered instrument before him, within which a wheel was rapidly revolving, sat Duramer, with features like a skull, and eyes like demon's. On catching sight of me he tried to speak, but there was only a rattle in his throat. With a gleam of fiendish pleasure he slowly lifted his hammer and brought it down upon his delicate machine.

The gleaming eyes grew dull, and through the deepening dusk, a corpse was staring at me!
Western College Press Association.

The Western College Press Association, of which The Kenyon Collegian has been president during the past year, held its annual convention with the University of Chicago Weekly May 31. During its morning and afternoon sessions, the regular business of the Association was transacted, the evening being devoted to a banquet. A revision of the Constitution for the purpose of strengthening its organization was adopted by the Association after a heated debate upon several of its provisions. Plans were considered in regard to methods of effecting the greatest mutual help among the members of the Association, and for enlarging its field of work. The representatives present were: Fahs and Cresap for the Northwestern, Evanston, Ill.; Lovett for Collegium Forense, Des Moines College, La; Grassie for the Round Table, Beloit College, Beloit, Wis.; Lowry for the Pegasus, Eureka College, Eureka, Ill.; Bump for the Aegis, Sanborn, Hedley and Arndt for the Daily Cardinal, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.; Hadley and Chalmers for the Earthamite, Earlham College, Richmond, Ind.; Roberts for the Pleiad, Albion College, Albion, Mich.; ——— for the Illini, University of Illinois; Gregory for the Ariel, University of Minnesota; Leroy for the Daily, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Woods, Gallion, and Chollar for the Weekly, University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.; Slayton for the Collegian, Kenyon College, Gambier, O.

The following officers were elected for the current year: President, U. of C. Weekly; Vice-President, Pleiad; Secretary and Treasurer, Aegis. The Executive Committee is composed of the Daily Cardinal, Chairman; the Northwestern, the Kenyon Collegian, the U. of C. Weekly, ex-officio.

Papers were read and discussed by the U. of W. Aegis on “The Western College Press Association”; by the U. of M. Daily on “News Gathering on a College Daily”; by the U. of C. Weekly on “The Character of a College Weekly”; by the Cardinal on “The Duties of the Managing Editor.” Other subjects of interest to college journalists were also brought up for discussion.

Athletics.

O. S. U., 17—Kenyon, 9.

The return game with O. S. U. was played on the Kenyon grounds May 31st. The game was very interesting, although the superiority of the O. S. U. team was only too evident from the start. Our team had
made some improvement in batting over the work in the Columbus game so that we succeeded in getting more runs than before, but the fielding was, if anything, hardly so good as in the previous game.

The contrast in the work of the two teams shows very clearly the weak points in Kenyon base ball. The O. S. U. men played with that vim and certainty of movement which showed continued hard practice and confidence in one another. Their playing was essentially team work. The Kenyon team, on the other hand, played as if each man felt that he had to play the game alone. There seemed to be no certainty in the minds of the players, what any other man would be likely to do in a particular case. Thus the playing lacked system, and it is this lack of close team work that has been a great factor in the loss of many games in the last few years. As a whole it was a clean game, and although we lost it, we are compelled to acknowledge that it was lost on its merits.

The score was as follows:

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On June 7 a very pretty game was witnessed on the home grounds between the University of Cincinnati and Kenyon. The Kenyon team was weakened by the loss of Straw on third base, the position being
filled by Wickersham, of K. M. A. Daly, also of K. M. A., held down first base again, and played a very creditable game. Some of Kenyon's errors were very costly. By dropping a pop fly in the ninth, after two men were out, Esselburne let in three runs. As usual, Wolverton made a home run, unfortunately with the bases empty. Daly thought the example a good one, but improved on it somewhat by waiting until there was a man on first.

The feature of the playing of the Cincinnati men was the all around work of Thomas, the catcher, and especially his throwing to second. Ross also seemed to be always in the right place. In the early part of the game, by some unaccountable movement, Hamaford sprained his ankle in a vain effort to stop a grounder. After nursing the injured member a few minutes, he pluckily went on with the game.

There were very few objections to the umpire's decisions and although from the side lines it seemed that Kenyon got the worst of all the close decisions, with one exception, yet we consider this as among the fortunes of war and are satisfied that the decisions were made to the best of the knowledge of the umpire. As a whole, the game was very pleasing as a specimen of gentlemanly ball playing.

The score was as follows:

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TR A C K  A T H L E T I C S.

The contest between the track teams of Denison and Kenyon at Granville June 10th, was a successful one from many standpoints. It enabled the Denison team to break records that had stood the test of Denison men for at least ten years. It showed us the necessity of true, honest efforts, and exactly what work will do for good material. The Denison team was composed of the winners of their field day, while our team was that of men who were making an effort to enthuze athletic spirit into the College. We can not say that we were outclassed, as each event was won by such a narrow margin. The runs, especially, were very close, and made the events interesting to the spectators.

In the 220 yard dash, owing to a mistake of the judges as to the finishing line, won for the Denison man; the time, 23\frac{1}{2} sec., lowered their record. In the pole vault a record was broken, but the form and style of the Kenyon man received applause from the appreciative on-lookers.

In the hurdle race, the event was run for time, and was won by one-quarter of a second—Denison 20 sec., Kenyon 20\frac{1}{4} sec.

In the 440 yard dash, the same relative position of the two men was held from start to finish, and was won by a fraction of a second.

The mile run was won by a fluke. The judges failed to call off the laps on a quarter-mile track to the runners, and the Kenyon man made a mistake in the third lap and thought it was the last. He sprinted from the back-stretch leading by a good distance. He stopped on the finish and lost fully five seconds before he could be made to see the mistake. After his sprint he was not able to again catch the Denison man. Time, 5.13\frac{1}{2}. We are confident Kenyon can lower this time on a mile. In the one-half mile run Kenyon won both first and second places, breaking the Denison record of 2.19. It was easily won in 2.18\frac{1}{4}.

As this is the first year that Kenyon has had a track team, we feel that her efforts, while not altogether successful, have shown that we possess good material, and that with development, can easily win from any team in the State.

The result in detail is as follows:

Putting Shot—Hunt, Denison, first; De Armond, Denison, second. Distance, 34 ft. 10 in.

Running High Jump—Hunt, Denison, first; Shutts, Denison, second. Height, 64\frac{1}{2} in.
220 Yards Dash—Shults, Denison, first; Doan, Kenyon, second. Time, 23\(\frac{3}{4}\) sec.
Half-Mile Run—Hollenbach, Kenyon, first; Mottley, Kenyon, second. Time, 2 min. 18\(\frac{1}{4}\) sec.

Pole Vault—Hunt, Denison, first; Williams, G. F., Kenyon, second. Height, 9 ft. 1 in.

Running Broad Jump—Shutts, Dennison, first; Hunt, Denison, second. Distance, 19 ft. 5 in.

High Hurdles—Shults, Denison, first; Williams, G. F. Kenyon, second. Time, 20 sec.

Quarter-Mile Run—Mason, Denison, first; Mottley, Kenyon, second. Time, 56\(\frac{3}{4}\) sec.

Running Hop, Step and Jump—Hunt, Denison, first; Shutts, Denison, second. Distance, 48 ft. 1 in.

Throwing Hammer—Marlowe, Denison, first; Jones, Denison, second. Distance, 28 ft. 1 in.

One Mile Run—Randall, Denison, first; McNish, Kenyon, Second. Time, 5 min., 13\(\frac{3}{4}\) sec.

One Hundred Yards Dash—Shutts, Denison, first; Blake, Kenyon, second, Time 18 sec.

Alumni Notes.

The address of William Richards, '38, some of whose reminiscences are published in this number, is Chevy Chase, Md., a suburb of Washington, D. C.

'49. The honorary degree of LL, D. has recently been conferred on Prof. E. C. Benson by the University of Nashville. The honor is one which the well-known abilities of Professor Benson, both as an educator and scholar, have well merited.

'68. Rev. E. D. Irvine has accepted a call to St. Mark's Church, Hastings, Nebraska.

'77. The engagement of Lieut. Benson to Miss Mary Frances Breeze, of San Francisco, is announced.

'93-ex. Alvan E. Duerr was married June 18, 1895, to Miss Mary Virginia Allen, at the home of the bride, Greencastle, Ind.

'94 ex. Ralph Curtis Ringwalt, of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, a member of
the Senior Class, has been appointed an instructor at Columbia College, and will teach argumentation, writing, and speaking there and in Barnard College.—Harvard Crimson.

'91. We clip the following from The Parish Messenger, of the Church of the Savior, Philadelphia:

The Rev. Mr. Davies, who has been with us for two years as assistant minister, is about to leave us, having accepted a call to the rectorship of Grace Church, Haddonfield, N. J. We part with him with regret and sorrow, but we rejoice that our loss is greatly to the gain of our brethren across the river. As Haddonfield is simply a beautiful suburb of Philadelphia, only seven miles away, we shall hope to see Mr. Davies from time to time, and to hear of his success in the field to which the Great Leader has now appointed him. The members of our congregation, to whom he has so greatly endeared himself by his welcome and faithful ministrations, will miss him, and some of them will mourn his departure; but let us be thankful that he has been with us to lead our devotions with so much purity of spirit, and an expression that seemed to us so perfect. May God bless him in his new home, and prosper him in all his ways.

Reminiscences.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 30, 1895.

To the Librarian of the Philomathesian Society, Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio:

Dear Sir— I take pleasure in sending to the library of my old society a copy of my little book entitled, "On the Road to Rome, and How Two Brothers Got There." If any present member of the society or of any branch of the College should be pleased to read it, perhaps he would also be pleased to know that the work is referred to in Rev. Clarence A. Walworth's "Glimpses of Life," etc., which appeared, with very good pictures of my brother Henry and myself, in the last April number of the Catholic World, which I am glad to learn is received and read in your library.

Allow me to add that in thus thinking of my old society, my mind is filled with resurrected associations of the "dead past," when I used to meet my fellow members every Wednesday—or was it Thursday—night, in that long room in the southwest corner of the basement in the main
building adjoining the west wing of the College which, by the way, was at one time fixed up and neatly arranged by Charles Douglass, who afterwards went to England, the brother of Andrew Douglass, who was in my class (1838).

My memory goes nine or ten years back of 1838, to the night when I first entered that same room where lived Bishop Philander Chase, whose grand form and genial face, as well as those of his good wife, come up before me almost with the distinctness of reality. My presence there, then, is accounted for by the fact that I had driven a horse attached to a small wagon to take my uncle, Benjamin F. Mower, from Granville, Licking county, to the college, in the fall of the year; while Col. Chancey Humphrey had taken his son Lucius in another small wagon from the same place, both of the boys becoming students there. I do not know why it was, but I know that Col. Humphrey and myself were entertained there by the Bishop all night—with supper, lodging and breakfast—my sleeping room having been in the room above. Of course, the west wing was not then finished, and if there was any tavern on the hill I did not know it. If the fact is mentioned in any life of the Bishop, or any history of Kenyon College that he lived in that basement room, I do not recall having read it.

Reverting now to the society, it may serve to show you our free and easy ways in those days if I relate a little incident which occurred on a terribly cold night in the winter of 1839-40. It fell to me, as critic, to make some remarks on a performance of A. Baldwin Norton, and as he appeared there covered with an immense blanket, or something of that sort, to keep himself warm. I did not hesitate to suggest that a proper respect for the society would have led him to appear there in a different garb. He immediately retorted that 'it looked well in the critic to remark upon his appearance when every one could see that he (the critic) stood up before them in a bear skin coat with a cow-skin collar.' The roar of laughter which followed was intensified by the fact well known to every one that the coat in question belonged to Norton himself, which I had borrowed to keep myself warm.

I also well remember another night in particular when we had a full meeting, and during an animated discussion Robert Elder (who, I believe, was then a theological student) found occasion to exclaim: 'Who knows but that the future President of the United States is now present with
us?" And sure enough, there sat Rutherford B. Hayes. I may add that I presume no one present singled him out as the destined individual; though I may also add that before I finally left Gambier in February, 1840, to go to the great Log Cabin Harrison Convention, in Columbus, on the 22d of February, it had become the general opinion of his acquaintances that "Rud" Hayes knew his own mind and never lacked in backbone.

And this reminds me of two anecdotes which Mr. Hayes told me here, in Washington, while he was President. And, by the way, this happened one night when Gen. Le Duc, then Commissioner of Agriculture, had a party at his house of Kenyon College men in honor of Rev. Sherlock A. Bronson, who was visiting Secretary John Sherman just after writing his life of Sherman, who came with Dr. Bronson to the meeting, where they met the President, Associate Justice Davis, Mr. Trimble, and several others. Mr. Sherman facetiously claiming that he came very near being a Kenyon boy because he lived in Mt. Vernon and a professor or clergyman came every Sunday from the college to teach his Sunday School class. The first incident related to me by the President was this:

Some two or three weeks before Stanley Matthews was to graduate, the Faculty discovered that he was one of a lively crowd who did a heap of mischief one night—such as carrying off the pulpit in the chapel down the hill to Owl Creek, and doing other things much worse, for which they were about to expel Stanley, and discipline the others in various ways. But as Stanley was the bright particular star of the class, and the commencement would be dull without him, strong influence was brought to bear in his favor, which, with the Faculty's high and tender regard for his widowed mother, induced them to announce one evening at prayers, before supper, that if Stanley would make a public apology there, the sentence would be remitted. Then, said the President, the boys gathered, after prayers under the trees in front of the big chapel, and discussed the Faculty's decision. Every one advised Stanley not to comply, some saying that the sheepskin of the college was not worth any thing, any how. Hayes stood by, heard all, and waited till all were done, and then he said: "Well, Matthews, although I am two years behind you, I do not hesitate to say that I do not agree with the boys, and my advice to you is to accept the terms of the Faculty." Thereupon Matthews said: "Rud, I want to see you." They stepped
to one side, and then Hayes said: "My reason is that if you are expelled you will be ruined. You know your own weakness, and it will become worse. You know you have done wrong, and you should be manly enough to acknowledge it. And, then, think of your mother." The result was that they went back to the boys, and Stanley announced that he would accept the terms, which he did.

"About twenty-two years after that," the President said, "both of us being lawyers in Cincinnati, and the war of the Rebellion having broken out, we both volunteered, and Stanley was appointed Colonel and I Major (or was it Lt. Col.) of the same regiment. One Sunday an urgent telegram came from Columbus, which was delivered to me, and which I had to carry out to Stanley who lived on the hills. After we had finished our business, Stanley said: 'Now, Major, I want you to come in and see my mother.'" They went in, and Stanley introduced him by saying: "Mother, this is Rutherford Hayes, who made me graduate at Kenyon." She was delighted to see him, greeted him most cordially, and after some conversation, she said to Stanley: "You know I have been unwilling to have you go into the war. But now, finding that you are in such good company, I consent to your going."

The time came when President Hayes had the pleasure of nominating Senator Matthews as an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

The other incident was related to me by the President in reply to my question based upon a newspaper report which he said was erroneous. The true story was that after he was elected Governor of Ohio (and he did not remember whether it was the first or second time) he had occasion to go to Cleveland before his inauguration. Stopping at the Weddell House, a number of prominent men called in to see him during the evening, and while they were chatting and enjoying themselves, suddenly a servant came in with a bountiful supply of liquors and eatables. When the Governor saw the liquor, he said to the servant: "Who sent that here?" The answer was that he was ordered to bring it to this room. The Governor said: "Well! I don't want it, and you must take it away." Then spoke up the owner (not the keeper) of the house—who was a free and easy gentleman, fond of a respectable game of cards and the accessories of generous refreshments—and he said: "Oh! Governor, I ordered the refreshments up here in honor of the occasion, so that these
gentlemen may celebrate your election in good style." "Well," said the Governor, "I appreciate your kind intention, but I must decline to have any liquors used here; for I am not accustomed to use them at home, and I do not propose to depart from my custom away from home. I appreciate the intention to honor the occasion, but it must be done without liquor." And the liquor was carried away. Bearing this incident in mind, one can appreciate the ineffable meanness of that poor joke which certain people delighted to circulate in "society" that President Hayes' brand of liquor was the O. P. B., meaning "other peoples' brandy."

Let me add that not very long after the President related these incidents to me, I met in Washington the late Senator James F. Wilson, of Iowa, whom I knew as a stalwart boy when we both lived in Newark, Ohio, and who preceded me a year or two in migrating to Iowa, he settling in Fairfield and I in Keokuk. Senator Wilson was among those radical, thoroughly loyal, and consistent Republicans who imbied the notion that President Hayes was favoring the South too much; and not long prior to our interview, Wilson had got some strong resolutions passed by the Iowa Republican State Convention, which were intended to decidedly disapprove of the President's policy. In the course of our very earnest discussion of the then state of public affairs, I related to Senator Wilson both of the anecdotes above mentioned, and I well remember how greatly surprised he was to find that the President had such strong backbone and was such a decided temperance man, which last especially pleased Wilson, as he was then the chief leader of the Prohibitionists in Iowa. Senator Wilson having entire confidence in my report, surprised and pleased me by saying: "Well, well; this is entirely new to me, and now I shall go to see the President very soon."

With sincere wishes for the continued prosperity of the old Philomathesion Society, I am,

Yours truly,

Wm. Richards, '38.

The News.

Miss Condit has returned from Oberlin, having completed her course there.

Professor and Mrs. Pevrice entertained a number of friends at cards, May 27.
Frank and Clarence Alden, ex-'95 and ex-'98, respectively, paid a flying visit to Gambier the week before Commencement.

Mrs. Charles Cornwell, of New York City, is visiting her son, H. St. C. Hathaway, Kenyon, '98. She expects to stay through Commencement week.

Foote, Kenyon '96, is enjoying a visit from his mother and sister of Walnut Hills, Cincinnati.

The Kenyon Track Athletic Team held an election after the Denison field day, choosing Hubbard, '97, manager, and Hollenbach, '90, captain for the ensuing year.

Jenkins, Bexley '98, and Stocks, Kenyon '98, sailed June 15 on the steamer Lucania for England, where they go to their respective homes, Betchly, Buckinghamshire, and Carlisle, Cumberland.

The staff of the Collegian expect to edit a midsummer number after Commencement, containing a full account of the events of Commencement week. This will be mailed to subscribers during the summer vacation.

Martin and Slayton, '96, and Shantz and Hubbard, '97, attended the commencement banquet of the Wittenberg Chapter of Beta Theta Pi on the evening of May 29.

Slayton, '96, in his official capacity as Editor-in-Chief of the Collegian, presided at the meeting of the Western College Press Association in Chicago, May 31.

Wing, ex-'89; Mottley, '95; Baker, Wilson, McAdoo, '96, and Straw, '97, attended the commencement reception of Miss Phelps' school in Columbus, June 6.

The recent dry weather has led to the reopening of one of the old institutions of Gambier. This is the old town well, which for many years used to refresh the inhabitants of this vicinity. The pump was of those interesting old well sweeps, very picturesque, but hard to keep in order, and for this reason its use was discontinued about fifteen years ago. We are glad to make the acquaintance of this old alumnus.

Saturday, June 8, O. W. U. met Kenyon in a very impromptu tennis tournament. Delaware was represented by Wells K. Stanley and Earl
T. Smart. Prof. Peirce consented to play the singles for Kenyon against Stanley, and the contest was very close and interesting. Stanley won the first set, 6-4, and Prof. Pierce the second, 7-5. The last set was intensely interesting, as there could be no prophesy of the result until the last ball was served. Stanley finally won, 7-5. In doubles Stanley and Smart seemed to have Commins and Williams, A., at their mercy, winning easily, 6-1. In the next set Stanley began to show weariness from his long contest with Prof. Peirce, and the playing closed with the score 5 to 3 in favor of Kenyon, time preventing the completion of the set.

Exchanges.

The University of Pennsylvania has sent a geological expedition into Central Africa.—Ex.

Beloit College is to become co-educational next fall.

There are eighteen college bred men in the United States Senate.

In the library of Harvard University there are pictures of every graduate since 1752.—Pleiad.

One-sixteenth of the college students in the United States are studying for the ministry.—Ex.

The University of Wisconsin is perhaps the only University in the country that does not have daily chapel exercises. A movement is on foot to have it introduced.

The Maroon is the name of a new paper published at the University of Chicago; it is a semi-weekly.

A Romance of Pronouns.

It was evening, it was moonlight, it was late, and it was fair.
I was courting, I was happy, I was brave, for she was there.
She was pretty, she was blushing, she was willing to be wed—
He arrived, and he objected. He was papa, so I fled.
I returned. He was repentant. She was coaxing her mamma.
He relented, and I thanked him and forgave him—dear papa!
Then he blessed us. I was happy, while she blushed a rosy red.
He was willing. She was willing. I was willing. We were wed.—Ex.