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Alumni Supplement.

NEW YORK, N. Y., NOVEMBER 19, 1891.

ALUMNI.

Annual Meeting, Held in New York
City, November 19, 1891.

Speeches, Resolutions, etc., together with Names
of Members in Attendance.

After full justice had been done to a most excellent dinner, chairs were drawn closer together, cigars were lighted, and all attended carefully to that which all considered the important part of the evening—the discussion of Kenyon's past, present and future.

The Rev. Dr. Stanger, '67, Chairman, rose and made the following address:

Gentlemen of the Alumni of the Schools of Kenyon, and Other Friends:

It is with great pleasure that I welcome you here this evening to this council board of our Alma Mater. I fancy it is a mere chance that I have the distinguished position thrust upon me of standing at the head of this table this evening, when others, older than myself and better able to honor the occasion, ought to have been here. But it is through no act of my own that I am here. I shall have to call upon the indulgence of the gentlemen this evening, and I will be ready for any suggestion that may be made by any person, if I fall short in any duty that I may be called upon to perform.

We welcome you here this evening to this feast. We welcome you here as the sons and friends of Kenyon, our dear Alma Mater. We propose to talk very freely and very kindly together concerning our old mother Kenyon. As I look around this room I see fellow Alumni from the shores of Lake Michigan, and from the valley of the Ohio; from the city of brotherly love, from the conservative city of Baltimore, and from the old

hill, that dear old hill, the walks of which and the trees and stones of which seem like old friends of the past. We have come together, it seems to me, on a very auspicious occasion, at a very great juncture in the history of our college. It is not an ordinary occasion.

As we look back over the checkered history of our Alma Mater, we are not disposed to be ashamed of her who has brought forth so many eloquent lawyers, and preachers, and illustrious statesmen, and jurists and senators, and even a President of the United States. There may be sons of Kenyon who are ashamed of their Alma Mater. I do not think they are here to-night. [Applause.] I have heard of some who had no gratitude for her who gave them intellectual birth and started them on their professional career, or on whatever career they have had in life. They are not here to-night.

We have come together as friends, and counsel together as friends, concerning one who is very near and very dear to us.

"With fate as oarsman,
Our dissimilar lives do cross some waves of time
in company,"

Is the legend over which there is drawn a familiar picture, which, perhaps, you have seen hanging upon the walls of our homes. In the stern of the boat sit two old persons, a man and a woman, bowed with many years. They are looking back, back into the past. In the center of the boat, near to strong-armed old Fate, are seen two young persons, a young man and young woman. She is playing carelessly with a bunch of flowers, the young man is looking lovingly down into her face. They are thinking of the present—there is no past or future to them, apparently. Standing upright, near by, is a man who impersonates full manhood, strength, vigor, hope, and he is peering out into the future. We have represented the *past*, the *present*, and the *future*.

Now we have come here to-night for the purpose of considering these three things.

We are going to look back a little. But we do not want to linger in the past. We do not wish to look back too far, too long, or too minutely. Nor do we wish to be so sentimental as to remain in the present. But I hope that every man who takes this floor to-night, will be like the man in the boat, with his face turned toward the future — strong, determined, hopeful concerning our dear old Alma Mater, Kenyon.

It seems to me that as we stand here to-night, we should remember that we owe it very much to my good friend on my right, Dr. Bodine, the late President of Kenyon [applause], that we are enabled to begin a new epoch in the history of Kenyon. *We have* begun it, and I feel, for one, and I know, for one, sir, that we owe it very largely to *you* and to your labors. [Applause].

It was my privilege to be associated with Dr. Bodine for a number of years, as an humble Trustee of Kenyon College; and several years ago, the purpose was formed in the minds of a number who stood near to him, to bring about, if possible, a new Constitution. The Constitution is here; it is here to-night. It is here, and I think to stay. And I believe that that new Constitution means a new future for Kenyon College. It was not gained at once. It was not gained without many hard knocks, and misconceptions, and misrepresentations. And after it has been gained, he steps down and out, to allow some person else to step up and in, and take charge of the great work which he has made possible for this institution.

And I believe, my dear friends, that the new star which is rising just above the horizon, is a brilliant one, and a very hopeful one. We turn towards it, and it seems to me (if you will allow me to express my own convictions concerning the future of Kenyon College) if we can get a man who has the same self-sacrificing spirit that *he* has shown — a man who will stand forth as a representative scholar of America to-day, a man who will go out to old Kenyon and plant himself there with the hope and the prayer that he may become the Arnold of the Ohio Valley — if you can find *that man* to put in the place lately vacated by Dr. Bodine, we will have gained the point of the future, the hope-

ful future, the possible future of our dear old mother Kenyon. I think it will be a bright future. I think the possibilities that lie latent in that old institution are greater for the future than they have been for the past, far greater, and I believe far more peaceful.

For be it understood (and we might just as well speak plainly here to-night, and I hope every one will) that the little Episcopal finger of the past has been stronger than all the loins of the Boards of Trustees and Faculties put together in those institutions, and that this has had a great deal to do with the history of the past, checkered as we have all seen it to be, with infelicities of administration. [Applause.] But, as I said, we are turned towards the future, and We are to Ring out the Kenyon of the past, Ring in the Kenyon yet to be, by each one of us taking our stand and our place, and doing what we *may*, what we *can*, what we *ought* to do to further that great and glorious day for our old Alma Mater. [Applause.]

Dr. Stanger's address was well received, all felt that it was commensurate with the dignity and the interest of the occasion.

The Secretary, Grove D. Curtis, '80, then read the following letters:

Letter of Ex-President Hayes, '42.

Mr. Grove D. Curtis:

DEAR SIR—I cannot be present at the meeting of the New York Alumni, November 19, 1891, and specially regret that the fates prevent. With hope that great good may come to the dear old college from the meeting.
RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

Letter of Dr. Dyer, '34.

NEW YORK, N. Y., Nov. 19, 1891.

My Dear Dr. Stanger:

I am very sorry my health is such that I shall not be able to attend the meeting of the Alumni and others, called in the interest of Kenyon College. My earnest sympathies will be with you, and I cannot but hope that dear old Kenyon will yet meet the expectations of its earlier days.

A little bit of reminiscence may not be wholly out of place. More than sixty years ago, I, a very green youth from the Green Mountains, arrived on Gambier Hill. I was in pursuit of an education, and expected to find a college such as

they had in New England. But I found a hill and a big forest all round about. Among the trees were two log and four small slab buildings. As these buildings were made of green timber, they were remarkable for the amount of ventilation they had. The only danger was in falling through the cracks on to the ground. To one of these Dr. Sparrow took me to find a room. As we approached we saw two legs with feet on them sticking through a crack on the second story. On going up stairs we found the owner of the legs and feet lying on his back and studying his lesson. He said his feet were cold and he was warming them by the sun. The Doctor handed me over to a tutor, who showed me to my room. I found only eight occupants in it already, but I was stowed away after a fashion and I went to work. Such was Kenyon College in that day, and such my introduction to it.

But enough of this ancient history. I remained there for ten years and a half—saw a wonderful growth in every respect. Students came from all parts of the country; buildings went up very rapidly, and Gambier Hill became the most attractive place I have ever seen in this or any land. Its central locality, its noble buildings, its varied institutions, its numberless attractions of scenery, healthiness, improvements and society, make it the grandest plant for educational purposes in all the West. It is a great, a majestic opportunity—an opportunity for investing abilities, time and money with promise of the largest returns to the Church and the State. Will not this generation improve it? I hope so. Such is the prayer of Kenyon's old friend,

H. DYER.

Bishop Bedell's Letter.

(Dictated by Bishop Bedell and signed by him.)

To the Alumni of Kenyon:

MY DEAR FRIENDS—I deeply regret that the state of my health will not allow me to be present to-morrow night and take part in the exercises which promise to be of such important service to the institution which we love.

I rejoice at this awakened interest among the Alumni.

When the Alumni fully appreciate the value of our institution, and impress their convictions upon the religious world and

upon the literary world Kenyon will assume the position which belongs to it. I hope that the Alumni will pardon me for saying that I think they have kept too far in the background.

The time has come, I think, for some demonstration on the part of the Alumni, a demonstration worthy of their number, and of their position among men.

No institutions in the country have achieved higher honor through the Alumni, in proportion to means and opportunity, than our institutions at Gambier. An examination of the catalogue of the Alumni will furnish pleasing evidence of this fact.

I wish to the Alumni full success, and shall continue to pray for the blessing of God upon them as a body and individually.

Yours faithfully,

G. T. BEDELL.

After the reading of these letters and singing, the Chairman said:

The Chairman—In the post-bellum days, after I returned from the army, I landed in the east division of Kenyon Hall, and I roomed in a front room on the second floor, and over me were some gentlemen rooming that used to make a tremendous rumpus. One of them was a pretty large man; the other was not—he was known and recognized often on the campus as Mendy's Little Lamb. I have the honor now of introducing to you Mr. Leavitt, a distinguished member of the New York Bar.

MR. LEAVITT.

Brothers of Kenyon, if you have thought, on glancing down this programme, and noting the topic assigned to me of "Kenyon's Past," and then close after it the title of the song, "Lonely 'Round the Portals," that there might be reason for such a sequence. I beg of you to remember the old phrase, "*post hoc et non propter hoc*." I see that my Latin is only greeted with recognition by some of you [laughter], and how much of the past that betrays let me decline to say. On coming to the East, one finds not only more graduates from eastern than from western colleges, but also a spirit of looking down upon the children of the western Alma Mater. I shall never forget the sneer that passed across the countenance

of a Harvard friend when he learned that I was a graduate of Kenyon College. But time has brought reassurance for I have found that I have forgotten as much Latin and Greek as he. We may take that as a tribute to our college, because it was our getting of Latin and Greek that was due to it; the forgetting of them is our own.

We are asked to look at Kenyon's *past*. It is very advisable, it will be very profitable, for us to refer to Kenyon's past, if for no other reason than to wake us of the Alumni from the lethargy which has fallen upon us. Last Sunday I was talking with Dr. Dyer, whose letter has been read here to-night, about old Kenyon. He told me that Bishop Chase's pamphlet, "The Star of the West," fell under his eyes sixty odd years ago in Vermont, and incited him to go West, anticipating Horace Greely's famous advice. For fourteen weary days and nights he traveled, from Vermont to Gambier, a journey which we now make in one day, and on arriving at that spot, he found, as he has told you, no college. He had heard of Kenyon College, of Rosse Chapel, and Gambier. Those are hardly rustic names, and of course his imagination was filled with noble buildings such as they have in Oxford and Cambridge, through which we trace our lineage—because we owe our foundation to men who received their education at Cambridge and Oxford—and so he expected to find fine buildings there. But instead, he found slab cabins, log huts, nothing of aristocracy but the names. And those names, those English names, were a great drawback to Kenyon in the outset.

If you will read the Kenyon book, you will find it there stated that even in the neighborhood there was the greatest antipathy to the institution, as being one founded by English endowment. One of her clergymen who traveled in that region, putting up for the night at the house of a farmer, was at first greeted with much hospitality. Happening to mention that he came from Kenyon, the countenance of his host fell; and on seeking the reason, he found that this tiller of the soil thought that Kenyon was in reality a fortress, erected by English capital, manned by English men, in the guise of students, and at the proper time the English standard

was to be unfurled, war was to be declared out there in Ohio against our government, and the United States was to be re-conquered. [Laughter.] The worthy farmer really believed that, and such belief was one of the obstacles that Kenyon had to contend with from the surrounding region, which did not abound in Anglo-maniacs.

Then coming down, we have had in our history a great many obstacles which I shall not speak of here to-night. I take it that this appeal to Kenyon's past is not for the purpose of reviving ancient quarrels. We are here to see what we can do for Kenyon's future, not to criticise her past. Her past stands as a glorious one. We need not look at any blemishes. Rather may we rejoice that in the face of the obstacles which have opposed her, Kenyon has proved herself to be one of those colleges that were not born to die. [Applause.] And I say, considering those obstacles, Kenyon's record is as proud as that of any college in the land. [Applause.] Dr. Dyer told me the other day that he remembered the time when Harvard College numbered but one hundred students. What has been the reason why Harvard and Yale and other eastern colleges have taken such strides in the last twenty-five or thirty years? It has been due largely to the action of appreciative, intelligent Alumni, filled with love of their Alma Mater. [Applause.]

We are here to see if we can revive in the minds of our Alumni the old affection which animated their hearts when they left "The Hill." We have here to-night men fifty years apart in their graduation. We have with us to-night graduates of the class of '36, of '39, of '40, and running down to 1889. We number among our graduates Ex-President Hayes. It will redound to his undying fame that he did one act which, more than anything else, tendered to reunite the sections of our then disunited country—disunited in feeling, if not disunited as a nation—and that was, that, against the mandates of his party, he took the soldiers away from Southern soil. [Applause.] We have upon our list of graduates Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, acknowledged to be among the most able that have sat upon that bench, David

Davis and Stanley Matthews. We have men who in the war attained the highest rank in the armies on *both* sides. We know no distinction now; we know that both sides fought for the preservation of this country, although the other side did not know it. We have men in our ranks who have attained the highest celebrity in all professions of life. We have as fine a band of Alumni as any college can boast of. Everything points to a glorious future if her Alumni will rally around their Alma Mater.

The minutes of Kenyon College are not as bare of incident as the minutes kept by a little boy of ten, for a club in the parish to which I belong. He was called upon to read the minutes of a prior meeting which he had kept as secretary, and read as follows: "Minutes of meetin' of St. Mark's Boys' Club. Meetin' begun five minutes to eight; meetin' stopped ten minutes to nine; number of minutes, fifty-five." [Laughter].

Our record is one of toil against almost insuperable difficulties. At the very outset of the history of this college, there befell an ecclesiastical quarrel. We have had more than one. I was present in one in 1868, the period which some people call the stone age. Again in 1888, when our class reunion took place, I found symptoms of the same thing. I would not now refer to an incident that happened then if the gentleman had not left "the hill," or if he had any friends here. I heard, myself, with my own ears, a professor in the seminary, on rising from his knees after presumed worship of Almighty God, complain to a professor of the college, that he hadn't been prayed for. After morning service in that beautiful new church, President Bodine gave out a notice to form a procession to go over to Rosse Hall, to attend the commencement exercises. He said that the trustees would form in procession, then the alumni, professors, senior class, and so on. This seminary divine bustled up to one of the professors of the college and said in angry tone: "Are the theological faculty invited to attend, to form part of the procession?" He was answered, "Yes, certainly." "Well, why were we left out of the prayer, then?" [Laughter].

But I did not intend to refer, to-night, to anything than can cause the slightest note of discord. The lesson I would draw from the past—a past which has turned out some of the best men in this republic—a past which none of us need be ashamed of, a past which in every way is creditable to Kenyon College, a past which we should glory in, that lesson is that we should rally around Kenyon and do what we can for her future prosperity. Gentlemen, if we are to criticise anyone, let us criticise ourselves. How many of us have ever taken the trouble to inform our Alma Mater of our continued existence? How many of us have ever kept her apprised of any change in our addresses? How many of us have shown by our attendance there, or by correspondence, any interest in her career? We all have that interest. It is in our hearts. It may be covered over with the debris of time, yet down deep in the heart of every one of us there is love of Alma Mater. We can be touched. I do not care what a man's position is, I do not care what he may have come to, he may have arisen to the highest position in the land, or he may have fallen to the lowest, he can never forget the feelings or the sentiments of his youth. I never had that more forcibly impressed upon my attention than one day, in one of the lower streets of this city, some twenty years ago. I saw, lurching ahead of me, a tramp, a miserable, besotted tramp. As he slouched on, I noticed a little dapper clerk, clean and spick and span, standing in the doorway of a large warehouse, paring his nails and looking as neat as could be. As this tramp lurched by him, the clerk looked at him with a scornful look as if to say, "You are the most degraded being I ever saw." The tramp caught that look, and turned to him and said, "Did you never see a man before?" That is one of the most significant things you can think of. Just pause a moment. That tramp saw in the look of that clerk that expression; he resented it. He, a degraded beast, claimed kinship as a man. Now, I say no matter where a Kenyon man may have gone, no matter how much or how little he may think of his college, no matter how long since he may have graduated, no matter how much the college may have

faded from his memory, no matter how high he may have risen, he may even have become degraded, yet if he were to walk along the street and hear the words "old Kenyon," he would look around and say, "I, too, was a Kenyon man." And then would flood upon him the recollections of the happy, happy days of college life.

What can we do for old Kenyon? Well, we can do many things. We can do one thing of great benefit. We can rally around our Alma Mater, we can show to the world that we still revere her memory, still love her, still are ready to do what we can do for her welfare in the future. Another thing we can do. We can refrain from criticism. Kenyon has suffered from the lack of many things, but never from the lack of critics. Let us take that home to ourselves, gentlemen. There have been disagreements at Gambier—what college has not had contentions? Let us not expose the faults of our foster mother, let us cherish her excellencies. I will not go into details as to what we can do. There are many other speakers, abler than I, to tell us. What I seek to do in calling your attention to our past is to draw the lesson from the past. Kenyon has not been rightly understood by us of the Alumni. There are reasons. Here is one: There are not ten men in this room who know what the legal name of that institution was. You all suppose it was Kenyon College in its corporate existence; popularly, yes; in legal name, no. I suppose that when I tell you what the legal name of the college, until this year was, you will be very much surprised. It was this: "The Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Ohio."

A voice—"And Kenyon College."

Mr. Leavitt—That voice bears me out. Here in our very presence occurs one of the things which will serve to show what has retarded Kenyon College. I mean no personal reflection on the gentleman. The same thing happened in a meeting of the Board of Trustees in 1888. There was a committee of the Alumni appointed in that year to wait upon the trustees to ask them to advocate a change of its corporate name. I happened to be one of those Alumni who waited on the trustees, and in the course of my speech, I made

the same statement as to the name, and I was corrected by one of the trustees, who said, "and Kenyon College," just as this gentleman has done. Another trustee spoke up and said, "No, it has not the name of Kenyon College." Then they had a debate; I didn't take part in it. They were trustees, I was not. How they settled it I do not know, but the correct designation was exactly as I have stated it, "The Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Ohio," a title which makes one tired to speak, a name long enough, inapt enough, to ruin the chances of any college. This year, after a long struggle, it has been changed. The significance of that change is great; and to one man, more than to any other, is due that change, and that man is Ex-President Bodine. [Great applause]. Seeing that it was necessary for Kenyon College to be put upon a proper basis, he and Dr. Sterling worked for years to have that change made, and at last accomplished it, and the corporate name of the college is now "Kenyon College." What does that mean? It means the elimination of an element. I do not refer to the clergy—it means the elimination of an element of discord. All the institutions on "the Hill" are brought now under one management; and we will all appreciate what that must mean, because we all must remember the disagreements which the divergent management of the different institutions entailed.

But we are not here to criticise the past. Let us remember that men will not think alike, you cannot get them to think alike. We here to-night represent church sentiments and beliefs, as far asunder as the poles. You cannot get men to think alike, but you can get men to love alike. [Applause]. Thoughts are one thing, affections are another thing; and in one thing we can all join, and that is in a romantic, in a working love for our college, our dearly loved Alma Mater.

Such is the lesson of the past which I seek to draw—forgetting all past differences, not criticising any management by anyone, not saying, here was a mistake, or there was a mistake, but remembering simply the fact that in the face of great obstacles, Kenyon has had a great past, and if those obstacles are surmounted as

they may be, she will have a yet greater future, let us stand shoulder to shoulder, and do what we can for the benefit and glory of our Alma Mater.

She has gained at last her rightful name. There are no differences any longer, all are in accord. The Trustees are waked up, the management is waked up, the Alumni are enthusiastic, everyone feels in the spirit to work and carry her on to a glorious future. If we will continue to forget all differences, dismiss the criticisms of the past, and work with one feeling and one heart for the success of our glorious Alma Mater, if we do our duty to our foster mother, if we diligently strive to enroll her name high upon the roll of colleges, she will prove worthy of all our toil, and will sing with thankfulness and joy in the strain of that ode, which we all studied under her classic shades, "*Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.*" [Great applause.]

The Chairman — From the many signs of hopefulness here this evening, and the many friends and Alumni of old Kenyon, from all parts of the country, nothing speaks louder, nothing is more significant, than the fact that we have here the acting President of the institution, who has come hundreds of miles to be present with us to-night. I have great pleasure in presenting to the audience for the next speech on the Present of Kenyon, Professor Theodore Sterling, acting President of the institution.

After Mr. Leavitt's speech, Prof. Sterling was warmly greeted and spoke on "Kenyon's Present" as follows:

PROFESSOR STERLING.

I have not the honor of being an Alumnus, but for twenty-five years Kenyon has clothed me, and fed and lodged me, and has enabled me to give my four boys a college education, and in return for that I have given Kenyon twenty-five years of the best part of my life.

It is perfectly proper, under these circumstances, for me to say something about Kenyon. In fact I cannot, even in my own mind, separate my own interests from those of Kenyon. Now I have been asked to say something about the *present* of Kenyon; and I will tell you about that,

and then I will have something to say about the future also; because I have not come six or eight hundred miles at your invitation without thinking that you would wish to hear from me what I think about it, for I have been a long time there, and it is a problem about which I have thought a great deal.

In regard to the present, we have in the college faculty proper four men — professors of Physics, Latin, Mathematics and Greek. We are aided in our work by three men connected with Bexley Hall — Professor Streibert in German, Professor Seibt in Philosophy, and Dr. Jones in History. And we have a gentleman by the name of Brusie, in English; so that with my helping a little outside of my own chair, we are enabled to give all the students full work. We are doing good work there now. Of course we want to do better.

Now the question arises, what ought we to attempt to do? and it seems to me that what you want to form in your mind is something definite and clear. It is useless to meet here and talk about Kenyon, unless you know exactly what you want to do to build up Kenyon.

To begin with, there are some things we do not need. We do not need any more buildings. We do not need any more land. We have a beautiful park and the best athletic grounds in the State of Ohio, and we are all right so far as that is concerned. Then, again, we are very well supplied with apparatus in the Physical and Chemical departments, and we do not need any money in that particular direction just now. With what money we have in the treasury we can start up laboratory work in physics and chemistry without another cent. We have also a good library and a well stocked reading-room.

Then again, there are some things we ought not try to do, which I think it is well to have in mind. One of them is to make Kenyon a university. A great many have that idea in their minds. Any man that knows anything about a university knows that Gambier is not the place for a university. There has been some talk of changing the name from Kenyon College to Kenyon University. That is absurd. A university is a place for giving professional instruction, technical instruction,

and for pursuing knowledge along certain lines with reference to advancing it along those lines. We do not want anything of that kind; it is no use attempting it. We do not want to try post-graduate courses. We do not want anything in the way of special work.

What we want to do, is to give young men a liberal education, on which we can honestly give them the degree of B. A.

What is a liberal education? According to my mind, it is simply this: A man who has a liberal education is qualified in mind and body to study *any* profession, and take up any kind of work. That is what I mean by a liberal education. And then again, more than that—a man that has a liberal education is a broad-minded man, he is an intelligent man, and he is a God fearing man. He is a man that Church and State can rely upon when the stress comes. That is the kind of man we want to raise up.

Now you may think that is rather an ideal notion of a liberal education. But what is the use of living in this life if we can't work to realize our ideal? If we cannot realize it let us come as near it as we can. In order to give boys a liberal education, we have got to catch them and bring them to Gambier. How are we going to do it? We have got to attract them in some way. Past experience shows that a beautiful park and buildings, an ex-President among our graduates, and so on, will not attract boys. We have got to have something more.

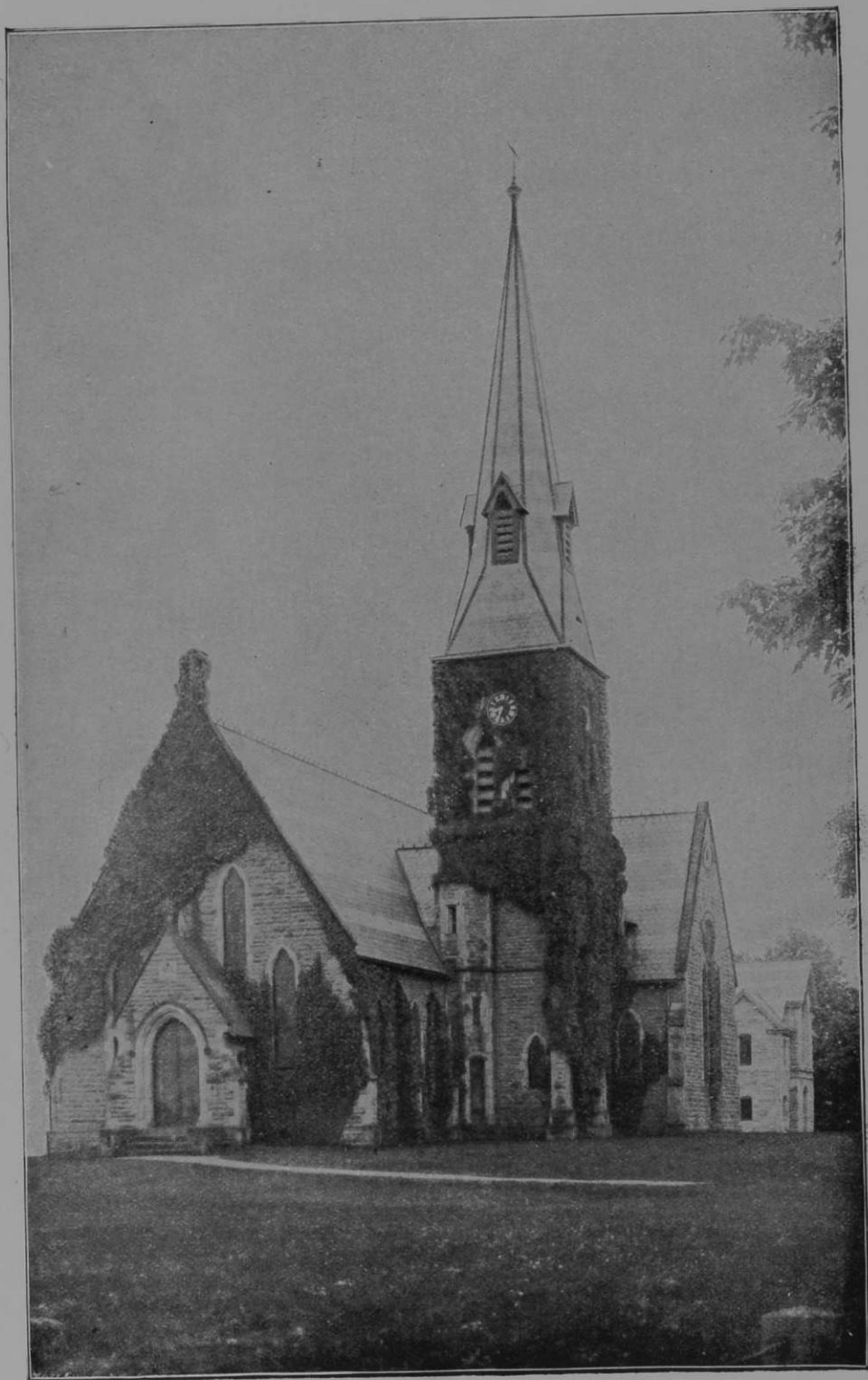
The only curriculum we have had there, up to this point, has been, practically, the old curriculum, based upon Latin, Greek, and mathematics. We have had German and French, of course; but, practically, it was that. The question is, what will bring most boys to Gambier? I say we must enlarge our curriculum. I would have at least four courses. I would have one course in which language and literature should be prominent; another course in which mathematics and physical science should be prominent; a third course in which biological science, and a fourth in which history and political economy, and studies of that sort, should be prominent. That would make four courses. How much help do we want in order to enable

us to give those four courses? You know modern teaching means training, as distinguished from the old idea of learning. Training, bringing out the powers of the young men, making them actually *do* things, as distinguished from gathering knowledge from books—that is, laboratory work—work in the physical sciences. But you can apply the principle just as well to history or anything else. That is one thing we have got to do. We have got to make that idea of training prominent.

To accomplish this we shall need an assistant to the Bowler Professor. Then we want a Professor of Biological Sciences. We have never had a Professor of Biology in Kenyon. Then we must have a Professor of Modern Languages. Then we must have another professor, who, with the President, should take other studies, and in that way, I believe, with those five men we could arrange those four courses and make the thing practical.

Then there is one thing more. We must have a Department of Physical Culture. I think we ought to have a man there who is a professor in full standing—the same as any other professor in the college—whose business it should be to attend to the physical culture of the boys. [Applause.] He, of course, would be the manager of the gymnasium, and have general charge of the athletic sports. And my idea is to have every boy in the college brought under the control of that man, with regard to his body, just as every boy is brought under the control of the Professor of Mathematics, in regard to his Algebra. That is what we want. I think with five men we could do it. I think with \$7,000, or thereabouts, I could get those five men; for \$1,400 or \$1,500 a year I could get men to do that work. I do not suppose they would be the most famous men in the State or country; but we could get a good working faculty to carry out that programme if you would give us \$7,000 a year—that is, of course, besides the President. I have figured it all out.

The question is, what can we do to-night? The end of the year is coming. Before this year ends we ought to be able to announce to everybody, that we are going to do something in the way of improvement



CHURCH OF HOLY SPIRIT (COLLEGE CHAPEL).

in Kenyon College, that next year will be better than this last year; that we shall have a more varied course of study than we have had before. We must have it so arranged that boys can enter there who have not studied Latin and Greek. I insist upon it, this is an important point, even if we do not give them a degree. We want to find a place there for boys who have not studied Latin or Greek, who want to come there and pursue other studies. What you want to do to-night is to enable me to go back to Gambier, and advertise at the beginning of next year, that we are prepared to take boys who have not studied Latin or Greek, and that will do a great deal of good.

Now I do not see why Kenyon College should not go ahead, only you must not expect it is going to be made over again in six months—it is going to take time and patience.

If, in the course of ten or fifteen years, we were to graduate fifty young men every year, educated as I suppose a liberally educated man should be, it would be something of which everyone of you would feel proud as long as you live. [Applause.]

Dr. Sterling made the speech of the evening. All were delighted with speech and man.

When Ex-President Bodine arose to speak the applause which greeted him showed that, although no longer president of Kenyon, he still presided over many loyal Alumni. He said:

DR. BODINE.

I have not a great deal to say, though I confess whenever I rise to my feet to speak about Kenyon, the old conviction comes back that I might speak for hours, because I have given hours, days, weeks, months and years, to thinking of the welfare of this institution.

It has been suggested that I should say something as to the *past*, and I am free to say that I know a great deal more about the past than I do about the future. As to the future, everything depends just now upon the man who is selected to be President of the institution; and I hope that the Trustees in their wisdom will be led to select a large and commanding

man, and that the Alumni in their strength will insist that such a man shall henceforth be President of the institution. [Applause.]

For the first time in fifty years there is an opportunity for a President to really be at the head of the institution, and to develop it. I have had great pleasure and satisfaction, this evening, in meeting and talking with a son of one of my predecessors—a distinguished President of the institution, a true and noble man—Major Douglass, who went to Gambier with large hopes, high expectations, abundant promises; and afterwards, referring to his experience, declared that though he supposed and was led to suppose that he would be not merely nominally but actually President, he found that actually he was called “to a clerkship rather than a Presidency.” That was possible in the past, but that will never be possible in the future. So the first thing is to secure a thoroughly strong, capable, high-minded, honorable man as President of the institution.

In the second place, I must insist that nothing can be done, in any very large way, for Kenyon's development, without a great deal more of money, and I believe that under right conditions the money will be forthcoming. If the institution were in the position now in which it was in the year 1882, and appeals were made for money in the State of Ohio, the money would be forthcoming there. The Alumni of the college, naturally enough, are somewhat in ignorance of Kenyon's great need of money. I have heard again and again the statement that Kenyon College seemed to languish, and yet it had an ample endowment. The truth is that to-day there are ten colleges in the State of Ohio—I say nothing about those far stronger colleges at the East that are rolling in wealth—but there are ten colleges in the State of Ohio to-day that have more for the carrying on of their college departments alone than belongs to the Trustees of the institution at Gambier for the carrying on of all departments combined. Kenyon needs a great deal of money. Of course it is not possible to secure the large endowment that the college needs, now. But there is so much vitality to the grand old college that it is going to have a

future. With all the difficulties that have been around the institution, if it had not an immense amount of vitality it would have died long ago.

I rejoice to know that there is a hopeful feeling to-day—that the Alumni are aroused as they never have been before. I have never blamed them for being inactive in the past, because I could see how some among them could not avoid saying, “Until certain things are radically changed, what is the use of trying to do anything?” Certain things have been radically changed. There are reasons full and satisfying for trying to do something from this time on. The majority of the Trustees, at the present time, are graduates of the institution. The men who control its policy are men who love the institution as you do, and they are a very strong body of men. Their work has been unselfish and very valuable. Perhaps I may be pardoned if I mention by name one of these Trustees now living, but unfortunately not now a Trustee—although he ought to be, if he can again be induced to serve—Judge Granger, of Zanesville, who for twenty years gave time and talent of largest worth, without stint, and with abounding zeal and patience for the preservation of the life of his Alma Mater. But these have been hemmed in, hitherto, by a stone wall, which has been taken down, and now there is a prospect, a hopeful, I had almost said a brilliant prospect for the future.

I cannot go into details, but I have said enough, I am sure.

“Lauriger Horatius” helped to brace the alumni for the problem which Colonel Jacobs boldly attacked—the financial problem.

COL. JACOBS’ SPEECH.

MR. PRESIDENT, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE NEW YORK ALUMNI ASSOCIATION—I have been designated by your programme makers to speak upon the financial problem, and I would like to know by what right of discovery this Committee has selected the poorest mathematician of my class to talk on this subject. I think sometimes there must have been an inner consciousness evolved, and some spiritualism brought to bear, to fix upon me. But, gentlemen, this is not the first time a *financial problem*

has confronted me with regard to Kenyon College.

I entered college as a sophomore in 1855, stayed there until the summer of 1857, when, in the panic of that year, my father was one of those who went down financially. I was confronted then with a personal *financial problem*, viz.: how I was to secure the funds to complete my course. My father had sufficient left to take care of the other children. I was the oldest. I determined that those other children should not be depleted in their support, and in their education, by my finishing my college course. So I cast about to find where I should raise money to go to Kenyon College for my senior year. I fortunately remembered, having a pretty good memory, as my old friend Col. Sterling knows, that in years before, an uncle of mine had taken a gentleman from the interior of Pennsylvania, and made him his protegee; had passed him through Dickinson College, supported him there, educated him for the ministry of our Church, and he had become such, and, like a good many of his ministerial friends, had thought it would be necessary to have a helpmeet who would be such, not only in name, but in fact, and he married a rich wife down in Virginia, where he had a very comfortable living. He had visited my family very often in Pennsylvania, and, in my poverty of resources, I thought possibly an appeal to him for the necessary funds to finish my course, might meet a favorable response. I wrote and asked him if he would lend me the money to complete my course at Kenyon, on a five years’ note. I told him I was then eighteen years and a half old, wanted to go through, wanted that “sheepskin” of which we have sung, and I wanted the opportunity to come out as an Alumnus. He wrote me word in reply, that it was the opportunity of his life, that he had often wondered how he could ever repay what he had received from my family. He sent me a check on Baltimore for \$800. I sent him my note in return, at five years. That was in 1857. Well, in five years from that time, near Petersburg, there were not many financial transactions, although there were a great many financial problems. I was in the U. S. Army at that time, and had every

obstacle interposed by our friend, Robert E. Lee, to fulfilling my obligation. I tried every way to get near enough to Richmond to do so. I was turned back three times, and then I went west to George H. Thomas' Army of the Cumberland. One of the first letters I received after April 9th, 1865, forwarded from my old home in Pennsylvania, was from this gentleman, in which he reminded me of my indebtedness, and told me if he had ever done me a kindness in this matter, I had an opportunity to return it tenfold; that he had been stripped entirely by the war, and, as he was in the track of the armies, he had no money to maintain his plantation, had no means to stock it, and his family and himself were in absolute poverty. I had made it a religious duty from the day I commenced to earn anything, to set aside so much each month to meet this obligation, for I felt that in enabling me to spend that extra year on Gambier Hill, and come out with that diploma, he had done me a kindness for which I never could be sufficiently grateful. I have always felt that same warm feeling towards Kenyon, and I know there are sympathizers around me. I sent him his money. He wrote me then, he had frequently preached upon the text, "Cast thy bread upon the waters," but he never expected it would come back in such tenfold amount, as he had experienced in this case.

Now, gentlemen, there is a moral in that personal illustration of the solution of a financial problem. We have it right before us, and we have ability to solve it, and do not have to wait five years, with a long war intervening. We have had our wars; we have furled our banner of contending factions between us all of Gambier Hill. Those of my day didn't know much about that. We had our President Andrews there then. He laid down his life for his country; he had previously laid down his spirit for his college. (Applause).

I feel sure that everyone gathered together this evening is as loyal to the college as when we stepped off Gambier Hill as Alumni. I ask you all to share the inspiration. When I was in Gambier one year ago this month, what was there then compared with what I left thirty-two

years before? I have been writing and inquiring to know what conditions have produced such results, why it is that the clock of progress has stood still for all these years? A great deal has been due to us as Alumni. We have not been in touch with those who manage the interests of the college. I know by your faces here to-night, that clock has been wound up, and the hands of the dial will go forward henceforth.

We are here now with this Committee that was appointed last June, of which I am President; and we have gone to work. We have tried to impress upon everyone, upon ourselves first as a Committee, and afterwards upon everyone within our influence, whatever it might be, large or small; we have given our time and attention to the work. From this time on, Work, Work, Work, is what Kenyon College needs. We are here to give it; aren't we? (Yes, Yes.) We are here to give with the enthusiastic loyalty, which I know lies at the bottom of our hearts, the full measure of love and effort to revive and enlarge our Alma Mater; that loyalty you know has not deserted us.

The financial problem of the college is simply this: We have assets of \$557,000. They produce a beggarly \$13,000 for the maintenance of our college forces. We want to take such steps to increase the return we get. We have scarce touched the Trustees. Some of them told me only last summer, that I might as well attempt to climb that stone wall that Dr. Bodine has talked of, as abridging Judge Granger's efforts to enlist active workers there, and General Granger and I have seen some of those walls before, we went over some of them in the Shenandoah Valley. I have been in correspondence with him, and he is in full sympathy with our Alumni endowment plan. The next thing is to do as our Alumni Committee have pledged themselves, and that is to raise \$5,000 for the President's Chair, by each of us giving our note for \$50 for three years, the first of January, 1892, the first of January, 1893, and the first of January, 1894. There is not one of us that cannot raise \$150, if we have the loyalty and spirit to do it. If we cannot give it ourselves, we can get it from others. We have already received thirty sub-

scriptions from our Alumni Committee, and others. When we have done that, we want to have a President, we have a place in which to put him. We want a man, an educator of the most practical ability, strength, and power, whose name will be an advertisement of Kenyon College. We want to follow that up with a thorough advertisement of the college in all legitimate channels. We want to let the world know what Gambier Hill is, that we appreciate it, and we want them to share our appreciation. There is where we stand. There is not one of us that has not had a new baptism of faith in our college since undertaking this work. We have secured, as I tell you, this amount of money ourselves, as a Committee, and although last June I would not have believed it possible, we have matched it, and more, from the Trustees. The enthusiasm of our example took possession of them the fourth of this month, on Founders' Day, and as one of the gentlemen said, "The college is on the upgrade." "The Alumni have started the movement, and the Trustees must keep up with the procession." Mr. Samuel Mather, of Cleveland, found there was a deficiency of this year's income of \$800, and he told them to charge it to him personally. That same gentleman, and Mr. Walbridge, of Toledo, then arose, and pledged themselves as Trustees from the diocese of Ohio, to make up \$2,500 of \$5,000 for these needs that Professor Sterling had talked of. They then told the Trustees from Southern Ohio that they must follow their example, and the Trustees from Southern Ohio followed and pledged themselves, and we have that much in sight. We want to see how much more we can do. "Money talks" is a favorite expression of this day; we want to see how loquacious it will be in our behalf.

We want first to get a President; and we want to endow that Chair with \$7,200. Then, when we have that President, we want him to give this college a name and a fame, and a notoriety all over this wide land of ours; which will bring her students from every State, from every quarter, from all of those who have not the means to pay the high cost of an education at Harvard or Yale, but who have five or six hundred dollars per annum for which they

wish to procure a liberal education. We want to make this college the Ohio Harvard and the Ohio Yale, and we can do it by maintaining our curriculum, by advertising it, and by showing the country at large that we are alive. We do not want to have any dead timber there. We want to have a living college, a realization of the living faith that exists in everyone of our hearts.

I do not intend to take up a great deal of your time, but there are a few letters that I have received in my capacity as President of this Committee, that I think will be interesting to you. One of them comes from your Secretary, Mr. Curtis, who is working hand and heart with our Committee. He has done more toward it, at his own personal cost and inconvenience, than either Mr. Elliott or myself. I want to fear that willing tribute to your Secretary here. He suggests to me the first thing to be done is to get accurate addresses of all the Alumni, so that communication can be had with them with certainty and dispatch. The current catalogues are entirely untrustworthy. The next thing is to see that every Alumnus has a copy of the college paper, the COLLEGIAN. Just in that connection, I want to quote a word or two from a letter I sent to the Trustees, which Colonel Sterling tells me, they received it in the spirit in which it was sent. "I notice a number of the Metropolitan journals give a large portion of their space to college news and comments thereon. May we suggest that some one of the college faculty, or officers, systematically contribute letters to such journals? . . ." One of the speakers this evening has spoken of the important advantage derived by Harvard and Yale by the donations and bequests of the Alumni. We want live helps as well as dead bequests. It is a long time to wait on dead mens' shoes, and we don't want to fill those shoes any sooner than we are obliged to do. We want to interest the living personality. We want to show that Kenyon College is up and doing. We don't desire our lights to be hid under a bushel any longer. We have a hill there. We have not a city. We have much better, a college and institution, that is capable of doing more good than the average city

can do. We want to let the college rise to its opportunities.

Then Mr. Curtis further suggests—and a very good suggestion too, I think: “The next thing I would do would be this: the grounds and vicinity of Kenyon are marvellously beautiful. The views there are unsurpassed in the country, as every Kenyon man knows. These and the views of the buildings themselves, and ideal scenes illustrating phases of Kenyon’s history, would form the basis of an effective and interesting stereopticon lecture and entertainment.

“Let them select some student—some poor student, perhaps—and fit him out for a tour among the Sunday Schools, the High Schools and villages of the State. He shows his pictures on the screen and talks on Kenyon as he does so. The ministers of all churches would all encourage him, for he would charge nothing for his entertainment, and in many cases, no doubt, he could entertain to their profit, thus earning their interest and gratitude.

“Is not this an idea? I am satisfied it would work, and would be effective, and that it would not be undignified. Other colleges are competing, and taking every means to increase their patronage.”

Judge Moses M. Granger, of Zanesville, for seventeen years a member of the Board of Trustees, in writing of the reforms of the new constitution as happily adopted, says, as follows:

“I believe the proposed amendments will be adopted, and I trust that the two Ohio Bishops, who are strong friends of each other, will inaugurate a new and prosperous era for Gambier Hill. The terms of donations and endowment make it a church institution. Whenever Ohio churchmen will *unitedly* support it, it will grow. Heretofore they have not done so. Our Zanesville Rector (1881-1889) was hostile to it.”

Your own President, Dr. Stranger, in a letter to me last July, said: “We ought to raise \$300,000 immediately. The Alumni, the Bishops of Ohio, touching the pockets of the many wealthy churchmen in the two dioceses, ought to be able to find thus much money to save an institution which has done so much in the past, and could do more in the great future of that commonwealth. It is my

solemn conviction, growing out of much reflection and close observation, that Kenyon has such an opportunity for life and usefulness as she has never before possessed. She can take a new departure, which ought to make her the best college in Ohio.”

In his able letter on the needs of the college, written to me last July, Rev. Dr. C. G. Currie thus defines them:

“Most after money comes the man and the policy. For the first, a *layman*, by all means, who is familiar with the aims of modern scholarship in our best colleges, but who, above all, has succeeded in *booming* something or other; I hate the word, but there is no other; and the thing ment by it, is the foremost necessity of Kenyon College. On the other hand, however, the booming must not be vulgar or indiscreet, and above all, there must be something to boom.

“A name, or old association in the minds of the Alumni, or connection with the Episcopal Church, will not carry the thing through. It is the boys themselves that choose their college in our day (not the parents as it used to be), and more of these things attract the boys. Why not make good scholarship the distinctive characteristic—distinguishing the college from others in the West—affiliate or attach in some way to some leading Eastern institution, have the same examination papers, and come to be regarded throughout the land as the Ohio Harvard, or the Ohio Columbia, or Yale?”

“More than that the place ought to get *somehow* a young, chipper tone about it. As I said, it is the boys themselves now that choose what college they will go to, so that their preferences have to be kept in mind. But the most important thing of all for a successful institution, is the scholarship. There are plenty of German, and some English professors, who have a world wide reputation with particular subjects, the obtaining of whom would not be difficult financially, and would at once call the attention of the country, and command the respect of the other collegiate institutions.

“This seems a big program—so it is, but a college that has half a million already, and so many years behind it, should be able to carry this programme

out. The steps are 'A,' more money; 'B,' a scholarly President, who has the faculty for pushing things; 'C,' a strong determined body of Trustees. The last, though it does not seem so, is really the heart of the whole thing * * *

And in my letter of November the 2d to the Trustees, as President of the Alumni Committee, I said, to succeed, we must be able to offer a first-class educator the current value of his brains and executive ability. Not mere scholarship is demanded by our present need, but in addition to ripe literary culture, and ability to impart it, we must have a man of affairs, with business sense and capacity adequate to the management of any of the great enterprises of our day. By the life and action such a President can inspire, students will be attracted, money flow in, and our septuagenarian Alma Mater derive the advantages inherent in ripe experience, and reverent alumni.

Now, we have another very important channel for the development of Gambier, which I am very much pleased to be able to announce, and that is the Kenyon Military Academy. We have assurance from both gentlemen at the head of it, that if their position has ever been misconceived, there is no room for further misconception; that their interests are bound up with Kenyon; that they have committed themselves to an expenditure of \$80,000 for the plant of their institution; that they are not only willing, but ready and anxious to join in this movement for the recuperation of Kenyon, because they see whatever helps the college helps them. There are one-hundred and twenty-seven boys there now. We have thirty-five students in the college. We don't want "the tail to wag the dog," but we want the tail to follow with the dog, and a good, big dog too. We are looking to you, the Alumni, to pull with us, who wield the laboring oar as your committee. We are willing to work, to do anything we can to help along this financial problem, but we must have some money to financier upon. We want you all to help us. I am not all doubtful that we shall get through. We shall make our college what she should be. We have her destiny in our hands. Shall we rise to the occasion, or shall we sit down inertly? I know your hearts

answer that progress shall be the key-note of Kenyon's future.

Colonel Jacobs made a marked impression. The Chairman rose again:

The Chairman—We have heard the name of the institution as being the "Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Diocese of Ohio." We have now gotten through with the speeches that have subjects assigned to them, and are very glad to begin the short and eloquent addresses which are to follow, leaving each man to choose his own subject. I would call your attention to the fact that although Kenyon College is not a very large institution as compared with old Yale and Harvard, the three names that stand at the head of this list in my hand, are those of graduates of Bexley Hall Theological Department. Neither of these three gentlemen is a graduate of Kenyon College. One has received an honorary degree, from Kenyon College, but he tells me that he has not the honor and pleasure of being an alumnus of Kenyon. I would also call your attention to the fact that in the great cities of this country, Kenyon College and Bexley Hall are represented not only by men eminent at the bar, but men who are eminent in the pulpit. I have the pleasure of introducing to you the Rev. Dr. D. H. Greer, Rector of St. Bartholomew's Church, who stands at the very top of the list of the preachers of the great metropolis.

DR. GREER.

Mr. President, I am afraid it is too late or too early, rather, to make a speech. I have not the honor of being an alumnus of Kenyon College, but after what I have heard to-night, I have discovered that there are no alumni of Kenyon College, and that you, Gentlemen, are alumni of the Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Diocese of Ohio.

I am reminded in this connection of a little story that I saw sometime since in a religious paper, in the form of an advertisement, to this effect, "Wanted, a choir-master and an organist, man or woman, one who is both, preferred." The Trustees of Kenyon College have somehow managed to supply that want and to answer

that advertisement, and Bexley Hall and the venerable institution at the other end of the Hill have both been combined in one, and now, henceforth and forever, there is, and there only is, Kenyon College.

In mediaeval times, as you know, the university stood upon the tripod of Theology, Medicine, and Law, and these translated into popular idiom may be rendered grace, learning, and common sense. In spite of all that has been said about the "past" of Kenyon College, I believe she has always had two of these, at least—Grace and Learning, and having heard Professor Sterling to-night, I am satisfied that as he is there she will have the third, i. e., Common Sense.

I believe it was Daniel Webster who said, that it was an evidence of the divine origin of Christianity, that it survived preaching in tubs. It certainly is an evidence of strong inherent vitality in the institution of Gambier that they have survived the overshadowing influence of the lawn sleeve. They still live, and I believe will continue to live and exert an influence in the future that cannot be measured.

There are at these times, I know, many colleges in the country, and some think too many, although I am not of the number who believe it. We have many institutions of learning, but we are a numerous and growing people, and the rising generation is coming, and coming rapidly on; the youth of the country cannot find room in the great and large eastern institutions, and the time is coming, and is here, when they must find place and room in the other institutions; and the small college, if it has vitality at all, is bound to grow and be a strong and veritable factor in shaping the destiny and the career of this nation.

Long ago it was observed by a thoughtful and philosophical man that a Tamerlane standing at the gates of Damascus, panoplied in steel armor and with a glittering war-ax on his shoulder, was a less important and remarkable factor in the development of human history than the little boy playing ninepins in the streets of Metz, whose movable types were destined to rule the world.

I believe that a small college, if it has vitality, if its alumni and its friends rally around it and support it, is destined to be a more important factor in the development of American life, learning, and history, than the stock exchange and the railroad. I believe that the love of learning is taking hold of the American people; that it is becoming deeply rooted in the hearts of the American people. We are beginning to have an appreciation, as Mr. Matthew Arnold says, of the glory and the beauty of the intellectual life as such. We are beginning to realize that the intellectual life is not only a factor in material progress, but that the intellectual life is a source of sweetest delight in itself; that it brings joy and refreshment throughout the whole course of the years, and that it is and must be cultivated here in our American society. We have made money, and we have learned to make ourselves comfortable with our money, and now the question comes, having attained this degree of physical, material prosperity, what shall we do next? That is the question that is passing through the American mind to-day, and that question will find its answer and solution in the American college.

The main thing, the important thing, and the only essential desideratum is this: Not how big is the college in its constituency of alumni or under-graduates, but does it have life, has it a vital spark, is there something—that intangible something—there that constitutes—which no one can define but which every man feels—is there that something there which we call life? If it is there, then the institution is bound to be a large, important factor in the development of American history.

Such I believe will be the career and the future of Kenyon.

It is not in good taste to make a long speech at this hour, but I must say this one word in conclusion; I must speak the feeling; I must give expression to the language of my heart and the judgment of my head, in saying with regard to my long and honored friend, the late President of Gambier, that if this institution is to have this future, it will be in a large measure due, not simply to his faithful service, but to his wisdom in removing

incumbrances, in giving a free, unfettered opportunity to the Kenyon to which he has given so many years of his life, and which he loves so well. "Tell Collingwood," said Nelson when he was leaving the scene of his combat and going away from it not to return, "Tell Collingwood to bring the fleet to anchor." Gambier has been drifting around about upon the waves, and the last voice of Dr. Bodine before he left it, perceiving with clearness and perspicacity of judgment what is needed—the last voice that he has sounded is this: "Bring the institutions of Gambier"—which have been floating hither and yon, and tossed about upon the waters—"Bring the institutions of Gambier to anchor," and a safe anchor, where all the great institutions of the country are anchored. And the voice has been heard and responded to, and they have been brought to anchor; and anchored where and as they are, this great career opens before Kenyon. [Applause.]

The Chairman then introduced the Rev. Dr. W. S. Langford who spoke as follows:

Enough has been said already and said well, and impressed fully upon the minds of you all in reference to practical matters. I do not know but that that is the sum and substance of what we are here for. But it seems to me that a very great work has been accomplished in the emancipation of the institutions of Gambier and their unification under one single head, free from the interference of the ecclesiastical authority of a single diocese. That seems to me the great work which has been accomplished, and to no one can more credit be due for the future of Kenyon than to the late president, who has made it his own aim and purpose to deliver the college from narrow control, and leave it free to develop under a competent educator.

The great hindrance to the development of higher education under our church has been the very fact that our institutions have all been limited in their spheres by diocesan or episcopal oversight and interference.

That is all cleared away. The way is open now to put some man at the head who can lead it on to success. There is an old saying that an army of lambs led by a lion will be more formidable than an

army of lions led by a lamb. And so the very first and practical question, it seems to me, for Gambier, is to find that lion who is to lead the lambs; it is to find that head which is to give position and respectability to Kenyon College, and then rally about him and give him the needed help and supply for doing his work.

I rejoice in the practical suggestions which have been made here by Professor Sterling, one of them I am sure will appeal to the young men and boys every where to-day, and that is, that there shall be in that institution a competent trainer and teacher of athletics. Within a few weeks I heard of one who had graduated, not only from Kenyon College with honors, but from Bexley Hall, one of my class-mates, and had entered the ministry. He received a call to a parish and when he had accepted the call and was about ready to enter upon his duties and came in contact with the people whom he was to serve, they informed him that he was disqualified for the purpose of ministry in their parish because they wanted some one who could teach the boys athletics—and he was rejected.

Now, sir, these practical suggestions to which we have listened are very much to the point. And I believe in Mr. Jacobs' suggestions as to the financial problem. Strengthen the institution and enable it to enter upon a career of progress which we hope is opening before it. There is room for it to work to a great future, if that financial problem shall be adequately solved.

After Dr. Langford had spoken the speeches were hurried somewhat on account of the lateness of the hour. The next speech was by

THE REV. DR. C. GEORGE CURRIE, '57.

I have seldom passed a more delightful evening. For years I have deeply regretted the condition of things which has prevailed in Kenyon College; and while I was aware, as we all were, that the President was doing his best under the circumstances, it seemed to me, as it did to every one else, that the circumstances were insurmountable. Dr. Bodine has shown that they are not. Now there is a chance; there is more than a chance;



GATES ON MIDDLE PATH (ENTRANCE TO COLLEGE PARK).

there is a reasonable certainty that Kenyon College will again succeed. I was struck with a remark of Dr. Greer as to the increased appetite for learning which is spreading among the people. On two separate occasions during last summer it was my privilege to attend an assembly of instruction, which is known as the "Chataqua Institution," and it was impressive to see the eager faces and earnest looks of the plain people who gathered there for the purpose of hearing addresses made by professors of colleges and by other prominent people. Poor men—women as well as men—Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, among others, hard worked men and women were there, listening eagerly, and evidently desirous to profit, as far as possible, by such instructions as were given. The same appetite is spreading all over the land. It exists in Ohio as widely and intensely as in Massachusetts or New Hampshire; and for the satisfying of that craving for knowledge among the people, our smaller and less expensive colleges are absolutely needed.

Another point in my mind; a large part of the non-success which has attended Kenyon College has been due to the fact that its constituency is too small. Its constituency has practically been limited to the Episcopal Church in the State of Ohio. But as a matter of fact, the number of churchmen in the State of Ohio, or even in the whole Southwest, is not sufficient, does not begin to be sufficient to sustain a college as it needs to be sustained, which is thoroughly equipped, and up with the times. If the truth must be told, the college has not grown because the Church has not grown. Kenyon is identified in the public mind with the Episcopal Church in the State of Ohio. It is identified with nothing else; it represents nothing else; it is outside the interests of anything else. Just there, as it seems to me, is the mistake. You see the problem. How shall an institution be sufficiently denominational to get the support of its own people, and at the same time sufficiently *un-denominational* to get the support of other people. Of course, a college, like every other institution, must have its own *clientele*, to whom it peculiarly belongs. The thing must have a root somewhere, if it is to exist or have

a being. But if the thing is to grow, it must have more than a root. It must spread itself as far as possible into the interests and regard of the world around. Harvard has its roots, I presume, in Unitarianism. Yale, in Congregationalism. Yet neither is Harvard a merely Unitarian, nor is Yale a merely Congregational Institution. The example of the former in distributing the conduct of its chapel services among prominent religions teachers belonging to the various leading Christian bodies, is worthy of all praise. Yale does the same, practically. So does Cornell. So does Wellesley, the college for girls. I am not aware, indeed, of any colleges, except our own, that do not. And I say this not merely in the interest of Kenyon, but with an eye to the benefit of the Church itself. The college ought to be a help to the Church, as well as the Church to the college. And the welfare of both imperatively requires that instead of an odor of sectarianism and narrowness, odious to the mind of the American people everywhere, the opposite spirit of broad-minded Catholicity should bless the towers of Kenyon College, and attract young men to its halls of learning. Let us get rid of these disadvantages then. We are beginning a new era. Let us begin with some new ideas; and let these ideas find their representative in a broad-minded President—a religious man, a churchman, I grant you—but because a religious churchman, a Catholic minded churchman, who will have the sympathy, and seek the sympathy of "all those who call themselves Christians" in the length and breadth of the Southwest. Now, God has put it into the heart of a good alumnus, who lives in Baltimore, to stir us all up. This is Kenyon's opportunity. God grant she may have the grace to seize it, and use it, both for her own salvation, and the welfare of the whole State.

The Chairman—I have the pleasure of introducing to you Dr. J. C. Zachos, of the class of '40.

DR. ZACHOS.

"Brief let me be." In the year 1840 a little fellow stood on the platform of Kenyon College with the prospect of getting a diploma for his full course of study.

He got the parchment. In one hand he had an English oration, and a Greek oration in the other, and thought himself set up for life. He went away from that platform very full of fullness—but, I might change it, “foolness.” After a little experience, he learned that it was not sufficient to start on your wings and keep in the air, but it was necessary to alight on the ground very often and pick what you can there for the material of life.

I drifted from across the ocean. I say drifted, because I was a child of ten years old and had no intermediate power to determine my course. I drifted to a college or institution of learning in Amherst, Mass. There I spent two or three years of very happy childhood, learned a little, got a little discipline. The institution, in consequence of financial embarrassment broke up with three hundred and fifty pupils in it. And I drifted to a printing office; and after learning a little about setting type, on the invitation of a friend—now departed this life—I drifted to a college in Pennsylvania—Bristol College. There I had as my college friend the Bishop of Ohio, who now lies, I am sorry to say, upon a sick bed, but who has sent us a letter. A good fellow he was at college, and has ever remained the same. Then I drifted again; for the college broke up, with three hundred students in it, from financial embarrassment. Thence I went to Kenyon College, west; and there I remained anchored for three years, and got my diploma. I drifted away again and became a student of medicine in Cincinnati. There, in the office of Drs. Mussey and Worcester, I remained three years and learned how to cut a man all to pieces. But I found it was not my vocation, really. I began to pore over questions that had begun to introduce themselves in my college course, and wonder what I should do with “original sin,” and “total depravity,” and “justification by the blood of atonement,” and “eternal damnation.” What could I do with them? But I drifted out of this stormy sea and fled into an institution for the poor, one that gives all its resources and instruction, yearly, to four thousand students, who come there to get something to further them in the practice of life. How to earn a living is the problem of every student

that goes to “Cooper Union,” of New York. There I am still. I anchored there and probably will remain there. Twenty-one years have I spent in that institution.

But I tell you, gentlemen, that these colleges and institutions of learning that are looked upon with jealousy by a considerable portion of our community, as too “aristocratic,” have the vital elements that promote the growth of those institutions that teach the multitude; as a flower on the top of a plant, by its constraining force, draws all the juices of the tree and all the powers of growth, in order to feed its beauty and its fragrance at the top. It might look as if it was of no use there; but it is the secret of the vitality and growth of the plant. So our colleges, at the highest point of education to which we can raise them, will certainly draw our multitudes in ignorance, and lift them not merely to higher planes of instruction and discipline, but of inspiration. There are two methods of instruction; one is to teach, the other is to inspire. Without inspiration nothing can be done. I look back, therefore, to the inspiration that I got at Kenyon. It has kept me drawing constantly on the sources of the moral life—the rights and uses and the powers that I found in the multitude of men, at the lowest estate.

For that reason I prepared a pamphlet, which I have here, “Addressed to the friends of education”—especially to those interested in the “illiterate classes.” I have striven for years to find out the secret of teaching our language as it is—its orthography and typography, unaltered, in the shortest possible way, to those millions of the illiterate that pervade our country and constitute *one-tenth* of our population and *one-half* of the voters of this country.

Is not that a problem worth thinking about?

It is our colleges that will furnish the men who will do that work. They will undertake it with the love and inspiration of good works, and the real christian spirit that pervades our college faculties, and the wonderful intelligence that reaches from the highest flowers on the “tree of life” to the lowest roots of its expanding growth.

MR. DOUGLASS, '38.

I shall be glad to say a few words, but unfortunately I am hardly competent to address such an audience. At the same time a great many incidents connected with the early life of a student at college, have always been connected with mine, which relate to a period of the institution with which we are comparatively unacquainted.

I feel very much, when I get up before an audience like this and look around, attempting to realize faces that have changed, like a stone implement exhumed from the bed where it has lain for centuries—from prehistoric times, and brought out here suddenly to take a share with the polished implements of the present day, with the finished evidences of the skill and the ability of the artisan of this day.

I would only wish to say that among my recollections come those of a vast number of friends whose faces are absent. This reflection saddens me. At the same time I have one or two recollections that occur to me. My friend Dr. Zachos shared with me a very pleasant adventure, which he probably will recollect, which fixes itself in my mind as having been exceedingly interesting. I am so glad to see him here. At least we two are present of the men of that day. We also have the presence of Dr. Smith, who at one time excited our interest at college by the readiness and resolution with which he ran down from the Bishop's house in the year '35 to advise the students that the Bishop's house was on fire, very much to his astonishment, and had a holiday the next day which we enjoyed highly.

But among my first recollections there were those stories told of Bishop Chase. I think as boys we realized thoroughly that the Bishop had a very hard row to hoe; but we didn't really understand the depth of sorrow and pain he was undergoing the whole time. We saw the vigor of his workmanship up there, and were conscious that he worked with a vigor and determination that was surprising.

The story which was told of him I will repeat now: The Bishop had been in the habit of going around watching his workmen and seeing how they performed their duties. On one occasion he had to look after the men cutting logs on the hill side

just above the dam. The dam was the name we had for it at that time. While the men were cutting logs on the summit of the hill, the Bishop walking along was suddenly aroused by a shout advising him that he was in danger. He turned around and saw a tremendous log coming down the hill right towards him. Its course was uncertain. It was possible he might not escape from either end of it. But as he tells the story himself, he threw himself upon his side suddenly and commenced rolling before the log, and his diameter being in excess of that of the log, he rolled down with immense rapidity, considerably in excess of the log, and coming to the edge of the bank he got under in time and the log went over him and into the water.

I have very little else to say. I trust sincerely that the efforts now making will result in elevating the college, which was the hope of the American and English benefactors of the olden time, who expended so much money in attempting to realize their hope, with a munificence which was in those early times unparalleled.

COLONEL JAMES T. STERLING, '36.

When I received the invitation to attend this meeting I was very much pleased, but when it was suggested that I make a speech, I was dumbfounded. I have been charged with a good many things while at Kenyon, but speech making was not one of them. I thought to myself that if the Secretary had asked me if I could make a speech, I should have been compelled to answer as a friend of mine did when asked whether he could sing, replied, "Those that have heard me say I can't." I never was aware of but one impediment to my making a first class speech; I have always felt that it was there, that but for this one thing, success was sure, that was, the minute I got on my feet my mind was a blank, everything I had ever known was forgotten; naturally I sought for a cause for this, but only recently have I found it, and I can see no remedy. It is this: I am so taken up with the question whether my legs are going to support their burden (for how they can do it and shake so is a question) that in its importance it drives all other thoughts out of my head. Since I am on

my feet and have the help of this chair I will try and say something regarding the position that the trustees have been in. About ten years ago I was elected a trustee; it was the only office I had really longed for, never having lost my interest in Kenyon, I thought it would be pleasant to belong to the Board of Trustees. Like many things in this life my anticipations were never realized. I have again and again been asked, why do not the trustees do something for Kenyon? The answer is that they were powerless. I was shocked while attending my first meeting of the board. There sat a body of men intellectually equal at least to the average of such gatherings, apparently without will power, everything was fixed beforehand, and all that was to be done was to say yes or no as the powers demanded. After adjournment, away from Gambier influences, those trustees could and would express themselves. It was satisfactory to no one, and there seemed to be no remedy. All things come to those who wait, we are told, and after ten long years of waiting we are here to night to celebrate Kenyon's emancipation. Kenyon's freedom means also freedom to its board of trustees; no longer are we asked for the impossible, for all things are possible for Kenyon now. In view of the meeting held by the trustees on November 4th, I am fully justified in saying to you, gentlemen of the Alumni, that we are heartily in accord with you and ready to render any aid in our power to you and others looking to Kenyon's bright future. With one final request I take my seat. I ask that each and every one here present would resolve himself into a committee of one to accomplish two things, first to aid on this fund which we have started, and second to look over this country and nominate to your trustees the man who will be the next President of Kenyon College.

Mr. Junkin, '84, who was to have spoken was absent and The Rev. S. C. Hill, '64, of Philadelphia, addressed the meeting as follows:

REV. S. C. HILL.

On account of the lateness of the hour I must ask to be excused from making any extended remarks. I am only thankful I have learned one thing in New

York, if nothing more. That is that I am a graduate of two seminaries. I graduated from Kenyon College as I suppose. I learn that I am a graduate of the Protestant Episcopal Seminary — and all the rest of it. Then I graduated from the Philadelphia Seminary. So that I have a double right to preach. But I don't think we have a double right to preach here, not after all we have heard. I can add nothing to what has been said. I can only say that I have been utterly ignorant myself individually, of the condition of things in Gambier, partly owing to the fact that part of the time I was away from any connection or touch with the institution; and partly because, oftentimes when I attempted to inquire, I could find out nothing about it. I must say that while my feeling has always been of a deep and intense love for old Kenyon and for every Kenyon man that I ever met, especially my old class-mates of '64, I have never had that feeling that a man ought to have for his college, because I have not as I said been put in touch with it. The fault may be my own. The fault may be institutional, I cannot say. I am only thankful to find from what I have heard to-night that there is a prospect for the old college such as she has never had before. It may all be that the fault lay in the individuals who were at the head at the time. Yet as I look back at my time before Bishop Bedell came there, just at the time too that President Andrews left, there was an intense enthusiasm concerning Kenyon College, and I do not feel that all the fault lies with the Episcopal See; I do not feel that all the fault lies with its name. I think a great deal is due to the fact that it received a blow during the war from which it did not rally. There was a very large number of students in Kenyon College when I entered, our class was very large, '64, it graduated almost as many as there are in the institution now, not quite; and a great many of the men went to the war from our class. But as I remember Gambier during the outbreak, when those Southern men left us, it was like the departure of a small army. Certainly they made noise enough. This is too late for reminiscences. It is the first Alumni meeting of the kind I have attended. We have had one or two in Philadelphia. I

think the people in New York forget that Philadelphia is quite a centre for the Alumni of Kenyon College. Quite a number there, important business men, have been overlooked. They are not buried; they are alive; some of them ought to have been here to-night. New York is so large that it forgets the rest of the world I am afraid. But I want the next reunion, if there is another, to be of this same kind and character, sending out an invitation to every alumnus within five hundred miles and giving him an opportunity to get here.

The Chairman then said: We have with us, I am very glad to say, Mr. Hills, who is one of the associates of the military school at Gambier. We would all like very much to hear from him. The military school is one of the important parts of the institution.

MR. H. N. HILLS.

In my work at Gambier during the last nine years I have come to some conclusions regarding an institution of learning, and I want to say that I was exceedingly refreshed to-night by the address of the present President of Kenyon College. He struck the key-note for success at Kenyon. There are just two simple principles involved in making a prosperous college, as in making a prosperous school. I think I have the right to say that, because at the academy, the preparatory department of the college, we have successfully operated upon those two simple principles. They are simply these: First, to make a good school, and second, to make it known. Dr. Sterling has outlined to-night just such an institution as we ought to have in Gambier, and if we had it, there are already agencies ready to work to bring the students in. Make a good college and then make it known. Those are the two simple principles. And I want to beg those of you who are remaining here to the end of this meeting, to heed what Dr. Dr. Sterling so very thoughtfully said to-night. He has struck the key-note. He ought to have the money he asks for. The college must have those additional men. And gentlemen, we ought not to wait several years to get the five men whom Dr. Sterling wants. Why can't we

have them *next year*? Life is short, and the time to work is when we know what we ought to do.

It is a great deal better to heed what one man says, who is in a position to know, than it is to consult here and there among ourselves when we do not have the problem definitely set before us.

Dr. Sterling has given twenty-five of the best years of his life to Gambier, and he knows what ought to be done there. He expressed to-night exactly what I should have said had I been in his place, except that he said it very much better. He has thought it out more in detail. But he said to-night that which it seems to me ought to be printed upon a sheet of paper and put into the hands of every friend of Kenyon College. He stated the position logically. He stated it strongly and tersely.

Now with that plan for improvement as a basis for work, you have something to inspire every alumnus of Kenyon College. There is something complete, something for us to take hold of and do. I have already signed those notes. I would be very glad to sign another set, if I could know that next fall, or in two, three or four years from now, there would be this change which Dr. Sterling has so earnestly asked for. He says he would like to go back to Gambier and be able to show what he can do. Money is what we want; money we must have.

Certainly this large representation of men here to-night was a surprise to me. I did not expect to see so large a body. I have been very much delighted and well repaid for the trouble and expense of coming here. But I want to say from the standpoint of one who is interested more vitally, I believe, than anybody in this house to-night in the success of Kenyon College, that Dr. Sterling stated the ground for success. There is no work that I should so much like myself to do as to try to "boom" Kenyon College, if it were in the condition in which it ought to be. Were it in the condition which Dr. Sterling has just outlined, there would be something tangible that we could help. All sorts of avenues for assistance would then be open. Now this improvement is something we want, and money will give it to us. Those are simple conditions.

I want to say in addition, in regard to one matter which Colonel Jacobs touched upon, that there has been some misconception in regard to the attitude of the Regents of the academy toward the college. It was thought best in 1880 to put the Preparatory Department, which was unsuccessful, under the charge of Regents. The principal of it had made an assignment. The Regents were a body of men living in Gambier. They were at first composed of Professors and the President of the College. Subsequently, six years ago, the regency was undertaken by Dr. Rust and myself. For some cause Kenyon College has been constantly diminishing in numbers. It has been thought we have not been doing out duty in the way of preparing boys for Kenyon College. I assert that logically, by implication at least, Dr. Sterling has shown you to-night how impossible it is for a preparatory school to do for Kenyon College all that could be done were it in the condition that we should like to see it in. We are not hostile to Kenyon College. All of our interests are bound up in it. There is nothing—I say it for myself and my associate, Dr. Rust, I know he would assent most cordially—there is nothing we should so much like to see as to see the college in the improved condition which has been outlined here to-night.

I want to say to you that we are ready to do all that we can, even to the extent of giving up the work, if that is thought desirable, and in saying that, I trust there will be no misunderstanding. I want just before I sit down to emphasize the fact that Dr. Sterling struck the key-note for success at Kenyon when he outlined a policy for that institution. We ought now to give him the money, and we ought to do it for next year.

After the conclusion of the speeches, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

The Alumni of Kenyon College, in convention assembled in the city of New York, on November 19, 1891, in the sixty-seventh year of the institution, desiring to attest their appreciation of the service to their Alma Mater by those who have

been recently charged with the responsibility of its guidance, unanimously pass the following resolution:

Resolved, That we place on record our profound sense of the obligations of Kenyon College to the Rt. Rev. Gregory T. Bedell, and also to his esteemed wife, of whose love and zeal for Kenyon, Ascension Hall and the Church of the Holy Spirit are splendid memorials, and who have crowned their private benefaction, constant and unstinted, by the gift of their beautiful residence, "Kokosing." While the foundations of old Kenyon remain they shall be secure in the gratitude and affection of its friends.

Resolved, That we congratulate the Trustees of Kenyon College on their selection of Professor Theodore Sterling for acting President, the substantial qualities of whose character as a man, as an instructor, or as a disciplinarian and a friend, afford ample assurance that, whether the inter-regnum be long or short, the trust confided to his care will be faithfully and wisely administered.

Resolved, That we note with pleasure the great degree of prosperity to which the Kenyon grammar schools have attained under the vigorous, enterprising administration of the regents, Professor Lawrence Rust and Mr. Harry N. Hills; in their assured co-operation in the work of upbuilding Kenyon we recognize a most important factor, and a source of continual and increasing prosperity to both.

Resolved, That the KENYON COLLEGIAN as at present conducted is a credit alike to the college and those having it in charge, and in itself is worthy of substantial and generous support.

As the official organ of the college, it offers the most direct and the most effective means of communicating with the alumni and friends of Kenyon, and we recognize in it an important instrumentality in the work at hand, and call upon the Alumni to assist it by their subscriptions and literary productions.

Resolved, That we heartily re-affirm the resolutions passed by the Association at the meeting of June 23, in commendation of the administration of Rev. Wm. B. Bodine as President of Kenyon College,

to-wit: "We desire to express our high appreciation of his valuable, patient work for Kenyon, prosecuted under many unfavorable circumstances. It is our judgment that in devising and carrying through to their present form the proposed changes in the constitution of the institution he has made one of the most valuable contributions to the future prosperity of Kenyon College, and taken away an old stumbling block from before his successors.

That in so ably editing and publishing the "Kenyon Book" he has made it easily possible for any one to gain an intelligent idea of the great founders' intent, which has not always been understood, and given to us what may become a patent factor in the new era which we hope and believe remains for our long suffering and noble Alma Mater.

Resolved, That it is our opinion that the several members of the Faculty have proved themselves worthy of the responsible position they hold, of instructing the youth under their charge.

Resolved, That the Trustees of the College, by their recent action in raising, individually, so large a sum of money for the college, have set forth an example for our emulation, and by their wise advocacy of necessary changes in the constitution, have entitled themselves for all time to the grateful remembrance of all lovers of Kenyon.

Below is a list of the Alumni, in order of graduation, and as they sat at the table at the banquet:

Mr. Andrew E. Douglass, '38, N. Y. City.
 Rev. J. Carpenter Smith, '39, Flushing, New York.
 Prof. John C. Zachos, '40, New York City.
 Mr. Stephen B. Sturges, '48, Bay Ridge, L. I.
 Rev. R. L. Chittenden, '49, Paradise, Pa.
 Col. Jas. T. Sterling, '56, Detroit, Mich.
 Rev. Dr. C. George Currie, '57, Baltimore.
 Rev. C. S. Abbott, '58, Belleville, N. J.
 Col. J. E. Jacobs, '58, Baltimore, Md.
 Dr. Geo. S. Allan, '59, New York City.
 Mr. Allan Napier, '62, New York City.

Rev. Wm. E. Wright, '62, Brooklyn.
 Dr. Theo. H. Kellogg, '62, Flushing, L. I.
 Rev. Wm. M. Postlethwaite, '62, West Point, N. Y.
 Dr. A. D. Rockwell, '63, New York City.
 Rev. Wm. Bodine, '64, Asbury Park, N. J.
 Mr. C. W. Dean, '54.
 Mr. Jas. L. Wells, '64, New York City.
 Rev. S. C. Hill, '64, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Mr. Geo. J. Peet, '65, New York City.
 Mr. G. H. Smith, '65, Bridgewater, Conn.
 Rev. Dr. D. H. Greer, '66, New York City.
 Rev. James Caird, '67, Troy, N. Y.
 Rev. Dr. I. Newton Stanger, '67, New York City.
 Rev. Dr. Wm. S. Langford, '67, New York City.
 Rev. Geo. N. Mead, '68, Hoboken, N. J.
 Rev. Robt. C. Booth, '68, New York City.
 Mr. H. Clay Hart, '68, Brooklyn.
 John Brooks Leavitt, Esq., '68, New York City.
 Rev. C. S. Milnor, '69, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Dr. T. J. Thompson, '69, Clifton, Staten Island.
 Rev. J. G. Bacchus, '70, Brooklyn.
 Rev. Louis DeCormis, '70, Great Neck, L. I.
 Mr. Wm. M. Harrison, '71, Phila., Pa.
 Mr. Willison B. French, '72, Philadelphia.
 Rev. Chas. G. Adams, '72, Southport, Conn.
 Rev. H. D. Waller, '74, Flushing, L. I.
 Rev. Edward McGuffey, '76, Newtown, L. I.
 Mr. H. N. Hills, '77, Gambier, Ohio.
 Dr. Chas. P. Peterman, '80, Brooklyn.
 Mr. Grove D. Curtis, '80, New York City.
 Mr. Chas. E. Milmine, '85, New York City.
 Rev. Geo. Clarke Cox, '86, Ridgewood, N. J.
 Rev. Gibson W. Harris, '89, New York City.
 Mr. Lewis C. Williams, '92, Gambier, O.
 Prof. Theodore Sterling, Acting President Kenyon College.
 Gen. Wager Swaine, New York City.
 Rev. O. B. Keith, New York City.
 The Stenographer, New York City.
 The Reporter of the New York *Tribune*.

KENYON.

(Written at the request of the New York Alumni Committee for publication with the account of the dinner and re-union of Nov. 19, 1891).

Whene'er we hear the chimes of neighboring Churches sound,

Or, resonantly full, the bell clang out the hour,
The heart that hath loved Kenyon 'gins to bound,
To feel and hail again her sweet and thrilling power.

The scented, pale arbutus, known in early spring;
The golden hearted daisy, plucked in leafy June;

The wine-like tints of sumach which the Autumn suns will bring;

These speak to me of Gambier Hill and set my heart in tune.

The sun is sinking low, the air is hushed and still;
Through open chapel doors, the preacher's voice is heard;

And after tones of prayer, the sweet-voiced organ's thrill.

By "De Profundis," tremblingly, the listener's soul is stirred.

The hills and vales of Gambier and river Kokosing,
They sang a subtle song to me, it flooded all my soul.

Within my life it echoes yet, its cadences still ring,

Though sorrow sap the joy from life and darkening years onroll.

The building old, with massive walls, that shelters Kenyon's youth;

Ascensions tower, young Hubbard Hall, with Rosse's massy pile,

Within whose shade those heroes sleep, who died to save the truth —

The valiant privates of the war, the knightly rank and file;

That maple walk, which cut in two, yet joined the park and town,

In Spring a swath of dazzling green, in Autumn brilliant red;

How shall the stranger know them, say, who give them just renown,

Or what can speak their worth to us, when every word is said?

The sights and sounds of Gambier town, the music of her woods,

These furnish themes enough, in sooth, for any poet's muse,

Yet not of these alone we sing, her ever changing moods,

But of her power to make us men and better life t' infuse.

Within her walls we learned to meet and grapple with a will,

The knotty problems of this life; to solve them one by one.

We learned to sue for Wisdom's crown, to wait for years to fill

The measure of that nectar-cup to quaff which we'd begun.

O, Kenyon! Sacred name to me! A mother, dear, art thou.

At thy dear knees I learned to pray, to sorrow for my sin.

Thy hands unlocked my mind's closed doors behind my untaught brow,

And leading Learning up to them they let the goddess in.

Where'er in this broad land or ours, Old Kenyon's sons still dwell,

We call on them to hear her cry and haste to give her aid.

She gave them that has made them strong, we know they love her well.

"God bless Old Kenyon," say we all, "let none make her afraid."

GEO. CLARKE COX, '86.

RIDGEWOOD, N. J., Jan. '92.



BEXLEY HALL (THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY).

as shall ratify the constitution before May 1, and of such others as shall hereafter be elected by the Board of Councillors consisting of one member from each college composing the association, to be elected by the faculties of the several colleges. A Committee to secure articles of incorporation and to do all in their power to secure a guarantee fund was then appointed consisting of Presidents Stubbs of Baldwin University, Purinton of Denison, Sterling of Kenyon, Thompson of Miami, and Super of Ohio University. While success has attended such movements in England, the conditions are very different in this country. In the former the movement must be from the old Universities to the people. Here in Ohio where there are so many colleges and tuition so cheap, it is but natural to ask: Will University Extension be appreciated by the people? Will they really feel the need of it and embrace the opportunity?

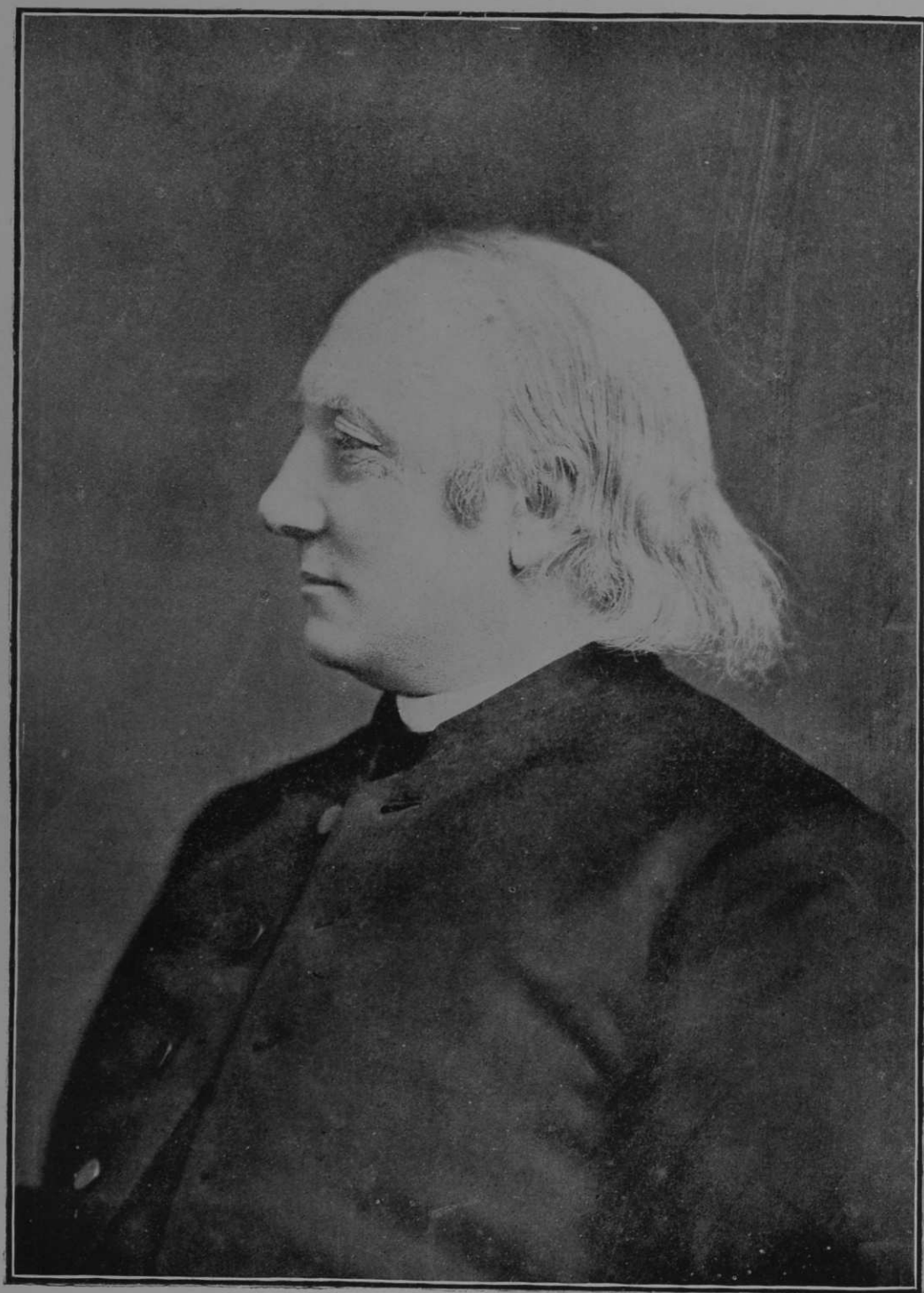
Instead of drawing from the college we believe it will increase the desire for collegiate instruction, and we believe the movement is very wisely under the supervision of the colleges. College journals can help in this work if they will, by printing outlines of courses, lectures, etc. Shall we fall into line?

THE base ball and tennis season is rapidly approaching and meanwhile not enough training is being done. We certainly can not expect to do ourselves credit in competition with teams who enter the field well trained and determined to win, unless we work persistently, regularly and systematically to fit ourselves for the season's contest. We think that the election of a captain should not be left till the team has been selected, but that a man should have been chosen long ago for

the position, who, with the manager, should be held responsible for the training and success of the team. Let us delay no longer but proceed to work in earnest.

It will soon be time for the one-horse lawn mower to make its weekly visits to our campus, and we sincerely hope that the grounds just north of the chapel and east of the hotel may be kept closely mown. A few of the apple trees which are anything but sightly should be removed and some low shrubbery planted here and there which would greatly add to the beauty of that part of the campus.

THE Lecture Course Committee desire to express their gratitude to Mr. Townsend Russell for the delightful evening's entertainment which he so generously afforded to people of Gambier and vicinity on the 24th ult. They also feel very grateful to our honored alumnus, Ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes, '42, who showed his love for Kenyon and interest in her welfare by coming from his home in Fremont to talk to his admiring younger brothers. The same spirit animated his address on the "Boys and men I knew at Kenyon," which, on the receipt of a congratulatory telegram from Kenyon at the time of his last election as Governor caused him to write: "A host of congratulatory dispatches are before me. I can not acknowledge with even a word of thanks the most of them. But yours, first to be replied to touches me particularly. Accept my thanks for it. I hope you may all have reason to remember Kenyon with as much satisfaction as I do. I have no more cherished recollections than those which are associated with college life. Except the four years spent in the Union army, no other period of my life is to be



BISHOP BEDELL.

compared with it. I hope you may all have reason to think of Kenyon as I do." We sincerely regret that the reception to him, which had been planned by President and Mrs. Sterling, could not be held. To General Passenger Agent Dunham, of the C., A. & C., we are indebted for courtesy extended to us in the matter of a special train for that evening, and to him we extend our thanks. The interest in the Lecture Course which has been shown by our people and their generous patronage are very gratifying to the committee, and no pains will be spared to make the rest of the course a success.

WITH this number closes volume XVIII. Before the April issue appears the joys and cares of the present Board will have been things of the past. While in the KENYON COLLEGIAN we have not realized our ideal college paper, possibly the experience gained from editing it may enable us to suggest ways in which the paper may become of still greater use to the college, whose official organ it claims to be.

We fear but few realize the exact condition of affairs at Kenyon. One quite frequently hears statements to the effect that Kenyon is heavily endowed. If a site as beautiful as a college ever graced, if imposing and commodious buildings, if a glorious record in the past are meant, then is Kenyon richly endowed. But we need money—money for the endowment of professorships, money for an increase in our President's salary and for current expenses until the work of the Endowment Committee shall have been completed. The constitutional changes have made it possible to build on a firm foundation with every prospect of success.

But to whom are we to look for help? Manifestly to the Alumni and the Church in Ohio. How are these to be reminded of Kenyon's past, kept informed as to her present and interested in her future? We believe that the most of this work should be done by the KENYON COLLEGIAN. How long it may take in which to prove itself equal to the successful discharge of such a duty depends almost entirely upon the editors upon whose shoulders shall fall the responsibility of management. Now, there are several ways in which these men must be assisted if they make the COLLEGIAN what it should be. One of these is the hearty co-operation of the Alumni. Every Alumnus should subscribe to, read and write for, his college paper. All of these the Alumni have begun to do for which the gratitude of the present Board is due them; but we still reach but a small number as actual subscribers.

The college should assist in two ways—by financial aid and by considering the work of the editor-in-chief as equivalent to so many hours per week on his regular schedule.

With the aid of articles from our Alumni and undergraduates, there is no reason why we should not publish every month a paper almost as large as the January-February edition. We have many views with which it might be illustrated and such a paper would be worth to the college every year, hundreds of dollars to say the least. But it takes time to edit a good paper and Kenyon should follow the example of Boston University. This institution allows the work of the managing editor of the paper to count as regular college work.

Finally, assisted in this manner and determined to edit a clean, newsy, dignified paper, evidencing an abundance of col-

lege spirit and enterprise, the editors of the COLLEGIAN shall have the satisfaction of being accounted benefactors of their Alma Mater. In conclusion we desire to thank those, who, during the past year, have assisted us by counsel and encouragement, and asking that our successors may receive of the same kindness and generosity, the present Board retires.

BISHOP BEDELL.

In the hearts of the students and citizens of Gambier are treasured impressions of our late Bishop that no formal obituary notice would do justice to. For more than thirty years he had a home in Gambier, and within that period he touched many lives here in such a way that a deep sense of personal loss is generally felt throughout our community, and among the men gone forth from our halls of learning. We knew him here as citizen, preacher, Bishop and friend; and no one could live long in Gambier without coming to share the reverent affection for him so generally felt throughout the place.

Students, daily entering Ascension Hall, know that that noble building was the fruit of his love for Bishop McIlvaine, and his wish to assist him in his Gambier work. The building is a stately pile, well worthy of a place in Oxford or in Cambridge; and its erection added greatly to the equipment of the College.

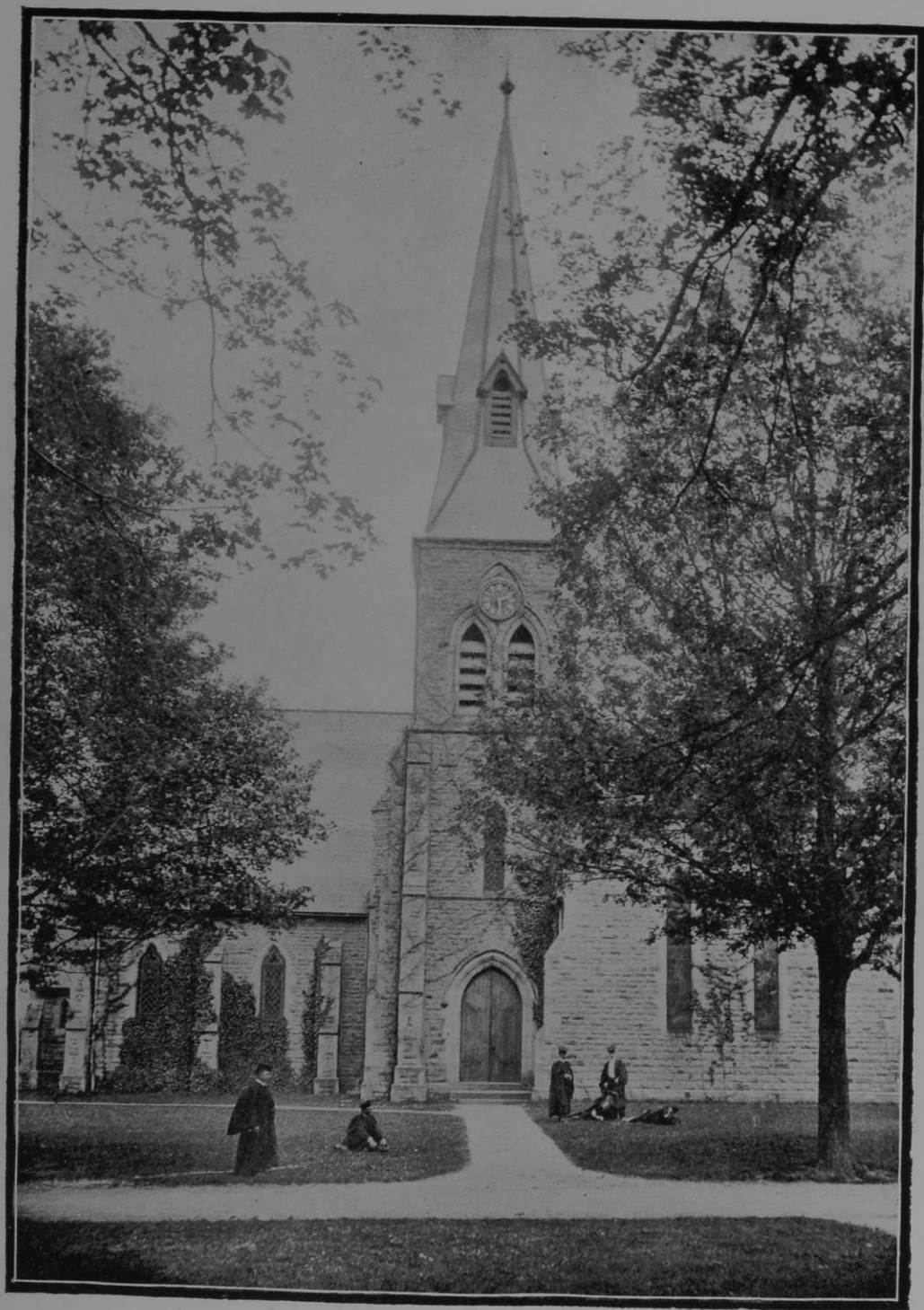
All know that for several years the Bishop lived in the College Park, in the white cottage overlooking the broad and beautiful valley. That little cottage, with so much beauty spread before it and waiting every day for the brightness of the rising sun, might be regarded as in a rude way typifying the expectant life of Bishop Bedell, who always seemed to live with his eyes upon the great and beautiful spiritual world, and who always seemed to be waiting for the full light of the blessed day.

What student, daily attending prayers in the Church of the Holy Spirit, has not felt the grace which moved the hearts of Bishop and Mrs. Bedell in making their plans for so beautiful a House of God?

As we tread the middle walk, we are reminded that its construction was due to the kindness of Bishop Bedell, and that he wished it to be called the Bishop's Walk. Custom has christened it the Middle Walk and Centre Path, but now, if ever, it would seem that an effort might be made to call it by the name the generous maker desired it to bear.

The fresh and well preserved appearance of the stone house at Kokosing would not lead one to believe that it was built in 1862, but such was the case. And time and again have the students of the institutions been gathered there for the welcome oyster suppers and receptions constantly given by the Bishop and Mrs. Bedell. On these occasions he was always found in genial mood, delightful in his gracious cordiality, charming in his wit, fond of young people, receiving them with the most graceful and abundant hospitality. Always on these occasions the visitors had a glimpse of foreign lands, by way of pictures, curiosities, souvenirs and anecdotes; and when the time for departure came, they were accustomed, by the request of the Bishop, to join heartily in singing the long meter Doxology before the good-byes were said. Neither Bishop nor Mrs. Bedell ever knew how the memories of these evenings were cherished in the hearts of many. I well remember a young Italian, a pupil in one of the departments, who attended one of these receptions shortly after he came to Gambier. Upon returning, being asked if he had had a pleasant time, with sparkling eyes and face aglow and hesitating for words fitly to convey his meaning he replied with pathetic earnestness, "It seemed to me it must be like Heaven!" For more than thirty years a stream of Gambier students received from Bishop Bedell financial assistance and kindest encouragement. Not in our own land alone will he be mourned by them. In distant mission fields the world over and particularly in China, will old Gambier boys, now men, feel the loss of a personal friend.

Those who heard him preach in the days of his greatest power, can never forget the glorious ringing voice with which he spoke, his thrilling earnestness, or the beauty of his diction. He was one



CHURCH OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

of the great preachers of the age, so recognized in the American Church and the Church of England, and to no parish did he minister as often as he did to Harcourt Parish in Gambier.

In the Lambeth Conference of 1878, he was very prominent. It happened that most of the summer of 1879 I spent in England, and through his kindness had many introductions to Bishops and others prominent in the Church. It was noticeable that they all felt honored to be remembered by Bishop Bedell, and without exception, I think, they spoke of him as a great *orator*, and esteemed him as a man of lovely and saintly character. Upon the study table of the Bishop of Salisbury were recent photographs of Gambier buildings and river views, and the Bishop—one of England's gentlest but most able prelates—remarked that he had to have these exquisite pictures from his "dear friend, the Bishop of Ohio," where he could see them often.

Old files of the *Standard of the Cross* contain a series of foreign letters written by Bishop Bedell, and those who wish to find "word-painting" will find it in those letters. He had a special genius for comprehending the beautiful, and seemed to travel in an environment of extraordinary circumstances. He could at once see the spiritual and religious phase of any combination of events, and his religious fervor and power of language, made his letters gems.

The students of fifteen and twenty years ago were privileged to hear him lecture on Monday mornings in the Church, upon topics of Church History, and these lectures were marked by the same religious insight as marked the letters of travel.

I well remember that, in my day at college, a matter of favorable comment among the students was the Bishop's neatness of dress and evident care of his person. Those who have read *The Pastor* know what he thought to be a man's duty in these particulars.

For some years after the Bishop first came to Gambier, in the winter time, he was a familiar figure upon the ice, an enthusiastic and graceful skater.

But in whatever he was engaged his genuine humbleness of heart, his reverent

and devoted love for his Master, were apparent. That he was a faithful soldier, now gone to a rich reward, none who knew him can doubt. He was an example in many things, but in nothing more than in steady and unremitting faithfulness to his Master and his Christian duty. It is this quality, I venture to say, that is most frequently thought of by his friends, and it is this, which, if he could speak to-day, he would say he most desired to have remembered.

It is a comfort to those who loved him here, that his body was brought back to Gambier, and placed in the Church yard overlooking the river that he loved.

In a city in Southern England, is a small park full of monuments to good men of only local reputation, monuments erected by the people to the memory of those they specially loved. It is very impressive to the visitor. Not every one can attain wide fame, but he who lives as humbly and as blamelessly and faithfully as did Bishop Bedell, will be sure to erect in the hearts of all who knew him, a memorial that will have its place as long as life shall last.

H. N. H.

HARCOURT NOTES.

Harcourt has again given one of her informal receptions, which were so much enjoyed last year.

A number of guests, most of them former pupils, were entertained at Harcourt at the time of the Junior Promenade, among which were the Misses Gertrude and Mary Williams, Miss Magruder, and Miss Jennings, of Sandusky.

Miss Kenyon, of Toledo, recently spent a few days with her friend, Miss Ella Rogers.

Miss Roberta Fraser spent last Sunday at her home in Madisonville.

An Exchange says: "The Seniors of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Amherst, Williams and Dartmouth all wear the cap and gown, at least during commencement week." It has always been the custom at Kenyon for the last thirty years for the Seniors to wear gown and mortar board during the last term of their course. Also the "grave and reverend" generally show up in their new dress at the Junior Promenade.

"BOYS AND MEN I KNEW AT KENYON."

The address of the Honorable Rutherford B. Hayes, '42, before the students, on the evening of March 16, was not only a delightful but also a highly instructive one. He opened his "talk" by saying, "The place is as it was when I first saw it fifty-four years ago; I thought it the prettiest place I had ever seen, it is more beautiful now." After a brief description of the "hill," as it was in those days he spoke of the "men" he knew here. The most interesting of these were Bishop McIlvaine and President Sparrow.

"Bishop McIlvaine, the great Bishop. Never since those happy years" says Mr. Hayes, "have I seen a man whose presence impressed me as did his.

"One of the first snows that fell in '38 was a damp heavy one, such as is suited to snow-balling. One afternoon the boys had a battle—East Wing against West Wing and East Division against West Division. While this was going on, Bishop McIlvaine emerged from the middle door of Old Kenyon. None of the boys felt that he could hit him 'by accident,' but one of the fellows thought he could do it by throwing straight. However, he hesitated; still he was not long in doubt, for he was a proud, impetuous fellow, and could not stand the dares that all of us gave him. Gathering up his hands full of snow he pressed it into a hard, round ball and approaching the Bishop he threw the snow ball, which struck the good man fairly between the shoulders. The Bishop never turned around.

"You have probably heard the story of the crippled soldier and the dog who bit him, the man didn't die, but the dog did. That was exactly the effect in this case.

"President Sparrow, was an angular, hatchet-faced man with a Roman nose, whose policy was discipline, and discipline most severe. I remember that in 1840, there was great political excitement, and I read in a newspaper, which my room-mate took, that a "sailer" was to pass through Columbus. I was very anxious to see this and I wrote to my guardian asking for money and permission to go to Columbus to see my mother. He sent me money and gave permission to go. I wrote to my

mother also obtaining her permission. I then took these letters with me and went to see President Sparrow. He said no, that I could not go. In a very subdued and sullen state of mind, I turned from his house without saying a word and walked away; when I had gone some distance I heard him calling my name, and thinking that perhaps he had relented, I turned around and walked back; when I had again reached his door and looked up at him he said in the kindest tone, 'Good morning, Mr. Hayes,' and closed the door."

Here Mr. Hayes began to speak of the "boys" he knew at Kenyon, and warming with his subject talked most delightfully for an hour.

"How well" he resumes, "I remember my classmate, Lorin Andrews, who afterward became President of this institution, and finally gave his life for that of his country. A man of short stature but with muscles closely knit he would have been a formidable antagonist for *any* of us to have encountered.

"He was an energetic student, too, often rising before daylight to study and could throw the axe farthest of any of the boys in college, could make the best standing broad jump. He was just the same in Latin and Greek and that *wretched* mathematics with which we were beset. [Applause]. He led all these classes.

"The brightest intellect among the students was Stanley Matthews, who entered the Junior class here (think of it) at fourteen, and graduated at sixteen, altogether the best mind in college. Precocious as he was, he grew till the day he died. After his promotion to the Supreme Bench of the United States he was recognized by all those judges as the most able man among them. When the war broke out we talked together about entering the army and I asked him if he intended to enlist. His answer was, 'I would rather enter and be killed than live through and after it knowing that I had not been in it.' We entered the same regiment and at the end of three months he had read so much about it that he was the best posted man on the theory of war I met in all that struggle.

"We all liked to go to Mt. Vernon in those days, chiefly for benefiting our education, of course. The man there we

most admired was Columbus Delano. [Applause.]

"Mr. Delano exhibited a power in debate while in the lower House of Congress which has never been surpassed by any member of that House. Before the discussion of any bill in the House of Representatives the minds of the members are made up and votes are seldom changed by those debates, brilliant as they sometimes are, but I have known Mr. Delano to change votes; nay, more than that I have known him to change results.

"There is no college in Ohio connected so closely, essentially and effectively, with the great transaction of this century—the Civil war—as was Kenyon. [Applause.] Your applause is a little premature, gentlemen. There is no college in the *United States* connected so effectually with the Civil War as was Kenyon; I will say more, there is no other institution of learning on the *face of the globe* so closely connected with that war. [Boisterous Applause.]

"The cost of that war was not estimated by the year, by the month, week or day, but by the *hour*. Its cost per hour was greater than that of any other war ever waged. The leading English newspaper of that day says that 'the hundredth part of the financial worry that the Secretary of Treasury of the United States now experiences, would drive Mr. Gladstone to distraction.' Who was the man who guided our country through that time of financial distress? Salmon P. Chase, who began his education at Kenyon College.

"The great work of the war was its management. There was no question as to who was to fight. We had soldiers enough; maybe we didn't all know how to ride well at first but we learned after a while. (The men who confronted us when we were with Sheridan will tell you that.) The question was, who was to run the war? Who was to be the great war minister? Another son of Kenyon, Edwin M. Stanton, the greatest war Secretary the world has ever seen since the war on the plain of Shinar."

Among the other sons of Kenyon spoken of by Mr. Hayes were David Davis, Henry Winter Davis, and Rollin

C. Hurd. This address was the second number of the Lecture Course and the Committee deserve congratulation upon its success.

NEW JERSEY LETTER.

NEW JERSEY, *February 22, 1892.*

To those watching for "signs of promise," few things give greater pleasure than to see in papers published at a distance from Gambier, allusions to the life at Kenyon. In the local paper that comes to me from the old home I saw a reference to the advantages offered by the College to the selected students from the high schools of the State, and in the New York Tribune I lately read of a course of lectures by prominent speakers to be delivered at Gambier. These are but "straws," it is true, but to those of us who have a firm and abiding faith in Kenyon, and who believe, moreover, that many of her present ills are due to her failure in the past to make her advantages known, they signify a good deal. The Alumni have been justly charged with neglect of their Alma Mater, but I feel certain that in the case of many this neglect has been largely due to the fact that when they received their diplomas their intercourse with the college ended almost as completely as if the college had ceased to exist. It was half their fault, it is true, but they became busy—they heard nothing from the college, rarely saw her name in the papers—what was there to prevent them from drifting away? What wonder that she became to them little more than a memory?

One can hardly imagine the host of recollections called up in the mind of an old Alumnus by the unexpected sight of that word "Kenyon." Indeed, the word itself is most attractive even to a stranger. I remember well the first time I saw it. It was in the Cleveland Herald, and occurred in a brief statement of the strikingly large number of Kenyon men who had served as officers in the armies of the North and South during the war. That paragraph was the means of my going to Kenyon. It was also the indirect means of at least half a dozen more going from the same locality, two of whom became honor men, and none of whom might otherwise have even heard of the college. Some

two or three years later I learned that a Kenyon boy on the staff of the Herald had inserted the article. The incident is insignificant, and I mention it only as illustrating the supreme importance of losing no opportunity of getting the name of Kenyon into "print."

The name itself, as we have intimated above, is a name to conjure with. Add to this the names of Rosse Hall, Ascension Hall, Milnor Hall, Harcourt Place, Bexley Hall, the natural beauties of the Hill, the "sweet vale of Kokosing," the grand old oaks, and you have material enough to delight the soul of a Stewart, a Barnum, a Wannamaker, or any other advertiser that ever lived.

Men and brethern, if we want students to come to Kenyon we must let them know that there is a Kenyon.

In this connection it might be interesting to note the successful results of advertising schemes adopted by a college not more than 200 miles from Kenyon. This college had in some way become possessed of a collection of curiosities, the star attractions of which were an Egyptian mummy and stuffed orang-outang. I first saw the collection at the Northern Ohio Fair. A prominent position had been given it, and a good looking student was in charge, well supplied with catalogues and circulars. It drew well, and the young man was kept busy answering questions about his college and handing out printed matter. I saw it at the same place the following year, and it seemed to take as well as at first. Some years later, after I had become a student at Kenyon, I had occasion to visit Brownsville, Penn., during the summer vacation. At the principal church, a fair was in progress. I entered the door, and lo, the orang-outang and the mummy, somewhat jaded and travel-worn it is true, and the latter in particular, showing alarming signs of disintegration, but still on duty for their college.

We may laugh or even sneer, and none of us would wish Kenyon to be advertised in this manner, but the result of this and kindred methods was to fill that college so full that, like him of old, they were forced to tear down their buildings and build greater.

In conclusion, Kenyon has always been essentially a good school, and the work

she has done has been good work. As we all know, plans for enabling her to do better work are now being successfully carried out. Let us remember that when this is done only half the work will be accomplished. Measures must be taken that nobody within 700 miles of Gambier can go to another college pleading ignorance of Kenyon. And remember that the information thus spread abroad reaches not only those to whom it is especially directed, but the Alumni as well. In the absence of other means which we hope will in the future not be lacking, the interest of the Alumni will thus be kept alive, and their vital influence retained and strengthened. "ALUMNUS."

ALUMNI NOTES.

'42. The Hon. Rutherford B. Hayes has incurred the everlasting gratitude of his fellow citizens of Fremont, Ohio. The failure of the natural gas supply threatened to bankrupt many stockholders of the company when Mr. Hayes very generously bought up all the stock at its par value.

'49. In our December number Mr. Stephen B. Sturges, of 305 Washington avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., was mentioned as a member of the Class of '48. We have since learned from one of his classmates that he was a member of '49.

'56. Hon. George T. Chapman, of Cleveland, is mentioned as a possible Republican candidate for School Director in that city.

'59. J. A. J. Kendig, Esq., of Chicago, is spending the spring in Rome, Italy.

'62. Our sincere sympathy is extended to the Rev. William M. Postlethwaith, of West Point, N. Y., who mourns the death of a son.

'66. The Rev. David H. Greer, D. D., Rector of St. Bartholomew's church, New York City, has accepted an invitation to preach the baccalaureate sermon before the graduating class of Roanoke College, Salem, Va., on June 12 next.

'70. Rev. William Lucas, formerly of Reno, Nevada, has accepted a call to Fresno, California, and entered upon his duties on the 1st inst.

'70. At the recent annual meeting of the Chicago Alumni Association, Mr. George W. Cass was elected President, and his class-mate, Mr. Frank Compton, re-elected to the Secretaryship.

'71. Hon. James Lawrence, of Cleveland, ex-State Attorney General, seems to be at this writing the only Democratic candidate for the office of City School Director.

'70. Russel J. Wilson is President of the Pacific Union Club, one of the most fashionable and best known of San Francisco's similar organizations.

'71. J. M. Showalter, on January 12, won the chess championship of the United States in a tournament played at St. Louis.

'77. White settlers have recently been encroaching upon the rights of the Indians at the Round Valley Reservation, Mendocino County, Cal. Of the expedition sent out by order of the President to preserve order and protect the Indians, *The Morning Call*, of San Francisco, under date of March 9, 1892, says: "The Cavalry detachment, under command of Lieut. Benson, left the Presidio in the morning at 7:30 o'clock. The troopers were followed by two six-mule teams. They were a picked body of young troopers, and with their full equipments for field service, made a very striking appearance. Their commanding officer, Lieut. Benson, though a young man, has made a record of which he is justly proud. He has the renown of being one of the best mountain-trailers in the army. He distinguished himself specially in this regard in the pursuit of Chief Geronimo through the wilds of Arizona. He is exceedingly popular with his troop, and is also quite an accomplished sportsman. His hunting rifle and fine Gordon setter were taken along."

'82. Dr. Edwin F. Wilson enjoys a large practice in Columbus, Ohio. His address is 118 East Broad street.

'88. Mr. John D. Skilton, our esteemed Philadelphia correspondent, recently received injuries from a fall which confined him to his bed for some days. We are glad to hear that he is rapidly recovering.

'89. Mr. Edward T. Mabley recently paid the Hill a visit, and was warmly welcomed by his many friends who enjoyed seeing his familiar face once more.

'90. Frank Hadley Ginn, who has been reading law in Judge Blandin's office, Cleveland, has recently been admitted to the bar. The COLLEGIAN extends congratulations.

'91. Rev. Owen J. Davies spent a few hours in Gambier recently on his way to Cleveland from Galena, Ohio, where he conducted the funeral of a former parishoner.

'91. Mr. W. R. Gill attended the Junior Promenade on the 19th ult. Mr. Gill is now a member of the Odeon Club, of Cleveland, whose concerts are spoken of in the highest praise.

ALUMNI ROSTER.

Chicago—George W. Cass, '70, President; Frank Compton, '70, Secretary.

New York—Rev. I. Newton Stanger, D. D., '67, President; Grove D. Curtis, '80, Secretary.

Philadelphia—Rev. Dr. William C. French, President; Rev. J. H. Young, '87, Secretary.

Cleveland—Hon. R. B. Hayes, '42, President; F. H. Ginn, '90, Secretary.

THE NEWS.

The Junior Promenade Friday evening, February 19, was a complete success. The universal opinion is that it was the finest dance ever given on the Hill. The dance was held in Philomathesian Hall. The room was beautifully decorated. The walls were hung in mauve, the college color, set off here and there with yellow. The elegant costumes, the dignified bearing of the Senior Class, appearing for the first time in the Oxford gowns, the tempting strains of the orchestra, made the evening one long to be remembered. After the tenth number the dancers adjourned to Nu Pi Kappa Hall, where a delightful supper awaited them. Among the visitors were Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Dickinson, of Mt. Vernon; Miss Picking, of Bucyrus, O., the guest of Mrs. Streibert; Miss Craycraft, of Cleveland, guest of Mrs. Rattle;

Miss Jennings, of Sandusky, O.; the Misses Watson, White, and Mrs. Ambros, of Columbus, O.; Miss Follett, guest of Miss Rust; Misses Turner and Connell, of Youngstown, O.; the Misses Williams, of Monroeville, O.; Miss King, the guest of Mrs. Scott; Miss Guy and Miss Foster, visitors of Miss Doolittle; Miss Clark, of Kansas City, Mo., the guest of Mrs. Hurd, of Mt. Vernon; Miss Bradlock, of Mt. Vernon, and her guest, Miss Hartman; Messrs. W. R. Gill, '91, and Hirm Gill, Cleveland, O.; S. M. Granger, '90, Zanesville, and L. H. Greene, Cincinnati.

A delightful reception was given by Miss Ayer, at Harcourt, February 22. All who attended enjoyed a most pleasant afternoon.

Mrs. W. J. Rattle gave a charming reception Saturday afternoon, February 20, in honor of her guest, Miss Craycraft, of Cleveland.

G. F. Williams, formerly of Bexley, has entered the Class of '94.

Dr. Jones and Prof. Streibert attended the Central Convocation meeting at Mansfield, O., February 8.

The Rev. Walter Mitchell has been delivering a series of lectures in the Library of Bexley Hall. The lectures have been well attended and thoroughly enjoyed.

F. W. Bope, C. T. Walkley, '92; L. C. Williams, '92, attended the Second Arion Concert in Columbus.

Mr. W. J. Rattle was ill with the grippe the greater part of February at his home, "The Oaks."

W. N. Kennedy, '92, spent a few days in Cincinnati recently visiting friends.

C. T. Walkley, '92, and Townsend Russell, took part in a concert for the benefit of the Elks in Mt. Vernon, February 22.

Chas. Crim, of Galion, O., visited his brother, and spent the evening with some of the students who were classmates of his at the Hall.

Invitations were received by several of the students to attend a reception in Mt. Vernon, given by Mrs. Hurd, in honor of Mrs. Francis McKeown and Miss Clark, of Kansas City, Mo.

J. D. Follett, '93, and F. J. Doolittle, '94, have each had occasion to rejoice in having reached another birthday in safety, and in having approached one step nearer the polls. The affairs were celebrated with due mirth and ceremony.

Rev. Dr. Hodges, of Pittsburgh, Pa., delivered a series of three lectures on the Theistic Argument, also one February 28, the subject of which was, The Ober-Amergau Passion Play. His lectures were fine and thoroughly appreciated by good-sized audiences.

We regret to say that Bishop Leonard was confined to his bed in Brooklyn the latter part of January, but we are glad to announce that he is now much improved in health.

The Kenyon lecture course opened February 24 with a recital by Mr. Townsend Russell. The entertainment was a great success, the hall being crowded to its full capacity. The lecture course this year bids fair to surpass that of last year. The opening entertainment was very encouraging, and Mr. Russell's marked ability made the evening one of thorough enjoyment to his audience.

Below will be found the programme:

Songs—*a.* The Dying Flower.....Rotoli
b. One Love Have I.....Cowen
c. Drinking Song.....Lacombe
 Scenes from Julius Caesar.....Shakespeare

ACT III.

a. Part of Scene I (Capital Scene).
b. Part of Scene II (Forum Scene).
 Songs—*a.* Three Thoughts (1) Memories, (2) Night, (3) Morning, } *Neid-*
b. Where Did You Come From, } *linger*
 Baby, Dear.
c. A Merry Heart—College Song.
 Poems by.....John Francis Waller
a. Spanish Love Song.
b. Spinning-Wheel Song.
 A Reverie—The Trundle-Bed Song, Anonymous
 Songs—*a.* Bolero.....Grant
b. "Mother Dear," Gavotte Song,
 from La Cigale.....Audran
 Humorous Sketches—
a. The Confession.....Anonymous
b. Uncle Johnny Booker's Ball,

Irwin Russell

Mr. Charles T. Walkley—Piano Accompanist.

Kenyon Lecture Course, February 24, 1892.

THE RUNNER.

"As at old games the runner snatched the torch
From runner still."

Paracelsus!—Robert Browning.

So once was I a runner, chosen to bear
The torch aflame to fire a beacon light,
To warn men of a danger lurking near.
My muscles stretched, my nerves all tense; my
heart
Full, proud, and glad for such a mission given,
I sped and sped, and gladly poured my life
So to be worthy; so some time to hear men say:
"He ran a splendid race, and when he fell
Exhausted, faint, and yet exulting, gave
The torch he bore to one he knew could speed."
So, ever after, to be conscious that the flame
Shot forth, the beacon flared, the warning went
And men were saved. Or else, a victim of my
ardor, die—
Supremely happy to have been of use in the
world,
Nor have spent my life for naught.

It was not so:—

When, midway in the headlong race, I pressed,
My breathing sound, my energies intact,
The impulse strong within me, all alert,
I sprang, my torch aloft, my eyes alight;
Another seized the fire from out my hand
And quick outran me. Tho' I gave him chase;
Tried to regain my work, which was my glory,
too.

But soon the runner and the torch were gone—
Gone, not forgotten; the beacon would be fired
And all was well. But me, men looked upon
and said

[Not knowing how I loved to run and how
He tricked me] said: "See how his ardor failed.
Unmanly to give up ere even his breath came
quick

Or muscle flagged, or o'er-wrought nerve gave
out."

And so they spurn me—bitter lot!

What's that you say? God knew a chasm
ahead

So difficult, so wide, to have leaped across
Surpassed my power, while he, my rival,
trained

To leap, could take it and with ease?

You say—God spared me then the pain

Of having to give up my task, with none at
hand

To take it from me, carry on my work,
And bring it to success; of knowing that it
failed

Because I was not strong?

Oh, thanks to God,

And thanks to thee, for such a hope, my friend!
I know he ran well; better far than I.

Yet, so God's pleased with me, so I have done
my best.

What matter that men think I shirked my
work?

God knows. How sweet that is? Ah, yes, God
knows.

GEO. CLARKE COX.

Feb. 2, 1892.

MEMORIA KENYONEUSIS
VERNON.

CLIFFORD A. NEFF.

Like every other well regulated and
well located college, Kenyon has near by a
large and thriving city; sufficiently re-
mote to be free from the demoralizing
influences and tendencies of city life, it
still is close enough to save the college
manners from the charge of provincial-
ism; it profits by the good and escapes
the bad; too far away, the dram-shop,
dance-hall, gambling-hell, the thousand
and one vicious attractions that flourish
in every town of importance, have no
charm for the distant students' charm
they never so wisely; Mt. Vernon's most
famous bar may offer tempting cordials,
delicate mixtures, or proclaim the sturdy
virtues of a whiskey straight, the town's
ballerina may kick to the skies and
scream a sentimental ditty in falsetto
equally lofty, the green-eyed tiger that
lurks behind faro and roulette, find no
victim in the student; five miles away
deep in ologies and isms of every sort,
the voice of worldly temptation finds no
responsive harmony in his nature and he
follows the even tenor of his way, to issue
forth to town only when, like the Greeks
of old, whose disciple he is, he may hear
or see some new thing; when Patti sings,
or Booth plays the role of the melancholy
Dane, when Paderewsky transforms the
mute piano into a soul of thrilling
harmonies, or the voice of some great
campaign orator is abroad in the land, he
flies to town in Fred Smith's band wagon,
arrayed in the glories of a silk hat and a
monocle, and some other garments, to in-
crease his stock of knowledge—a thirst,
by the way, not always fortunate, for,
while it led Stanley through Africa, and
was the moving cause in the invention of
the patent beer faucet, it has also induced
many a good fellow to call down the
potent beauty of a blushing flush in the
vain hope of disclosing the daring and
brazen front of a four-bob.

But to return to our student in quest of
knowledge: his desire satisfied, he returns
to the seclusion of the Hill to delve in
the metaphysical subtilities of the Nicko-
machean Ethics, or puzzle his brains over

the mathematical niceties of the "fifteen puzzle" until some other worthy attraction calls him to the city, perhaps this time the gentle influence of social intercourse, when the ladies, young and old, of Vernon, entertain the students of Kenyon, old but ever young; then, indeed, is he in his glory; trained to the greatest intellectual elevation, nurtured where untrammelled nature teaches him the independence of the savage, he feels the superiority of his position and his sex, delivers bombastic sentences with platitudinous ponderosity and treads on costly trains with the grace and abandon of a child; but then he is a student, and all is forgiven; even worse than mere gancheries might be overlooked on that score; luckily, however, his opportunities for social distinction are few and far between; nature intended him for a student, and the ladies, obedient children of nature, seldom interfere with nature's plans.

The town itself, Mt. Vernon—or Vernon in the vernacular—is of sufficient importance to be in the vicinity of Mt. Vernon only: it is an old place, a town with a history; it is recorded that the Ark rested on the site of town and found a thriving community; the wanderings of Noah and his family were not long delayed, however, as Noah, though a man of daring tastes, preferred the dangers of the flood to the society of the town, and immediately put to sea again; this will vouch for its antiquity—an antiquity that has not been disturbed by the inroads of modern progress; so far as the students are concerned, the inhabitants of Vernon consist of two classes—vendors of poor drinks, and girls, respectively objects of detestation and attraction.

In its physical features Mt. Vernon is not unlike other cities of its size: a main street by the name of Main, a few stores, very good when you can find nothing better, a fairly pretty residence street, leading to Gambier, by the way, and many other streets not at all pretty, a soldier's monument standing in a public stabling place and hay market and you have the town. As it is the county seat, much business is transacted in the town—on Saturdays—and it is said the place is wealthy, but then when one remembers that the students, not of the College, for

they are too studious, but of the Female Seminary, pass their afternoons and evenings in its pleasant and often forbidden precincts, this is not strange. To use that form of idiom which originated in the Emerald Isle and is commonly called the Irish bull, the prettiest parts of Mt. Vernon are the roads leading to it and especially those from Gambier. These latter seem to carry with them some of the beauty of the Hill and are fitting extensions of its attractions. The River Road, skirting the Kokosing for the entire distance, running now along the water's edge and beneath the shadows of the hills and now half way up the hillside a hundred feet above the stream, is worthy the pen of Scott or to form the back-ground of a Landseer.

There is one phase of Mt. Vernon to which no old student—and no present one, I dare say—would allude in a tone of banter, its sincere and genuine hospitality. How many have sunned themselves in its genial warmth! He was a poor churl indeed who might not share the mantle. Many an hour which might have been spent in less innocent amusements, was wiled away in harmless diversions; many a fault forgiven, not forgiven elsewhere; no, no banter about Vernon's hospitality. Once at a Glee Club concert in town, a soloist sang a clever song about the Mt. Vernon girls and the students in the audience shouted a chorus of "not much, not much," to lines which ran something like this: "Knowing their artlessness, shall we call here again." Poor students. They suffered the tortures of the damned. The indignation of the girls and their own consciences gave them no rest. Poor soloist. In his wretchedness he took to the ministry. His congregations have been striving to cheer him up ever since but all in vain. *Sic semper impiis.*

We extend hearty greetings to two new exchanges: The *Inlander*, of the U. of M., one of the best college literary papers in the country, and to the *Princetonian*, soon to become a daily. Both papers are a credit to their editors and to the institutions in whose interest they are published.



VIEW IN THE COLLEGE PARK.

BROTHERHOOD of ST. ANDREW.

A new plan of work has been adopted which has already proved a success: A series of lectures by our able Professors and parish priest upon some prominent New Testament character. Dr. Seibt has talked upon the life of Saint John. The good Doctor led us in a thoughtful manner by a progression to the undoubted fact that Saint John's just title is the "beloved disciple."

Prof. Benson, a man dear to the hearts of all students, chose as his subject, Saint-Peter. He carefully analyzed the apostle's character, showing his weakness and his strength and his fitness to be the "rock" of Christ's church.

Dr. Jones very ably set forth the life and work of Saint Paul. A very attentive number listened with great interest to the learned Doctor and felt the force of his remarks. His practical conclusion was that the fear of men must give place to the fear of God as it had in Saint Paul.

The Rev. Walter Mitchell will address the brotherhood on Thursday, March 17, and we expect much from our College Chaplain.

The closing of the term marks a step forward which is very gratifying. Our meetings are well attended and we feel certain that good is being accomplished. We do not wish to have the brotherhood meetings made simply popular but we mean them to be a means to an end, that is that the good of the talks shall lead up to our end—the spread of Christ's Kingdom among young men.

The Brotherhood of Saint Andrew is often measured by its rules—the rule of service and of prayer. Do not mistake the purpose; it is not the rule of prayer or of service which is the ultimate object, it is the spread of Christ's Kingdom. No young man should refrain from joining a chapter, and especially this Kenyon chapter, on account of the rules. Let him think what good he can and may accomplish if he only determines to do so.

Regular meetings of the Kenyon Chapter are held every Thursday evening in the Sunday School building at seven o'clock, lasting but one-half hour and enabling the most burdened with study to attend.

ATTENTION, WESTERN COLLEGE JOURNALS.

The following journals of the Western College Press Association are requested to select their representatives for the annual convention to be held in Chicago, Saturday, April 16, 1892:

U. of M. Daily	Ann Arbor, Mich.
Chronicle-Argonaut	" "
Inlander	" "
Northwestern World	Evanston, Ill.
Pegasus	Eureka, Ill.
Kenyon Collegian	Gambier, Ohio.
Bema	Greencastle, Ind.
Pleiad	Albion, Mich.
U. of W. Aegis	Madison, Wis.
Northw. College Chronicle	Naperville, Ill.
Stentor	Lake Forest, Ill.
Illini	Champaign, Ill.
Earlamite	Richmond, Ind.
Adelbert	Cleveland, Ohio.
Collegium Forense	Des Moines, Iowa.

It is desired that many others of the enterprising college journals of the West should become identified with the Association at the time of this meeting. We quote from Art. II, Sec. 1, of the Constitution, on membership: "Any college journal desiring to be admitted to membership in the Association, shall present at the annual convention of said Association a written official notice to that effect."

All applications for admission must be presented to the Executive Board, which has the power to make the nominations. Such journals as intend to apply for membership, or to have representatives at the convention, would do well to notify us at once. E. D. DORSETT, Greencastle, Ind.,

Chairman Executive Board.

[Western College Journals please copy.]

Ralph Stone, of the University of Michigan, has added another to his already long list of undertakings. He has been elected manager of the University of Michigan nine. If he is as successful in his new sphere as in the one in which he formerly moved, the University of Michigan nine must be respected as an able antagonist by the eastern colleges. — *Philadelphia Press*.

Harvard, Yale, Columbia and Princeton are making the arrangements for a union in chess as well as in athletic sport. — *Ex.*

THE IDEAL COLLEGE JOURNAL.

As its name implies, the *ideal* paper will never leave the publisher's table. Perhaps it were better to style it *Our Ideal* (for what one man praises in journalism another will criticise), or better still, *The Model Paper*.

Any man who has officiated as an editor on his college paper will recall the cheap paper on which much of his "exchange news" came to him. I speak of this first because it is necessarily the first thing observed. Many college papers, and some of those, too, whose periodicity is by no means short, appear in ordinary "news-paper" form, and printed on the cheapest quality of paper, with one or more columns of the title-page devoted to their advertisers.

While extravagance should ever be condemned and economy extolled, it is, nevertheless, a very serious mistake to imagine that a paper of this kind can compare favorably with a more attractive one, even though the literary merit of the former be far superior to that of the latter type.

As for advertising, it is to be desired that the field to which we may look (often in vain too) for subscriptions is so limited that, to exist at all, we are forced to resort to advertisements. Granting that this is true, how mean it looks to open an exchange and see there, staring one in the face, this very uncongenial feature of the paper.

Rather than resort to this, issue the numbers less frequently, but make them presentable.

The problem of the distribution of matter is a more difficult one. Half the work of the board should not fall upon the editor-in-chief, thus filling the pages with dry editorials, nor should the literary "column" be so voluminous as to almost exclude them. The proportion, it seems to us, should be about two to one in favor of the literary department.

When foot-ball or base-ball are in season, athletics are entitled to at least a page in the distribution. Personals should never be inserted to "fill up." Only such

news as will be of interest ought to be used.

The exchange editor, to make his column an interesting one, must be ever on the alert that no inter-collegiate news may escape him, and that he may neglect to review no exchange worthy of it. An energetic man in control of this department may make it the most interesting one of the paper, for it should not be confined to a few mildly complimentary reviews, as it too often is.

If the paper is a good one the alumni will help support it, and are, therefore, entitled to a place in its columns; if they fail to do this now, give them more notice, and you will agreeably lengthen your subscription list.

The reason why this branch of the paper is so universally neglected is evident. It is difficult to get this kind of news till too late to be of interest. We (the KENYON COLLEGIAN) have, as we think, devised a plan which successfully does away with this difficulty. This was accomplished by making one loyal alumnus in each section of this great country an alumni editor.

The quality of the matter must be good, and the responsibility of making it so rests solely with the editor-in-chief; let him see that no sentiments find expression there but those worthy of a *college man*.

R. J. W.

Williams College will celebrate her one hundredth anniversary in 1893. Arrangements for the occasion have already begun. It has not yet been decided whether the anniversary will be held at the time of the '93 commencement or in October of that year, in which month the college was founded.—*Ex.*

The *Oberlin Review* in an editorial speaks of the dress suit as "that new element in Oberlin society." Indeed! We had heard that Oberlin was somewhat slo—conservative, we mean, but we were hardly prepared for this revelation. However, we trust that the startling innovation will not have an injurious effect upon the nerves of any of the Oberlin "moss-backs."—*The Stentor*.



IN FRONT OF HARCOURT.