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The Kenyon Collegian.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF KENYON COLLEGE.

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VOL. XXI. GAMBIER, OHIO, SEPTEMBER, 1894.

No. 4.

Editorial.

THE problem of getting out the COLLEGIAN on time presents itself to every board. Returning to school after September is half over, preceding boards have found themselves seriously handicapped in getting out the September number and those immediately following it on time. As an experiment, and profiting by their experience, the present board decided to publish a commencement number, which shall take the place of the September number. Accordingly, this issue, which contains a more or less complete record of our Commencement Week, is designed to take the place of the September issue.

THE sixty-sixth Commencement of Kenyon College has mingled its glories with those of days gone by. Beginning with the Bexley ordination service and ending with the senior reception, Commencement, this year, was an occasion to be remembered by all present. In the first place, Gambier, mistress of stately hills and lovely valleys, is an ideal place in which to spend a commencement. Here, if anywhere, the poet's ecstasy over a day in June can be truly appreciated. At this time of the year, the college campus puts on a most gracious smile, and Nature in "every prospect pleases." Old Kenyon, with the changing years grow-

ing *older*, keeps her sacred watch; and from quaint windows, half hidden by the closely clinging vine, annually notes with joy the return pilgrimage of devoted children. Indeed, the very atmosphere, fragrant with memories of long ago, invites continually to a renewal of scenes inscribed in gray-stoned lore. None enjoy Commencement more than our alumni, and we believe that the veneration for *Alma Mater* for which Kenyon's sons are famed, is due, in no little degree, to the pleasant days of Commencement Week. Returned to Gambier, all are college boys again; professional dignity and business anxiety are scattered to the winds of our free hills, and sympathies of old are revived once more.

AS USUAL, Commencement Week was a busy one; in fact, some said that there was a tendency to overdo it. The reflection is not without some grain of truth. Event succeeded event in pauseless round, and happy he who had not to choose between two attractions at the same time. A better criticism would be that of mismanagement, and from this censure the senior class was entirely free. Though nominally managing the commencement programme, the seniors are often chagrined to find the perversity of powers behind the throne, upsetting their well-laid plans. Monday, for example, was a perfect day, and could have been well employed instead of crowding so much into Tuesday, which was far too full, even for the indomitable freshman at his first commencement. The comfort and convenience of our visitors will be more carefully consulted, we trust, next year. For a full enjoyment of the occasion, Commencement Week should not be involved in the lightning movements necessary this year to get from one attraction to another on time.

"ALL that glisters is not gold," and even Commencement has its sombre shadows. For some it means the closing of the most interesting chapter in the life-book—the termination of college days. Our gallant seniors have played their parts, and now are gone into the pitiless world of cold self-interest. We who are left, in parting, beg leave to remind you of your ties to the old "Hill." When later life, rearing its superstructure on foundations laid here, shall crown you with honors and rewards, let homage in gratitude turn you to *Alma Mater*. Of your future success, none dare express a doubt, much less presume to pre-

scribe its limits. Farewell, old friends, and "*vive la ninety-four.*" At Harcourt, where often we have passed the social hours away, we have lost many a friend. Their absence, next year, we are assured, will be greatly felt by those of the students who were privileged to enjoy their society. From K. M. A. we shall miss an old friend and alumnus, Mr. H. J. Eberth, '89, who goes to a position of responsibility in the Toledo High Schools. Although Mr. Eberth had laid aside the cap and gown of undergraduate life several years ago, he was never too old to be one of the boys when occasion demanded. From the college, we are sorry to note the departure of Mr. T. C. Laughlin, our efficient instructor in Latin and Greek. During the year, he has made many friends in Gambier, both in college and out, all of whom will wish him every joy and success in his intended advance work at Princeton next year. The COLLEGIAN is also very sorry to record the departure of Prof. Brusie and his hospitable wife. The work done by Prof. Brusie in the English department, during the last three years, is deserving of special notice; for under his energetic control the chair of English was relegated to the importance which, as the most useful study of the course, it demanded. For several years prior to his coming, it was said that the English department was a figment of the catalogue only; hence, his vigorous treatment here encountered the opposition of those who had been sitting in darkness. In many respects the English course has become an ideal one. Beginning with the Anglo-Saxon, the course followed the development of the language in logical sequence, gave especial attention to Chaucer, Langland, and contemporary writers, and later on took up Sir Philip Sidney, Shakespeare, Spenser, and the minor poets, and closed with Milton; beside which it required investigation of the writings of the intermediate periods. The course thus outlined does not include the work for the senior year. The course of training in declamation and oratory was also added by Prof. Brusie. He supplemented his work in the English department by personal work in the German, and during the year has edited several German texts. To the COLLEGIAN, he has been a staunch supporter; and by crediting undergraduate contributions as work in course, has materially furthered its advancement. To his new field of labor, he will carry the best wishes of many friends in Gambier; while the cheerful fireside to which Mrs. Brusie has always welcomed the students with most generous hospitality, will leave a vivid after-glow in many a memory.

Communication.

ESPECIALLY painful is it to the loyal lover of his Alma Mater—whether he be an alumnus, free to roam over the wide world as he pleases, or a poor academe, still battling with the doubtful probabilities of the schedule—to note any change or deterioration in college buildings. The collegiate atmosphere is nothing if not classic, and with that peculiar feeling of ownership which grows upon one, even after but a short association with the mother, a mere change in anything that is her's amounts almost to a desecration. The professors may bore or tyrannize, her faculty may seem unjust, but she is still the mystic bond of union between generations and generations of intellectual foster children, and her institutions, like herself, must remain unchanged—must *be* as they were and shall be evermore.

One of the causes that serves to justify this rather lengthy preamble is the deterioration of the ivies that once clothed the walls of Old Kenyon and Bexley Hall, leaving but a vague glimpse from time to time of the gray old stones that mean so much to us all. Bexley's portico, to the remembrance of most of our present Juniors, was once a mass of trailing creepers, that waved and crept from the stone steps to the topmost point of the gable; and now a few sickly tendrils are all that is left.

With Old Kenyon the story is much the same. Mainly to the efforts of some of the men in the seventies are the present ivies, due, and want of the proper care—small as that need have been—has suffered them to grow into a straggling line of sickly creepers that disgustingly writhe up the wall, not daring to spread until they reach the eaves, where at least they are safe from the hands of the college vandals. We speak principally of the vines about the divisions; those of the wings are in better condition.

Something, it is evident, should be done in the matter; and—here at last we reach the point of this paper—the planting of class ivies would seem to solve the problem, beside endowing the college with a new addition to the ritual of Commencement Week.

In most colleges where the planting of class ivy is usual the occasion is one of particular interest. In solemn procession the Senior Class, clad in the cap and gown that tell of their new-found dignity, advance to the base of the walls that have sheltered them through four long years.

A handful of earth is dug out, and whilst the Ivy Ode is chanted, the name of the class is chipped into the stone and the small green shoot is carefully planted in the loam — left there to grow and spread and twine its clinging tendrils about the walls of the old college like so many loving arms, ready to protect and defend it from all ill.

Sacred to our Druid forefathers was this plant that clings everlastingly to the support of its infancy — the very embodiment of loyalty; and beautifully symbolic is the collegiate adaptation of the heathen rite, for when the planters have departed the ivy will still bloom and spread and clasp to its heart the walls the dead men loved. After the heavy years have rolled on and the last alumnus sits silent and alone at the board where there are so many empty places, the sunshine peering in through the old class ivy will cast flickering sheets of gold upon the crystal and silver, and the old man will feel his tingling youth once more and forget the vacant chairs about him, with his eyes fixed upon the glistening green leaves that seem to tell him tales of Long Ago as they rustle,

* * * * *

Would it not be well for '95 to establish the precedent in this matter of a classic and beautiful custom?

A STUDENT.

Carlyle and Goethe.

FOLEY PRIER ESSAY.

LOU A. SANFORD, '95.

EMERSON has said that Nature seems to exist for the excellent, and certainly a more forcible example of the truth of this statement has never been furnished than that of Germany's greatest poet, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. We see him at the age of four-score years, surrounded by all the pleasures and comforts that human heart could desire, looking back on an illustrious career in literature, art, science and statesmanship, enjoying such fame as is gained but seldom in the course of centuries, yet crowning his great life with heroic exertions in the field of his last chosen labor: — a "grand old man" indeed!

Before our Poet's entrance into the history of his country, Germany

had made advances in every direction but that of literature. Perhaps her progress toward freedom and greatness had been retarded and slow, but that slowness had only been of the kind which assures ultimate success; perhaps her internal state was that of war and strife, but this only attested more forcibly the tendency toward reform and unification: through the deep gloom that had so long overhung the once-glorious Empire of Charlemagne and the Hohenstaufen, the sun of her future greatness was beginning to pierce. But the darkness of night still enveloped the literary world of Germany, and only the scattered lights of a few rising authors were there to testify that the blackest period of night was soon to be followed by the advent of glorious day.

The Great Frederic had sneered at his native tongue, had ridiculed the literature of his day, and had contemptuously thrown aside young Goethe's first attempts at showing beauty in the German language: but in the privacy of his last letters, he had prophesied the early coming of one who should make that language and literature the peer of all the tongues of the world. Never was truer prophecy made, nor prophecy so soon to be followed by its fulfillment. Although the King was too stupid or too obstinate to recognize the merit of the rising poet's productions, yet these very works, years before Frederic's death had sown seeds for the fame of the century's greatest writer, and had laid the foundations of a development to be rivalled only by the genius of a Homer, a Dante or a Shakespeare.

Goethe had inherited from his father his magnificent bodily stature, his methodical habits and his serious treatment of life: to the youthful Frau von Goethe, he was indebted for his joyous spirit and narrative talent. The exciting events in Germany in the days of his childhood, too, had much to do with the development and growth of his genius. It was while yet a boy that he first began to cultivate that command over himself and that continual striving for self-improvement, which became so characteristic of the man, and which made him so competent to control others.

As he passes from the period of boyhood into that of young manhood, we see him as a student, first at Leipsic, then at Strassburg, not a very diligent attendant on the lectures of either university, and not profiting much by the professional instruction which his father had insisted he should have. His remarkable beauty, his wonderful brain

and his altogether charming personality, however, cannot but make him the centre of every circle in which he moves, and he improves his social advantages to the utmost.

From the time of Goethe's student days, we are to see him in almost every character possible of attainment by one man: we have seen the child and the youth; there yet remain the personality of Goethe the social creature, Goethe the wild, impulsive poet, Goethe the statesman and man of affairs, the artist and scientist, the sober mature poet of middle life, the recognized genius of his century, and, above all Goethe the man. It is into this perfect entirety of the *man* that all the other elements enter and are combined; it is *through* the man that they are seen in their true light; and it is *in* the man that their peculiar lustre is reflected.

All the Fatherland has gone mad over the wild, wierd sweetness of the young poet's first great productions; social Germany has loved to distraction the handsome young genius; now the world is to stand astonished at the Poet's becoming the Statesman, one indeed worthy of the name, laboring sincerely for the good of his people, and striving for greatness only through making them great. During all this time the writer necessarily gives place to the man of affairs, but after the Italian journey and the study of art, a reaction takes place. Goethe again takes up his pen, this time for scientific purposes, and in this field as in all others, he places his name side by side with those who, most of all, have been instrumental in advancing its cause.

Through struggle after struggle has our great man passed successfully; now, in his declining years, comes the greatest triumph of his life—the triumph of the Man. In all the periods through which he has passed, this striving for the understanding of himself, for the mastery of himself, has gone on, and his very victories have seemed saddened by the continuation of the one great struggle. But in the full, round maturity of a vigorous old age, a peaceful calm settles upon him, and Goethe the Man towers above the scattered elements of Goethe as known to the world.

He looks upon his life and work as finished, yet hopes for at least a short continuance of his days, and strives to round off and perfect the works to which he has devoted his life. Scattered fragments of his youth he draws together and unites, and lastly "Faust" is completed. For half a century it has lain in its unfinished state, and the poet has

never seriously undertaken the task of perfecting it. But now it is finished—the grandest work of a life full of great works. The style of the second part differs from that of the first as peaceful age differs from impetuous youth; the dramatic interest is not there, but, as a work of beauty and of art, the addition to "Faust" is unsurpassed.

This great task completed, the pen drops from the poet's hand; King Frederic's prophecy has been fulfilled; our Great Man's work is done. In no more fitting way can we celebrate his fame than by repeating of his works the simple, grand words of the Creator's first eulogy on all things, "He saw that it was good."

The world at large would little have appreciated these words as applied to Goethe's works, a century ago. At that time the name of the poet was but little known beyond his Fatherland; and while all Germany was eagerly devouring the works of his pen, other nations paid no heed, or, at best, simply paused to wonder and passed by. But at least there was one heart that had been touched by the truth and power of Goethe's works—a heart whose fierce longings had been stilled by the poet's wierd music—and its home was in the Scottish highlands. In words not to be forgotten while the English language is spoken, Thomas Carlyle had long before pointed out Goethe as the genius of the age, and now, as he receives the notice that this great man is dead, he breaks forth in that famous eulogy which, were the name of Goethe but a myth, would make it live forever: "O, could each here vow to do his little task, even as the departed did his great one; in the manner of a true man, not for a day, but for eternity! To live as he counseled and commanded, not commodiously in the reputable, the plausible, the half, but resolutely in the whole, the good, the true."

Thomas Carlyle, in his youth, had no such circumstances to favor his growth as those by which young Goethe was surrounded. Sprung from a rugged peasant stock, he had passed through his four-years' course at the University of Edinburgh, and had then been confronted by the great business of life. He had no wealth at his disposal; no means of living but those which he should make for himself. A period of apparently idle aimlessness followed, and then, with the most abject poverty staring him in the face, he began his literary career.

Such was the hard school in which Carlyle labored, and its harsh teachings left a stamp on the man which his writings will always reveal.

By nature capable of such infinite love and good-will, what results might we not have expected had his early life been such as to nourish and foster the growth of that capacity for love? Since this was not the case, however, he has come down to us, not the man of love, but the man of power, wringing his truths from the very depths of his soul, and stamping in letters of fire the mark of his genius upon the literature of the world.

At first Carlyle slipped noiselessly and almost imperceptibly into the ranks of the great writers of his day, and few even noticed his approach; but with the appearance of his "French Revolution," all believed that a new era had dawned upon English literature. Nowhere more than in this "greatest of modern epics" are the power and vividness of his word-pictures displayed, and nowhere else is it more conclusively shown that Carlyle was, first of all, an artist.

But those who say that his power lay in his pictures alone, that he was an artist and nothing more, make the grievous mistake of not seeing that his pictures are only the inspirations which come from his thoughts, and that Carlyle was also eminently a thinker. Perhaps his writings are full of strange, weird fantasies in which no one can put belief, perhaps some of his ideas are at variance with the generally accepted doctrines of the world, but, nevertheless, he discovered truths which the very deepest thinkers had failed to perceive. The struggle for the great Truth of Existence which had torn his soul in youth, had left him eminently fitted to cope with the gravest problems, so that the epithet of "thinker," with all that it implies, could never be more justly applied than in the case of Thomas Carlyle.

Partly, perhaps, because he was such a thinker, partly because of the poverty and untoward circumstances against which he had had to strive, and partly because of his continual ill-health, Carlyle never looked genially upon the world of his fellow creatures. Upon chance acquaintances, upon celebrities of the hour, upon "all sorts and conditions of men" he lavished the harshest scorn; but whenever those strange gleams of tenderness break forth, so characteristic of the man, we see his heart behind his rugged exterior, and are fain to believe that the tenderness lies deeper than the scorn.

It was with this feeling of tenderness and love that Carlyle always looked upon Goethe. In the correspondence between the two men, each

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It was with this feeling of tenderness and love that Carlyle always looked upon Goethe. In the correspondence between the two men, each

showed the profoundest admiration for the other. In his essay on Goethe, Carlyle best painted for the world the great Poet's character, and his own: the Poet's, because of the power and truth of his words; his own, because there lie beneath those words that sincerity and love which mark their writer as a man of the highest ideals and of a noble and tender heart: "So, then, our Greatest has departed. That melody of life, with its cunning tones, which took captive ear and heart, has gone silent. The changeful life-picture growing daily into new coherence, under new touches and hues, has suddenly become completed and unchangeable; there, as it lay, it is dipped, from this moment, in the ether of the heavens, and shines transfigured, to endure even so—forever. Time and Time's Empire; stern, wide-devouring, yet not without their grandeur! The week-day man, who was one of us, has put on the garment of Eternity, and become radiant and triumphant; the Present is all at once the Past; Hope is suddenly cut away, and only the backward vistas of Memory remain, shone on by a light that proceeds not from this earthly sun."

The Future of the Anglo-Saxon Influence.

FOLEY PRIZE ORATION.

By D. W. THORNBERRY, '96.

NATIONS, like individuals, have destinies to fulfill. The path of human progress has led in the direction of unity as the ultimate goal. In everything the will of God is permissive and overruling: through his providence order is produced and the goal is reached, despite the disorders introduced by human perversity.

In the heathen world an indistinct sense of a common humanity had entered into the breasts of men. Cicero and others of his time talked of a great community, a single society of gods and men; many minds were yearning for a more substantial ground of rest and hope; they longed for a goal on which their aspirations might center and to which their exertions might tend. Rome could develop a great national strength and create a vast organization, could bring forth legions capable of planting the Roman eagle on any citadel; she could bring all nations under her laws, but she could not produce a "human brotherhood."

Again, the Greeks developed a civilization which, in the age of Pericles, was the highest the world had ever known. Their language, without a rival in flexibility in symmetry and in perfection of sound, proved a fit vessel in which to bear to the nations the water of life. A spirit of humanity pervaded their life. Their sense of form made them in politics and letters the leaders of mankind. But the bane of Greece, from the beginning to the end of her history, was the suicidal spirit of disunion. She owed her downfall to the desolating influence of faction.

The Hebrews, more than any other people, made religion the one end and aim of their being; theirs was the heaven-appointed mission of bringing the true religion to its perfection, and of giving it a world-wide diffusion and sway. But their political strength dwindled as their religious influence expanded: Hebrew, Greek, Roman, each, was supreme in his own sphere; they alone of ancient people have left a permanent influence on modern civilization: and yet, Rome, once the mistress of the world, is to-day one of the most downtrodden of nations; Greece is but a nominal power; and Israel has been thrown into the stream of nations.

It cannot be denied that in the Anglo-Saxon of to-day, the characteristics of the Hebrew, the Greek and the Roman are united. In the formation of the Saxon Heptarchy we find the idea of local self government and the germs of the representative system. From the tendency upon the part of Englishmen to reproduce these self-governing communities in other lands has resulted the ascendancy and power of the English nation as a colonizing nation.

The system of representative government in England has shown the most continuous and unbroken development; Wessex grew into England, England into Great Britain, Great Britain into the British Empire. In the sixteenth century it looked as if Spain would spread her power and influence over the world; but the Spaniards have never understood how to colonize, only how to tyrannize and to plunder. Next came France, and Louisiana and Canada have preserved the sad record. Lastly England came, and from the ends of the earth come the words "well done." Yes, England has conquered; she has conquered North America, South Africa, and Australia by giving to them her sons and her daughters, her free institutions, and her noble civilization.

The seed planted in America has taken root downward and borne

fruit upward, and the greatest republic that the world has ever seen stands as a living monument to the energy and enterprise of the Saxon race. America is British still, despite the fact that she has been separated from England for more than a century; yes, through America England speaks to the world. The republics of South America, disciplined in indolence and aversion to civilization by priestly and monkish example and rule, are inwardly corroded and can not keep pace with the American nation; they must in the long run succumb and dissolve in the genius of the man of the North, who knows how to overpower and tame the wilderness, and to lay immovable foundations for powerful States. No one is surprised at the disordered state of the Spanish republics. "Men do not gather grapes off thorns, or figs off thistles."

In America the peoples of the world are being fused together, but they are run in an English mold; Alfred's laws and Chaucer's tongue are theirs whether they would or no. Nay, more; Britain has not only founded plantations of her own, but she has imposed her institutions upon the offshoots of Germany, Scandinavia and Spain. The development of the England of Elizabeth is to be found not in the England of Victoria, but in half the habitable globe. The Saxon race has become, by natural expansion, the mightiest power which has yet appeared on the earth; it spreads the meshes of its influence over the known world, and yet its history so far is but a prelude of what is to follow. The grandest destiny awaits such a people. Either humanity has no earthly future and all things tend to destruction, or this future lies with the Saxon race. The civilization which has gone forth from England is a self-sustaining one, vital to grow wherever it is planted in vast communities, in an order which does not depend, as did that of the Roman world, upon edicts and legions. Yes, an intellectual and moral power has gone forth from England clear round the globe, and felt beyond the limits of the English tongue.

How comes it that the Saxon race has attained the supremacy? It is certainly the most aggressive, tough, and vigorous people on the face of the globe. It does not shrink from any exposure, from any geographical condition. It is the nursery of law, order, and self-government.

It has been estimated that the population of the United States in 1990 will be 373,000,000, and if we add to this the populations of Canada, Australia, South Africa, and of the other portions of the British Empire

in the same year, what a mighty power for good, big with blessings for mankind would it not be; the greatest race, the greatest civilization; the greatest numbers, the greatest wealth—the greatest physical basis for empire.

The history of the world is but the harbinger of the church, the voice of one crying in the wilderness, making straight the way for him who is to come. The position taken by the bishops of the Anglican Communion at the Lambeth Conference was a step in the right direction, having in view the union of all the churches. All the branches of the Saxon race throughout the world are drawing closer together; a closer union between England and her colonies is essential, and it is only a matter of time when the British Empire will be formed into a Federation. An Anglo-American union would prove a power as indestructible as already is the world wide position of our race. The progress of the world demands that the representatives of the largest liberty, the purest Christianity, and the highest civilization be united. As Napoleon on the eve of the Battle of the Pyramids said to his troops, "Remember, that from yonder heights forty centuries look down on you," so let the Anglo-Saxon remember that from his commanding position "he looks down on forty centuries," and that in his hands rests the destiny of millions yet unborn.

Let us hasten the day when "Hail Columbia" shall not be unpopular in London, nor "Rule Britannia" in Washington; when the blended banners of England and America shall tell the world of a reunited Saxon race, a race whose dominions shall extend from sea to sea, and from the rivers to the end of the earth; a race destined by God to unite mankind in a common brotherhood, "the Federation of the World."

Alumni News.

CHAS. M. STURGIS, '60, has been actively engaged in the practice of his profession in the courts of Illinois for thirty-one years, and is enjoying the results of his labors in the confidence of his clients and as the counsel for many representative firms and corporations of Chicago.

'60. Jos. Packard, Jr., is a well-known and honored member of the Baltimore bar, and located at 207 North Calvert Street.

'60. John A. Harper, Jr., is one of the well-known and popular officers of the Bank of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pa.

'63 (Bexley). The Rev. H. L. Duhring is superintendent of the Philadelphia Protestant Episcopal City Mission, and is engaged in an extensive work in connection with the home for consumptives.

'68. Rev. John Gregson, of the Diocese of Massachusetts, passed through Chicago during the year, en route to the Pacific Coast to visit a brother, who is numbered among the pioneers of the Golden State.

'70. Henry J. Peet is busied with the moneyed interests and real estate matters of many clients, and is general superintendent of the United States Mutual Accident Association of New York.

'70. Russell J. Wilson, of the San Francisco bar, has been interviewed by the Associated Press as attorney of the Leland Stanford estate in the suit lately begun by the Government to recover \$15,000,000.

'72. The Rev. John Hazen White has been the dean of Seabury Divinity School for the past three years. Under his tact and firmness, the school has passed through its critical period of three years ago, and is now prospering in its quiet life of usefulness. As rector of St. John's Church, St. Paul, Minn., he was succeeded by the Rev. Y. Peyton Morgan, who is well known by friends of Kenyon.

'78. Chas. M. Poague is actively engaged in the real estate and loaning business at Chicago, and has been very successful in consummating many large and important deals.

'78. The Rev. Henry D. Aves is rector of one of the finest churches in the southwest, and is located at Houston, Texas. For inviting a negro minister into his pulpit, he was threatened with a vesture of tar and feathers. Latest accounts report no serious trouble, and he still lives high in the esteem of his parishioners.

'81. Henry Sellers Gregg is the Secretary of the Minneapolis Iron Stove Co., and is to be found at 106 and 108 Washington Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

'86. Arthur L. Dudley, who recently went to California to practice law, has returned to the government service, and is now a special examiner of the Pension Bureau at Lansing, Mich.

'88. The Rev. George Dudley was married on April 4, 1894, to a Miss Mitchell, of Washington, D. C.

'88. H. B. Swearingen is a special examiner of the Pension Bureau, and is at present detailed to the office at Hopkinsville, Christian Co., Ky.

'91. The Rev. Owen John Davies is assistant to the Rev. William B. Bodine, of the Church of the Savior, Philadelphia, Pa., and is an editor of the *Parish Messenger*, which a church paper recently called the best parish paper in the country.

'91. Rev. Mr. Motoda, a Japanese Christian who is studying at the Philadelphia Divinity School, recently spoke to the boys of Incarnation Chapter, Philadelphia, on the customs and language of Japan. — *St. Andrew's Cross*.

'92 (Bexley). The Rev. James Sheerin is the efficient secretary-treasurer of the Northeast Convocation of the Diocese of Ohio. We have received a neatly printed program of the exercises for the summer session of the Convocation.

Commencement News.

THE BEXLEY ORDINATION.

SELDOM has a more beautiful service been celebrated in our College Chapel than that of Baccalaureate Sunday morning. In spite of extremely warm weather, the large congregation joined appreciatively in the service, and even the restless "barbs" forgot for the time the restraints of compulsory chapel. It was the day for the Bexley Ordination, and the impressive ordination service, long since known to the Gambier folk, was used for the occasion.

The music was very pleasingly rendered, a result largely due to Miss Russell's solo, and the indefatigable efforts of the college organist, Mr. Laughlin. The Rev. A. B. Putnam, '69, preached the sermon, and took for his text: "Behold I send my messenger before thy face which shall prepare thy way before thee." His words were searching — gleanings culled from experience — and laden with the most practical intent. The Rev. J. W. Thompson, of Bellefontaine, O., the Rev. W. H. Lewis, of Toledo, O., the Rev. A. L. Moore, of Akron, O., the Rev. L. H. Young, of Lancaster, O., were advanced to the priesthood, while Messrs. G. L. Freebern and J. F. Keene, of Bexley, and Prof. W. F. Pierce, of Kenyon College were ordained deacons.

THE BACCALAUREATE SERVICE.

THE Baccalaureate sermon was delivered on the evening of Sunday, June 24, by the Rev. Dr. Cyrus S. Bates, of Cleveland. The theme of the discourse was "Stewardship." Dr. Bates likened a good steward to a tree which is enriched by the very liquid it conveys in its pores. The steward is not only the means of conveying good to others, but is himself partaker of that good.

The chief quality essential to good stewardship is faithfulness; faithfulness both in the minor duties of life and in the important larger spheres of action.

The address throughout was scholarly and eloquent, and was attentively listened to by the large congregation.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

MONDAY morning, June 25, saw the finals of the tennis tournament played off. In the doubles the contesting teams played a steady, but interesting game, and seemed to have poor control of their strokes. Walkley and Doan won easily from Prof. Streibert and Prof. Peirce. Score, 6-2, 6-2. In the singles, Commins played badly at first, but afterward rallied and played a stiff game. The play was spirited and strong, and made an interesting spectacle. Prof. Brusie won two sets straight. Score: 9-7, 6-4.

FOLEY PRIZE SPEAKING.

THE oratorical contest for the Foley prize took place in Philomathesian Hall on Monday evening, June 25. President Sterling presided, and introduced the speakers, all of whom were from the Sophomore class.

The first speaker of the evening was Charles R. Cary. His theme was "The Rights of Revolution." Mr. Cary was graceful in his gestures and spoke with vigor. He was followed by George L. Clark, who spoke on "Civil Service Reform." Mr. Clark spoke distinctly and slowly. "Realism in Literature" was the theme of the oration of Albert N. Slayton. The oration gave evidence of much thought upon the subject. George S. May, Jr., followed with an oration entitled "Opportunities of Education." The oration was picturesque and the manner of the orator very natural. Edward G. McFarland's oration, "Our Nation's Dangers," was vigorously delivered.

The last oration, "The Future of the Anglo-Saxon Influence," was delivered by D. Wilson Thornbery. The oration will be found elsewhere in this issue. Mr. Thornbery spoke with great earnestness and in an impressive manner.

The judges, the Rev. H. N. Denslow, the Rev. A. F. Blake, and the Rev. Mr. Thompson, awarded the prizes as follows: First prize, D. Wilson Thornbery; second prize, Edward G. McFarland; third prize, Albert N. Slayton.

THE PROMENADE CONCERT.

THE first evening of Commencement Week was devoted, as has been usual of late years, to the Promenade Concert. The audience, which had assisted at the award of the Foley Prizes, swelled by a large number who came down to the campus for the Promenade Concert only, found the Middle Path a blaze of vari-colored lights, and an orchestra brought down from Springfield discoursing sweet strains, while the crowd walked up and down under the maples.

We were all of us there, the old alumnus and the stately matron, who paced slowly up and down, the black-gowned Senior, the young lady from out of town, the average undergraduate, entering into things with the spirit which he puts into everything that pertains to commencement week, the "townsfolk," and the men and maidens who roamed between pauses in the music out from under the glare of the indiscreet Chinese lanterns into the more friendly by-paths.

On the whole, this first and perhaps prettiest event of the week was attended with its usual success, the only point open to criticism being perhaps the small number of selections on the musical program.

KENYON DAY.

SELDOM, if ever, has less preparation been made for an athletic meeting than for the Kenyon Day this year. No training had been done, and so careless had been the committee's work that, until within a few hours before the events, the field was in no way improved for the occasion. Things were, however, put in readiness at the last moment, and our annual contests were begun somewhat behind schedule time on the morning of June 26.

In the face of these facts it was surprising to see, in the first event of

the day, a record broken. Thornbery, '96, who held the record at 34 feet, was entered in the event, and again tossed the shot out to that distance, but his strength proved only comparative, for Kunst, '97, stepped into the ring and on the third trial made a new Kenyon record at 34 feet 9½ inches.

In the hammer-throw Thornbery was an easy winner, and was not forced to come up to his old record made a year previous.

In the standing broad, standing high and running high jumps, and standing hop, step and jump, Billman was the winner, without in any event breaking a record, but by his clean work winning the heavy medal of the day. In the running high kick he made a record for Kenyon at 8 feet 8½ inches.

The best performance in the runs was that of Doan, '97, in the 100-yard dash, which he finished in 10½ seconds, but on account of an unfortunate oversight in providing time-keepers the time cannot be called official.

Blake, '97, trotted out 50 yards in 5½ seconds, which is as good as could be expected under the circumstances. The events were not all completed, but prizes were awarded and the meeting completed as far as was possible.

The heavy medal went to Billman, '96, who had won 19 points, while Blake, '97, and Thornbery, '96, followed with 9½ and 8 points, respectively.

There is attached, for preservation, the Kenyon records (as they now stand), together with those of the day, and the officers of the meeting:

RECORD.

KENYON DAY.

Putting Shot.....	G. K. Kunst, 34 ft. 9½ in.....	Same.
Throwing Hammer..	D. W. Thornbery, 71 ft. 5 in.....	D. W. Thornbery, '96, 68 ft. 6 in.
Throwing Base Ball..	Hugh Sterling, 342 ft. 3 in.....	E. Wilson, '96, 286 ft. 9½ in.
Standing Kick	Thayer Wood, 7 ft. 3 in.....	A. Billman, '96, 6 ft. 10½ in.
Running Kick	A. Billman, 8 ft. 8½ in.....	Same.
Standing Broad Jump..	H. J. Eberth, 10 ft. 3½ in.....	A. Billman, '96, 9 ft. 5 in.
Running " "	G. G. McFadden, 18 ft. 6½ in.....	D. W. Thornbery, '96, 17 ft.
Standing High "	H. J. Eberth, 4 ft. 9 in.....	A. Billman, '96, 4 ft. 2 in.
Running " "	G. G. McFadden, 5 ft. 3 in.....	A. Billman, '96, 5 ft.
Standing Hop, Step, and Jump.....	H. J. Eberth, 28 ft. 11 in.....	A. Billman, '96, 26 ft. 10½ in.
Running Hop, Step, and Jump.....	H. J. Eberth, 39 ft. 3 in.....	W. D. Blake, '97, 35 ft. 5 in.

50 Yard Dash.....	W. D. Blake, 5½ sec.....	Same.
100 " ".....	Yeatman Wardlow, 10½ sec.....	C. E. Doan, '97, 10½ sec.
Quarter Mile Run.....	E. E. Neff, 56 sec.....	C. P. Mottley, '95, 59 sec.
Mile Run.....	G. F. Dudley, 5 min. 17 sec.....	Eckerle, '96, 5 min. 55 sec.
Referee—Robert J. Watson.		
Judges—Wm. S. Walkley, C. H. Grant, and L. M. Snyder.		
Starter—H. J. Eberth.		

MANSFIELD VS. KENYON.

FROM the standpoint of a disinterested spectator, our commencement base ball game was decidedly the best that has been played here this year. The visitors were invited here, with the understanding that they were to be Mansfield Y. M. C. A. men, but, though they might be admirable subjects for Y. M. C. A. influence, they were obviously a nine picked from the best in the town. The battery, at least, was composed of ex-professionals. From the beginning the game was a pitchers' battle, as the teams were very evenly matched, and played an almost errorless game. The visiting team were hard hitters, but got remarkably few hits from Walkley, '92, who was handicapped somewhat by the fact that he had not touched a ball for a considerable time. Foley's long run and catch in center field and Walkley's one-handed catch of a high bouncer were the star plays in the afternoon.

There can be little doubt that if the team had put up such games as this earlier in the season while in training, our rank in the list of college nines would have been raised infinitely.

The game was beginning to look very favorable for us when it was called on account of rain in the first half of the eighth. Score: three to two, Mansfield's favor.

Mansfield	2	0	0	1	0	0	0	0—3
Kenyon	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0—2

Stolen Bases—Mansfield, 5; Kenyon, 2. Bases on Balls—Mansfield, 1; Kenyon, 4. Struck Out—Mansfield, 2; Kenyon, 1. Umpire, R. J. Watson.

HARCOURT COMMENCEMENT.

THE graduating exercises of Harcourt Place Seminary occurred in Lewis Hall, on the afternoon of June 26. The hall was tastily decorated in the class colors of '94. The exercises opened with a song by the school chorus. After a prayer by the Rev. Mr. Denslow, the princi-

pal address was delivered by the Rev. A. F. Blake. Mr. Blake spoke on the dignity of labor. It is a mistake to suppose that girls — even society girls — do not have to work. Mr. Blake said that the worthiest labor is that which will yield the best results in a given time. After the address, Miss Mabel Moore favored the audience with a piano solo. The principal of the school, Mrs. Ada I. Ayer-Hills, then awarded the diplomas to the young ladies of the graduating class. Mrs. Hills quite captivated the assembled friends of Harcourt by her words of farewell to the class — her sincere and heartfelt wishes of God-speed touchingly spoken.

The members of the class are: Olivia Hannah Cleveland, Lelia Eliza Condit, Edith Roberta Frazer, Jeannette Hubbard, Elizabeth Henry Monsarrat, Mabel Moore, Belle Nicholas, Agnes Mills Van Valkenburg.

After the exercises, a reception was given to the class in the parlors.

K. M. A. DANCE.

TUESDAY evening was devoted to the annual dance of the Kenyon Military Academy. In spite of the heavy thunder storm, the party was well attended. Mrs. Rust and Mr. and Mrs. Hills received. The K. M. A. gymnasium was beautifully and tastefully decorated for the occasion, the yellow and white of Harcourt Place twined with the red and blue of the Academy, making a most gay and attractive scene. Music was furnished by the Newark Orchestra, and dainty refreshments were served. Many ladies from out of town were present, so many, in fact, that the COLLEGIAN does not feel competent to give a list of the names, but the occasion was certainly enjoyed thoroughly by all.

THE ALUMNI MEETING.

THE Alumni Meeting came off on Wednesday afternoon of Commencement Week, in the English Room of Ascension Hall. It was quite well attended, and was one of the most enthusiastic meetings for many years past. The meeting was called to order by the President, the Hon. Geo. T. Chapman, and the usual order of business was taken up. One of the most important matters to be dealt with, the election of two trustees, resulted in the choice of Rev. David H. Greer, of New York, and D. B. Kirk, of Mt. Vernon. The announcement of the result of the

balloting was received with the heartiest applause by the members. Among the various regular reports submitted and received was that of the Kenyon Alumni Endowment Association, read by its Secretary, W. P. Elliott, '70. The work of this Association during the past year, though not up to their expectations financially, has been very satisfactory. Under the head of general business, the question was broached as to the expediency of curtailing the current expenses of the college by abolishing the Scientific Course in the curriculum. After some debate a committee was appointed to wait upon the trustees and learn approximately the financial condition of the college. The committee returned and reported that there was far less cause for anxiety on that score than rumor had allowed, that the deficit during the past year had been very small, and that the prospects were very bright for the coming year. Several enthusiastic talks were given; among others, Colonel McCook's strong, short speech, which dwelt particularly on alumni work in New York, was received by the most vociferous demonstrations of the members' approval. Committees were appointed to draft resolutions of respect upon the deaths of Warren Munger, Rev. C. E. Butler, Howard M. Adae, three prominent alumni, who have thinned the ranks of our Alma Mater's sons during the past year. The old officers of the General Alumni Association were re-elected, making Hon. Geo. T. Chapman, President; Col. J. E. Jacobs, First Vice President; Wm. P. Elliott, Second Vice President; L. C. Williams, Secretary; Chas. H. Wetmore, Treasurer; Guy H. Buttolph, Executive Committee.

THE DRAMATICS.

ONE of the most unusual, yet most pleasant events of the week centered in the dramatic entertainment which was given for the second time this year, by special request. The entertainment took place in Nu Pi Kappa Hall, on Wednesday evening, and was tendered to the COLLEGIAN. A good number of our commencement visitors were present, and formed an appreciative, though not a very demonstrative audience. The plays and players were written up in the May number of the COLLEGIAN, so that descriptions here would be but repetitions. It is due, however, to mention that in many respects the performances were more skillfully rendered this time than before, while many who saw it before received even more pleasure from the second presentation.

Acknowledgments are due to Mrs. Foote for valuable assistance in arranging the stage decorations, and to Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Buttles, and Mrs. Foote for stage furnishings. The evening's entertainment was divided into two parts: An English Pharisee, a play written by Mr. Foley, was presented by Miss Russell, Mr. Foley, and Mr. Gottschalk, the first part; and for the second, A Woman's Way, an adaptation from the French of Labiche and Michel, by Mr. Gottschalk, was presented by the following cast: Miss Russell, Miss Benson, Mr. Foley, Mr. Gottschalk, and Mr. Williams.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

THURSDAY, June 28, Commencement Day, stole brightly upon us with a sky that betokened anything but the deluge which fell before the close of the morning's exercises. According to custom, the day was begun with morning prayer in the College Chapel, after which the procession to Rosse Hall was formed. Old Rosse Hall, which erstwhile ministered to the wants of the soul, and which, still retaining somewhat of its sacred dignity, now does duty as the gymnasium, was selected for the exercises. It was a very fitting place, in its rugged, yet classic, simplicity, for the closing ceremonies. The Newark Orchestra aroused the echoes within in sweetest measures until the good sized audience were fairly seated. Mr. J. F. Doolittle, the salutatorian, had taken for his theme, "An Un-American Movement," in which he denounced the A. P. A. agitation. The second oration, which was on "Evolution and Christianity," showed the result of much thought, and was delivered by Mr. W. M. Paazig. Mr. Clay V. Sanford, the valedictorian, spoke on "Journalism and Its Effects on Literature." Mr. Sanford was at home on his subject, and spoke with ease before his audience.

The following degrees were conferred:

CANDIDATES FOR THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF ARTS—Alexander Hamilton Commins, Akron, O.; James Frederick Doolittle, Gambier, O.; William Russell McKim, Norfolk, Neb.; John Orson Miller, East Saginaw, Mich.; Clay Varner Sanford, Portsmouth, O.

CANDIDATES FOR THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF PHILOSOPHY—William Buchtel Beck, Akron, O.; Walter Maximilian Paazig, Hunt's Station, O.

CANDIDATES FOR THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF ARTS IN COURSE—William Wordsworth Taylor, A. B., '75; William Hahn Foley, A. B., '91.

Following the conferring of degrees the Hon. John J. McCook, LL. D., a member of the class of '66, was introduced as orator for the day. Mr. McCook's address was an eloquent appeal in behalf of higher scholarship, for the attainment of which the university fellowship was to be the medium employed. The address, which plainly indicated the enthusiasm of the speaker for his subject, was delivered in a vigorous style, and commanded the closest attention of the audience present. Mr. McCook is a man of splendid physique, and is possessed of an unusual amount of personal magnetism. His address was a great treat, as was also his speech delivered at the alumni dinner, for those who heard it.

SENIOR RECEPTION.

ONE more college year has ended and one more class has gone out into the world with brave hearts and buoyant hopes, to fight in the grand arena of life. Again Commencement Week has come around with its gayeties and its sadness, to end again in that saddest and yet gayest event of all — the Senior reception.

Ninety-four has left us, and at their parting they have given their last college dance. It was a great success. The walls of old Philo were beautifully draped in the class colors, the music was well furnished by our "old reliable" Newark orchestra, dainty refreshments were served — in fact, everything was well attended to, and the results reflect great credit on ninety-four.

The patronesses received near the north door. They were Mrs. Sterling, Mrs. Brusie, Mrs. Rust, Mrs. Foote, Mrs. Seibt, and Mrs. Hills.

At ten o'clock the grand march was begun, and the guests were introduced to the Seniors, and then formalities gave way to dancing, and when the gray light morning broke over the eastern hills and the merry dancers started for home, the feeling prevailed in every breast that one of the happiest events of a lifetime had come and gone — one of those events which in after life will bring back the melancholy smile of a happy memory.

...THE...

Kenyon Collegian.

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