4-1-1901

Kenyon Collegian - April 1901

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TO CUPID.

Translation of the thirty-third Anacreontic.

Asleep midst the roses,
Cupid sees not the bee
Which lights upon his finger
And stings him terribly.
He smites his palms together,
And howls in agony,
As running to his mother.
He holds for her to see.
"I am undone; I'm dying;
A tiny snake with wings
Has bit me on the finger;
A bee, men call such things."
Says she: "If from a creature
So small you bear such woe,
How much do mortals suffer.
Who your sharp arrows know?"
A WESTERN IDYL.

THE little mining camp seemed almost deserted. In the pale moonlight the broad street, white with dust, looked almost ghostlike as it stretched away between the two long rows of dusky cabins. A hog wandered idly across, in search of some slough of which the long drought had deprived him. All was still and forsaken. Now and then a dog barked.

About the middle of the street stood the pump with its horse tub, both long since fallen into disuse. And opposite, the company's store, with its long low porch, loomed up indistinctly. Clustered about it were the few other stores which supplied the miners with such commodities as were needed to make life roughly comfortable in that far western town.

At the far end of the street was another building, long and low like the company store, with windows on either side from which streamed a flood of yellow light. Here all was in utter contrast to the silent town. The sound of laughter, and of merry voices, and the tones of an old fiddle floated out on the soft night air. The light from the room fell upon the faces of a crowd of onlookers who thronged the door. Some were cowboys, from the neighboring ranches, and the lamp light showed their dark and sunburned faces, their big sombreros, their high-heelcd boots, and glistened on their steel spurs. Some wore revolvers at their belts. Some were miners, who still bore on their clothes the marks of their day's toil. In the background could be seen the dusky faces of a few Indians, who had wandered into the town, and hearing the music had ventured to look in on the unaccustomed sight. A few of the onlookers had been so bold as to go inside, and now formed a semi-circle about the door.

At the other end of the room perched high on the bar (for in the old days the town house had served the purpose of a saloon and rendezvous for the miners of an evening) sat the "professor." He was a little wizened man, and his gray hair falling over his shoulders gave him a truly patriarchal appearance. His old coat too, green with age, and of a forgotten fashion, helped to make him seem like the relic of a bygone day. His cracked and battered fiddle made the picture complete.

He sawed away, with his short legs dangling over the bar, keeping time with his whole body, swaying backward and forward as he played. Now and then he would raise his eyes from the instrument, and frown down from his lofty seat on some couple who appeared to be giving more attention to each other than to the music. He seldom smiled. It was beneath his dignity, and then too it would have been difficult for a smile to ripple
over that dry and wrinkled face. Suddenly, without a warning, he lifted his fiddle high in the air, drew the bow sharply across it several times, and with one long drawn shriek the dance was done.

The dancers made their way to a row of chairs ranged along the wall, and the men stood a moment, mopping their faces with their red bandanas. The girls were neatly and prettily dressed, for the Convent Sisters had taught them many good and useful lessons, and they looked strangely out of place beside the men, with their rough clothes, their cowhide boots, and their dark shirts open at the neck, showing their bronzed and weather beaten chests.

The professor mopped his brow, and looked around the room. He climbed down from his seat and walked slowly about, chatting first with one group and then with another, At last he began to feel that too little attention was being paid to him, and to realize that he was the center of attraction only so long as the music lasted, so he resumed his seat on the bar, and called aloud "Git yer pardners fer a quadrille."

Over in the corner, grouped about an old stove that had been pushed there to be out of the way, were several of the dancers, laughing and talking merrily. In the center of the group stood a young girl. She was dressed much like the rest of her companions of the dance, and her only mark of distinction might have been her beauty. She laughed and chatted, brushing back, with her hand, the dark hair which fell over her forehead. Now and then she glanced up at her companion who stood beside her. He was dressed in a riding suit and leggins of the latest fashion; a stranger there, at least to many, although a few who had been there a long time said they remembered him. The laughter was at its highest when the shrill voice of the "professor" broke in upon them, "Two more couple wanted."

At this point several of those standing at the door pushed into the room to find partners for the dance. One, a tall bronzed young man advanced toward the group in the corner. The crowd was already separating and moving toward the center of the room when he reached the girl's side. He bent low and whispered to her, "May I have this dance?" "I'm sorry, but it's taken," she replied alond, and taking her partner's arm, she moved to take her place in the quadrille. The young man followed them for a moment with his eyes, and then went toward the door.

The music and the dance began. "Salute yer pardner," "Balance corners," "Swing yer lady," cried the "professor" in his high key, while he scraped away. Waltz followed quadrille in quick succession, until at last the "professor" climbed down, and announcing that he was tired, declared the dance at an end.
Everybody shook hands with the professor and thanked him, and then prepared to take their departure. The girl was one of the last to leave. She was standing in a small crowd gathered about the professor, and laughing and joking with him. The old man took it all good-naturedly, and joked back, shaking his fiddle for emphasis, and twisting his wrinkled face into various shapes in pretended anger or disapproval. Everybody liked the "professor," he was so good-natured and obliging. He was master of all the town dances, and in this took pride, and on such occasions would permit no question of his authority.

At this point the young man again entered the room. He made his way toward the group about the "professor," and stood there for some time listening, his tall figure rising well above the rest. He said nothing; he did not even smile. When the opportunity offered, he again whispered to the girl. "May I not ride home with you?" "I am sorry," she replied, "but you are too late." "Too late!" why, he had never asked her before. He bit his lip until the blood came. "You gave me only one dance this evening." "I'm sorry for that, too," she laughed. He turned and walked away.

He passed out of the door and into the moonlight, and walked slowly on across the road to where his horse was hitched. He went up and stroked the mare gently on the neck, and placed one arm on the saddle, and laid his head upon his arm. The mare turned and looked at him with her great sad eyes. He raised his head and spoke to the horse as if she understood, and stroked her neck and laid his hot cheek against it.

He mounted slowly as though he were in a dream, and turned to ride away. He again looked back at the door, from which still poured the flood of yellow light. All had left but a few, and she was still standing there. The light fell full upon her. Ah, how beautiful she looked. Her father stood near her, holding his horse by the bridle. The horse seemed restless, and now and then he could hear the man's voice above the rest, speaking gently but firmly. He could hear her laugh, too, and he hated to think that she was happy. The stranger had brought her horse for her and was helping her into the saddle. How weakly he did it. Ah, how often he himself had helped her, and how he would do it now. He had delighted to take her in his strong arms, and lift her into the seat, and she had laughed and loved to have him do it. She must remember the many times he had done it for her, and how much better he had done it. A great lump rose in his throat. The stranger mounted by the stirrup! And he used a whip and wore no spurs! How could she help but smile at this? Surely her father must have laughed—and how poorly he rode.
The young man turned away, and gazed far out over the broad prairies that lay peaceful and still in the moonlight, rolling far, far away, until they faded into one with the starry heavens. Ah! How he loved them. So beautiful, so free, so boundless, they were all his life to him. And he loved her too, and he stooped down and caressed the mare's neck once more. She tried to touch his hand. Once more he looked far out over the prairies, and then turned the horse's head. He looked back over his shoulder at what was now a cloud of dust in the road. Once more the lump rose in his throat, and almost choked him. He watched the cloud of dust fade gradually from sight. Again he reached down and stroked the mare's neck. He tried to speak, but could not, then rode slowly away.

W. L. C.

SCENERY ABOUT GAMBIER.

"There is pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar,
I love not man the less but nature more."

It may at first seem foolish to write an article for a Kenyon monthly on Gambier, but I think that the fact is that the students in general know and appreciate very little the very beautiful scenery lying within walking distance of our old college.

During my first year, several of my classmates and myself took walks and I would not forget for a good deal the first impressions of those freshmen strolls. As the saying is "there are only a few of us left" but our little excursions still come off at irregular intervals and though we have tramped over much of the domain in sight of Gambier hill, yet on nearly every trip we find some new spot we have never seen before.

I am not going to try to describe these little nooks in the great garden of which Kenyon is the center. If you take enough interest you can see them for yourself, but I wish to mention some of the prettier spots which are particularly dear to me.

One of the first places I visited was the hollow or valley of Lepley's run, about two miles East of Gambier. This wild little vale, with its broken down dam and old saw mill, with its steep sides covered with pines and its general appearance of being far from human habitation was a treat to me, which I had not expected in the heart of Ohio. Here flourishes the hardy yet timid
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The

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valley

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Bishop’s

Backbone,

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runs

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brook

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common

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shade

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“abodes

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gladness.”

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little

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swarms

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recall

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born

in

a

city.

On

one

side

is

the

long

ridge

of

the

Backbone

covered

with

oaks

and

from

the

opposite

bank

stretches

the

broad

fields

where

cattle

graze.

A

walk

to

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caves

will

repay

anyone

for

his

trouble.

The

steep

river

bank

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overhanging

rocks,

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little

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crevices,

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an

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“fat

man’s

misery”

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every

complete
cavern

boasts.

Some

sixteen

miles

to

the

Southeast

of

Gambier

is

Rain

Rock.

Here

are

high

and

massive

rocks,

covered

with

moss

and

over
which a small stream from a little spring trickles and gives to the scene a cool appearance which welcomes the warm and dusty traveler.

But I need not tell of places in particular, for on every hand, the pleasant groves will soon invite the solitude seeker, tired of the company of men. There are places without number and I cannot begin to describe them; the walk to the sulphur spring, the old deserted mill, the beautiful winding valley of Skene's Creek, with its mud dam and long placid mill race winding in and out through the trees. On its banks three of us spent several days last spring in true gypsy style, living not on the locusts and wild honey of the land, but upon anonymous and unconscious donations from the larders of the natives.

The hills and valleys about Gambier truly form a garden fair and you who loll on window seats and spend your time dreaming over the latest novel, or sleep late these spring mornings are wasting precious moments. The summer time is coming when Gambier will put on its Saturnalian regalia and you must see and know its beauty spots, its gorgeous sunrises, and breathe your fill of its fragrant breezes. Then you will know life better and understand why so reluctantly the red man left these blooming wilds he ranged so long. Think how at twilight lovers walked and wooed in a forgotten tongue, and old tunes on instruments of an unremembered form gave the soft winds a voice. You may get home late at times and not feel like studying that night; but be assured that you will remember these jaunts when the stories of the Greek professor and other such attic lumber shall have ceased to burden your cranial cavity. The most pleasant associations of college days may be passed while on such trips, and I am sure that you will be truer sons of Kenyon for knowing the beauties of her surroundings and the memories will be more rich which, in after days, will be called up by the name of Alma Mater.

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**COMPARATIVE HISTORY.**

Long, long ago, so we are told,
If we had lived, we might have seen
The days of knights and cloth of gold
And sportive kids a-gambolling on the green!

What see we now since Time's long flights?
But little change we've made, I ween—
Now "sporty" kids make days of nights
And gamble—on the cloth of green!
The Twenty-second Day Debate between Philo and Nu Pi Kappa is worthy of special commendation, reviving, as it does, in a different form the observance of what was once one of the most important days in the Kenyon calendar. Although it was only the second public debate held in Kenyon for several years its success was attested by all who were present.

This argues well for the quality of work done in the literary societies, which, while they are rather small for the size of the student body, consist mainly of men who realize the advantages of forensic training in a college education and are anxious to utilize it to the utmost. It is to be regretted that more men do not realize this, and that the interest in the societies is not more general. Kenyon's standard as a classical and literary institution demands that more importance be attached to this sphere of collegiate work. We hope that debating will be kept up in coming years and that it will serve to excite more genuine interest in the work of the literary societies.

The above leads us to another point, namely, that the flowery oration of former days has given place to the debate. This results naturally from the fact that the latter is generally conceded to be of more practical interest and better suited to the needs of modern education. The first requisite of a successful speaker is the ability to address his audience with logical arguments couched in forcible, concise language and dependent on reasoning rather than rhetorical climaxes. This is what the style of argumentation used in debating develops, and consequently the tendency of
the present day is toward the debate. With this in view it is difficult to see why among the Ohio colleges oratorical contests are regularly held, while on the other hand little or no intercollegiate debating is done. It would seem that if colleges can successfully hold oratorical contests they should be able to hold successful debates, and it probable that before long intercollegiate debates will be held regularly between Ohio colleges just as they have been for years in the East. It is to be hoped that Kenyon will soon be able to arrange a debate with some one of her sister colleges and that the custom will be perpetuated. We believe that the ability shown in the debates of this year and last would warrant such a step, and that Kenyon's representatives would give a good account of themselves.

The outlook for a good baseball team is very promising. Eight of the players of last year's team are candidates this year, and a number of new men have shown by their work in the first two weeks of practice that they may give some of the old players a close race for their positions. Under College News the Collegian publishes the schedule as given out by Manager Collins.

The Collegian will be glad to publish all signed communications from undergraduates or alumni concerning questions of interest to the College at large. Those who have "kicks" to register, or who have anything of importance to say to our readers will do well to voice their opinions in this way.

BOOK REVIEW.

A History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe, by George Saintsbury, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh.

This History of Criticism by Professor Saintsbury should prove suggestive. The average reader—perhaps not without reason—becomes rather techy when a professor appears to lay down theories of criticism in judgment upon a piece of literature; the average writer has had only a mild interest in criticism—an interest strong enough for him to observe pitfalls without loss of illusion or the desire to produce. So it happens
that criticism has fallen neither into the lists of popular reading
nor into that kind of research upon which writers may build and
improve their art. It has been rather a debatable land where the
impressionable Celt and the plodding Saxon quarrel—and go
their way.

This field of criticism, so open in the impulsively romantic
and later impulsively scientific nineteenth century, is being marked
off and fenced in. We are becoming suspicious of romantic or-
acles; undigested, inartistic matter we have no time for. It is
not enough that a man should have something to say; he must
say it effectively. But how? How have men expressed them-

An account of this practice and tradition in classical and
medieval times is the subject of Mr. Saintsbury’s book. It is
refreshing, if somewhat dangerous for younger men, to find that
the writer freely expresses his own opinions about classical mat-
ters of which he has never professed special knowledge. Much
of the charm of the book—for it has charm—lies in this challenge
to one’s own common sense. One does not have to be a specialist
in Greek to get sound doctrines of criticism from Aristotle’s
Rhetoric and Poetic. It is indeed but an additional tribute to Ar-
istotle that much of what he wrote upon literary composition may
be, and has been, effectively applied in other languages. So with
Longinus and Lucian. Where the example of Aristotle has been
a drag upon expression in other languages the fault has been the
same as that of the later Greeks themselves, a singleness of inter-
est and a failure to recognize and compare other languages. To
this singleness of interest among the Greeks Mr. Saintsbury at-
tributes the shortcomings of Greek criticism, such as they were.

The Romans, had they but known it, were in better case. But
the long roll of the Greek hexameter and the forms of the Greek
lyric and the mighty waves of Greek tradition were too much for
them. They could ad pt, imitate. Old Cato—Mr. Saintsbury
might have remembered him—knew how it would be when he saw
Greek fashion setting Romeward. Later on Cicero, and still
later Quintilian could do what the Greeks had not done in their
criticism—compare expressions of two languages. By this time,
however, when the Romans were growing conscious of the char-
acteristics of their own language, that language was breaking up.
It is suggestive for the modern to observe how Quintilian wrote
his great Institutes almost upon the edge of the divorce between
the spoken and the literary language. The best in modern text-
books on Rhetoric is frequently merely an echo of Quintilian. The
Institutes is a didactic book, as we should expect from a teacher. In graceful suggestiveness with a play of humor one would expect neither Quintilian nor Cicero to rival Horace in his friendly letter on the poetic art.

All sorts of critics, good, bad and very bad are brought out of the Dark Age, as it used to be called. Their chief care seemed to be that of keeping the lamp of antiquity burning—if not with the oil of Athene or Sabilla then with blubber or the fat of swine. Alfred and Charlemagne as every one knows are exceptions; they did what they could for the young modern languages. Alfred certainly had the forward look; Charles the Great could not forget Rome. But at the clear face of Dante the other ghostly critics return to their shade.

The rewards of recent Dante study have made Mr. Saintsbury’s estimate of the Florentine poet and critic an easy and genial charge. Dante’s remarkable if unfinished treatise on the popular speech is now easily accessible and the story of how he made a literary language—it was really little short of that—deserves even a wider appreciation than it has already attained. How he selected the best from the Italian dialects, and how he showed the hitherto neglected vernacular to be equal to the loftiest expression; how he explained modern verse form with rhyme, and how he still believed that he had much to learn from the best classical writers—all this helps to explain, as could not otherwise be explained, the majesty and wonderful initiative of the Divine Comedy.

One may here ask for the principles that guided the older writers; certainly from the title one is led to expect a sort of canon of criticism embodying accumulated practices and tradition. Mr. Saintsbury attempts no severe codification. He deals with particulars; general statements revealing what is common to the practice and precept of classical and medieval writers are infrequent. In this the book is disappointing; it will be heartily so to the reader who wants the “philosophy” of a subject and who has not courage to master details and so to work out his own generalizations. Herein lies the stimulating quality of the book, and herein too is involved that change in the function of criticism referred to above. The book does not present to us a theory of past criticism; it presents past critics and their work. A century ago a book on such a subject—criticism and taste in letters—would have started with a theory and fitted in particular writers; now we have the texts explained and we are merely assisted in drawing reasonable conclusions. When education was not general, when the critic had to be something of an omniscient oracle, when the public wanted theories rather than facts, then the function of criticism had a large field in which it constructed theories that sooner or later went to pieces.
We are changing all that. We would make our own recognition if the critic will be good enough to show us the way. And that Professor Saintsbury has done with distinction.

W. P. R.

THE JUNIOR PROMENADE.

On February 19th, one of the most successful “Proms” ever held at Kenyon was given at Rosse Hall in honor of the Seniors, by the class of Nineteen-tw... A number of visitors were present, but not as many as usual. The evening was opened with a reception by the patronesses and Seniors, after which the dancing commenced. The programs were neat in design—the college seal in white on a purple ground,—the woodwork and apparatus were prettily decorated in the class colors, royal purple and white, and numerous cozy corners around the hall combined to give the building a festive appearance. The music, which was furnished by Johnson’s Orchestra, of Cleveland, was especially good, as were also the refreshments served in the balcony between the dances. The Patronesses were Mrs. Theodore Sterling, Mrs. H. W. Jones, Mrs. Leslie H. Ingham, Mrs. D. F. Davies, Mrs. H. T. West, Mrs. H. N. Hills, Mrs. G. F. Smythe and Mrs. O. J. Davies. The Committee were Mr. J. K. Brandon, Mr. H. C. Rose, Mr. W. L. Cummin... Mr. A. J. Aubrey, Mr. E. A. Rodgers and Mr. J. O. Wallace.

TO KATE O’FLYNN.

O’Kate O’Flynn where is Oi at?
Faith! You asked me once before,
But like to other men who’ve loved
My lot I oft deplore.

Moi grounch is gone, moi spirit’s up,
Oi’ll tell you what let’s do;
"Jist tell me that you love me,"
And Oi’ll say it back to you.

Sorry Oi didn’t write before,
But Maydes don’t oft ketch on,
The way a fellow’s worked to death
When a gay young Kenyon mon.

Now Kate don’t git sarcastic,
Ner chide me any more,
For whin Kate O’Flynn be Kate O’Lynn
There’ll be good times galore.
THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY DEBATE.

On the evening of February 22nd the annual debate between the Nu Pi Kappa and Philomathesian literary societies took place in Rosse Hall before a large and appreciative audience. President Peirce, who acted as chairman, opened the meeting with a few introductory remarks, tracing the history of the societies from the time of their foundation nearly a century ago to the present day. He spoke of the intense interest which was formerly shown in the public exercise of the two societies and said that he was most happy to see a revival of interest in work of this kind. He complimented the debaters on the choice of their subject—"Resolved, that the Philippines should be retained by the United States as a permanent possession," and ended his address by introducing the first speaker for the affirmative, Mr. James G. Stewart.

Mr. Stewart's speech was clear, concise and logical, and showed signs of careful deliberation. He set forth his reasons for believing that the Constitution did not forbid the permanent retention of the islands, and discussed various other legal points involved. His reasoning was forcible and his conclusions admirably lucid. President Pierce then introduced the first speaker for the negative, Mr. Bates G. Burt, who presented his arguments in a very eloquent manner.

He was followed by Mr. George Davidson, who dwelt mainly on the moral arguments for the affirmative.

Mr. A. R. Williams then concluded for the negative, after which Mr. Stewart made a brief rebuttal.

After a few minutes' deliberation the decision of the judges was announced as unanimous in favor of the affirmative.

The program was as follows:


Judges—Prof. Ingham, Dr. Shaw, Dr. Streibert, Dr. Newhall, Mr. Wyant.

"I am not much of a mathematician," said a cigarette, "but I can add to a man's nervous troubles; I can subtract from his physical energy; I can multiply his aches and pains, and I can take interest from his work and discount his chance of success.

—Ex.
THE KENYON COLLEGIAN.

BASKET BALL.

The past basket ball season has been a comparatively successful one for Kenyon. One might gain this impression from the fact that our team twice defeated the O. S. U. contingent, which feat we have been unable to accomplish heretofore. But aside from this fact, the team has done more faithful practicing, developed better team work, and gained more in interest and support of the College than at any time before in the three years of Kenyon’s basket ball career. Moreover, the department became self-supporting this season, which also is a new record; indeed the finances resulted to the credit of the management.

The first two games with Denison and Delaware were easily won, as usual. The Mt. Union and Canton Y. M. C. A. games were a new departure and furnished valuable experience as well as a nice discrimination in regard to gentlemanly treatment. The hearty reception and gentlemanly treatment given our team by the Canton men was something unsurpassed in the experience of the Kenyon players. It stood out in sharp relief against the somewhat unsportsmanlike actions towards us of their neighbors.

These two games were novel to the team in two particulars, viz., playing by lamplight, and playing on very small floors. The Canton game was probably the fastest, but cleanest we ever played. Morris and Conner each threw two baskets, it being the first time in two years that Morris’ opponent had been scored upon.

The game was the most satisfactory of the year, in that it was strictly fast basket ball.

By comparative scores of the Canton-O. S. U. and the Canton-Kenyon games we should defeat O. S. U. by two points, and, strange to say, both our games resulted in our favor by that margin. It is unusual that games should result as comparative scores would indicate.

Following are the scores of the season’s games:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Game</th>
<th>Score</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Kenyon vs. Denison</td>
<td>30-13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kenyon vs. O. W. U.</td>
<td>23-14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kenyon vs. Mt. Union</td>
<td>13-28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kenyon vs. Canton Y. M. C. A.</td>
<td>9-20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kenyon vs. O. S. U.</td>
<td>16-14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kenyon vs. O. S. U.</td>
<td>11-9</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Kenyon bids fair to improve on their team of 1900. They are always to be counted on as having a team of the first order and playing a hard, fearless game, as clean and gentlemanly as it is fast and aggressive.—The Phagocyte.
ALUMNI NOTES.


The Chicago Alumni Association will hold their dinner some time toward the end of May. Mr. Frederick W. Harnwell, '89, has charge of the arrangements.

The Rev. George B. Pratt, '62, has returned from Porto Rico, and will take up his residence in Chicago.

The Rev. David H. Greer, D. D., '66, has been obliged to decline the honor of alumni orator.

President and Mrs. Peirce were guests of Mr. Henry J. Peet, '70, and family, at their home in Beuna Park, Chicago, upon their recent trip there. Dr. Peirce spent evenings with Mr. Albert L. Hayden, '69, and Mr. George W. Carr, '70.

Judge John J. Adams, '79, has recently retired from the Circuit Court bench, after most faithfully and ably discharging the duties of that office for six years. Judge Adams is one of the youngest men ever elected to the Circuit Court, yet no man ever retired who had such a warm circle of friends, who were ready to testify his wise judgment and impartial decisions at all times. Judge Adams will continue his practice in Zanesville. He certainly reflects credit upon both the legal fraternity and his college, Kenyon.

Mr. Henry W. Buttolph, '92, mathematician of the Interstate Life Insurance Company, some time ago had the honor of becoming a member of the American Actuarial Society. He is the first person from Indiana to successfully pass the examination, which is extremely rigid, and the thirty-sixth in the United States.

Mr. H. C. Wing, '89, recently accepted a position in Ecuador, in the gold mines of the South American Company, of New York.

The Rev. Robert L. Harris, '96, has resigned from Calvary Church, Toledo, and has taken charge of St. Paul's, Newport, Ky. This promotion is a gratifying testimonial of his ability and the friends of Rev. Harris will be glad to learn of it.

The Rev. George Frederic Williams, '95, has left Tiffin and accepted a call to Cleveland.

Mr. Carl R. Ganter, '99, is one of the editors of the Columbia Law Review, a monthly publication founded recently by the students of Columbia Law School.

Mr. Dwight L. Parsons, ex-'02, visited the hill in March.

Mr. A. L. Ralston, '73, has removed his office from Columbus to Cleveland, where he will take up his law practice.
ANNUAL DINNER OF THE KENYON ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF CINCINNATI.

For many years it has been the custom of the Kenyon Alumni of Cincinnati and vicinity to have an annual gathering some time during the winter months. This year the dinner was held February 17, at the Zoo Cafe. Although, owing to the inclemency of the weather, not as many were present as at some former occasions, yet there was no lack of enthusiasm and display of good fellowship.

The dinner began at 7:30 P. M., nineteen Gambier people sitting down, including President Peirce. After discussing an excellent menu, they assembled settled themselves, amid wreaths of fragrant smoke, to listen to the speaker of the evening. Mr. Marfield, the president of the association, with a few appropriate remarks, introduced Dr. Peirce as the first speaker. Dr. Peirce gave a very cheerful account of conditions in Gambier and of the success of the college in athletic and other ways. He spoke of the equipment of the Rosse Hall gymnasium, which he said was complete as far as the main floor was concerned, but that some more money was wanted to finish the basement in the manner planned. All were glad also to hear him say that the attendance at the college was larger than it has been at any time since the Civil War; and that the Military Academy was also full. Dr. Peirce asked the co-operation of all the alumni in his efforts to obtain new students; and extended a cordial invitation to all those present, and to all the association generally, to be present at the commencement next June.

After Dr. Peirce had finished speaking, Mr. Marfield successively called upon Mr. W. B. Morrow, Mr. C. V. Sanford and the Rev. John H. Ely. Mr. Ely devoted his remarks entirely to the memory and life of the late Rev. A. F. Blake, so long one of the most enthusiastic and loyal members of College and Alumni. He spoke of his kindness, friendship and cheerfulness, and of his ever unstinted generosity in all things and particularly in those matters that related to the college.

After the close of these remarks, the small amount of business that had accumulated during the past year was disposed of. The officers of the association were re-elected for the ensuing year: Mr. Elliott Marfield, President; Mr. Constant Southworth, Secretary. A proposition for agitating among the alumni a scheme for getting out a new book of Kenyon College songs, was favorably considered. In particular, two motions were passed relative to our honored friends, the Rev. Dr. E. C. Benson and Dr. Theodore Sterling. The motions read as follows:

The Cincinnati Alumni Association request their secretary to
convey to Dr. Sterling their sincere sympathy for him in his painful accident, and their good wishes for his speedy recovery.

The Cincinnati Alumni Association, recalling their pleasure in his visit to them at their last meeting, request their secretary to send their best regards to Dr. Benson. Dr. Benson will always be warmly welcomed by us whenever he can be with us, and will be kindly remembered whenever we meet.

Relative to the death of the Rev. A. F. Blake the following resolution was adopted:

Whereas, In the providence of our Father it has been his good pleasure to remove from our midst one loved friend and helper, the Rev. Alfred F. Blake, and

Whereas, the Kenyon Alumni Association of Cincinnati deeply deplore his loss, both as a member of their body and of this community;

Be it Resolved, that this Alumni Association hereby express their sense of the great loss they have sustained, and their deep sympathy for the members of his family; and

Be it further Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the relatives of the late Mr. Blake; and

Be it further Resolved, that these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this association as a memorial of their sense of loss in the death of their friend.

When the business before the meeting had been transacted, the company adjourned into an adjoining room where the meeting was continued in a more informal manner until a late hour.


A Junior calls his girl Revenge;
We asked him if 'twere so.
"Why, yes," he blushingly replied,
Revenge is sweet, you know." — Ex.

Little grains of powder,
Little drops of paint,
Make a lady's freckles
Look as if they ain't. — Ex.
COLLEGE NEWS.

It is reported that the Pennsylvania Company will run through trains to Buffalo from May 1st to Nov. 1st over the C. A. & C. tracks as far as Akron and from Akron to Buffalo over the Erie tracks. This will mean better service to all Eastern points and will probably affect the present schedule.

Dr. Theodore Sterling, who fell and fractured his thigh bone during the winter and who is at present confined to the Mt. Caramel Hospital in Columbus, will be able to hold classes at his home during the coming term. Everybody will be glad to learn that the Doctor will be able to walk without the aid of crutches.

Dr. and Mrs. Benson, who have been very feeble this winter, are still at a sanitarium in Columbus, but have been improving in health lately.

Mr. Arthur L. Devol, '02, who underwent an operation for the removal of an abscess above the hip bone, is recovering as rapidly as can be expected at the Mt. Caramel Hospital in Columbus.

Mrs. Pierce has had very poor health during the past winter, and after sojourning in Alabama she has returned to Columbus for treatment.

A Charity party will be given at Harcourt Place on Monday evening, April 22nd.

The prospects are bright for a successful season in baseball. There seems to be plenty of good material in the freshman class and the schedule is one of the largest which has been arranged for several years.

Miss Young and her pupils of Harcourt Place, assisted by Mr. Franz Shogland, rendered a very pleasant recital on the evening of March 2nd.

A lunge strap and striking bag will be added to the apparatus in Rosse Hall Gymnasium. The need of a hand-ball court is greatly felt. Hand-ball is one of the best of indoor games and a small subscription from each man in college would supply the back-board.

The 1902 Reveille will come from press about the last of April.

Mr. Edward Tunmore will conduct a new apartment house for visitors to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo during the summer.

A good offer has been made to place telephones in each division of Old Kenyon. The lines will be private lines to Mt. Vernon, connecting with all 'phones in the city and also with the railroad station and 'phones in Gambier.

In the Saturday Evening Post for Feb. 23rd, there appears an article on Daniel D. Emmett, the author of "Dixie" and father
of negro minstrelsy in America. It heightens one's interest to
known that Mr. Emmett, or "Uncle Dan," as he is called at his
old home, is ending his career in the town of Mt. Vernon.

On Wednesday evening, March 13th, at Harcourt Place, Dr.
C. E. Underhill gave a very pleasant reading from the "Midsum-
mer Night's Dream." His interpretation was greatly enjoyed by
all who heard him.

The coach committee have closed the contract to secure
Coach Wentworth next fall, and everyone is glad to know that we
shall have so competent a football coach for the coming season.

Bishop Leonard has fixed the ordination of President Peirce
to the priesthood to be held in the Church of the Holy Spirit on
Tuesday, April 23rd. The Rev. Ernest M. Stires, of Grace
Church, Chicago, will officiate at the ordination.

The baseball schedule for 1901, so far as arranged, is as
follows:
April 13—Kenyon Military Academy; Gambier.
April 20—Wooster University; Wooster.
April 24—Otterbein College; Gambier.
May 1—Kenyon Military Academy; Gambier.
May 4—Oberlin College; Oberlin.
May 8—Denison University; Gambier.
May 11—Ohio Wesleyan University; Delaware.
May 18—Western Reserve University; Gambier.
May 21—Oberlin College; Gambier.
May 25—Ohio State University; Columbus.
May 30—Wittenberg College (?); Springfield.
June 1—Case School of Applied Science; Gambier.
June 8—Ohio Wesleyan University; Gambier.
June 13—Western Reserve University; Cleveland.
June 14—Hiram College (?); Hiram.
June 15—Ohio State University; Gambier.

PAN-AMERICAN ATHLETICS.

At a recent meeting of the Committee on Sports for the Pan-
American Exposition the following Advisory Committee was
elected: Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, Walter Camp, C. C. Cuyler,
C. S. Hyman (Canada), C. H. Sherrill, A. A. Stagg, Benjamin
Ide Wheeler and Casper Whitney.

It is the desire of this committee to place all amateur competi-
tions on the highest possible plane; also to make a specialty of
college sport, and to place the management of these Inter-Col-
legiate events in the hands of the various college associations.

All communications will receive prompt attention if ad-
dressed to Jesse C. Dann, Chairman, 433 Ellicott Square, Buffalo,
N. Y.
OVER THE 'PHONE.

"Doctor, my mother-in-law is at death's door, come up at once and see if you can pull her through."—Ex.

ROBERT CASTEEL,
BARBER.

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By applying to our Agent, Mr. S. A. HUSTON, all Students at Gambier, will be given certificates free of charge, entitling them to great reductions on our cabinets and other sizes.

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