The Kenyon Collegian.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF KENYON COLLEGE.

Board of Editors: ALBERT N. SLAYTON, '98, Editor-in-Chief.
C. R. GANTER, '99, Assistant Business Manager.

Vol. XXII. GAMBIER, OHIO, OCTOBER, 1895. No. 5.

Editorial.

Since the last appearance of the Collegian a new class have begun their "Kenyonian days." The Freshman's existence is proverbially not one of unalloyed bliss. His attempts to resolve order out of the confusion into which the conflicting ideas of the past and present have thrown him, is very often attended by many painful wounds to his self-esteem. And upon the character of the reconciliation of his views of his old life with those of his new, depends much the formation of his own character. He may, indeed, refuse any reconciliation and, failing to adapt the old conditions to the new, will receive his diploma in due course of time and will leave his Alma Mater with but a tithe of the knowledge she offers to impart. But to them who have avoided this Scylla there are yet the greater dangers of Charybdis. In a greater measure than in any other sphere, college life casts a glamour over many evils which will irremediably corrupt a man's best growth, and in most college men's lives the Freshman year has marked a crisis—he has yielded to or resisted these temptations; he has filled the husks of the
old ideals with the worst in his new life, or he has blended the best in both conditions toward the highest perfection of his manhood. Which shall it be? It has been said that a college course makes or breaks a man’s character; nay, more, the crisis may be comprehended within the narrower limits of that fateful first year—the influence of the standards which he then sets for himself shape his entire future career.

The injustice to which acts of thoughtlessness, engendered by class rivalry, often give rise, has never been more forcibly illustrated than in the action of the class which established the precedent by which the Juniors sustain the whole expense of their Promenade. Until within eight years, it had always been the custom at Kenyon, in accordance with the usage common at Yale and other eastern institutions, to give the Junior Promenade under merely the auspices of the third year class, and to distribute the cost among the participants by the sale of tickets. At that time, in the heat of a class rivalry, the Juniors decided to assume the entire expense of their dance, and thereby practically established that method for succeeding classes. The Junior Promenade has always been one of the few expressions of class feeling at Kenyon, and it has not been hard for many to exceed their means in their efforts to give a dance superior to those of their predecessors in the elegance of its appointments. The injustice becomes manifest when the class is small in numbers, as is the case with the present Juniors; the large scale upon which the Promenade has been conducted of late years would necessitate an apportionment among its members far beyond the means of the average college man. There must be a change soon, and a more favorable opportunity for it than the present will never be offered. A reversion to the older custom will reflect no discredit on Ninety-Seven, but rather the contrary, for there is a higher glory for them in casting into abeyance an unjust custom than they could ever gain from a most successful Promenade under the old conditions.

“Nothing in overplus,” says the Greek, and in defiance of an accusation of triteness against us in the choice of our text, we would consider it in its application to us as students—as individuals striving to work with our Alma Mater in laying for ourselves foundations of character which will develop into the highest types of manhood. It
often seems a difficult problem for us to decide just how much of our attention we may devote to any call upon it without running counter to the old Greek’s principle. It is not easy to resist the appeals of the athletic manager when you realize that honor to your college and distinction for yourself may be denied you by a refusal. What is a knowledge of dry mathematics or physics to the privilege of following your college team to victory on the athletic field? It is a severe trial to break away from the preparation of that lesson in Horace for two precious hours of severe muscular exertion when honors lie just within your grasp. Is the possession of that Phi Beta Kappa key worth risking in so sheer a waste of time? It is hard to fix your truant thoughts on an abstract chapter in psychology when you hear in an adjoining room the gay shouts of rollicking comrades—let us leave work for another season, these are the years of youth and pleasure! And is it worth while exposing one’s anatomy to disfigurement on the football field when one thinks of those social conquests but just begun?

How much simpler these conflicting questions would become if we could but learn that any branch of our college life into which we are tempted to throw ourselves, is not the end of our residence here, but merely a means to a higher and nobler purpose. Not athletics, not study, not social functions in pre-eminence, but just enough of each to make the well rounded man. A good batting average, a valedictory or marks of social preferment are not in themselves valuable to us if they have been won each at the expense of that for which the others stand. Athletics for a healthy physical constitution, study for a well-trained intellect, society for the development of the finer instincts—the are the components of a perfect whole.

Regrets.

Felice.

We have arrived at our Senior dignity. For three years it has been something to look forward to. We entered upon it with complacency. There was something so gratifying in being introduced to visitors as “Members of the Senior Class.” The Elysian fields had been reached; past offenses and delinquencies had been forgiven and forgotten;
there was a perceptible gleam of pride in the eyes of the members of the Faculty; they seemed to look upon us as an almost finished product — special instruments for use in the great laboratory of life. We had passed through our course with varying degrees of success, and, after all, we were the only persons actively concerned in the success, or non-success, which we had achieved. However that might be, it was of the past, and we were Seniors. Then came the bustle and excitement of gowning, and the deep problem whether the upper lip should go unshaven or not. To some the question was not open to discussion. To others its solution became a matter of trial. All were happy, some are even now. All might have been had not a sprightly Junior said one day: "You will soon be leaving!" What! leaving! It flashed upon my mind in a moment. Must I leave? Must I go out from the dear old halls I love so well? No! It can not be! The old "Hika" rises to my lips to ease my swelling heart. I lift up my hands to emphasize and punctuate the yell; but my gown is upon my arms, and my mortar-board falls upon the grass. I can not realize it! I stand in mute amazement, looking first at the gown the erstwhile emblem of complacent dignity, and then at the ruin of my cap, which I have kicked in supreme disgust. I rush to my room, and snatch from my shoulders that shroud of a living hope. Why could I ever have thought it dignified or graceful? Bah! It has the gloomy drapery of the tomb. Tradition has conspired against me. I must put it on and stand before the assembled company at the Commencement tribunal, and there, shrouded in the funeral habiliment, shall be thrust out from my mother's loving heart. O, Alma Mater! I love thee! I love thy traditions, thy memories; I love thy fame and name; I love every spot connected with thee. Thy name can make my blood leap. I live to show thy fair fame and influence to men. Wilt thou thrust me out from immediate contact with thee? The deadly truth comes over me by degrees. It is inevitable. The smile the professors gave was not one of pride, it was one of pity and solicitude. They themselves had loved and been thrust out in turn. They would fain prepare us for the shock of separation.

I wander round dejectedly. Every spot seems doubly dear. I lie in my window-seat and look out upon the gnarled oaks which surround the campus. Can I ever learn to give them up? The whole place is enshrined in my heart; why can it not love me in response? I forget in my anguish
that this is the great question the world asks from age to age, and the one also which it must some time answer. I look out on the moonlit campus when the silver flood of light hallows each dear spot. I do not want to sleep. This heaviness creeps upon my heart and numbs me. I wander abstractedly through the leafy shade. All innocently I stumble over a sleepy student. He calls me “Freshman,” and my heart leaps. Would that it were true! One more burden is added to my lot. An imprudent freshman, who has been and engaged my room—my room—for next year, swaggers in and asks me if I will sell my furniture and text-books. I seize him with a fierce frenzy, and kick him from the room with supreme delight and unholy satisfaction. I heard him tell a crony that he never heard me utter an angry word before, and that he thought I always stood up for the new men. I was sorry I had been so hasty. His punishment would come in due season. He would then understand my fit of madness. I wander dejectedly through the halls, and carve my name again and again in the places dear to me. The days go by all too quickly. The last recitations are reached. The separation will soon come. The hours seem winged. I cannot bear the daylight. The sun streams down in mocking splendor, and all the world laughs in response. Only at night do I seem able to think with calmness over the happy days-gone by. It is the day before commencement. A few cronies have planned a supper. They have honored me with an invitation. They have noticed my low spirited condition and they wish to cheer me. I accept the invitation to please them. I sit down with them at the banquet. I am the skeleton at the feast. No effort on my part seems to be able to dispel the gloom. I am still pretending to partake, in moody silence, when the toast-master calls upon me to respond to “The Old College.” The blood rushes to my face as I turn to him with imploring deprecation, but the applause makes my low protestations unheard, and I rise unsteadily to my feet. I choke down the lump which rises in my throat. “Brothers and classmates,” I begin, and as I see the responsive attitude of my hearers I am strengthened. “When first it was my privilege to come to Gambier, I looked with somewhat of supercilious disdain upon the grand old building which to-night your worthy toast-master has assigned me. It seemed to me inexperienced gaze a cold, gloomy, inhospitable place, more like a prison than a home. Its solid walls and rigid outlines were suggestive of the dungeon. The impression rapidly faded, giving place to one of
warmer and more pleasing import. I learned to love it with ardent affection, and to-night, my brothers, the last night that I shall spend within its rugged walls, I — I — " Tears start from my eyes. Sobs choke my utterance. I strive to regain control of myself, and then in deep and uncontrollable anguish I rush from the room. Outside a gentle rain is falling. God’s tears are mingled with my own, and my aching heart is relieved. It is Commencement morning. I have an oration to deliver. I stand before the audience with eyes filled. My voice is tremulous with emotion. The Faculty are gathered there in judicial array. Together with my class I stand before the dread tribunal. The time-worn Latin formula is pronounced: "Accipe hoc." A roll of parchment is placed in my hands. I am thrust out forever.

Custom in the Evolution of Government.

A. N. S.

Nothing in itself, yet everything in extreme is pernicious. It is well that the child should habituate itself to the use of its toys with perfect skill; it is essential that a nation should in its infancy look to a single individual as the absolute rule in both its civil and in its religious life. Yet a time will come when the child must "lay aside childish things" or remain for the rest of its life stunted in mental growth; when the nation must forsake old customs and become a "government of the people," or be content to live thereafter only in the records of the past.

Far back in the primeval days of the nation’s existence when it consisted of but a single family, the habitual respect paid their leader as head of the family gradually developed into homage to him as their absolute king and high priest. As this feeling grew stronger, divine power was ascribed to their sovereigns, and upon their death they were canonized and worshiped as gods whose favor was to be obtained in every public or private enterprise, and whose wrath was to be appeased for every violation of that iron law of custom. It is easy to see what enormous influence this worship of ancestors had in the evolution of government. Devotion to these divinities compelled their descendants to follow the customs of their ancestors to the letter, and eventually hardened society
into such a rigid routine of traditionary practices that the man as an individual became a nonentity. The nation was at a standstill. But progress often came, and by different channels. Sometimes a nation was revived through wars with its neighbors arising through varying customs. For no power is more effective in promoting discord in the human family than divergence of custom. It was but human nature that the sea- roving habits of the Carthaginian should have aroused the spirit of antagonism in the Roman soldier; that the stolid German burgher should be on terms of the bitterest enmity with the mercurial, pleasure-seeking Frenchman. With conflict, came the elevation of one government over the others, and the stagnation of those whose failure to master the arts of progressive civilization had led to their subjugation.

A nation, again, was often reclaimed by the breaking down of the old family despotism through the efforts of individual men. Forced to migrate from their original seats by excess of population or by the encroachments of warlike neighbors, driven to war by contact with rival tribes—what nation could keep entirely inviolate that set uniformity of custom created for it in its infancy? The exigencies of time and circumstances made their leaders, and the nation, perhaps unconsciously, had cast aside its shackles of tradition.

But those nations which have drawn away from the tyranny of custom towards a higher civilization have been the exception; adherence to it and consequent stagnation has been the rule. For hundreds of years China has been governed by customs, as inviolable as they are absurd, regulating every phase of her civil and domestic life. What is the result? A people once further advanced than any other on the face of the earth become among the lowest types of semi-civilization; a nation once withstanding successfully a power which threatened all Europe, unable to protect its own boundaries from a neighbor one-tenth her own size.

Evidences of the reign of custom at some early period of the existence of nations now in a state of the highest civilization, are everywhere manifest. Evolution in a government has always been more rapid than that of the ideas of its statesmen. England, while possessing one of the most democratic governments, still retains the semblance of absolutism, the empty symbol of an earlier stage in its development. A noble lineage is still of influence with us, although the real standard of a man's worth is no longer who he is, but what he can do.
In our own day we are seeing the effect of two extremes. The first is the case of Spain gradually dropping behind her sister nations in their progress, completely enslaved by the traditions of its race; the other, that of France, utterly regardless of ancestral precedents, always on the verge of anarchy. Each should have its lesson for us as Americans; we must learn from Spain that unswerving loyalty to the memory and ideals of those who fought and died to confirm our liberty—remember that liberty not license is the heritage our fathers have bequeathed to us. And yet we can find in France that ever ready alertness to adapt the new conditions to the old—to revivify with the spirit of the age the crystallizing tendencies of tradition.

**Burrell’s Uncle; A Tale of the Schools.**

**ALF. O’Mega.**

I met Burrell first at the “Regent’s Exam.”—in other words, at that appointed place where the all merciful and provident government of the State sees fit to inquire into the academic antecedents of professional school matriculants. It’s an ordeal, too, that examination by the Board of Regents, because they ask you for a lot of difficult things like spelling and physical geography, which Heaven knows most men have not had the time to bother with since they started to read the classics and speculate on the Whyness of the Wherefore.

Burrell was undeniably a good young man. You could tell it as you saw him standing on the stone steps waiting for the doors to open. He was shifting uneasily from one foot to the other, reading a book, with his eyes, nose and lips going all at once, although he uttered no sound. All this argued studious habits, and bad young men are not studious. Besides, his clothes had the virgin look that only a guileless tailor from “somewhere up the State” can give a garment. They were shabby looking, somewhat, too, and that argued that their wearer had little chance to be a bad young man. And while Burrell studied, the rest of the crowd, who were also waiting for the examination rooms to open, sat on the steps
and smoked pipes and cigarettes. They were not all good young men, you see, and some of them had tried at "Regents" before, and knew the ropes.

Suddenly the door opened. Everybody scurried for seats. A husky voice began to drone monotonously: "One at a time, gen’l’men! One at a time, please!" and I lost sight of Burrell to bury myself in an examination paper. After being a couple of hours on the rack, I signed an affidavit to the effect that I was a young man of virtuous and moral character and had received no extraneous help at the examination, and went my way in peace, to forget all about the Regents and Burrell.

When I met him again he had changed. A year's time had, to use a picturesque Yankeeism, blown the hay seeds out of his hair. He was not any better dressed than before, but his figure had improved, although he looked thinner and less healthy, and his mouth had a funny set expression that I liked.

Evidently he recognized me, for he accosted me cavalierly enough with a "Hello! you're the man that I spoke to at the Regent's last year, aren't you?" (I remember now that he had asked me what time it was, and that I had answered a trifle surely that "I didn't know.") But I said yes, I was the man.

"Well," pursued Burrell, who had an informal, uncouth way about him that was catching, "Hilliard—Tom Hilliard, he's in my section—he says you can help me out, because you know a lot of literary fellows." I knew Tom Hilliard slightly, so I said I was at Burrell's service.

He linked his arm in mine, and we walked on till we got to the Hospital gardens, and turned in there. "You see," he went on, "I've got an uncle who's coming down to see me. He's from our town, and he's paying my way through. The poor old chap expects to find me moving in the best circles here, and I hate to disappoint him, so I don't know just exactly what to do."

I waited, because I had very little help to offer. Sometimes silence means sympathy.

"So," pursued Burrell, "I thought I'd come to you to help us out. The old gentlemen is a good deal of a jay, but he keeps pretty well posted through the newspapers, and I think he's been reading a good deal about New York lately. His hobby is meeting prominent people; he
don't much care how or where. Now, if you could only suggest the names of a few celebrities, why Hilliard and some other fellows in my laboratory will do the rest."

I told him then that I thought Charles A. Dana, the editor of the New York Sun, was a great man. I mentioned Mansfield and John Drew, the popular actors; Dr. Parkhurst, the apostle of civil reform, among others, and wound up by naming Dr. Blank, the Dean of our school, as a personage that his uncle might like to know. "But," I added, "it's hard for strangers to get at them."

"Oh! that's all right," said the undaunted Burrell, "we'll fix that. Much obliged. Come and see the old man to-night, if you can. I live at No. 328, up the street here. Good-by."

And so he left me, wondering.

That night I was busy, and heard nothing of them. The next day, however, I met Hilliard carrying two brown paper parcels.

"What's good to make a false beard stick?" he called out to me as he passed.

"Spirit-gum," I said, and that was all.

In the evening Hilliard came to my room. I had a lazy mood upon me and could do no work, so submitted to being carried off to Burrell's to meet his uncle, and see "the neatest little bunco game ever played," as Hilliard put it.

We got there after a dingy climb up four flights of stairs, and found a room full of men presided over by the uncle from up the State. The old gentleman was in splendid spirits, answering questions right and left, beaming with approval upon everybody present, and evidently thoroughly proud of his nephew.

"I swan!" said he to me, confidentially, when we had found a quiet corner together, "that boy duz beat the Dutch. Wall, of all the people he knows in this here town! We met Drew and the other play-actor feller this mornin', jest walkin' the streets like you and me. Then we had lunch with Dr. Parkhurst — I don't set much store by him bekuz he looks too young for his dooties — and we saw Mr. Dana, the editor of the Sun, this afternoon. Wall, to think o' that boy knowin' all them people! especially Dana — an old man, with a white beard, old enough to be my father. Haw- haw!"
Then, for the first time, I saw that Hilliard and the men in his section were plotters and schemers of the deepest dye, and that I had unconsciously spirit-gummed, aided and abetted them in their nefarious designs.

I said little, and was glad enough when someone suggested the theatre. The old gentleman was bent on "seein' the town," and even the play-house did not daunt him. So we went.

I do not remember what the play was, but Burrell's uncle enjoyed it after his own fashion, staring at everything open-mouthed, and muttering a perfect torrent of "b'goshes" and "I swan's" under his breath whenever anything pleased him particularly. When it was over we went out and put him through the initiation of fried oysters and Welsh rarebit, which latter delicacy I am bound in truth to chronicle, astonished him not a little. He even insisted on carrying away some of it done-up in paper. Then we started for home.

It was dark, and the streets were almost deserted. Another man and I were walking a little way behind the rest, and, as we crossed a public square, we almost ran into the rest of the party, who had stopped, with Burrell's uncle in their midst, near one of the park benches. I peered over the shoulder of the man in front of me and saw, on the bench before us, a poor tramp, sound asleep. His clothes were ragged and stained beyond description, his hat a marvel of dents and gashes, and his sleeping face grimy and bloated. But from his pocket there protruded a last relic of dead gentility—the torn end of a ragged pocket handkerchief that had once been white.

Hilliard bent over him for a moment, and then lightly abstracting the tattered rag from his pocket, passed it from hand to hand among the group. I noticed, however, that Burrell's uncle was the only one of us that did not get his hands on it.

"It's marked with two B's," said Hilliard, turning with a shocked expression to the old gentleman, "and so there's no use for further concealment. That is Dr. Boanerges Blank, our Dean, a most eminent man, sir, but one whose only vice is drink!" And the rest kept shaking their heads solemnly as we walked home.

The remainder of our walk was spent by Mr. Hilliard and his accomplices in a glowing panegyric of Dr. Blank's abilities, when he was sober! And, after a while, I left them to go my way and meditate.
A week or so later Burrell's uncle wrote him saying he had arrived home safely, enclosing a substantial little remittance, and expressing the pleasure his trip to New York had afforded him.

"Look out for Drink, though, my boy," he said in conclusion, "it is a terrible monaster. Remember Dr. Blank and his sad fate.

Yours lovingly,

Uncle Abe."

All of which, I hope, from my innermost heart, will never disturb the peace of poor Dr. Blank, Dean of the United Eclectic Faculties, who is, and always has been, a model citizen and a teetotaler of the bluest azure stripe.

The Rush.

Rush Day this year found both '98 and '99 quite well prepared for the struggle which it always calls forth. One year's experience on the hill, however, had given the Sophomores quite an advantage, and they kept this throughout the day. The first event was the wholesale capture of about a third of the Freshmen forces at noon. These were spirited away a number of miles and left to ponder over what their comrades could do in the evening without them. A few stragglers were carried off at different times during the afternoon, but they succeeded in escaping and were on hand for la grande finale in the evening. The Freshmen retaliated somewhat by the capture of Southworth, the only man of '98 who seemed daring enough to brave their prowess by himself alone. He, too, was released in the course of the afternoon, so that when the classes met in the evening the only result noticeable from all the afternoon's work was the tired feeling of most of the men.

The rush itself was short, sharp and decisive. The Sophomores were stationed between Ascension and the Path, and waited impatiently as they heard the song of '99 become louder and louder. Just as the Freshmen reached the Sophs, their attention was momentarily distracted by a vivid flash, and the next instant they were white, if not with terror, at least with flour. It took only a few minutes for '98 to be complete masters of the situation. The men were about evenly matched individually, and the two extra men of '98 very easily decided the battle.
Of course, the rest of the college had a bonfire at the expense of the Freshmen, just for a little practice, to show them how they must build them this year to celebrate the Kenyon football victories.

We are sorry for the Freshmen that not even Easter will give them the privilege of carrying canes, but it may be a good thing, after all. For the last three years the Freshmen have carried canes in the Easter term until there was getting to be very little of the orthodox Freshmen humility. We hope that this will not be lacking this year, for a thorough knowledge of the duties of a Freshman is one of the best beginnings of college life.

Athletics.

DENISON 0—KENYON 38.

Saturday, October 5, witnessed the first football game for Kenyon this year. To say that it was a signal victory falls far short of the truth. Denison simply was not in the game. Kenyon seemed to have regained, under the excellent coaching of Stewart, that quick, hard playing which was the secret of her success two and three years ago. Her adversaries were simply taken by storm.

The ball was kicked off by Kenyon and was downed on the twenty-five yard line. This was the only point in the game where Denison succeeded in advancing the ball at all. In four downs they had carried it to within fifteen yards of the center. Here, however, our line closed up, and on a third down they punted to Brown, who carried the ball back into Denison's territory. It was now easy work for the rest of the distance, Jacobs making the first touch-down in six minutes. Hollenbach kicked goal.

In the next play Denison had the ball for a few moments on a fumble, but aside from this the Kenyon team went steadily down the field, Jacobs making one run of twenty-three yards. Hollenbach made the touch-down and kicked goal. Time, ten minutes.

At this point the fun began in earnest. Denison kicked the ball to Sawyer, who carried it back to the twenty-five yard line. Wilson bucked for eight yards and then the ball was given to Jacobs, who ran around the right end behind perfect interference, until he had a clear field before
him, making the third touch-down in two minutes. The distance was 78
yards. Hollenbach kicked goal. The next touch down took an extra
minute, because on the kick off the ball was downed by a Denison man.
In the third down they again punted, and from this point the play was
almost identical with the last, Jacobs' last run being 60 yards. Hollen-
bach kicked goal, as usual. Time, three minutes.
Hollenbach next had the honor of a sixty-five yard run and a touch-
down, skillfully avoiding the Denison full back. The touch-down was
evidently all the honor he could stand at one time, for he missed goal.
This took up a couple of minutes more. Sawyer had made a run of
thirty yards when time was called for the first half. Score: Denison 0,
Kenyon 25.
In the second half, which was cut down to nine minutes so that the
Denison team could take the afternoon train, Kenyon made two more
touch-downs by steady bucking. Sawyer and Brown made the longest
runs and was each credited with a touch-down. Hollenbach kicked the
first but missed the second goal. Score: Denison 0, Kenyon 38.
The Denison men showed lack of training. They could not stand
the game. Near the end Bishop was hurt and James took his place.
Aside from this the Kenyon men held their places throughout. The
backs and ends did good work throughout the game, but the rest of the
line had no real work to do, so that we can hardly form an estimate of
their strength from this game.
The following is the line-up of the two teams:

DEISON. KENYON.
Brown............... Left End...................... Hollenbach
Denham............. Left Tackle.................... Martin
Thayer............. Left Guard...................... Woolison
Jones, H........... Center......................... Jenkins
Blair............... Right Guard.................... Williams, H.
Wilson............. Right Tackle.................... Williams, D.
Deeds, O........... Right End...................... Bishop, James
Hunt................ Quarter Back................... Straw
Merrill............ Left Half........................ Jacobs
Zollars........... Right Half....................... Sawyer
Davis.............. Full Back....................... Brown
Referee—Barber. Linesmen—Burnett and Amos. Umpire—Marlowe.
ATHLETICS.


This game was played at Cincinnati, Saturday, October 12th. At the expense of being accused of playing the “baby,” we must protest most strenuously against our treatment therefrom the officials as well as the players. The referee, with the evident intention of giving the game to Cincinnati, repeatedly judged against us in defiance of all rules. The playing in the line was rough and irregular.

The following is the line-up:

KENYON.

Jones .......................... Left End .......................... U. of C.
Thornberry .......................... Left Tackle .......................... Eaton
Woolison .......................... Left Guard .......................... Sutphin
Jenkins .......................... Center .......................... Groll
H. F. Williams .......................... Right Guard .......................... Mougey
D. W. Williams .......................... Right Tackle .......................... Matthews
Martin .......................... Right End .......................... J. Thomas
Bishop .......................... Quarter Back .......................... G. Thomas
Hollenbach .......................... Left Half .......................... Hamaford
Doan .......................... Right Half .......................... G. Smith
Brown .......................... Full Back .......................... De Armand
Sawyer .......................... Referee — Berry. .......................... Umpire — Barber.

U. of C. kicks, Jenkins gets the ball and carried it to the center of the field. U. of C. line was bucked seven yards; Mougey was disqualified for fighting. Sawyer bucked for seven yards, followed by Jacobs with a gain of two yards; Bishop then plowed his way around U. C.’s left end for ten yards. The ball was now on U. C.’s thirty yard line; after a slight gain by a buck, Doan was sent around the end for ten yards. Kenyon lost the ball by a fumble; regained by U. of C. fumbles. Good runs around the end by Martin and Doan soon pushed the U. C.’s against their goal posts. Sawyer, by an irresistible buck through center scored a touch-down. No goal. Score — Kenyon 4, U. C. 0. Time, 17 minutes.

Thornberry gets ball on kick off and carried it fifteen yards. Here Kenyon gains thirty yards around the ends by Sawyer. U. of C. on fumbles, they carry the ball to Kenyon fifteen yard line by rockers. Another buck brought it to five yard line. Here, by a stroke of bad luck, Straw
was hurt and Hollenbach had to take his place at quarter. Kenyon fought hard here, but after two more bucks U. C. had scored a touch-down. No goal. Score—Kenyon 4, U. C. 4. Time, 15 minutes.

After kick-off Jacobs gets ball on fumbles and successfully carried it behind U. C.'s goal posts, scoring another touch-down for Kenyon, but was not allowed by U. of C.'s best player, the referee. Here was but one instance of the robbery. Time called. Score, 4—4

At the beginning of the second half Sawyer kicked the ball to U. C.'s fifteen yard line, where it was received by De Armand, who with good interference carried it twenty-five yards. On next down U. C. lost seven yards. U. of C. by steady bucking comes up the field and makes touch-down. Goal is kicked, making total 10—4 for U. C. Time, 20 minutes.

Matthews receives Kenyon's kick-off and carries it to twenty-five yard line; then U. C. fumbled and lost the ball near the center of field. Kenyon on bucks soon had placed the ball on U. C.'s five yard line, where it was lost on a fumble, and soon after Eaton broke through the line and took the ball for another touch-down. Goal was kicked, making score 16—4, in favor of U. C.

Kenyon then held them down until time was called at 5:02 o'clock.

OBERLIN 0—KENYON 0.

All adherents of Kenyon who had the good fortune to witness the game with Oberlin, October 21, saw what was undoubtedly the most exciting foot-ball game ever played in this State, as the score, 0 to 0, partly shows. Oberlin has always been considered too strong for our team, and their being aided this season by a Yale coach, was not considered as increasing our chances this fall. Kenyon presented a team crippled from the Cincinnati game, but plucky and determined to make their big opponents work for the game. Oberlin, although having played the Saturday before, was in good condition, having saved four of their best men for the Kenyon game.

The game itself was without any sensational plays, few runs being made, and neither side retaining the ball for many downs. Both lines were repeatedly bucked, but for little if any gain, while the ends were usually invincible.

In the second half Oberlin resorted to a kicking game entirely, and the game was marked by more punting than has been seen in any game
had the Kenyon backs been in good condition there is little doubt but what the game would have resulted in a decided victory for Kenyon.

To enumerate the men who played the best for the home team would be to give the names of our entire team, as they all played with the vim and courage that is half the victory in itself. The sprinting half-back, Boothman, was unable to make any gains for Oberlin, their best work being done by Fauver and Worcester. For Kenyon, the punting and tackling of Brown was very valuable at critical points. The following was the line-up:

KENYON
Bishop Right End
Crosser Right Tackle
Williams Right Guard
Jenkins Center
Woolison Left Guard
Thornberry Left Tackle
James Left End
Hollenbach Quarter Back
Sawyer Right Half
Doan Left Half
Jacobs
Brown

OBERLIN
Young
McDonald
Worcester
Peirce
Gould
McMurray
Behr
Fulton
Fauver
Boothman
Clancy

Score—Kenyon 0, Oberlin 0. Referee—Barber. Umpire—Barnard. Linesmen—Burnett, Voorhis.

We are in receipt of a copy of a Philadelphia paper containing an extended account of the work of the Rev. Samuel H. Boyer, '03, Bexley, '66, in that city. We quote in part:

"The Protestant Episcopal Church of the Holy Spirit, situated at the corner of Snyder avenue and Eleventh street, Rev. Samuel H. Boyer, minister in charge, has just secured plans from Architect Samuel Milligan for the early erection of the most complete and handsome set of church and parish buildings in the lower section of the city. The completed structures will represent a value of over $30,000, and will stand out as a
great object lesson to the surrounding parishes as to what can be accomplished by faith, work and perseverance within a few years in an out-of-the-way and only partially built-up portion of the city."

It may be of interest to our readers to know that Mr. Boyer has named his new church in the memory of the Church of the Holy Spirit, in Gambier.

'73. Rev. Lewis W. Burton, of Louisville, Ky., received prominent mention in the choice of a Bishop for the diocese formed from Kentucky.

'74. The Rt. Rev. Francis K. Brooke, Bishop of Oklahoma, delivered an earnest address on the work in his field to an interested audience in the chapel, October the twenty-ninth.

'89. Henry J. Eberth, after a post graduate course at John Hopkins, has accepted a position as instructor in the Toledo High School.

'91. Rev. Owen J. Davies, of Haddonfield, N. J., was married October 24 to Miss Crocker, formerly an instructor at Harcourt Place Seminary.

'92. W. S. Walkley, having received his M. D. from Boston University, has begun the practice of his profession just outside of Boston.

'93. Robert J. Watson paid Gambier a flying visit en route to the South, where he is travelling for his health.

'93. On the third of October, at Leesburg, Va., John D. Follett was married to Miss Rust, well known in Gambier circles. Mr. Follett was admitted to the bar at Cincinnati last June.

'93. F. A. Yauger has been graduated at the Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, O.

'94. J. Orson Miller has entered the General Theological Seminary in New York.

'94. W. B. Beck has returned to his home in Akron, O., after a year's travel and study in Europe.

'95. Albert J. Bell is studying medicine in Cincinnati.
'95. Arthur Dumper has a position as tutor with a private family in the east.

'95. Chas. P. Mottley spent a day or two with friends here on his way to Harvard Law School.

'96-ex. C. R. Cary is studying medicine at the U. of M., while Henry Stanbery is prosecuting the same studies in Cincinnati. O. C. Wright has entered Columbia. A. L. M. Gottschalk is engaged in journalistic work in New York City.

'97-ex. W. C. Armstrong is in business with his father at Mt. Vernon, O. Harry B. Shontz is teaching school at Leetonia, O. Fred. J. Hart has become a member of the editorial staff of the Danville Herald. Chas. W. Phellis has entered Yale. W. D. Blake is the Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium instructor at Carthage, Mo.


Brotherhood of St. Andrew.

The Kenyon Chapter has now an active membership of twenty and a probationary membership of six.

In order to facilitate the varying work of the Seminary men and the College students, the Chapter has been divided into two sections. The sections will meet together at stated intervals for the transaction of Chapter business, or upon such occasions as the Brotherhood as a whole is concerned.

The chapter was represented at the National Convention at Louisville in September by Albert N. Slayton, '96.

The Program Committee of the College section has prepared a list of the subjects for the meetings during the year in the dormitory.

An invitation has been extended to the Executive Committee to hold the Annual State Convention of the Brotherhood at Gambier in '96.
The News.

Mrs. M. B. Nelson, of Urbana, spent a few days here recently with her son, J. A. Nelson, '98.

The Rev. A. W. Mann, of Cleveland, has taken up his residence in Gambier, and is occupying the Rust residence near the Military Academy.

Wallace Watts, of Hobart College, '98, has entered the Sophomore class.

A new iron fence of very neat design was erected about the Kenyon cemetery during the summer.

Mrs. Sterling returned the latter part of October from Deer Isle, Maine, where she and Dr. Sterling have spent the summer.

A second football team has been organized with J. J. Hyatt, Captain, and C. M. Hubbard, Business Manager. The first game with the K. M. A. was won by a score of 16 to 0. Other games have been arranged.

Isaac Betten, a graduate of the Milwaukee State Normal, and for some time a student at Oberlin College, has entered the class of '97.

The Rev. C. W. MacNish, of Ovid, N. Y., stopped over here for a day on his way to the Minneapolis Convention to visit his son Charles, of the Sophomore class.

E. G. Martin, '96, who has been prevented from playing on the College team by reason of a sprained knee, has been engaged as coach by the K. M. A., and is developing a good team there.

The bon-fire after the Oberlin-Kenyon game was the largest that has illuminated old Kenyon since the 6–0 game with Oberlin in '93.

Mr. Scott Stewart, of Adelbert, is coaching the football team this year, and the results of his work are most encouraging.

"Billy" is with us again this year. It was feared that, as he had completed the required number of years, he might not be back. However he has shown his loyalty to his Alma Mater by returning for a postgraduate course.
After a month without the chapel organ, it is pleasing to hear again its deep rich tones. The bellows have been temporarily repaired. It is expected that the organ will receive a more thorough overhauling during the Xmas vacation.

T. A. Schofield made a flying visit to Findlay the latter part of October to be present at the wedding of friends there.

The following old students have been back for short visits since the term opened: Watson, '93; Miller, Beck and Doolittle, '94; E. B. Braddock, Dumper and Mottley, '95; Alden, '95-ex.; Armstrong, Hart, Phellis, Shontz and Blake, '97; Youtsey and Dunham, '98.

Dr. Seibt, of Bexley, has accepted a chair at the General Theological Seminary in New York, and will assume his new duties at Christmas. Mrs. and Miss Seibt are now in Detroit, from whence they leave for their new home.

Miss Jessie Fish, a sister of Mrs. Prof. Ingham, is attending school at Harcourt Place this year.

The Rev. Francis M. Hall held service in Gambier October 13.

The Philomatheian Literary Society has begun with few members, but with promise of a useful year. The following officers were elected: President, Foote, '96; Vice President, Doan, '97; Secretary and Treasurer Martin, '96; Program Committee, G. L. Clark, '96, Thompson, '96, Goodwin, '98.

The Freshman made the following choice of officers: President, Crosser; Vice President, D. H. Crosser; Vice President, Schneerer; Toastmaster, Bubb; Secretary, Ganter; Treasurer, G. C. Wright; Historian, Hann; Poet, Denslow; Prophet, Wertheimer; Foot Ball Captain, Barrett; Base Ball Captain, E. G. Wright.

Chas. Follett, '96, attended the wedding of his brother John Follett, '98, at Leesburg, Va., toward the last of September.

Miss Dewey, teacher of mathematics at Harcourt Place Seminary, was quite seriously ill for about a month after the opening of the term.

The Freshman dances at the beginning of the term, under the auspices of the upper class-men, went off with the usual enjoyment to all parties concerned.
The following men accompanied the team to Cincinnati in the capacity of "heelers": McAdoo, '96, Southworth, '98, P. B. Stanbery, '98, Cornwell, '98, Beach Clark, '98, Werheimer, '99.

Robert L. Harris, '96, was compelled to return home soon after the opening of college on account of a severe attack of typhoid fever. He is not expected back this year.

Exchanges.

It is the purpose of the editors to make this hereafter, in fact as well as in name, a department of Exchanges. The exchange editor finds himself all too prone to the temptation of confining his labors exclusively to the use of the shears and glue pot — henceforward his pen is consecrated to their assistance.

We welcome among the new exchanges upon our table: The Kilikilick, of Heidelberg University, a neat, eighteen page monthly; The Westminster Student, of Westminster College, Fulton, Mo., a weekly, in newspaper form; College Days, published tri-weekly by the students of Ripon College, Ripon, Wis., devoting its space almost exclusively to local news.

The October number of the Wellesley Magazine, one of the most interesting and "up-to-date" of the college monthlies, contains an especially clever story, "The Case of a Conscience."

We clip the following from The Delphic, the ably edited journal of Drake University:

"The oration, 'College Scholarship,' in the Kenyon Collegian, is a piece of work that Kenyon may well be proud of. It has no empty rhetoric, but is alive with well-expressed thought."

The Wittenberger (a weekly) comes to our table this year in a new and artistically designed cover. It appears to be in that uncomfortable state of indecision as to whether it is a literary magazine or a newspaper.
The McMicken Review, of the University of Cincinnati, has also changed its gown in honor of the transferred site of the University.

The Earlhamite for September contains some very dainty verses, "Love and Rhyme."

When Love and Rhyme were rather young
And somewhat unacquainted,
Rhyme dropt a rough word on Love's tongue,
And scratched it so he fainted.

The rosy cherub could not speak;
He only sighed and stuttered,
As if a brier pierced his cheek
With every word he uttered.

So reason thus for them decreed:
Since Love's mishaps debarred him,
Rhyme now must recompense the deed,
And do his talking for him.

The Lake Forest University Stentor shows a marked improvement in its make up by devoting more attention to matters of intercollegiate interest than was apparent last year.
...Grand Opening of Season's Entertainments at Kenyon...

—BY THE FAMOUS—

Schubert Symphony Club
AND LADY QUARTETTE
AT
Philo Hall, on Wednesday, Nov. 13, ’95

The Schubert Lady Quartette!
The Wonderful Child Violinist!
The Finest of Dramatic Readers!
The Foremost of America's Vocalists!

PROCEEDS FOR BENEFIT OF THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION
PRICE, 50 CTS.