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NOW that the prize examinations are over, while thus (at the present writing,) still in ignorance of the outcome, it seems a fitting time to say a few words about them. The intense enthusiasm with which these examinations were once hailed seems to have subsided, and in its stead there is a sentiment, more or less general, in favor of their abolition. The reasons for this are plain. In some cases the curriculum has been made to correspond to the requirements of the examinations. Professors have had to alter courses of study previously mapped out, and students have had to drop some studies for others not so desirable; this has resulted in silent misgivings on the one hand, and open protestations on the other. Prize students have in some cases been unable to take any elective courses. This is by no means fair to professors or students. Where the examination embraces two subjects, the work is so hard that other studies have had to be dropped, and thus to prize work, which is wholly a side issue, is sacrificed the regular prescribed work of the curriculum. Each year the prize work has gained more and more in importance, until it now bids fair to supersede all else. Those who entered the contest this year have, almost without exception,
given the prize work precedence over all other work, and as a result the work done by them in other departments has been poor in comparison. The method of conducting these examinations is far from ideal. In the first place, so long as they are held at the various colleges individually, there will never be general satisfaction. That can only be secured by holding them at one place under a committee of examiners appointed by the competing colleges. It has been customary for the examiners to issue letters of instruction as to the phases of the work which were to be given especial attention in the examinations, and in some cases certain text-books have been prescribed; yet not only have the examiners failed to adhere to their instructions, but judging from some of the examination papers this year, they must have forgotten entirely that such letters had ever been issued by them, so wide of the mark have the questions in some instances been. Rather let us have no instructions at all, than those which are not followed by the examiners who issue them. No amount of work on the part of any student can be of any avail in such an examination. These are a few of the reasons why the prize examinations ought to be given some serious consideration by the College, with a view toward necessary modification or total abolition.

There has recently cropped out among us a spirit of ungentlemanliness, the growth of which has been so rapid that unless it is soon checked, Kenyon students bid fair to lose much that ought to be deemed valuable. Why do we permit this spirit to grow? Because we are thoughtless. It would be more than we are willing to admit, if on such occasions of thoughtlessness on our part we were told that we are not gentlemen; and yet at times, what good grounds there are for such a statement! To recall specific instances of what we refer to would be an endless and odious task. Out-calls across the campus from the windows of Old Kenyon are, at any hour of the day or night, exceedingly undignified, but it has not stopped there. It not infrequently happens that visitors of the College, both man and woman, are made the butt of these indignities. The athletic field has witnessed like occurrences. Does not the recollection of them make one despise himself? Let us try to use a little forethought. Surely we know enough to think — then why can't we do a little of it at the
right time? If a man were as prone to follow the dictates of his own conscience as he is to ape others, he would go wrong far less frequently. This disrespect towards any and everybody who comes within hailing distance of the dormitory should stop. The time to stop it is now, before there is a new class in college, for whose actions we shall be justly held responsible.

WE have spent another year in college. What have we gained for ourselves? Before we scatter ourselves over the country for a pleasant vacation, let us indulge in a little introspection. For some this is the last year spent as a Kenyon undergraduate. We hope, Seniors, that you are as sorry to leave us as we are to lose you. To some of us your departure means the disappearance of the last of those faces who greeted us when we came. We wish you success in whatever you undertake. We, who are left behind to enjoy and to profit by the few years that remain, hope to fill your places as best we can, and to assist those who are yet to join us in making their sojourn on the dear old hill as profitable as possible. Undergraduates, let us awake to the responsibility which now rests upon us. We are about to depart to our homes. Let us not forget, among the pleasures of our vacation, that there lies in every one of us a power for good for the College. When all the cares and thoughts of the morrow, which at times during the year have seemed so burdensome, are laid aside, let that loyalty to the College, which is a part of your education here, have full sway, for in so doing you will be benefiting the College in no small way. When we are about to return let us not forget that we are to take the places of those who have gone before. New faces will be about us. New obligations must be assumed, and on how well we meet them, depends the general harmony which, after all, is the mainstay of the student body. With these things in mind, let us depart with the determination to be what the College would have us be—loyal and active students of the College of which we are each an integral part.
The Human Clock.

M. M.

My friend Bancroft was undoubtedly one of the most interesting characters I have ever met. A physician by profession and an idler by nature he had been fortunate enough to experience many things denied the ordinary person. He had traveled extensively and his enthusiasm as a curio collector had led him into adventures dangerous and strange. His apartments, which were fitted up in an elaborate manner, were the envy of the artistic. In one room which he called the "den," he had arranged the most valuable of his curios. Scattered about in the most eccentric fashion were relics almost priceless. A great emerald from the eye of Krishna, procured in some daredevil way from the temple at Benares, lay between a Ptolemy and a nail from the cross. A tusk from the sacred white elephant of Burmah occupied the same corner with the grinning mummy of a Pharaoh. A symbolic stone of the Druids served as a base on which to support the famous Ballarian vase, whose mysterious disappearance some years ago created such an uproar. The room was fairly littered with such things, everyone interesting and having its peculiar story attached to it in the mind of the owner.

But that which struck me most and which I shall never forget, was a clock which hung upon the wall, an example of blood-curdling ingenuity. It was a human skeleton transformed into a time-piece. The eyesockets contained a clock face and a calendar, while the trunk, swaying back and forth, served as a pendulum. But, the most gruesome part of all was the method of striking the hours. The jaw bone was fitted on hinges and when the little clock in the left socket reached the hour, it would slowly lower and then the teeth would snap shut with a horrible sound, repeating the performance until the proper number of strokes were given. This, at least, was the intention, but for some time the clock had not run, and visitors had been spared the nervous shock of hearing the human clock, as I called it, strike. "Tell me," said I, one evening, "what's the matter with the clock? Why don't you start her up?" "Why," he answered, "I could freeze your blood cold by telling you the story of the stopping of that clock. The history
of the skeleton itself is thrilling enough, but that horrible denouement; it frightens me to think of it.” I scented a most exciting tale in this as the countenance of my host showed great emotion. “Tell it,” I hastened to say. “Tell it.” With a nod of affirmation, he commenced to fill an old Indian calumet, the relic of a thousand powwows, and then taking an easy chair he puffed slowly for some time, as if to draw inspiration from the fragrant weed. Then he began his tale: “When I was in college some twenty years ago, I was somewhat as I am now; never did any of my college work until I had to, and was always prying around in dark corners, looking for something out of the ordinary. Belmont college is situated in the wild hill country of West Virginia, several miles from the Ohio, and there are many places to invite an idler to stroll.

“I tramped a great deal, over hills, through gorges and tangled forest. On one of my rambles, wandering up the bed of a deep hollow, I came upon a narrow crack in the rocks which was almost concealed by hanging vines. Supposing that this opening was but a fissure, I lit a miner’s lamp which I had with me and, parting the vines, I crawled in. Once inside, the crevice changed greatly in appearance and I found myself in a smoothly cut passage, in which I could easily stand erect. My curiosity was excited by this and I walked on cautiously for more than fifty paces, when I came upon a pile of bones lying in the middle of the path partially covered by a large stone which had evidently fallen from the ceiling of the passage. I stooped down to examine them more closely, hoping that they might be Indian remains, but I was disappointed to find that the bones were those of a large dog. I went on and soon came to a large room or hall. My lantern was insufficient to light this but I could see that there was a level floor and that the ceiling was very high. I walked around taking care not to step into a pitfall in the uncertain light. At last in the corner farthest from the entrance, I found a curious cairn, on which lay some human bones. I had no doubt that these were human for almost on the top of the pile and leaning against the cave wall was a skull. That [pointing to the clock] is the skull. With a feeling of satisfaction at the find I examined the bones carefully, and then tucking the skull under my arm I found my way out of the cave. When I got into daylight, I looked over my prize more closely and made a startling dis-
covery. I found that the man had evidently been murdered, for a
great gash was in the top of the skull. That the murdered man was
not an Indian, I could see from the shape of the skull, but a thing that
puzzled me was a curious filling in one of the front teeth.

"A pentacle had been cut in the tooth and then filled with gold. I
thought a great deal as to what could be the significance of this, but
was completely at a loss. I took the skull to my room and hurried
back with a bag to get the remainder of the bones. When I came to
arrange them later, I found that the skeleton was complete with the
exception of the bones of one arm. There was only the stub of the
humerous belonging to this and the end seemed to be crushed and
splintered. Though I was greatly excited, I told no one what I had
found and for a month or so tried to solve the mystery of the cave
without assistance. I was sure the skeleton was that of a white man, and
therefore not very old. I wondered what the symbol on the tooth could
mean, and after much research found that there was a society of
mystics, having its origin in India, whose only open symbol was a
pentacle, two triangles in a circle.

"This was a clew but a very slim one. After a month or so I went
to the janitor of the college, who was an old man and had lived for
many years in Belmont. I asked him if he had ever known of anyone
disappearing mysteriously there. At first he said "no" but after thinking
a little he said "yes, there was a strange thing happened here
many years ago." I urged the old man to tell the tale as fully as he
could remember, and what he told me was in substance as follows:

"A young fellow, whose name was Ned Hilton, came here to
college, got to living pretty fast and was expelled. He had a brother
who was paying his expenses, but who, it seems, didn’t have much
use for Ned because of his lazy ways. This brother came after Ned
was expelled and tried to have him reinstated, but it was no use; the
faculty had excused too much already. The brother was around here
for a day or so and then we missed him and supposed he had gone
home. The very next day Ned came to the college, looking as if he
had been in the woods all night. Some of the fellows were chaffing
him good humorily on his appearance and soon found that he was in
no mood to be made fun of. He left a few days later and even then
seemed to be worrying about something. About a week after he left, one of the college dogs, I think it was Dawson's great Dane, came to the dormitory carrying in his mouth a piece of a man's arm with part of a coat and shirt sleeve frozen to it. Everyone was greatly excited and some of the fellows thought that they recognized the coat-sleeve as like that which Ned's brother wore. We had thought nothing of his leaving before Ned did, but now we remembered it, and soon all were certain that a murder had been committed. We put the dog on the back track and followed him expecting to find the body. The dog went off up the Bishop's Run, and when he got at the foot of Bear Heights, he began to run so fast that we could not keep up with him. We heard him baying for a few minutes and then the sound stopped suddenly and we completely lost track of him. We hunted all over the hill and hollow below but found nothing. The dog never returned and the mystery was deeper than ever, though several times that year parties set out to clear it up."

"This was what the janitor told me and you can imagine it excited me. I asked him what had become of the arm, and he told me that the bones were in the museum. I worked for some time making a key for the museum door and finally succeeded. I found the bones among the curios and stole them. They fitted exactly to the stub of the humerus of my skeleton. Well, my boy, it gave me great satisfaction to have dropped on to a real mystery and to have in my possession the key to it. It was one of my first finds, and I was very proud, but I was wise enough keep my secret. I locked up the skeleton till I was out of college and then in my leisure time I made that clock. Go and examine it closely. Did you ever see any thing like that inlaid tooth? I have traveled a great deal and I never saw anything similar to it until a few years ago in Thibet, where I met an aged and holy priest, who had a front tooth just like that.

"When I questioned him about it he immediately became silent and I could get no information from him. I have often thought that sometime I might be taken off in some mysterious way by emissaries of this order, whose mystical belief leads them into almost supernatural performances. But, I have been punished for my disrespect for a brother man's remains, and the skeleton will not serve as a time-piece any more. About a year ago I was sitting here smoking when
some one came into my office and rang the call bell. It was late, I
was sleepy and I did not want to move, so I called to the man to come
in here. He entered. He was about sixty years of age, very gray
and rather nervous. He did not speak at once but commenced look-
ing around the room wonderingly, as was natural. His eyes finally
rested on the clock and he shuddered perceptibly. To one not ac-
customed to such things, it is horrible, I suppose. Well, the old man
gazed at the slowly swaying skeleton for about a minute and just then
the jaw lowered and commenced to strike. The gold on the tooth
could be distinctly seen as it caught the gleam of the lamp. He
must have noticed it for he jumped up and ran over and I saw him look
closely at the teeth and then he raised his head and saw the gash in
the top of the skull. He turned and looked toward me with the most
terrible expression I ever want to see on a human face. He muttered
one or two words and with a groan reeled and fell back on the floor,
dead.

"There was an inquest and it was found that he had died of heart
failure. No papers revealing his name were found on him but there
is no doubt in my mind that he was Ned Hilton. The clock stopped
when he died and has never run since."

—_Paschal Paoli._

_Paschal Paoli_, the Washington of Corsica, is, we must confess,
very little, in fact, too little, known in this part of the world.
To the Corsican, however, there is no name dearer; to the French and
Italian of a century ago, no name better known nor more respected.
Napoleon the Great worshiped him, and from youth made him
his hero. He visited him while an exile and when Paoli, now an old
man, was permitted to return to Corsica, Napoleon, a French Lieu-
tenant, fell on his knees upon the beach and kissed his hand. But
what right has he to such distinction, and why the father of Corsica?
Because, almost single-handed, having raised a small army of Corsican
patriots, he fought the armies and garrisons of Italy, which were sta-
tioned in tyrannical rule over his native isle. For years he led his
forces in and about the Corsican mountains, inspiring them by his own courage, gaining their confidence and respect by his upright and noble character, enduring terrible hardships until finally the last Italian soldier was driven from the land. Then he showed himself a statesman, as well as a soldier. He organized the Corsicans into a true nation, a republic of which he was president, and then took a fatal though necessary step. Hoping, by an alliance with the French, to gain protection for his weak nation from future assaults of the Italians, he involved himself and country in international complications from which, diplomat though he was, he was unable to extricate himself. Eventually he was exiled and Corsica became French territory.

Paschal Paoli failed in what he tried to accomplish, but the very fact that he seized, without influence or power, an important possession of one nation and held it for a time independent, finally handing it over to another, would win for him distinction. But the fact that for a decade or more, in an age of shrewd diplomacy, he was able, single-handed, to cope with the most subtle of European diplomats, while he was making a nation and winning for himself the undying love of his people, should render him the respect and admiration of the world.

Smoke Rings.

C. F. M.

“WELL, light up, fellows, and be sociable. There’s tobacco. I suppose you have pipes.” These words were spoken by Ned Hollowel the other evening when Harry Knight and I went to his room to call on him. We filled up and lit our pipes, and after a few moments Harry took an especially long pull and I felt that he was going to say something. He leaned back on the window seat and slowly blew out the smoke and then said, “Isn’t it great to smoke, that is after you have learned. I remember when I was a boy how I tried to smoke. I bought a new pipe and some cheap tobacco and slipped off carefully to an old cemetery near my father’s house, and comfortably seated under a tree, I lit up. I had expected a dreamy, delicious, Arabian-nightish sort of a feeling. I had an idea that
tobacco had a taste resembling that of ambrosia. I drew in long puffs and waited patiently for the delicious feeling, but, of course, you, who have broken in pipes, know something of what I underwent, but not all, for the tobacco was of a kind that might have delighted a long-shoreman, but it nearly killed me. You can imagine how much I was disappointed. I had watched my uncle on many a winter evening, sitting before the wood fire, light his pipe and puff away lazily, expressing his satisfaction, and now and then praising the rich flavor of the brand of tobacco he loved so well. I tried to do as he had done, but the taste was rank, and the feeling was anything but delightful. Well, I threw that pipe and tobacco as far as I could. I then lay down on the grass. How a fellow does like to lie down after his first pipe. I thought I had never felt so sick before, and after concluding never to smoke again, I staggered home. My mother noticed how pale I was and asked me what was the matter. I said I was sick and started to go up stairs, but she, fearing that it might be something serious, stopped me to examine me more closely, but my uncle came in just then and my mother asked him what he thought was wrong with me. He came up and bent down to look in my face and then put his hand on my forehead to feel if I had a fever and said, “I think he has been riding on the flying-jinny too much and is only a little light-headed. Isn’t that it, Harry?” I said “yes,” though I hadn’t been near the flying-jinny all day. I went up stairs then and lay down on my bed, and pretty soon uncle came up and said, “I say, your bacon that time, Harry, but don’t do it again. You are too young to smoke.” I looked surprised at what he said, and he went on, “Oh! I smelt it on your breath, but don’t worry, I won’t tell. I expect you are pretty sick, but just lie still till supper-time and you will feel better.”

“Well, my mother didn’t find out and the next day I was out in the cemetery as soon as school was out, hunting for my pipe and tobacco. But that’s the way it always happens. You have both had the same experience. I kept on smoking on the quiet not getting very much enjoyment out of it except that it didn’t make me sick any more. My uncle always suspected that I was smoking and one day caught me, and taking my tobacco from me, looked at the label and then threw it in the fire, laughing heartily. I didn’t see the joke and was
feeling pretty sore till he pulled out his pouch and gave me a pipeful of tobacco. I lit up as if I were a veteran and took a few puffs. I soon understood and have never forgotten what he said then: "Harry, remember this; bad tobacco is worse than none at all, but good tobacco is the real balm of Gilead." My pipe is out now and I'll trouble you for a match, Ned. Thanks." Puff-puff-puff—"Ah! that's great. Ned, can't you give us something on the joys of my 'Lady Nicotine'?"

"Well, not exactly Harry, but I'll tell you something I have thought of often. Did you ever notice how the fellows come here and learn to smoke? It is amusing. Fresh from the High School, for the first week or so they will refuse a cigarette, and then they begin to sneak around with one in the corner of their mouth, puffing furiously. Pretty soon they blossom out with a brand new tin-mounted pipe and a sack of Durham. How awkwardly they hold their pipe, rarely gripping it in their teeth, but holding it in their hand most of the time, and when no one is looking they take a pull with a sheepish look, and yet how they try to seem at ease, and if you could see one in his room you could see how boldly he would swagger, sizing himself up in his glass to see at what angle his pipe fits his face best. This stage generally continues through the Freshman year, and in the Sophomore year they grip a thick-stemmed bulldog tightly in their teeth and "hike" up the path bold as a lion, smoking everywhere that they will be seen, and examining a sore tongue now and then, wondering if a tobacco cancer is coming. As Juniors they have dropped a little of their arrogance and smoke less on the street. When they become Seniors they very rarely smoke in public, but you will find them in their rooms, lounging on the window seat lazingly, in the true fashion of a smoker, slowly puffing at some veteran of a pipe which sports no gilt or tin, but as an old and honest friend, has counsel and encouragement in all troubles and perplexities.

"Speaking of counsel and encouragement," said Harry, "I know a fellow who took a conditional in Physics last week, and while he was considering what system of cribs to use, he consumed half a sack of Durham and burnt up twenty pages of a Harcourte Mayde for lighters. But he got eighty-seven on the exam, so I think it paid him pretty well. I wish I had as good a chance to get my money's worth out of the copy that they struck me a quarter for."
A Pastel.

W. H. M.

THE aged artist sat in his studio. He was famous and renowned throughout the world. Rightfully famous, too, for he was clever and of facile brush. Yet he was sad. He seemed to think deeply as he sat in the last rays of the western sun. "Would," he cried, "that I could discover that elusive color, that rare tint which I so need to rightly depict indubitable superiority, but I fear I ne'er shall find it."

Far into the night he sought yet found not, and the morning sun, rising from his starry couch, found him pondering still. But the first beams that bathed the head of the artist seemed to bear an inspiration Heaven-sent. For he arose from his seat, and rushing to an open window, cried, "I have the very tint, the very essence of nobleness which shall in its every mark express indubitable superiority." And he took a ray of pure, white light and by some mysterious subtle charm he took from it every trace and streak of yellow. The beam thus happily diminished, spread itself upon the wall as brilliant royal purple. "Success," the author cried, "success, I dub thee Mauve."

And now all that justly claims indubitable superiority, all that has no trace of yellow in its makeup, flies the mauve.

Rosse Hall.

AFTER nearly two years of waiting, we are all glad to see active operations begun on Rosse Hall. The building was destroyed by fire May 9, 1897, and though strenuous efforts were put forward to reconstruct the building immediately, only the walls were completed. Indeed, for a time, matters looked very serious, as if some time would elapse before Rosse Hall could be rebuilt, for several promises in the shape of money were not forthcoming; but now the money has been raised, thanks to President Peirce's unfailing energy and zeal.

Soon after the burning of Rosse Hall, he raised $4,500, which has been expended on the walls, but on account of the non-fulfilment of
several promises, not till this year has he been able to raise a sufficient amount to finish the work. Through his efforts, the sum of $6,000 has been contributed for the reconstruction of Rosse by Mrs. Mary A. Simpson, of Sandusky, to be known as the William and Mary Simpson Memorial Fund; besides this, about $5,000 more has been promised by various persons. Among those who have already contributed are Mrs. Bedell, Mark Hanna, Miss Katherine Cuttle, of Columbus, and A. W. Hoyt, of New York.

Only one change has been made in the outside appearance of the building. A window, Renaissance style, has been put in above the main entrance door. In the inside, however, great changes will be made. The basement will be fitted up with a running track, baseball cage, bowling alley, boxing room, baths, etc. The second floor will contain the gymnastic apparatus besides a stage at one end, so that hereafter theatricals will be held in Rosse. This will be a great advantage over Nu Pi Kappa, as it will be more roomy and more easily heated. The floor will be of hard wood, so that our dances can be held there; for the last two years we have had no place to hold dances, and should have been entirely shut off from that pleasure at Prom time
and Commencement, if Mr. H. N. Hills had not kindly loaned us the Academy gymnasium. All who are interested in Kenyon will be overjoyed to hear that at last the hope of every undergraduate for years past, to have a gymnasium thoroughly equipped, is being realized, and that by the fall its completion is assured.

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**2. PLAN OF BASEMENT.**

**George Adam Smith.**

Gambier was honored on June first and second by a visit from Dr. George Adam Smith, Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis in the Free Church College of Glasgow. Dr. Smith has been lecturing before various theological schools in this country, and came to Gambier, at the President's invitation, to deliver two lectures before the Faculty and students of Bexley Hall. His subjects were "The Moral Teaching of the Book of Proverbs" and "The Spirit of Christ in the Old Testament." The lectures were characterized, it is hardly necessary to say, by the evidences of wide scholarship and great liberality of view; they were, moreover, witty and sometimes
eloquent in manner, and profoundly spiritual in tone. Dr. Smith's own versions of lyrical portions of the Old Testament, especially of David's lament for Saul and Jonathan, were of extreme beauty, which was increased by his perfect, though simple, manner of reading.

Dr. Smith was born at Calcutta, in 1856, and was trained at the University and New College, Edinburgh, and at Tubingen and Leipzig. He has been connected, as minister, with two parishes at Brechin and Aberdeen, and, as tutor, with the Free Church College of Aberdeen. His present position he has held since 1892. He has twice traveled in Egypt and Syria, and is perhaps best known for the fruit of those journeys, "The Historical Geography of the Holy Land," of which a fifth edition was issued last year. His other important publications are: The Book of Isaiah (The Expositor's Bible), 2 vols., 1888-90; The Preaching of the Old Testament to the Age, 1898; The Twelve Prophets, 2 vols., 1896-97; The Life of Henry Drummond, 1898.

Frederick Earle Whitaker.

FREDERICK EARLE WHITAKER, who entered last month upon his duties at the head of the Latin Department of the College, was born in Woonsocket, R. I., in 1866.

Professor Whitaker prepared for college at Mowry and Goff's High School (now English and Classical), Woonsocket. He entered Brown University with the class of '88 and was graduated with the degree of A. B. During the following year he took a graduate course leading to the degree of A. M. This course in Archeology and Greek was taken under Professor Albert Harkness of Latin grammar fame. For two years he held the G. A. R. fellowship at Brown, during that time making a specialty of the Greek language and literature. Professor Whitaker has studied also under Professor Lincoln, the editor of Livy and Horace.

After resigning the fellowship in 1890, he accepted an offer tendered him by the Thatcher Institute in Louisiana, where he remained two years in charge of the Greek department of that school. Returning later he became an instructor in Latin and Greek at Brown, where he remained until his coming to Kenyon last month. At the death, in 1898, of Mr. Goff, one of the founders of the English and Classical
school of Providence, and a teacher in the school, Professor Whitaker was employed at that school as a teacher of Latin and Greek, continuing at the same time his duties as an instructor at Brown. During the past few years Professor Whitaker has devoted considerable time to the study of Greek, Latin, and Classical Archeology in preparation for the degree of Ph. D. His dissertation on Old Greek Law, which is a new and original field of research, has been passed upon, and the degree of Ph. D. has been voted him and will be conferred on the twenty-first of this month.

Professor Whitaker has contributed to periodical literature, at different times, valuable articles on Education. Among others is an article entitled, "Young Greek Boys and Old Greek Schools" which appeared some time ago in the Popular Science Monthly, and which is considered as thorough and accurate a characterization of the old Greek systems as has yet been published. Professor Whitaker is at present a member of the Advisory Committee of the Associated Alumni of Brown University, and the organizer, and, since its origin, the Secretary of the "Brown Club," of Woonsocket.

Once more we wish him welcome to the Old Hill, and success in the work he is so well qualified to assume.

To the Alumni.

Once more we are about to have with us those whose presence is ever an inspiration to the undergraduate body of Kenyon. To the Alumni and friends whose interest in the College has again attracted them to Gambier, we bid a hearty welcome.

There is no time of the year when the value of a college education is made so evident as at this time, when we are brought face to face with those who laid the foundation of their lives here in these same halls where we now dwell. The annual return of these men, however, is but one indication of that spirit of loyalty to which we desire to pay tribute. There is another and more substantial indication with which we are acquainted, and it is for this chiefly that we desire to express our thanks.

Years ago when intercollegiate football made its way into our athletic curriculum, Kenyon was not slow to undertake the game in a
way which soon showed that, in spite of our small numbers, we were destined to accomplish much through that "never-say-die" spirit which has always characterized Kenyon's athletic contests. As time went on and football assumed more and more importance in the Eastern colleges, Kenyon followed suit, striving always to keep abreast of the times. When it became evident that to maintain our record in football a competent coach was necessary, Kenyon hired a coach. The advantages of this plan were seen at once. Kenyon took a position in the front rank of Ohio intercollegiate football. This position she has kept.

Last year Kenyon was fortunate enough to secure the services of Mr. J. B. C. Eckstorm, former captain of the Dartmouth '97 team. Through Mr. Eckstorm's experience as a player and ability as a coach, there was put forth one of the best teams that ever represented the College. The benefit derived by the College from such a winning team is lasting. It brings the College before the eye of the public in a way which nothing else can, and ultimately brings to our doors many students who desire association in a College where physical as well as mental and moral development is esteemed and encouraged. That we were able to accomplish this, is due to those whose names it gives us great pleasure to print below. Were it not for the fact that they listened so courteously to the appeals, many of which were made in person by our last season's manager, Mr. C. R. Ganter, and were it not that they answered them so munificently, we should not occupy the proud position which we do today.

The hiring of a competent coach is a necessity. It was, last year, made a reality. On behalf of the students and faculty of the College The Collegian desires to thank the following Alumni and friends of the College for so generously subscribing to our coach fund:

W. D. Blake, '97; E. R. Wilson, '96; J. L. Egbert, '72; J. H. Dempsey, '83; E. S. Cook, '82; W. M. Reynolds, '73; Jas. Lawrence, '71; F. H. Ginn, '90; Albert Hayden, '89; W. P. Elliott, '70; G. W. Cass, '70; F. W. Harnwell, '89; A. H. Granger, '87; Eben Lane, '69; C. M. Sturgess, '60; H. G. Peet, '70; C. E. Burr, '65; G. J. Peet, '65; C. E. Milmine, '85; E. C. Miller, '70; M. Trimble, '60; J. P. Stephens, '59; J. J. McCook, '68; J. A. Aspinwall; L. M. Peirce; H. F. Williams, '96; A. J. Cummins, '97; J. B. Jackson, '67; W. F.
OF ALL the departments of The Collegian, this is the most difficult to look after. Why? Because those to whom it is presumably of the most interest when prepared, show little or no interest in helping us prepare it. Of the many stamped envelopes sent out to our Alumni but few return. We hope that with a large number of Alumni in Gambier during Commencement week we shall be more successful in collecting a large number of items for our mid-summer issue.

'77. Major Harry Benson recently spent a few hours in Gambier on his way to his post at Presido, California.

'89. Rev. John B. Falkner, D. D., for twenty-five years rector of Christ Episcopal church, Germantown, Pa., has resigned, his resignation to take effect June 1, and Rev. Charles Henry Arndt, who has been associate rector for some time, was unanimously elected rector. Mr. Arndt is a native of Ohio and has relatives in Mt. Vernon. He graduated from Kenyon in 1880, and received his theological education in the Episcopal Divinity school in Philadelphia. He was ordained deacon in 1892, and the same year received the degree of Master of Arts. In 1893 he was ordained priest, and became associate rector of Christ church, of which he now becomes rector.

'96, Rev. Canfield Lee is secretary to the President of the Kansas State Agricultural College.
'96. Ex Henry Stanbery, after receiving his degree from the Miami Medical College, was appointed interne in the U. S. Marine Hospital located at Cincinnati.

'96. On June 6th, at eleven o'clock, in the church of the Holy Spirit, occurred the marriage of Mrs. Grace Wing Fay to the Rev. Charles Wilson Baker. The bride is a grand daughter of the Rev. Dr. Wing, who was for many years a professor in Bexley Hall Theological Seminary. Rev. Mr. Baker graduated from Bexley last spring and has since that time been located at Conneaut. The chancel was tastefully decorated with fern and hydrangias. Rev. Dr. Davies and Rev. Mr. Moore were the officiating clergymen. Mrs. Peirce and Mrs. Moore were matrons of honor, the best man being Mr. Wm. A. Grier, '96. The ushers were Dr. Wm. F. Peirce, Rev. D. W. Thornberry, '96; Mr. E. B. Redhead, '96, and Mr. W. E. Wright, '01. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Harry Wing, '89. After the ceremony, a luncheon was served at the home of the bride.

'98. Geo. A. Straw, of Carey, Ohio, spent the week of May 28, on the Hill.

College News.

The new fire-proof vault which has recently been built in the treasurer's office in Ascension Hall is a model in construction. Aside from being fire proof in itself, it is large enough to contain several of the old iron safes which have done duty for so many years, thus offering double protection.

The College park has never looked prettier than it has this year. Special pains have been taken to keep in order certain parts of it which have hitherto received little or no attention. Too much care cannot be taken of the park in its entirety, for when the college surroundings are neglected the beauty of the entire college site is destroyed.

Numerous picnic parties have made the Caves their rendezvous for an afternoon's seclusion from the heat.

A number of the Seniors took advantage of their vacation to spend a few days at home—or elsewhere.
It is a source of regret to everyone in College that Mr. Alfred Fillmore, '01, is no longer with us. Mr. Fillmore has left the college to accept a position in a railroad office at Columbus. Our heartiest wishes for his success go with him. The amiableness of Mr. Fillmore's disposition has won for him many friends and no enemies. Mr. Fillmore served as assistant manager of last season's football team, and was manager of the baseball team at the time of his leaving college; he had also served one year as a member of the executive committee of the Assembly.

Mr. Rufus Southworth, '00, has been managing the baseball team since Mr. Fillmore's withdrawal.

Mr. Fred Higbee, formerly of K. M. A., now residing in Toledo, was for several days the guest of his brother, Mr. Jay Higbee, '01.

Mrs. A. T. Bagley, of Zanesville, spent Sunday, June 4, in Gambier as the guest of her son, A. T. Bagley, '02.

Dr. Newhall left Monday, June 12, for Philadelphia. On June 14, Dr. Newhall delivered the Alumni address at Haverford College, his subject being "Socrates and Christ."

On the evening of June 5, Messrs. A. W. and E. F. Davies entertained a number of their friends with a house party. Among the out of town guests were Miss Ethel Cooper, of Mt. Vernon, and Messrs. John Walker and Charles Harris, of Mansfield.


The Psi Upsilon Fraternity held its sixty-sixth annual convention at Cornell University, Ithaca, New York, May 10 and 12. The Kenyon Chapter was represented by R. T. Sawyer, '00, and by C. H. Blair, '68-'71, graduated at Cornell in '72, and A. M. Robinson, '01.
Kenyon met her first defeat for this season, in Columbus, on April 29. The game was fast and abounded in fine, clean plays, but was lost through the inability of the Kenyon men to connect with Sayres' curves. He is a remarkable pitcher, has lots of speed and plenty of puzzling curves and allowed only one scratch hit, striking out fourteen men. Jahn played his usual game, striking out ten men and holding down the O. S. U. team to eight hits. Both he and Law played a clean, fast fielding game, especially in the last three innings. Our boys were very much handicapped by the field. Being used to a smooth, scalped diamond, here they were obliged to play on a sodded field and a very rough one at that. This accounts, to a large extent, for the size of the score.

O. S. U. made her first two runs in the first inning, notwithstanding the fact that Jahn struck out two men. Again in the third, she made two runs, Sayres hitting out for two bases when the bases were full. In the fifth, three more runs were accredited to her, owing to an error, two passed balls, a base on balls, and a timely hit. In the sixth, Weber made a clean three-bagger and scored on a wild throw. This was her last tally, Kenyon doing excellent work in the next three innings.

Kenyon's one run was made in the second inning by Captain McCalla, on an error, two stolen bases and a wild throw.

The score was as follows:

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<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>O. S. U.</th>
<th></th>
<th>Kenyon</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>AB.</td>
<td>R.</td>
<td>IB.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Collins, rf</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chandler, 1b</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lloyd, lb</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Malone, 2b</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jones, 3b</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sayres, ss</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weber, cf</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haber, cf</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sayres, p</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Totals</td>
<td>33</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>8</td>
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Innings: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
O. S. U.: 2 0 2 0 3 1 0 0 0 --
Kenyon: 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 --

Attendance, 400. Umpires, Davis and Owen.

O. S. U., 11; KENYON, 6.

The return game with Ohio State University was played here on May 13. Plenty of enthusiastic rooting was manifest but this could not make the Kenyon team find Sayres' curves. The score up to the very last was close and the fielding at times was brilliant, although the errors made were many and at critical points of the game. However, had it been any other man than Sayres whom the Kenyon men had to face, they would have won easily. He did his usual work, striking out fifteen men, while Jahn had ten placed to his credit. Workman played a clean, errorless game, and deserves a great deal of credit for the way in which he caught Jahn's curves.

The following is the score in detail:

<table>
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<tr>
<th>O. S. U.</th>
<th>AB.</th>
<th>R.</th>
<th>H.</th>
<th>PO.</th>
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<td>Collins, rf</td>
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<td>1</td>
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<td>Jones, ss</td>
<td>4</td>
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<td>Roy, 2b</td>
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<td>27</td>
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<td>9</td>
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A strong determination to win, accompanied by plenty of enthusiasm and good systematic rooting, gave Kenyon a victory over Case on May 6. Case was regarded as a very strong team and the outlook was not promising. But the boys of the mauve managed to find Braggins' curves and batted out a clean victory.

In the first inning neither side scored. In the next inning Kenyon scored two runs, Workman and Tilton crossing the plate, while Case went out in one, two, three order. In the third, while five men reached first, only one, Squire, scored, owing to stupid base running. Jahn struck out three men and it looked as though Case would not score.

In the fourth, a strike-out and a pretty double play retired Kenyon while three safe hits brought Case her first run. Then Kenyon was retired in rapid order, while Case tied the score, Gebhardt, Marble and Haldam crossing the plate. In the sixth, Kenyon scored one, and Case scored two, while in the seventh both sides were retired in one, two, three order. In the eighth inning, ten Kenyon men faced the pitcher and seven of these scored. Case again failed to tally. In the last, Kenyon went out in easy style, while Case scored two, leaving the result, 12 to 8.

The score was as follows:

<table>
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<th>CASE</th>
<th>AB</th>
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<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jahn, p</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tilton, 1f</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lash, 2b</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Totals</td>
<td>42</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Otterbein showed very clearly that she was completely outclassed by Kenyon on May 20. Last year, it took Kenyon thirteen innings to win. This year it was more than done in six. Otterbein made twenty-three errors, and Kenyon, therefore, had twenty-eight runs to their credit, on eighteen safe hits. The following is the detailed score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>OTTERBEIN</th>
<th>AB.</th>
<th>R.</th>
<th>H.</th>
<th>PO.</th>
<th>A.</th>
<th>E.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Keeler, ss. and cf.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lloyd, c. and ss.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McDonald, p.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Long, 1b.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flick, 3b.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barnes, 1f.</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lankhuff, If.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Needles, If. and ef.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hughes, rf.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hall, 2b.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>31</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>KENYON</th>
<th>AB.</th>
<th>R.</th>
<th>H.</th>
<th>PO.</th>
<th>A.</th>
<th>E.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Liddell, ss.</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brandon, rf.</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lash, 2b.</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Law, cf.</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Squire, 3b.</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Owen, If.</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Workman, c.</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jahn, p.</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCalla, lb.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>58</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Innings: Otterbein 3, Kenyon 2

Bases on balls, by Jahn (3); Struck out, by Jahn: Needles (2), Hughes (6), Hall (3), Lloyd (2), Lankhuff; by McDonald: Brandon and Liddell. Hit by pitcher, Lloyd. Passed balls, Workman (2), Lloyd (2). Umpire, Jones.

Exchanges.

How did you get along at school today, Tom?" asked the father at the supper table. "Papa, our physiology says that conversation at meals should be of a pleasant character."—Ex.

"Cast thy bread upon the water,"

Said the boarder with a frown,

"Add a little salt and pepper,

Call it soup and gulp it down."—Ex.

He stood upon the gallows deck,

Whence all but him had fled,

For he was the man with the rubber neck,

And hence he isn't dead.—Cornell Widow.
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Northbound (Read Up)</th>
<th>Southbound (Read Down)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
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<td>Dist from</td>
</tr>
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<td>P.M.</td>
<td>No. 35 daily exc Sun.</td>
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<td>11:43</td>
<td>170.2</td>
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<td>11:03</td>
<td>170.2</td>
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<td>10:48</td>
<td>121.1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:37</td>
<td>121.1</td>
</tr>
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</table>

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