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The marked superiority of the latest edition of the Kenyon Catalogue, over the catalogues of former years, deserves a word or two of favorable comment. For the past few years, the book, typographically, has been all that it ought not to have been, and, as regards its contents, not wholly true to fact in some particulars. To remedy this latter fault a careful revision has done much, and in many respects the present edition is a work of art in comparison with some which have preceded it. A notable feature is the introduction of a new course of study leading to the degree of Bachelor of Letters.

There has appeared also, the long looked for General Catalogue. This much needed book has been in course of preparation for a long time and much gratitude is due to Professor Henry T. West and Mrs. Wm. F. Peirce, through whose painstaking efforts the work is now completed. The object of this book, is the preservation of the names of all those who have at any one time been connected with the institution, however slight that connection may have been. Naturally the data concerning matriculates who did not graduate, are very
meagre, and even in the case of many graduates, little or nothing is known of them. As the publication of this catalogue will occur at regular and frequent intervals, it is hoped that all those who can correct errors or supply omissions, will do so by notifying the College authorities.

With the completion of Rosse Hall gymnasium, and the institution of required gymnasium work in the two lower classes, may we not look forward to achievements which have so long been the fond dream of Kenyon enthusiasts? Where, in this State, or in any other for that matter, is there a college the size of ours, likewise without a gymnasium, that can show a record superior to Kenyon’s, and can at the same time maintain an unsullied reputation for gentlemanliness amongst its rivals—the only ones capable of judging? This is what Kenyon has done for some years past. Handicapped as we are, by the smallness of our numbers, have we not a right to feel a certain just pride in our achievements, particularly when they seem to be so disproportionate to our strength, as revealed by our enrollment, as to cause suspicion in the mind of a supposed authority? It is not until such a suspicion is given expression in a falsehood, that we feel called upon to take any cognizance of it (as is done on another page of this issue). To sum up all the evils which the writer fancies to exist at other Ohio colleges, and to make Kenyon the sink-hole wherein they all abide in an “offensive” concentrated form, is an insult which every Kenyon man will resent.

Socrates and Christ, continued

[Alumni Address, delivered at Haverford College, June 20, 1899, by Professor Barker Newhall. Continued from December Collegian.]

So much for the similarities in their dialectic. There are, however, certain marked differences to be noted. Socrates always questioned his disciples, striving to elicit the truth from their inner consciousness, but rarely makes any dogmatic statements himself. His attitude is that of the investigator, who seeks assistance from his friends and wishes to learn from them the principles, which he feels that he imperfectly understands, while Christ’s disciples questioned him and learned
from His categoric utterances the solution of all their difficulties. He lays claim to divine and absolute knowledge, and promulgates his doctrine as alone worthy of acceptance. Socrates always professed ignorance and weakness, Christ spoke "as one having authority," with calm and dignified assurance. Moreover, the investigations of Socrates lead to no positive result. He devotes his energies to the demonstration of prevailing fallacies, without setting up any substitute for the theories that he has overthrown. He attacks vigorously every form of error, but he leaves the apprehension of truth largely to the inferences of his hearers. Christ, however, has a definite system of ethics to set forth, a clear and consistent gospel to proclaim. He lays down rules of conduct and teaches directly the most fundamental moral principles. Sin and error are excluded largely by inference. The law said, "Do not," the gospel says, "Do thou." Socrates was, in the main, negative and destructive, Christ was positive and constructive. "I came not to destroy, but to fulfill," were His words.

Passing from their general methods of discussion, we turn to what more directly concerns their literary style. The skill of Socrates in showing the absurdity of the views held by his opponents has already been illustrated, and whether he exposes to ridicule such sophists as Polus and Thrasy, or more politely demolishes the objections made by less offensive partisans, the keenness of the Socratic elenchus penetrates every joint in the hostile armor. Thus in the Protagoras he compares the sophists with hucksters and also ridicules their prolixity and pomposity. "If any one challenges the least particular of their speech, they go on ringing in a long harangue, like brazen pots which, when they are struck, continue to sound."

So Christ in His fiery denunciations of the Pharisees dwells upon the inconsistency of their lives and the hypocrisy of their professions in terms of scathing ridicule, deriding their long prayers, the love of uppermost seats and other follies, while the directness and plainness of His speech give his attacks a crushing severity that is lacking in the more courteous argumentation of the Greek. Renan declares that "only a God could so kill, not a Socrates." Akin to this powerful weapon of attack is the irony so characteristic of Socrates and so necessary to the plain speaking and hard hitting of the philosopher. It is sometimes quite apparent and
simple, sometimes keen and subtle, now a polite veil for dissent, now an instrument of destructive criticism. Just one instance out of many: Young Euthyphro has claimed exact knowledge of piety and impiety, and so old Socrates exclaims, "Rare friend! I think I cannot do better than be your disciple before my trial with Meletus comes on. Then... as he charges me with innovations in religion, I shall say I have become your disciple. And you, Meletus, ... should indent Euthyphro, who is my teacher, and who is the real corruptor, not of the young, but the old." The irony of Christ is less generally recognized, yet His sarcastic commendation of the Pharisees, "Full well ye reject the commandment of God," and His scornful query, "If I by the power of Beelzebub cast out devils, by whom do your children cast them out?" may well be included in this category.

In the same tone is his comparison with children piping in the market-place and His satire of those who would foretell the weather, but cannot read the signs of the times. How droll again is the picture presented by the question, "Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature?" and how quaintly humorous the story of the importunate friend, who seeks bread at midnight from his sleepy neighbor. See again the bitter irony in His message to Herod, "It cannot be that a prophet perish out of Jerusalem," or His words to the hostile soldiers in Gethsemane. Still better is His answer to the angry Jews, "Many good works have I shown you from my Father; for which of these works do ye stone me?"

Again, as Christ clothed his ideas in figurative language, he often spoke in such enigmatic terms that not even His disciples, much less His enemies, could understand His full meaning, and the evangelists at times record their own perplexity. These admissions are especially frequent in John, as "I have meat to eat that ye know not. Therefore said his disciples, one to another, Hath any man brought him aught to eat?" Or again "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth."

Then said his disciples, Lord, if he sleep, he shall do well. Howbeit Jesus spake of his death."

But are also found in the synoptists, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter
into the kingdom of heaven. When his disciples heard it, they were exceedingly amazed, saying, Who then can be saved?" The very fact that they were not understood at the time is the strongest proof of their authenticity. This form of expression may even be condensed into a *double entendre*, or play upon words, of which the following are examples: "When Christ cometh, no man knoweth whence he is. Then Jesus cried . . . . saying, Ye both know me, and ye know whence I am," where the last clause has a double meaning, and the famous play on the two words for love, ἀγαπέω and φιλέω in His queries to Peter in the last chapter of John, ἐρώτησεν αὐτὸν φίλειν. We may compare the frequent puns of Socrates, as "His speech reminded me of the rhetorician Gorgias, and I fancied he was shaking at me the Gorgon’s head, and would turn me to stone." 

Socrates, too, was not understood when he endeavored to guide an inexperienced friend through the paths of his dialectic; "And is then all which is just pious, or is that which is pious all just, but that which is just, only in part, and not all, pious?" "I do not understand you, Socrates." Doubtless the purpose of both teachers was to awaken the interest of their hearers and stimulate them to ask questions regarding the matter, so that the way might be opened for a more thorough exposition to more receptive minds.

Familiarity of tone is also imparted by the proverbs, of which Socrates was so fond, and which Christ doubtless used even more than is recorded in his intercourse with the common people, upon whose lips they are constantly found. Socrates uses them (some 150) more frequently than any of his interlocutors, especially in the earliest dialogues, such as, "Even a pig knows that," "an ass in a lion’s skin," and "to fall from the smoke into the fire."

Only two cases are quoted explicitly by the evangelists as proverbs, "Ye will surely say unto me this proverb, Physician, heal thyself," and "Herein is this saying true, One soweth and another reapeth," although such terse and familiar expressions as, "They that are whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick," or "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," have somewhat of a proverbial character, and were probably so used, though not attested by the context. Some of the Old Testament quotations also have this tone, such as the brief aphorisms handed down by tradition, "Ye have
heard how it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself,” or again “An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth” for these must have been as familiarly quoted by the common people as any unauthorized maxim of merely popular wisdom. Indeed, Socrates quotes as freely from the poets (about 150 times in Plato) to confirm his statements as does Christ from the prophets, and his citations often have the same informal character.

We cannot dwell long on other characteristics of Socrates’ style not already discussed, although we might mention in passing his familiar use of the etymological figure, frequent both in Plato and Xenophon, and his peculiar fondness for oaths, especially “by Hera” and “by the dog,” and many interjections as well. His carelessness of compact structure in his easy conversations and lack of grammatical consistency, which he himself confesses are noticeable throughout the Platonic dialogues. Apart from any purposes of comparison, it would also be interesting to try to discover other peculiarities of Christ’s diction. We can, at least, ascertain some of his favorite phrases and tricks of speech, for it seems clear, from their originality and frequency of occurrence, that the Saviour actually used such expressions as “Son of Man” (which appears eighty times), “Only Begotten Son,” “The Father,” “Eternal Life,” “Verily,” “Kingdom of God,” “The servant is not greater than his Lord,” while “Little children” and “Holy Father,” though found but once, are so unique that they may also be considered genuine utterances of the Master. He is certainly a skillful orator, as appears from his lucid division of the matter at hand, his sharp antitheses, the strong emphasis laid on decisive points, the ease with which he detects false statements. The Sermon on the Mount is perhaps the masterpiece of his eloquence, but everywhere we see the rules of oratory observed. His fierce denunciations of woe, his frequent apostrophes in affection to Jerusalem or in wrath to the Pharisees, the terrific cannonade of rapidly succeeding questions, or the outbursts of reproach, all show the pent-up reserve of passion, which was so characteristic of Demosthenes and Webster, and which gives the orator his greatest power. Indeed, the unending variety of tones and styles of speech, passing from eloquent condemnation of sin to tender compassion for the sinner, the sorrow mingled with gladness, the
wondrous blending of God and man, these sound a richer, sweeter
note in the soul's harmony, and the warm love of the Jewish teacher
moves men's hearts and sways their intellects as the colder reasonings
of the Grecian philosopher can never do.

But, Mr. President, these men are dead, and we are told that
the language they spoke is dead also. And every few years some
alumnus in some college, large or small, feels it his duty to protest
against the study of dead languages. Did he ever consider how much
that men love and honor and imitate is dead? What is there that
gives wisdom and culture and virtue that does not come to us out of
the dead past, yet infused with the truest and most energizing life?
Give up the study of what is dead, and we must lose history and
philosophy and literature and art, nay, something even of the sciences
as well. Nothing is really dead that can give life and inspiration to
the human race, that can draw us nearer to the infinite and the
eternal, and teach us the truth that we all are seeking, the truth that
makes men free. The living spirit of the past will kindle for us the
lamp of experience, which will enable us to judge of the future with
all its grave responsibilities, it will give us the torch of learning,
which we must soon hand on to our successors in the race, that they
too may walk in the light and not in darkness. It is true, Mr. Presi-
dent, that Latin and Sanskrit, are, in a certain sense, dead, in that
they are no longer spoken at the present time, but, even from this
point of view, Greek is as much alive as English and French. When
a man has talked Greek with bootblacks and cabmen, when he has
read advertisements and received business letters, when he hears the
lonely shepherd use the language as his mother tongue, he cannot
conceive how men can call it dead in any sense of the word. Per-
haps it may not be generally known that millions at the present day
speak and write what is as much the language of Xenophon as our
English is the language of Chaucer, simplified, of course, and at the
same time enriched, to meet the needs of modern civilization. In-
deed, its very growth and development and its adaptation to its new
environment are proofs that it is a living organism, with its splendid
vitality still unimpaired, for change is itself an essential to life. Its
literature, too, is today certainly equal to the Spanish, perhaps even
rivaling the Italian, for, in spite of centuries of bondage and oppres-
sion, in spite of the dispersion of her loyal sons to distant and unfriendly lands, Hellas has maintained the unbroken continuity of her literature for 3000 years, a phenomenon unparalleled in history.

But the cry comes again, It is not practical! We cannot use it in our business! Is that only valuable which aids in making money? Truly man is something more than an acquisitive machine, a patent contrivance for extracting gold from the universe. Or is that only practical which tends to material and physical prosperity? Surely the culture of the mind and discipline of the intellect to meet the varied strains of active life possesses the highest utility, and history or geology are of no more direct assistance than Greek in the business of making tan shoes or brass nails. Nobly did the great Sylvester strike the keynote of the highest educational training, when he thanked God that he had never taught any branch of mathematics that could be put to any practical use.

Of course, these attacks are merely due to individual fancy, not to any really widespread feeling. Our higher institutions continue to teach the so-called "dead languages," and they are quite as popular as they ever were. In a little college in the West, in a section of the country where culture is not so widely diffused as in the East, more than half the students have chosen to study Greek during the past year, and at Johns Hopkins only History and Chemistry claim more graduate students than do Greek and Latin. These are only types, for Harvard and Yale and other colleges tell much the same story. The fact is that these misguided alumni are usually attacking the discarded fetiches of the past, the antiquated methods of their own college days. They recount in gruesome detail the dry and dusty systems, under which they suffered, and which Greek teachers now abhor as much as they. It is as if one should refuse to ride in a Pullman parlor car, because he had found a stage coach uncomfortable in his youth. They do not realize that language teaching has progressed like everything else, and that now the perfect models of literature and the perennial glory of Greek life are the chief object of our endeavor, and even the most devoted grammarian will admit that forms and syntax, however important as a means to the end, are not an end in themselves. So long as men love the supremely beautiful in literature and in art, so long as they take any interest in the les-
sons of the past and revere the memory of great and good men, so long will the language that preserves these lessons and these beauties, the language of Socrates and Christ, be studied and cherished throughout the world.

[Concluded]

The Sieur D’Arlier.

W. L. C.

AYE, boy, ’tis a noble line, and some of England’s best and bravest men have born those arms since the time of our great Alfred. There was Thomas of Montgomery, and Robert, Archbishop of Canterbury, and many others, wearers of the sword or robe, than whom no braver, better, ever served his king or God. A truly noble line; and I, even I, although no soldier or archbishop, and although my life was spent at court, where was naught but play and pleasure and no graver duties than to please and flatter, where success lent more on wit than wisdom, have not been without some share of honor. For though the only robe I ever wore was fashion’s cloak, and all my battles on the field of honor, I have loved a queen and fought—but there; a story—and would you hear it?

I said that I had loved a queen; that, sir, is history. All the world knows now, and history will read that Henry Fitzallen, Eighteenth Earl of Arundel, was a favorite, but a rejected suitor of Queen Elizabeth. That was when I was young, and rash, and hopeful, and now I wonder at my temerity; but I believe the Queen liked me the better for it. I loved her as passionately as man ever loved woman, and consider my life not wasted—spent in a service so sweet.

Yes, that is history, but history will not know that Henry Fitzallen was one of the best swordsmen in England; that his long, skinny hand held one of the strongest blades this side of France; that this wrist, now lean and thin, was once of steel. Aye, think me not a braggart, for on a wager I have stood for ten minutes with but a frail rapier before the long sword of Koester, and never caught a scratch; and for as long, have clashed a harmless foil against the naked blade
of Hofleer, when a slip to him meant nothing, to me, meant death. But the hardest duel I ever fought was with a young and beardless Frenchman, a mere boy — and it came about in this way.

One day I was with a crowd of courtiers in the great hall of the palace. It was near evening, and we had gathered to enjoy the summer moonlight in the barges on the Thames, and were now awaiting the Queen's arrival. I was talking merrily in a crowd of lords and ladies, when my Lord Dudley approached, and touching my arm lightly, whispered, "Her Majesty awaits you; go at once and unserved." I thought the latter injunction but a device bred of the Earl's own jealousy, so I said aloud, "Thank you, my Lord, I will go at once," and, excusing myself, turned and sauntered down the hall in the direction of the Queen's apartments. I could not guess why the Queen had sent for me, but the very fact that she had done so, when the flower of English nobility had already awaited her an hour, tickled my young conceit, and I knew that my words had left behind me many envious, as well as curious, hearers.

The Queen evidently did expect me, for I was ushered immediately into her presence. She arose as I entered, and gave me her hand, which I, kneeling, pressed to my lips.

"Thou art right welcome, my Lord Earl and kinsman, thy Queen has need of thy services."

"Your Majesty," I said, still kneeling, but she interrupted, "No, Harry, come over here and sit by me," dropping all formality, "I have a service, oh, a very great service, to ask of you."

"Mademoiselle," I answered, "you know I worship you, and what I would not do for my Queen, I would surely do — —"

"Yes, yes, I know; I do not doubt you, but what I ask of you may demand your life — —"

"Which is at your disposal, Mademoiselle."

"Or your honor."

I caught my breath. "Command me, Mademoiselle."

"Well, it is this: You know that I have recently had an offer of marriage from the King of France. Have you seen him, Harry?"

"No, a weakling I am told," said I.

"No, he is misjudged and slandered because of his religion. He is but a boy, but so handsome, brave and loving. I, and in fact all the
world, had doubts as to his majesty's bravery, but I wisely held my tongue."

"Ah, sir," she continued, "he is misjudged, and I love him. No, it is not Anjou nor Liecester; it is France. I do love him, I know. But religion, affairs of state, and the troublesome times in his own country, conspire against me. And I have hurt him, sadly. I have sent him my refusal to his offer, cold, harsh and formal. No, I did not write it, but my ministers did. Now I cannot let it end with this. I must send him word — a letter, to tell him that I love him and that I will remember him and pray for him. You do not know that, though I am a good Protestant, I have a little golden crucifix hanging in my room, and every night I kneel before it and pray. And there I will pray for him. For him!

"But come, you must tell him this; I cannot write it; but I have written him that I love him, and ask his forgiveness of a formality I could not help. You will go, Harry?"

"The letter, Mademoiselle," said I, rising.

"But there is more. You must go at once, for if my letter does not follow close on my refusal, Charles will be angry. And again, you must trust this to no other, but deliver it to the King direct. And then you must engage in no brawl or duel; you must submit to any insult, rather than fight. For should you be killed, God knows what might become of my letter. Now go, Harry, and remember I trust you." I kissed her hand and left the room.

Sunrise, next morning, saw me crossing the channel for Calais, with little taste for a mission of which I did not approve, and a heart full of bitterness toward a more successful rival, to whom I was to bear a token from the woman I loved. Why will women do such things? Do they think we men have no hearts? The nature of the mission alone kept me from any enjoyment of it. Its danger should only have added zest; and there was danger, and plenty, for the combined efforts of Coligny and Conde, kept France in the turmoil of civil war.

Arrived at Calais, I went post-haste to Paris, where I found things in an uproar. Street brawls were frequent and law and order openly set aside. But true to my instructions, I kept myself out of all quar-
rels, and an hour after my arrival, presented myself at the French court.

The court-yard and lower hall of the palace were full of officers in uniform; among these I made my way, and by their direction, reached the King's apartments. Here I found in the ante-chamber, several officers and officials, apparently awaiting an audience with the King. I had no sooner entered, than a gentleman approached me, but without waiting for him to speak, I said:

"Be so kind, Monsieur, as to tell His Majesty the King of France that an English gentleman begs the honor of an immediate audience."

He looked me steadily in the eye and answered, "Who, Monsieur, shall I say desires this honor?"

"That," I replied, "I must tell the King myself."

"And on what business," with a curious smile, "shall I say this unknown desires His Majesty's ear?"

"That, too, Monsieur, I must tell the King."

"His Majesty Charles the Ninth," said he, disdainfully, "does not conduct such business at this hour."

"At what hour then," I asked, losing my patience.

"At no hour," he answered, abruptly turning away.

"But Monsieur," said I——

"No," said he, turning again, "at no hour, at no hour, sir. Not even did the gentleman come from Her Majesty the Queen of England."

Heavens! had the fellow guessed my secret? I could not believe it. But in a moment the whole truth flashed upon me. Charles was angry, and it was by his order that I had been refused admittance. But I could not connect him with the insult to the Queen. That was of this fellow's own making, and for it I would kill him. My wits were gone and anger in their place. I felt my face grow hot and flushed, and for the moment, and until too late, I forgot my mission.

"You dog," I cried, stepping up to him. Everyone in the room stopped talking and looked in our direction.

"I am the Sieur D'Arlier," he interrupted, flicking a speck of dust from his boot with his handkerchief, "some friends of mine will visit you."
"Eighteen Rue Des Dames," I answered, "I shall be delighted to see them," and turning, I left the room.

Truly I had made a shocking mess of the whole affair. Instead of leaving the palace after the King's refusal, and going back home, as I had been bidden, to a respectable, God-fearing country, I was now involved in that expressly forbidden thing—a duel. Should I be killed what would become of my letter? I dared not destroy it, for should I whip this surly Frank, I would be expected to return it; and trust it to any of Charles' breed, I would not.

I hunted up the only Englishman I knew in Paris, Lord Henry Darrel, he who had brought the Queen's formal refusal to the King, and I secured his services as a second. I entrusted him with the letter, with instructions to take it to the Queen, should I be killed.

Darrel met D'Arlier's friend, all arrangements for the duel were made, and next morning ere Paris was awake, we drove, in a slight fog, out of the south gate of the city. We were on our way to a little wood, south of Paris, a favorite duelling place, and secure from interruption. A short drive from the city gate, and we turned into the wood, and Darrel, stopping the carriage, we jumped to the ground. Another carriage was waiting for us, and D'Arlier's second on its top. He dismounted, and greeted us. I threw off my coat. Darrel carried my sword.

"Monsieur D'Arlier is prepared, I presume?" Darrel asked. Without answering, the second turned and opened the door of his carriage. A gentleman got out, but not D'Arlier. He wore a grey cloak thrown over his shoulders, he was of slight build, very graceful, and withal, of very youthful appearance. But strangest of all, he wore a mask. As he approached us, the second said somewhat hesitatingly:

"Monsieur D'Arlier has found it indeed impossible to meet the Earl of Arundel at this time and place, and has asked me to make his apologies. But knowing the Earl's nobleness and valor he has sent in his stead a gentleman whose rank fully equals the Earl's, and who will accord him the most honorable treatment."

"A fencing master," muttered Darrel.

"The Sieur D'Arlier is a damned coward," said I.

"The Sieur D'Arlier," replied the masked stranger, "is a brave
gentleman, and is not here because he serves his master, the King of France, in a matter which could not bear delay."

"A most irregular proceeding," objected Darrel.

"By no means unprecedented," answered the stranger.

"He has not yet given his name nor removed his mask," still objected Darrel.

With the same hesitation, the second replied, "For excellent reasons he can do neither."

"What are they?" Darrel demanded.

"I regret that he cannot give them. Monsieur must fight this gentleman as he is, without question, or await D'Arlier's return."

"For my part," said Darrel, "I object to the engagement, but if the Earl desires——"

"On your guard, monsieur," I said.

The stranger threw off his cloak, and took his sword from his second. He was dressed in black velvet, but in such height of fashion and elegance, and his every action bespoke so plainly the nobility of his birth, that I did not doubt the second's assertions.

Oh, it was a magnificent fight. He was swift as lightning and his wrist was a marvel of suppleness and strength. He knew every trick of mine and a hundred more. Often and again I could not parry his thrusts until they had torn through my clothes and pricked my skin. Often and again his sword point would rip through my shirt on either side, missing me by scarce half an inch. My sword arm was bleeding freely above the elbow, and I could feel myself growing faint. Once I thought my time had come. Our swords were beating a perfect drum roll, and I saw four blades instead of two. But yield to an unknown and a Frenchman! I took heart for I saw that he too, was breathing hard, and his thrusts no longer had their former speed and fire. And again, a thing struck me that I had not noticed before, so busy was I with my frantic parries, and that was, that he never aimed at my heart, but rather for my side and shoulder, as though his intention was to wound, and not to kill. I supposed he saw my weak condition and did not want to take a mean advantage. The thought that he was playing with me riled my blood within me, and I summoned all my remaining strength. Fate came to my aid. I made a powerful lunge for his neck over his lowered guard. He parried and
lunged for my breast. I recovered and parried, but again he lunged with all his might, and true, and I felt all too well the sword point in my side. But then a miracle happened. In lunging he had gone too far; and as he stepped back his left foot slipped on the grass and he fell on one knee. His sword lowered, and his heart was bare and ready for my blade. And I lunged, viciously and with all the might of my baffled rage. But I saw the flashing of a third sword. I felt a strong shock in my sword arm. I saw my blade pass harmlessly over his head. I saw the stranger jump to his feet, and tear off his mask. I heard D’Arlier’s second cry “Sire!” And Darrel, white and trembling, whispered, “The King.”

“Sir,” said His Majesty Charles the Ninth, speaking with great deliberation, “we have chosen this method of meeting with you in order to secure the most absolute secrecy. We are informed that you bear us a message from Her Majesty of England.”

I bowed, and gave him the letter and watched his face as he read it. When he had finished, his lips were trembling, and his eyes were wet.

“Tell your mistress,” he cried, brokenly, “only that I love her, by God, that I love her.”

“Nay, Sire,” I said, softly, “I will tell her more. I myself once sued for the Queen’s hand, and I shall tell her that the bravest gentleman and best swordsman in France is France’s king, and that gladly would I resign my suit to him.”

And did I tell Elizabeth what I promised? None of that, child, none of that, if you love me—but I won the duel.

The Sophomore’s Complaint.

A. V. S.

O

Why were e’re the chapel seats,
Arranged in such a way
As to obstruct the Sophomore’s view
Of Harcourt’s fair array?

A Freshman can’t appreciate
The gallery sublime,
The Junior studies all through church,
The choir hasn’t time.

’Tis plain there never should have been
A plan like this selected.
We recommend the Faculty
To have the fault corrected.
Scene on the Path.

A. F. M.

They were walking down the path just in front of me, under the great maples that lined the path on either side, through whose leafless branches the full moon in all her glory was quietly sifting her beams upon the gravel floor below. The night was perfect. The stars shone forth with a brightness that threatened to outshine the moon. Orion, with his belt of flashing jewels, seemed monarch of the other constellations and flashed back defiance to the bears who seemed about to assail him from the north. Everything seemed filled with a subtle influence of love and peace.

Verily, this is a night for love, I thought, and, as the thought came, I heard a slight rustle, like the gentle flutter of a wind-tossed leaf in the branches overhead. And, looking up, I saw the mischievous offspring of Venus dodging through the branches in a manner that showed he had some fixed purpose in mind.

As I watched him, he took his position on a branch just a little in the rear of the couple in front and, as his bow bent, I imagined that I saw his hand tremble with eagerness as he fitted his sharp little arrow to the bow.

Just then I saw the face of the woman turned up to the face of her companion and I realized that she had already had some dealings with this same little rogue, who was now in such a threatening position behind her.

I did not wonder that she looked up into the face of the man beside her in such a trusting way; it was a face to inspire trust; a strong, powerful face; a face which, if once lit up by the fire of love, would ever remain so. Then I realized that he was the victim whom the little elf was seeking.

Just then the little rascal on the bough released the dart and, shading his eyes with his hand, he watched for the result of the shot. Alas! he had been too eager, and the shaft, instead of striking the man, pierced the heart of the woman, and, as its rankling sting smote her and the poison infused itself in her veins, I saw the lines of pain draw about the corners of her mouth for a moment and then shine
forth in her eyes as she turned them up to see if her companion had
noticed the incident. He had seen nothing, although, from the look
in her eyes, I thought he ought to have expected it, and then I saw
the little elf flying to a more advantageous position and again fitting
an arrow to the bow, "Better luck this time, little warrior," I mur-
mured, as he drew back the bow until the ends almost touched, and I
imagined that I could hear the angry twang of the cord as the arrow
flew forth. "Too bad," I said, and the little fellow looked entirely dis-
gusted as the arrow sped on without striking either, speeding on until
by chance it should sink into the heart of some unsuspecting mortal
in the busy world.

Then, with an impatient gesture, I saw him fly forward again, this
time choosing his position with the greatest care, and I could see calm
determination on his face as for the third time he carefully selected
and adjusted an arrow to the bow. His aim this time was careful and
accurate, and, as the man was looking down into the now pleading eyes
of the woman, I saw him pause in his walk as the tremor caused by
the arrows striking, passed over his body, and then impulsively, as
the poison swelled in his veins, he drew the woman to him in a close
embrace as though trying to still the throbbing of his heart by press-
ing her frail form against it, but the pressure seemed only to increase
the pain, and, as he tried to speak, the only words that his lips would
utter were those of love.

And there I left them.

An Injustice.

I t was with a great deal of feeling that Kenyon men saw in Harper's
Weekly for December 23, the following words, in an article under
the heading "Amateur Sport." The article deals largely with foot-
ball and the author, in speaking of Ohio teams in particular, makes
the following comment:

"With the playing skill showing so well, it is too bad to add that the athletic
morality is at a low ebb, except at Reserve and Case. Three of last year's
Oberlin team were "summer nine" men, while the four-year rule is unknown.
The smaller institutions often enroll men in "business" departments, and
deliberately laying out men is much resorted to in order to win games. This
year's Kenyon team is a most offensive combination.
At Reserve and Case athletics are under Faculty control, and no man is permitted to play whose scholarship is low, or whose antecedents are not clearly amateur."

We can ill afford to let this go by unnoticed. If there is any one thing that Kenyon men pride themselves on, it is their reputation for gentlemanliness in all departments of athletics.

Professionalism has never at any time sullied this reputation. Not within the memory of any man in College, has a player from the "prep" school played on our teams and as for "business" departments from which to draw our men, Kenyon has never had such a department. All athletics here are under Faculty supervision. Eligibility consists in regular academic work amounting to at least twelve hours per week, and a sufficiently high rank. Deficiency in any department will bar any man.

Just what the author means to imply by "offensive combination," we do not know. If it implies ruffianism or deliberate injury to opponents, it is an absurdity. During the past season, Kenyon had one of the lightest teams in the State; the adoption, therefore, of any such tactics, would have been suicidal.

On the other hand, however, some of the roughest treatment that our team received, was at the hands of some of those teams whose athletic morality has, according to the author of the above, placed them in a class by themselves.

Now we do not attribute the writing of the above to any evil motive on the part of the author, but that he has allowed himself to be grossly misinformed, is apparent to every man who knows anything about Ohio football. Kenyon's most bitter rivals in the State would not have called our last season's team an "offensive combination," and it is to this fact that we desire to call the attention of those whose only source of information about Ohio football may have been the article in question.

Correspondence.

UNDER the above heading THE COLLEGIAN purposes to publish any and all communications which it may receive from alumni or students. No restrictions are made as to the contents or sentiments of the aforesaid, except in so far as a just discretion may demand. It
is earnestly hoped that those who have views to express, will give our
readers the benefit of them. The Collegian will not hold itself
responsible for anything that may be said, but correspondents are
requested to sign their names in full for publication, as an evidence of
good faith.

Basket Ball.

After our game with O. S. U. on Saturday, February 3rd, our
basket ball team will hardly be expected to win the State champi-

onship. Perhaps when our team has a first-class gymnasium to practice in—one where the angle of elevation of the baskets is a constant
quantity, better results may be expected. Doubtless our lack of
basket ball enthusiasm is largely due to the fact that our team's prac-
tice is fraught with much difficulty and inconvenience; nevertheless,
if we are to have a team, and if we are to play a number of scheduled
games, we ought to be willing to work all the harder. If, after
the completion of Rosse Hall, any games remain unplayed, they ought
to mean victories when played; for with the material that the team
has, and proper training and practice, we shall have no excuses to
offer.

KENYON VS. KATAHDIN A. C.

The first game of basket ball for this season was played in the
K. M. A. gymnasium January 20. Delaware was scheduled to play,
but, either owing to fear or sickness, cancelled the game two days
before the date set for it. The Katahdin Athletic Club of Delaware
agreed to fill the date and did it very acceptably.

The first half was characterized by hard playing and ended with
the score in Kenyon's favor—6 to 3. The second half Kenyon had
judged her men correctly and so was enabled to run up her score to
fifteen, while Katahdin made three more.

It was only the fault of Katahdin's poor basket work that she lost
by as large a score as she did. Kenyon made eleven fouls and out of
all these Katahdin made only two baskets. If she had made even a
fair percentage of these the result would have been close. Katahdin
made four fouls and from these four Kenyon made three baskets, count-
ing three points.
Almost all of both halves Kenyon kept the ball in her possession, outplaying at every point her opponents. Time and time again Katahdin would secure the ball only to have her pass intercepted. The detailed score and line-ups follow:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>KATAHDIN A. C.</th>
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<th>KENYON</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cunningham (c.)</td>
<td>r. f.</td>
<td>Brandon (c.)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ellis</td>
<td>l. f.</td>
<td>Morris</td>
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<tr>
<td>Curtis</td>
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<td>Skeels</td>
<td>l. g.</td>
<td>Coolidge</td>
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Goals from field — Kenyon, 6; Katahdin, 2. Goals from fouls — Kenyon, 3; Katahdin, 2. Time of halves — Twenty minutes.

KENYON vs. O. S. U.

It would be too painful to repeat the story of the game. Our ability to locate their goal seems to have been in inverse proportion to their ability to locate ours. One goal from the field and one by foul netted us three points. O. S. U.'s ledger showed twenty points.

Alumni Notes.

'49       Mr. Peter Neff, of Cleveland, has recently made the library a gift of a number of valuable books.

'62. The Rev. Wm. D'Orville Doty, for many years rector of Christ Church, Rochester, N. Y., died on January 5.

'62. The Rev. Alfred Blake, formerly of Carthage, Mo., spent a few days with relatives in Gambier early in January.

'66. Dr. Nathaniel P. Dandridge, of Cincinnati, was one of the three surgeons from that city who were summoned to Frankfort, Ky., to attend the wound of Senator Goebel.

'77. A recent dispatch from Manila, says:

"The insurgent general, Flores, having established a rendezvous with one hundred men at Humingan, province of Nueva Viscaya, Captain H. C. Benson with two troops of the Fourth Cavalry was sent to dislodge him. The insurgents were scattered and all their horses taken and the position was burned, the Americans sustaining no losses."
'85. Mr. A. M. Snyder, after nine years with the law firm of Squire, Sanders & Dempsey, is now a member of the firm of Ford, Snyder, Henry & McGraw, whose law offices after April 1st will be in Williamson Block, Cleveland.

'90. On Wednesday evening, February 7, at Calvary Church, Clifton, Cincinnati, occurred the marriage of Miss Wanda Dawson Follett to Mr. Sherman Granger.

'94-ex. R. P. Rifenberick is a lieutenant in the 16th U. S. Infantry stationed at Manila.

'94. On Thursday, January 25, at Akron, Ohio, occurred the marriage of Miss Ethel Sheldon to Mr. Alex H. Cummins.

The Cincinnati Alumni Association held its annual banquet in that city on Monday evening, February 12. The following account is clipped from the Commercial Tribune:

"College days at old Kenyon were lived over again last night at the annual meeting of the Alumni Association, and the jolly songs of the period renewed the associations of the past in the hearts of nearly two dozen of the faithful, who ate and smoked and drank—in moderation—to the old and the new. The affair was given in a private dining room at the St. Nicholas. Elliott Marfield, of the class of '93, presided. Dr. E. C. Benson, of the class of '49, was the special guest of the evening and responded to the toast, "Kenyon."

He spoke of the prosperous condition of the college and of the fact that the new gymnasium, Rosse Hall, is nearly completed.

Dr. Dandridge, '66, on "The Old Times and the New," followed Dr. Benson, praising the modern attitude of the college and the dignity and elegance of the commencements that he has recently attended.

The other toasts were: "Kenyon and Bexley," Rev. Mr. Ely, '71; "Dr. Benson," N. L. Pierson, '80; "College Widows," Rev. Mr. Blake, '69; "Harcourt of the Old Times," Mr. Herrlinger, '83; The Alumni," Dr. Blake, '80, of Columbus.

A few remarks were also made by Rev. Mr. Tinsley and Mr. Follett, '83.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Elliot Marfield, '83, President; A. J. Herrlinger, '83, Vice-President; Constant Southworth, '98, Secretary.

Dr. Benson, who for his whole life has been intimately associated with Kenyon, as student, instructor and professor, was the guest of the evening. His welcome was most cordial, for he none is more close to the hearts of all Kenyon men. Dr. Benson returns to Gambier this morning.

Among the songs that were given with the zest and energy peculiar to such occasions were several composed especially for the present function. Mr.
Southworth, Secretary, gave an outline of the year's events. Regrets were read from Rt. Rev. Boyd Vincent, Rt. Rev. W. Burton and Mr. W. H. Elliott. Those seated at the tables were:

Mr. Elliott Marfield, '83, President, Dr. W. H. Bell,
Dr. E. C. Benson, '49, Mr. W. B. Morrow,
Rev. A. T. Blake, Mr. A. J. Herrlinger,
Dr. N. P. Dandridge, Mr. J. D. Follett,
Rev. J. H. Ely, Mr. Charles Follett,
Mr. J. S. Ely, Mr. Clay V. Sanford,
Rev. P. Tinsley, Rev. R. B. B. Foote,
Mr. A. W. Hayward, Mr. P. B. Stanbery,
Rev. Frank Dyer, Dr. Henry Stanbery,
Dr. A. J. Bell, Mr. T. O. Youtsey,
Mr. F. W. Blake, Mr. D. H. White,
Mr. N. L. Pierson, Mr. Constant Southworth.

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**College News.**

The Easter Term began Tuesday, January 9. Dr. Whitaker, who spent the vacation in the East, was unavoidably delayed until Thursday.

Spinosa, '01, and Davidson, '03, spent the vacation in Gambier.

Parsons, '02, and Balcom, '03, have returned to College.

President and Mrs. Peirce have arrived at Rome, where they intend to take up the study of Archaeology.

On Thursday night, January 11, at the Phi Beta Kappa meeting, Dr. Jones gave a very interesting talk on "The Locality in Which We Live." Its history, from the time of Bishop Chase's early purchases of land, to the present day, was vividly told, and many interesting anecdotes were related. Dr. James Byrnie Shaw was elected to honorary membership.

The new catalogue of the Kenyon Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, which has been prepared by the Rev. George P. Atwater, of Akron, has recently appeared. Copies of it will be sent to each member and also to the General Secretary for his use in preparing the next general catalogue.
The Junior Promenade will be held in Rosse Hall, February 26. The committee in charge consists of Spinosa, Grigsby, Harper, Higbee, Russell and A. R. Williams.

At a meeting of the Foot Ball team, last term, Rodgers, '02, was elected Captain for next year. Collins, '02, was elected Manager by the Assembly.

Brandon, '02, has been elected Captain of the Basket Ball team, and Aubrey, '02, Manager. Practice will be held in the K. M. A. Gymnasium until Rosse Hall is ready for use. The following games have been scheduled: January 20, O. W. U., at Gambier; February 3, O. S. U., at Columbus; February 12, Mt. Union, at Gambier; February 17, O. S. U., at Gambier; March 2, Mt. Union, at Alliance; March 8, Hiram, at Hiram.

At a recent meeting of the Executive Committee, Cummings, '02, was elected Base Ball Manager.

During the Easter Term, four hours a week of gymnasium drill are required of Sophomores and Freshmen. Classes will be held under the direction of Messrs. Aubrey and Muter, in Philo Hall, until Rosse Hall is completed.

Arrangements are being made to hold the National Convention of the Church Students' Missionary Association in Gambier, February 22, 23, and 24, under the auspices of the Bexley Chapter.

The Annual Reception to College Students was given at Harcourt, Monday evening, January 22.

Mr. Mont. Hambright, of Springfield, Ohio, was the guest of Cummings, '02, during the opening days of the term.

The Dramatic Club is preparing to present "My Lord in Livery," and another short play, Tuesday evening, February 27.

An urgent appeal will soon be made to the Alumni to subscribe to the Reveille, which is to be published in May.

A great improvement is noticeable in the halls of Old Kenyon, which are now swept daily.

Butler, '02, who was sick at the opening of the term, has returned to College.
Mr. L. E. Daniels, of Bexley Hall, is getting up a small party of College students to attend the Paris Exposition next summer.

On Saturday, February 10th, the College men were favored with a dance at Harcourt. It was without a doubt the most enjoyable dance that has been given.

Sunday, February 11, the Very Rev. C. D. Williams occupied the pulpit at both services. The next Collegian will contain one of the sermons.

Exchanges.

WITH APOLOGIES TO POPULAR AIR.

It was brewed in old Kentucky,
Brewed in very quiet stills;
There's the sunshine of the country
In its sparkle as it spills.
It was brewed in old Kentucky,
Take it, boy, you're mighty lucky.
When you're drinking the moonshine of the hills.—Ez.

At 9 o'clock they sat like this,
He was not long in learning;
At 10 o'clock they sat like this—
The gas was lower burning.
Another hour they sat like this,
Still I'd not venture whether
At twelve o'clock they sat like this—
All crowded up together.—Roanoke Collegian.

"From Providence, are you?"
"No. From Providence, R. I."—Harvard Lampoon.

We are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of the Western College Magazine. It is a valuable addition to our exchange table.

The March Delineator contains an interesting article on "Notable College Leaders." We received the above the other day as an "exchange." Any one would do well to pattern after its style for it is a model magazine.
Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio.

THREE DEPARTMENTS.

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A THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL—Bexley Hall.
A PREPARATORY SCHOOL—Kenyon Military Academy.

Gambier, the seat of Kenyon College, lies about fifty miles north-east of Columbus in a region of beautiful rolling hills. Its situation is one of great healthfulness and of unusual natural beauty. The college buildings, all of stone, are fine types of architecture, and commodious in their arrangement. The dormitory, Old Kenyon, has been remodelled and supplied with hot water, heating, plumbing and all modern conveniences. The library contains an unusually well selected collection of 30,000 volumes, and the reading room receives all the standard magazines and periodicals. The chemical and physical laboratories are new and well supplied with apparatus. The observatory tower contains an Alvin Clark telescope and other modern instruments. The college park is extensive and beautiful and the athletic field is unsurpassed in the State. It is hoped that the gymnasium, which was burnt in 1897, will shortly be restored, and opened for indoor athletics.

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THE REV. EDWARD C. BENSON, D. D., LL. D., Socrates Professor of the Latin Language and Literature.
THEODORE STERLING, M. D., LL. D., Peabody Professor of Mathematics and Civil Engineering, Professor of Botany and Physiology.
LESLIE H. INGHAM, A. M., Bowser Professor of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, Professor of Astronomy and Geology.
HENRY TITUS WEST, A. M., Professor of Modern Languages.

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THE KENYON COLLEGIAN.

CLEVELAND, AKRON & COLUMBUS RAILROAD.

Time Table in Effect January 2, 1900.

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